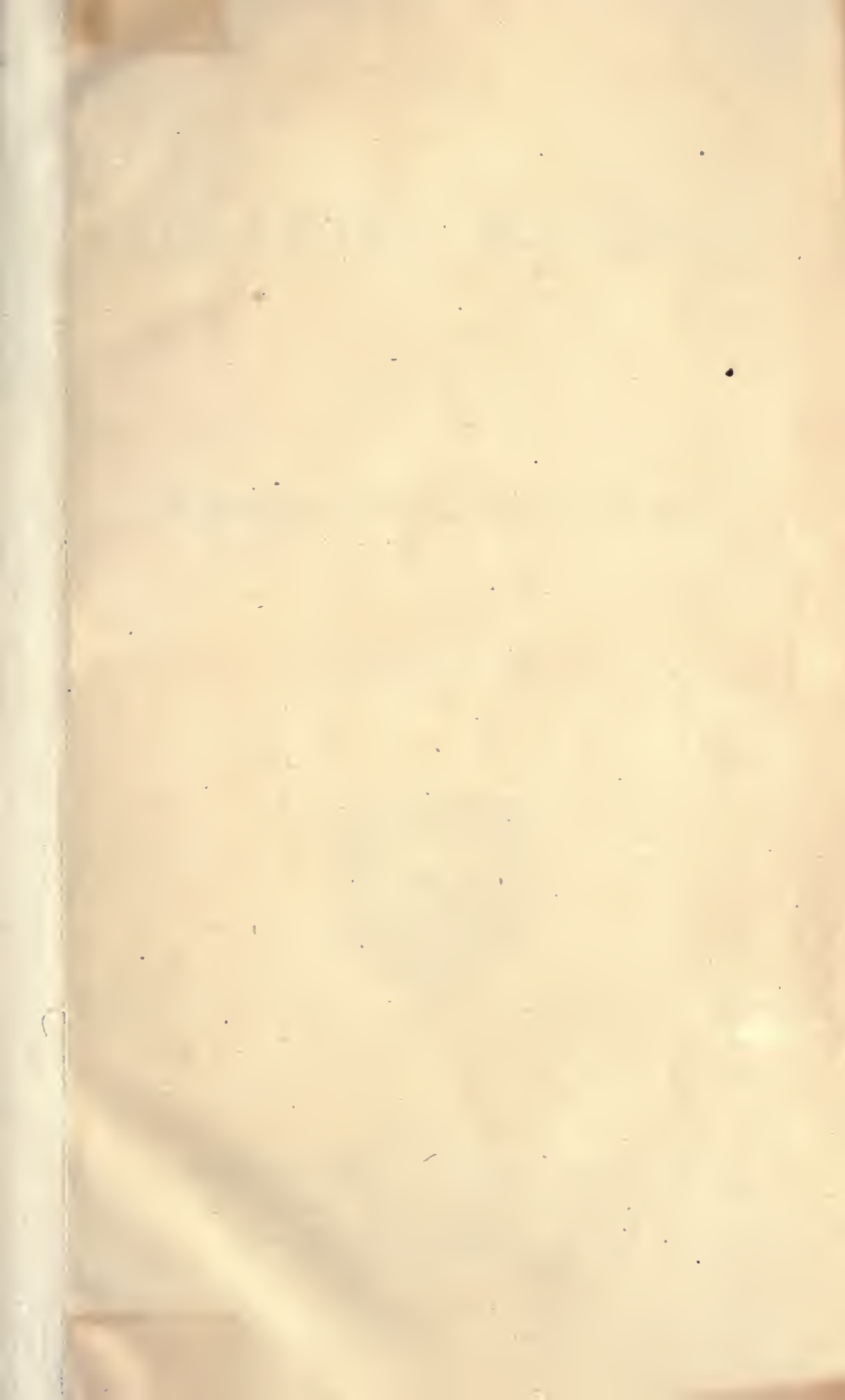


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THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY

A MAGAZINE OF

Literature, Science, Art, and Politics

VOLUME XXXVII



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AMERICAN CITIZEN

—OF THE—

CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES

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PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

V.

Mrs. GILBERT kept her word, and presented the young men to each of the boarders; but for all that, the talk did not become general. After dinner she went off for a nap, and the young men both followed Mrs. Farrell to the piazza, where they seemed to forget that there was any one else. She was very amiable to both, but a little meek and subdued in her manner; if she encouraged one more than the other, it was Gilbert. She was disposed to talk of serious things, and said that one could not realize the New England Sabbath in town as one could in the country; that here in these hills the stillness, the repose, seemed to have something almost holy about it. Two young girls in gay flannel walking-skirts and branching shade-hats passed Mrs. Farrell where she sat with her court, and she who passed nearest dropped a demure glance out of the corner of her eye, and a demurely arch "good-by" from the corner of her mouth.

"What for?" asked Mrs. Farrell, breaking abruptly from her pensive mood.

"Those brakes," said the girl over her shoulder, having now got by.

"Oh come! Won't you go too?" cried Mrs. Farrell; "it's an old engagement. Wait, please!" she called to the girls,

and ran in to get her hat, while they loitered down the path.

Gilbert walked forward to join them, and Easton stayed for Mrs. Farrell, who delayed a little, and then came out in walking-gear which had the advantage over the dresses of the young girls that foliage or plumage has over dress always: it seemed part of her.

"If you'll be so kind—yes," she said, giving Easton her light shawl, while she fitted her hat-cord under the knot of her hair. "It's a little coolish sometimes in the deep woods, and it's best to bring one. Don't you think," she asked, dazzling him with the radiant, immortal youth of her glance and smile, "that the worst thing about growing older is that you have to be so careful about your miserable, perishable body? I hope I've not made you do anything against your principles, Mr. Easton, in getting you to go with me after brakes on Sunday? We don't often do such things, ourselves."

"No," said Easton; "unfortunately, I have no principles on that point. I suppose it's a thing to be regretted."

"Oh, yes indeed," said Mrs. Farrell, earnestly. "I think one ought always to be one thing or the other. I find nothing so wretched as this sort of betwixt-and-betweenity that most people live in nowadays; and I envy

Rachel Woodward her fixed habits of religious observance. I wish she could have gone with us this afternoon; but the Woodwards never do. You must get acquainted with her, Mr. Easton. She's a splendid girl; she has a great deal of talent and a great deal of character; more than all of us lady boarders put together, — except Mrs. Gilbert, of course."

It vaguely troubled Easton, he did not know why, to have her talk of Rachel Woodward: at that moment it vexed him that there should be any other woman in the world than herself. But he contrived to say that Mrs. Gilbert had mentioned Miss Woodward's talent for drawing.

"Is n't she nice, — Mrs. Gilbert?" asked Mrs. Farrell, looking into Easton's face, and no doubt seeing there a consciousness of his having heard from Mrs. Gilbert something not to her advantage. "She's the only one of our boarders that one cares to talk with: she's such a humorous old thing that I like to hear her even when I know she's looking me through and through. She's a very keen observer, and such a wonderful judge of character! Don't you think so?"

"I hardly know; I'm scarcely acquainted with her or the people she talks about."

"To be sure. But then, I think you can often see whether a person understands people, even if you don't know any of them."

"Oh yes, — yes," answered Easton.

They had crossed the road from the farm-house, and, traversing some sloping meadows, were at the border of the wood in which the tall brakes grew, with delicate shapes of fern slowly waving and swaying in the breeze. He was offering her his hand to help her over the wall into the wood, and she was throwing half her elastic weight upon his happy arm. Gilbert and the young girls were far ahead among the brakes, which their movement tossed about them with a continual, gracious rise and fall of the stately plumes, the bright colors of the girls' dresses deepening their tint

as they glimmered through the undulant greenery.

"How lovely!" cried Mrs. Farrell. She chose to sit still a moment on the wall. "And is n't your friend superb in his white flannel and his planterish-looking hat? When I was a little girl I was traveling with my father on the Mississippi, and one night a New Orleans boat landed alongside of us. The most that I can remember is those iron baskets of burning pine-knots they stick into the shore, and the slim, dark young Southerners, in white linen from head to foot, as they came on and off the boat in the red light. I felt then that I never could marry anybody but a young Southerner in white linen. Your friend reminds me of them. But he is n't Southern?"

"No; he was South before the war, a while, and he tried a cotton plantation after the war; but he's a New Yorker."

"How picturesque he is!" sighed Mrs. Farrell. "Was he a soldier?"

"Yes. He's Major Gilbert, if you like."

"Was that where you met him, in the army?"

"Yes."

"And were you a major, too?"

"I went in as a private," said Easton.

"But you did n't come out a private?"

"Our regiment suffered a great deal, and the promotions were pretty rapid."

"And so you came out a captain?"

"Not exactly."

"A major — a colonel?"

"I could n't very well help it."

"Oh, I dare say you're not to blame!" cried Mrs. Farrell. "You and Mr. — Major Gilbert, were you in the same regiment?"

"Yes. I owed my first commission to his interest. He was my captain, before I got my company."

"Well, how was it, then, that you came out a colonel and he only came out a major?" asked Mrs. Farrell, innocently.

Easton turned about and looked after the others, whose voices, in talk and laughter, came over the bracken with a

light, hollow sound that voices have in the woods.

"Oh, don't snub me," implored Mrs. Farrell; "I didn't mean to ask anything wrong. You soldiers are always so queer about the war; one would think you were ashamed of it."

"It was full of unjust chances," answered Easton, almost fiercely. "All that I did Gilbert would have done better, and if he had done it he would have got the promotion that I got. I ought to have refused it; it's my lasting shame and sorrow that I did n't." A look of strange dismay and of self-contempt came into Easton's face with the last words, which sounded like the expression of an old remorse.

"Oh, excuse me!" said Mrs. Farrell with a quick sympathy of tone. "I've made you talk of something—I did n't think—your men's friendships are so much more tenderly brought up than women's, that a woman can scarcely understand," she added, a little mockingly; but she made obvious haste to get away from the subject that annoyed him.

"Here are tall enough brakes," she said, "if it's tallness we're after; but I think we'd better get ferns. I want to show you a place down here in the hollow where I found some maiden-hair the other day. Don't you think that's the prettiest of the ferns? Did you ever find it in any part of the South where you were stationed? I should fancy it might be in the Everglades—or some other damp place."

"I don't know what it is," said Easton, absently.

"Not know maiden-hair? Then I've the chance to show you something novel, as well as very pretty. Come!" She sprang lightly from the wall, and swept through the bowing brakes and down the slope of the hollow to a spot where clustering maples, flinging their shadows one upon another, made a cool gloom beneath their boughs, and the delicate maiden-hair balanced its crest upon its slender purple stems and trembled in the silent air. "Here, here!" called Mrs. Farrell. "Did you ever see anything lovelier? But does n't it seem a pity to

pull it? Well, it must die for women, as humming-birds and pheasants do: we can't look pretty without them, poor things! I'm going to sit down here, Mr. Easton, and you're going to gather maiden-hair for me and show your taste; you have n't experience in it, but you are to have instinct."

She sat down on the broad flat top of a rock, and though her seat was in a spot where the slighter texture of the shade let the sunlight flicker through upon her, she gave a slight tremor, and shrugged her shoulders. "You must let me have my shawl, Mr. Easton—my poor health, you know; there's rheumatism and typhoid fever in every breath of this delicious air."

He went to lay the shawl upon her shoulders reverently, but she dragged it down and adjusted it about her waist in a very much prettier effect. "There, now, give me your hat. One of the penalties that a gentleman pays for the pleasure of going braving with a lady is to have his hat trimmed with ferns and to be made to look silly. You may have your revenge in trimming my hat." She began to undo the elastic from her hair; but there were hair-pins upon which it was entangled, and she dropped her arms from the attempt, and with a quick "Ah!" she tried to unloose her glove. It was fastened by one of those little clasps which are so hard to undo, and after many attempts she was obliged to look up at Easton in despair.

"May I try to help you?" he dared to ask.

"Why, if you will be so very kind," she answered, and she held out her beautiful wrist, from which her hand drooped like a flower from its stem. It was a task of some moments, and the young man wrought at it in silence; when it was done, she did not instantly withdraw her hand, but "Oh, is it really finished?" she asked, and then took it from him and pulled off the glove. She put it up to her hair again, and began to feel about with those women-fingers that seem to have all the five senses in their tips; but now they were wise in vain. "I'm afraid, Mr. Easton," she

appealed with a well-embarrassed little laugh, "that I must tax your kindness once more. Would you be so *very* good as to look what can be the matter?" and she turned the wonder of her neck toward him and bent down her head. "Is it caught, anywhere?"

"It's caught," he answered gravely, "on a hair-pin."

"Oh dear!" sighed Mrs. Farrell.

"May I" — asked Easton, after a pause.

"Why — yes — please," she answered faintly.

He knelt down on the rock beside her and with trembling hands touched the warm, fragrant, silken mass, and lightly disengaged the string. When he handed her the hat she thanked him for it very sweetly, and with an air of simple gratitude laid it in her lap, and drew out its long, hanging ribbons through her fingers. She did this looking with a downcast, absent gaze at her hat. When she lifted her eyes again they were full of a gentle sadness. "I hope you won't think I spoke too lightly of the war and of soldiers, just now."

"I can't think you spoke amiss," he answered fervently.

"I am sure I *meant* nothing amiss," said Mrs. Farrell humbly. "But everything one does or says in this world," she continued, "is so liable to misconstruction, that if one values — if one cares for the opinion of others, one feels like doing almost *anything* to prevent it."

Her eyes fell again, and she twisted the ribbons of her hat into long curls. "I'm glad that at least *you* understood me, and I *do* thank you — yes, more than you can know. How still and beautiful it is here! Do you know, I sometimes think that the boundary, the invisible wall between the two worlds is nowhere so thin as in the deep woods like this?" Mrs. Farrell looked up at Easton with the eyes of a nun. "It seems as if one could draw nearer to better influences here than anywhere else. Not, of course, but what one can be good anywhere if one wants to be, but it is n't everywhere that one does

want to be good. Don't laugh at my moralizing, please," she besought him. "There, take your hat. I won't make a victim of you. I know you'd hate to wear ferns."

Easton protested that though he had never worn ferns he did not believe he should hate to wear them.

"No matter," said Mrs. Farrell, "the mood is past, now; but you'd better pull a few of them, because one must n't comé for ferns without getting them."

She put together in pretty clusters the ferns with which he heaped her lap, holding them up from time to time and viewing them critically to get the effect, and talked as she worked, while he reclined on a sloping rock near by. "Is n't that rather nice?" she asked, displaying the finest group, and letting the tips of the ferns drip through her fingers as she softly caressed their spray. "I suppose you'll laugh if I tell you what my great passion in life would be, if I could indulge a great passion: millinery! Bonnets, caps, hats, ribbons, feathers!" Nothing so enraptures a man as to hear the woman of his untold love belittle herself; it intoxicates him that this adorable preciousness can hold itself cheap — as Mrs. Farrell possibly knew. "You know," she went on, "I think I have some little artistic talent — not really enough for painting, but quite enough for clothes. I might set up a studio, and everybody would smile on my efforts, but if I set up a shop, nobody would associate with me. You would n't, yourself! Don't pretend to be so much better than other people," cried Mrs. Farrell, with nothing of the convent left in her look.

"I don't know about being better," said Easton. "But I've lived too little in the world to be quite of it, I suppose. I'm afraid I am not shocked at the notion of anybody's being a milliner that likes."

"Oh yes, I know. Cheap ideas of equality. But you would n't marry a milliner, if she was ever such a genius in her art."

"If I were in love with her, and she

were in love with me and would have me, I would marry her. But why do you make marrying the test of a man's respect for a woman?"

"Is n't it?"

Easton pondered a while. "Well, yes, it does seem to be," he said, a little sadly. "But it narrows the destiny of half the world."

"Are you woman's rights?" asked Mrs. Farrell, trailing a plume of fern through the air.

"Oh, I'm woman's anything," said Easton; "anything that women really want; but rights are a subject that they don't seem very certain of, themselves."

"Yes," sighed Mrs. Farrell, "that's the trouble with women; from day to day, and from dress to dress, they don't really know what they want. There's Rachel Woodward; she has this decided talent, but she don't seem to want decidedly to use it, as a man would. I'm not even sure that if all the world were propitious I should open a milliner shop. But I *think* I should. If I ever do, Mr. Easton, and you marry one of my 'prentices, I want you to promise that you'll let her buy her bonnets of me. That is n't asking a great deal, is it?" She was scrutinizing a crest of maiden-hair, and making it tilt on its stem, as if in doubt just where to put it in the cluster, and she began softly and as if unconsciously to whistle in a low, delicious note. Then she suddenly stopped, made a little prim mouth, threw up her eyebrows, and said, "Why, excuse me, excuse me! What awful behavior in company!"

Easton gave himself to the joy of being played upon by her charming insolence, with a glad laugh, full of a sort of happy wonder; but she seemed not to notice, while she went on gravely adding spray to spray.

"What are you making all those for?" he asked, when he was willing to change the delight of her silence for the delight of her speech.

"I don't know—for Mrs. Gilbert, I think. She's so much of an invalid that she can't come after things that she does n't want, as the rest of us can, and

so we're always carrying them to her. I often wonder how she gets rid of them. You never see them next day. Is n't it strange?" asked Mrs. Farrell, with a serious face; and abruptly: "What makes you come to the country if you don't know anything about it?"

"Well, I take an ignorant pleasure in it. On this occasion I came because I thought Gilbert would like it."

"Ah, Damon and Pythias! Do New York gentlemen commonly desert their business at the beck of their men friends in that way? We have six Boston husbands belonging to the wives of Woodward farm, and *they* can't leave their business one work-day in the week."

"But I'm not a business man. I'm no more useless here than in New York."

Mrs. Farrell looked interested, and Easton went on. "I went into the army too young to have a profession, and came out of it too old—or something—to study one. So I live upon a little money left me by a better man."

"And you don't actually do anything?"

"I can't quite say that. I try not to keep other people from working; that's something: and I have *my* little pursuits."

"But you have no business-occupation?"

"No."

"Really! And your friend, Pythias, —is he a gentleman of elegant leisure, too?"

"He's a lawyer, if you mean Gilbert."

"Yes, I mean Gilbert," said Mrs. Farrell, abstractedly. "He did n't go in too young, then?"

"He's a little older than I."

"I said an older soldier, not a better," quoted Mrs. Farrell. "Is he—why, excuse me! I seem to be actually *pumping* you."

"I hope you'll believe that I'm not in the habit of exploiting myself and my affairs," said Easton.

But Mrs. Farrell did not seem to heed what he said. She looked him steadily in the face with her bewildering eyes, and asked, "Why does n't *he* live on

some better man's money, too?" and laughed to see his shame painted in his face.

"I have been so silly as to talk of my own business, and you've punished me as I deserved; but I don't think I'll enter into my friend's concerns, even for the honor of making you laugh," he answered, hotly.

"Then you don't like being laughed at?" she gravely questioned. Easton rose to his feet. "What! Are you actually going away from me? I beg you to forgive me,—I do indeed! I really meant nothing. You have n't said a word that I don't respect you for. I thought you would n't mind it. Tell me how I shall treat you. It's only for a week; I should be so sorry to be enemies with you while you stay. What shall I do to make peace? What shall I say?"

She rose quickly, and stretched her hand appealingly toward him. A mastering impulse of tenderness filled his heart at her words of regret. Before he knew, he had pressed her hand in a quick kiss against his lips, and then stood holding it fast, awe-struck at what he had done.

"Oh! What are you doing?" cried Mrs. Farrell, starting away from him in a panic. "Don't; you must n't! Mr. Easton! Oh dear, there'll be somebody coming in a moment!" She wrung her hand loose, and, casting one look of fear, wonder, and reproach upon him, turned and walked sadly away. He followed her as silently, and without a word they mounted the slope of the hollow, and passed through the brakes and over the walls, which she mounted now without his help. When they came to the last, which divided the wood from the open meadow, she turned her agrieved face upon him again, and said meekly, "I shall have to beg you to go back and get me those ferns we left there in the hollow. It won't do to go home without anything. I'll wait here;" and she sat down upon the low broken wall, and averted her face from him again. He went back as he was bidden, and with a little search found the place, the

sight of which somehow sent a shiver through him as if it were haunted, and gathering up the clusters of ferns returned with them to her. He tried to say something, but could not. She took some of them, and began to talk in a curiously animated way, looking at them and comparing them; and then, not far off, he saw Gilbert and the young girls approaching. Mrs. Farrell sprang down from the wall, and hurried to meet them. They were covered with brakes and ferns, and a gay laughing and talking broke forth among the women. Mrs. Farrell attached Gilbert to her for the walk home; and it fell to Easton to accompany the two young girls. When he left them they said he was very nice-looking, but he was very hard to get along with, much harder than Mr. Gilbert, who always kept saying something to make you laugh. They did not know whether Mr. Easton was really stupid or not; he did not look stupid, and it was quite delightful to have a man so bashful.

In the mean time he had parted in a blank, opaque sort of way from Mrs. Farrell, with whom he left Gilbert, and was walking moodily homeward over that road where he had met her in the morning. He found the hotel intolerable, and after a cup of its Japan tea, and a glance at its hot biscuit, its cold slices of corned beef, its little blocks and wedges of cheese, its small satellite dishes of prunes and preserves, and its twenty-five Sunday evening toilettes, he went out again, and walked far and long in a direction that he knew nothing of except that it was away from where he had spent the day. His heart was still thickly beating in his ears when he got back and found Gilbert alone on the piazza.

"Hello!" said Gilbert. "Developing into a pedestrian? Why did you go away so soon? I think the lovely Farrell missed you. She was quite pensive and *distracted* at first; though I must own she cheered up and collected herself after a while. She looked extremely attractive in her melancholy."

Easton sat down in the next chair without answering, and drawing a match

along the bottom of the seat lighted his cigar. After a few whiffs, he took it from his lips and held it till it went out.

Gilbert went on with a quick laugh.

"She's a most amusing creature!"

"I don't understand what you mean by that," said Easton, turning his face half-way toward his friend, in a fashion he had.

"Well, it's hard to say. I suppose because she's so deep and so transparent. She does everything for an effect, and she isn't at peace with herself for a moment."

"I suppose we all do that," commented Easton.

"Yes, but not with her motive."

"What is her motive?"

"That's not so easy to explain. It's a pity you have n't the data for comprehending her, Easton, and enjoying her character; you don't know other women, and you can't see how sublimely perfect Mrs. Farrell is in her way. She's one of the most beautiful women I ever saw; one of the brightest, the most amiable. But I should be sorry to marry her; I shouldn't want my wife so amiable—to everybody. She isn't meant for the domesticities. There's no harm in her; she simply wants excitement, luxury, applause, all in one, all the time. By Jove, the man that gets her will wish she was *his* widow, and so will she, as soon as she has him. She's an inspired flirt; and I don't mean that she's like young girls who can't help their innocent coqueties with a man or two; but her flirtatiousness is vast enough for the whole world, and enduring enough for all time. As long as she lives she'll be wanting to try her power upon some one; and there can't be any game so high or so low that she won't fly at it. What a life that would be for her husband!"

Easton sat still while Gilbert spoke, and he remained silent when he ceased. But the words had given him a supreme satisfaction; they had lifted a load from his heart; they had made the way clear and straight. He was infinitely far from resenting what left her, as concerned Gilbert at least, so solely to his love

and worship. With his passion their reason or unreason had not a feather's weight.

"Shall you stay any longer than the end of the fortnight?" he asked at last.

"No," said Gilbert, who was used to Easton's way of suddenly turning from the matter of their talk, and coming as suddenly back to it some other time; "I don't think I could stand it longer."

Easton made a motion to replace his cigar in his lips, then looked at it with sudden disgust and flung it over the rail. His mind ran off in wild reverie upon the kiss, which he now feigned again and again upon her hand. His eccentric life and his peculiar temperament had kept him so unlike other young men that he had no trouble for the violated conventionality; it could only be a question of right or wrong with him; he believed that he had taken an unfair advantage of her attempt at reparation, but the fire that burned in his heart seemed to purge it of whatever wrong there was in his violence. He was reclining there near her on the rock under the hovering shade, with the bracken in light undulation all around above their heads, and the summer at its sweetest in the air and earth; then he despaired to think that the night must pass before he could see her again, that life itself might pass and no such moment come again. His reverie broke in a long, deep sigh.

Gilbert gave a sudden laugh. "Why, I believe, Easton, you are *hit*. You had forgotten I was here," he continued, as Easton looked round in a stupefied way. "Well, I'll leave you to your raptures."

"I'm going to bed, too," said Easton. "I'm tired to death;" and he rose from his chair with a leaden sense of fatigue in every fibre.

Their rooms opened into each other, and Easton was abed, when Gilbert rapped on the dividing door. "Come in," he called.

Gilbert came into the room, which the bright moon would have made uncomfortable for any but a lover. "Look here, old fellow," he said, bending over his friend, with one arm stretched along

the head-board, "you did n't think to-day, from anything my sister-in-law said, that I'd been making light of you, did you?"

"What did she say?"

"Oh, about Rogers, you know."

"Certainly not."

"Then it isn't necessary to say I had n't?"

"Oh no," said Easton, turning his head impatiently. "I never thought of it again." Gilbert's anxious loyalty annoyed him, for since they had bidden each other good night, the consciousness that he had, however against his will, suffered something to be extorted from him that might be construed as derogation of his friend had troubled him, but he had rather arrogantly dismissed the thought as unworthy of their friendship. Besides, without placing himself in a false light he could not speak of it, and it was vexatious to be reminded of it by Gilbert's scruples.

"Then it's all right?" asked Gilbert.

"Why, certainly!" said Easton, impatiently.

Gilbert slowly withdrew his arm from where it lay, and stood a moment in hesitation; then he said "Good night," and went into his own room.

Easton felt the vague disappointment in his manner, but was helpless to make the reparation to which his heart urged him. He could not expose Mrs. Farrell's part in what had been said to his friend's interpretation; the wrong done was one of those things which must be lived down.

VI.

It was much later than his wonted hour when Easton woke next morning, and found a scrap of paper stuck between the mirror and its frame, on which Gilbert had written, "Off for the trout-brooks. See you at dinner." This gave him a moment's pause, and then he went on dressing. He had a lover's single purpose of seeing her he loved, and a lover's insensibility to questions

of ways and means; and after breakfast he walked away toward the farm, thinking what he should say and do when he met Mrs. Farrell.

At Woodward farm there was no organization for the reception of callers upon the guests. There was no bell, and there would have been no one to answer it if there was a bell. But in a house where there was so much leisure and so much curiosity, this was ordinarily a small deprivation. Some of the ladies were always looking out, and if they saw any of their friends coming they ran forth to meet them with a great deal of pleasant twitter, having shouted a voluble welcome to them from the time they came in sight. If it was some one whom the lookers-out recognized as the friend of another lady, they went to alarm her in ample season, and by the time the visitor ascended the piazza-steps the lady was at the door. Besides, some one or other was always sitting about out-doors, and if unknown visitors approached, it was a grateful little excitement to ask them, when they had vainly inspected the door-frame for a bell, if one could call her whom they wished to see.

But when Mr. Easton was descried approaching, people were quite undecided what to do, and he was on the piazza before he had himself perceived that he had something to do besides walking up to Mrs. Farrell and telling her that he loved her. It appeared to him impossible that she should not be there to receive him; he had been so rapt in his meditation upon her that he had not believed but he must meet her as soon as he reached the door; and now she was not there! Several heads were decently taken in from the upper windows, and the broad piazza was empty but for the two young ladies whom he had walked home with yesterday; they sat half in the sunlight at the corner, and one was looking down upon the work in her hand and the other looking down upon the book she was reading aloud, and he fancied himself unperceived by them. A mighty disappointment fell upon him; he had

stormed the fortress, to find it empty and equipped with Quaker guns. As he stood there helpless, the young girl who was reading discreetly chanced to look round, and to her evident great surprise discovered him. She gave him a friendly little nod, and as he came towards her she rose with a pretty air and offered her hand, and the other did the same. They talked excitedly for a minute or two, and then the conversation began to flag, and Easton uneasily shifted his attitude. No doubt they would have liked to keep him with them for a little while, but perhaps they did not know how, or thought they ought to give him a chance to get away if he wanted; or perhaps she who spoke was quite sincere in asking, with a bright smile, "Did you want to see Mrs.?"—his heart began to beat in his ears—"Gilbert?"

"Yes," said Easton stupidly.

"I will go and tell her," said the young girl, laying her book down open, and lightly turning away.

"Thanks—I'm very sorry to trouble you," said Easton; and neither he nor she with whom he was left contrived to speak one word more while the other was gone. When she came back, she said with some trepidation, "Mrs. Gilbert is very, very sorry. She has one of her bad headaches, and she can't see any one. She's so sorry to miss your call."

"Oh, no matter—no matter," answered Easton; "I'm sorry she's not well; please give her my—please say I was sorry. Good morning!" he added abruptly, and cast a wistful, despairing look at the front of the house, and could not go. "Is—is Mrs. Farrell at home?" he asked, desperately.

The young girl cruelly smiled, and her companion cruelly cast down her eyes, and then they both blushed.

"No," said the first, "she is n't at home. She said she was going with Miss Rachel to help pick pease."

"Oh!" was all that Easton could say; and as he turned away the girls said it was a perfect shame, and they were rude girls, too flat for anything.

Easton forgot them both, and walked

back toward his hotel. On the way down the slope from the house he looked in the direction of the vegetable garden, and faltered. Mrs. Farrell's voice floated over to him in a gay laugh from the ranks of the pea-vines, and an insane longing to behold her filled him to the throat. But he could not go and tell her he loved her, there among the peapods; even he felt that. He twisted his mustache into the corner of his mouth, beat the ground with his stick, and hurried away, hurt, tormented, but not at all daunted or moved from his mind to have speech with her as soon as ever he could.

When she had finished her part of the work, which was to gather pease with fitful intensity and then to talk for long intervals to Rachel's taciturn perseverance, she emptied her small harvest into the basket that one of the Woodward boys carried, and walked picturesquely back to the house under her broad hat, which dropped its shade just across her lips like a grace-veil, and left her dark eyes to glow, star-like, from its depths. In this becoming effect she sat down on the kitchen threshold with the wide doors open round her, and took some of the pease into her lap and shelled them with a lazy ease, moving her arms from the elbows resting on her knees, and managing chiefly with her flexile wrists, and went on talking with Rachel of a picnic excursion to the mountain, which she wished to plan. "We shall not want any one along but the youngest Miss Jewett and Jenny Alden and Ben, and we can have a splendid time. It's just the right season, now. Come, Mrs. Woodward," she called into the kitchen, "are you going to let me go?"

"You mostly do what you like, Mrs. Farrell," answered Mrs. Woodward's voice, "and the only way I get any obedience out of you is to forbid you to do what you don't like. Yes, go. All I ask is that you don't take me."

"Now, then, Miss Prim," said Mrs. Farrell to Rachel, "you see you're commanded to go. What had we better wear?"

"Oh, wear all your worst things," said Mrs. Woodward.

"Yes, but I'm one of those poor people who can't afford to have any but best things. I'm going to get you to lend me some of your worst, Mrs. Woodward, and I'm going to borrow Ben's hat. Will you lend it to me, Ben?" she tenderly asked of the grave young fellow who stood near, and who had to shift himself from one foot to the other and turn his face away before he could assent. She laughed at his trepidation, as if she knew the reason of it. But by the time he could confront Mrs. Farrell again, she apparently did not care for his answer. Her eyes were fixed upon the figure of Gilbert, as he came up the road toward the house. He came in sight suddenly, as if he had climbed the wall from one of the birch-bordered meadows. He was better worth looking at than Ben Woodward, being very brave in his high boots and his straw hat, with his bundled rod and his trout-basket, a strong, sinewy shape, and a face very handsome in its fashion. As he drew nearer, he turned aside and slanted his course towards the door where Mrs. Farrell sat. Before he came up to her place Rachel had silently vanished within, and Mrs. Farrell sat there alone.

"Good morning," he called out, taking off his hat.

"Good morning," returned Mrs. Farrell, without changing her posture. "Don't you want to stop and help shell pease?"

Either their acquaintance had prospered rapidly after Easton had left them together the afternoon before, or else this was Mrs. Farrell's indifference to social preliminaries.

"No, thanks," said Gilbert tranquilly, wiping his forehead with his handkerchief. "My domestic gifts are small. But I was thinking, as I came along, that I would give you people my trout."

"Really? How very handsome of you!"

"Yes, there's nothing mean about me. They sometimes object to cooking

them at the hotel, and I don't quite like to throw them away."

"Why, this is true charity! If I'm to accept them in the name of the farm, I must see them first."

Gilbert took off his basket and laid it at her feet; she opened it and cried out, "What beauties! Like flowers! But"—she gave ever so little a pretty grimace—"not exactly the same perfume!"

"No," said he, "they can't very well help that. But they improve with frying."

"That's true," said Mrs. Farrell. "Well, we'll take them. And you must get Mrs. Gilbert to ask you to supper. I can't do it."

"No," answered Gilbert, "my generosity shall be unblemished. I never eat the trout I've taken, any more. Easton's religion has had that much effect upon me."

"Easton's religion?"

"Yes; he thinks it's atrocious to kill anything for the pleasure of it."

"How very droll! And you're able to behave so nobly with your fish because you could n't get them cooked, and would n't eat them if you could!" Gilbert had been standing beside the pile of maple firewood, which flanked the kitchen door and sent up a pleasant odor in the sun; Mrs. Farrell said, "Sit down," and he sat down on a broad block used for splitting kindling. "I wonder what Mr. Easton would have had to say to some of the apostles on the subject of fishing."

"That's what I asked him once; but he says they did n't fish for fun."

"He distinguishes! Well, but what about the clergymen who make it their diversion, and then boast about their prowess in books?"

"Ask Easton for his opinion. I can assure you it's worth hearing—if you like contempt red-hot."

"I don't believe I do! I'd rather ask you. Is that his whole creed, anti-trouting?"

"No; hardly. He has a kindness for most of the human race as well as the lower animals. The only creature he

really hates is the horse," said Gilbert, with a laugh as of recollected mirth; and in fact Easton had been known in his army days for his antipathy to his chargers. He always got full service out of them by sheer force of will; but he never liked them, and never professed to understand them; the horse, he contended, was unfitted for a gentleman's society by the blackguard company he habitually kept. "But I don't think he'd do even a horse a wanton injury," concluded Gilbert.

"Yes?" said Mrs. Farrell. "And the rest of his opinions?"

"Why, there are very few things that Easton hasn't an opinion upon. It's rather odd, don't you think, to find a man in our age and country really caring enough for matters in general to make up his mind about them?"

"Very," said Mrs. Farrell, twisting her slim shape round to take a handful of pease out of the basket behind her, and putting them into her lap. "Go on."

"That was all I had to say," returned Gilbert, with a mocking light in his eyes.

"Oh, how can you be so cruel?—when I had just got ready to listen! Do go on!"

"Why, I was thinking"—began Gilbert.

"Yes, yes!" eagerly prompted Mrs. Farrell, "thinking (really thinking! Of course you can't have been doing it long!)—thinking"—

"That it was a very inconvenient practice to inquire into the right and wrong of many things," proceeded Gilbert in solid indifference to her light impertinences; whereupon she seemed to suffer some evanescent confusion. "It gives you no sort of moral leeway. Suppose you want to do something—anything—out of the ordinary line of things that you do or don't do; well, if you have n't considered too impertinently of right and wrong in general, you do it without once thinking whether you ought or ought n't, and there you are on the safe side, any way."

"Oh, what a beautiful philosophy!" moaned Mrs. Farrell, clasping her hands

together without moving her elbows from their careless pose. She rested her cheek a moment on her folded hands; then she asked with a voice full of mock emotion, "Do you think it would do for Woman, Mr. Gilbert? It seems just made for her!"

"I had n't thought about Woman," said Gilbert; "that's a matter still to be considered. You must give me time."

"Oh yes, we will be patient—patient!" and Mrs. Farrell began to shell the pease with an air of tragical endurance. "Take any length of time you wish. But in the mean while, can't you state the Eastonian principle more fully?"

"Only by saying that it's the opposite of the system you admire and covet. Easton is n't a man to formulate his ideas very freely. You're astounded every now and then by some extraordinary piece of apparently quite uncalled-for uprightness, and then you find that he had long contemplated some such exigency, and had his conscience in perfect training."

"How very droll!" said Mrs. Farrell. Then she said, looking at him through her eyelashes, "It's quite touching to see such attached friends."

Gilbert stirred uneasily on his block, and answered, "It's a great honor to form part of a spectacle affecting to you, Mrs. Farrell—if you mean Easton and me."

"Yes, I do. Don't scoff at my weak impressibility. You must see that it's a thing calculated to rouse a woman's curiosity. You seem so very different!"

"Men and women are very different, in some respects," calmly responded Gilbert, "but there have been quite strong attachments between them."

"True," rejoined Mrs. Farrell with burlesque thoughtfulness. "But in this case, they're both men."

"Nothing escapes you, Mrs. Farrell," said Gilbert, bowing his head.

"You praise me more than I deserve. I did n't take all your meaning. One of you is so mightily, so heroically manly, that the other necessarily womanizes

in comparison. Is n't that it? But which is which?"

"Modesty forbids me to claim either transcendent distinction."

"Oh, I know! Mr. Easton is your ideal man. But I should want *my* ideal man to *do* something in the world, to devote himself to some one great object. That's what I should do, if I were a man."

"Of course. How do you know Easton does n't?"

"I merely have his word for it."

Gilbert looked surprised and perplexed. At length he said, rather dryly, "I congratulate you on getting Easton to talk about himself. Not many people have succeeded."

"Oh, is he so reticent?" asked Mrs. Farrell. "I did n't find him so. He was quite free in mentioning his little pursuits, as he called it."

"His book!" cried Gilbert. "Did he talk to you about *that*, already?"

"Why, it seems that you don't know your friend very well, after all!" mocked Mrs. Farrell with a laugh of triumph. "Why should n't he talk to me about his book? He knew I would be interested in the subject; any woman would."

"Upon my word, I don't see what should particularly interest you in a history of heroism."

Mrs. Farrell celebrated her fresh advantage with another laugh. "Why not?" she asked, taking some of the pease up in her hand and letting them drop through her fingers. "We're all heroes till we've been tried, and I have n't been tried. He's going to put me into it. Do tell me his plan in writing it," she entreated.

"Look here, Mrs. Farrell," said Gilbert, bending forward and looking keenly at her, "do you mean to tell me that Easton has actually been talking to you about his book, which I now perceive I mentioned first?"

"Look here, Mr. Gilbert," said she, with an audaciously charming caricature of his attitude and manner, "do you mean to tell me that you doubt my word?"

"Well," said Gilbert, with a laugh, "I own myself beaten. Did you ever hear of Miss Lillian — I forget her name — the St. Louis lawyeress? Why don't you study our profession? At a cross-examination no witness could resist you, if I may judge from my own experience in helplessly blabbing what you never would have known otherwise. Come, Mrs. Farrell, you have triumphed so magnificently that you can afford to be frank; own, now, that all you know of Easton's book is what I've told."

He rose and stood looking down admiringly upon her uplifted face.

"No," she answered, "I shall not do *that*, Colonel — I beg your pardon; I mean *Major* — Gilbert. Mr. Easton's the colonel," she added parenthetically. "What was the reason," she continued with well-studied innocence, "that he came out a colonel and you came out only a major, when you had so much the advantage of him at first?"

Gilbert's face had hardened in the lines of a smile, and it kept the shape of a smile while all mirth died out of it, and he stared into the eyes of Mrs. Farrell, from which a sudden panic looked. "Oh, dear me!" she said, naturally. "Don't — don't mind. I did n't mean to do anything. What have I done? Oh, I wish — don't answer, please!" she implored.

But Gilbert gravely responded, "Because he was a better soldier. I am sorry if I alarm you by the statement of the fact. Did you experience any fright when Mr. Easton told you?"

"Oh, he never told me that he was braver than you. I don't think he meant to talk of the matter at all."

"I can believe that," replied Gilbert; "neither do I."

Mrs. Farrell made no comment, but, taking a fresh handful of the pease, shelled them, with such downcast eyes that it was impossible to say whether she was looking at Gilbert through her lashes or not. Nor could one tell with just what feeling the corners of her mouth trembled, but his sternness seemed to have frightened and silenced her. Gilbert breathed quickly as he regarded her, but

after waiting awhile, irresolute, he gave a short, sardonic laugh, and rose. "Good morning," he said.

"Good morning," returned Mrs. Farrell, woundedly, and meekly added, "Thank you for the fish," to which he bowed his reply, and then walked round the house.

He knocked at Mrs. Gilbert's door, and received from her own lips the same answer which had already turned Easton away, and so went quickly down the road in the direction of the hotel. In the mean time Easton had not been able to turn his steps far from the farm; whichever way he went they tended indirectly thither, and at last he started boldly back. At the moment he mounted the front piazza steps, Mrs. Farrell, having finished or relinquished her domestic task, came round the gallery from the side of the house and met him.

"Good morning, Mr. Easton," she said pensively. "Did you want to see Mrs. Gilbert? I believe she has a very bad headache to-day."

"No, I did n't want to see Mrs. Gilbert. I came to see you."

"Oh! Then will you sit down here?" she asked, and took her place where the two young girls, who were now away in the fields, had been sitting.

"I came here some time ago," said Easton, "and not finding you, I tried to find that place where we got the ferns, yesterday."

Mrs. Farrell's broad hat-brim thrust uncomfortably against the house where she sat on the settle beside the wall, and she took her hat off; a mass of her dark hair tumbled in a rich disorder on her back. She laid her hat in her lap and waited.

"I went there," pursued Easton, "because I had a stupid hope that the place might inspire me with some faint shadow of reason, of excuse, for" —

"Yes," said Mrs. Farrell, interpreting his hesitation with candid reproachfulness; "it was not fair, and considering all things, Mr. Easton, I don't think it was quite kind."

"Kind? Kind!" cried Easton with an inexpressible pang. Then after a

moment's thought he added, "No, it was not kind; it was base, tyrannical, brutal! It was worthy of a savage!"

Mrs. Farrell turned her face slightly away, and if she had been acting wounded innocence she could hardly have known it.

"There was no excuse for such a thing but the one thing in the world which it is least like. That is its excuse to me; it seems an insolent affront to suppose that it can atone for it to you."

"I suppose," said Mrs. Farrell demurely, "that women's actions are often misconstrued. Indeed, I ought to know it from bitter experience in my own case. I ought to remember that men seem even *eager* to misinterpret any confidence put in them; but yesterday — I — I could n't!"

There was a sort of passionate reproach, a tacit confession that she had singularly trusted him to her hurt, in the close of this speech, which went to Easton's heart. "No, there is nothing for me to say in extenuation. Even if I tell you" —

"Sh!" cried Mrs. Farrell, putting her hand down at her side and electrically touching that wrist of his next to her; "I thought somebody was coming. Yes, I know. Even if you tell me that you meant no harm, — and I don't believe you did, — still, don't you know — Oh!" she broke off, "why is it that there is n't some common ground for men and women to meet on, and be helpful to each other? Must they always be either lovers or enemies? Yes, enemies; it's really a state of almost warfare; there can't be any kindness, any freedom, any sincerity. And yet there are times in every woman's life when she does long so for the intelligence as well as the sympathy of some good man; and she can't have it unless she's married or engaged. She often wants to see how some action of her own looks through a man's eyes, and the wisest woman can't tell her! Every new disappointment that she meets with is harder to bear. I did n't mind your kissing my hand; that's nothing; it might even be something that a woman would be

proud of; but by the way you did it you shocked and frightened me; I saw that you had misunderstood me, and I—I was afraid you did n't—respect me."

Mrs. Farrell's grieving mood was so admirably represented in the outline of her cheek, the downward curve of the corner of her mouth, the low sweep of her long eyelash, and at the same time it was so discreetly *felt*, so far from overcharged or exaggerated, that even an indifferent spectator must have been affected with reverent sympathy. Easton's heart was wrung with unspeakable tenderness and regret and shame. He could not break the silence that followed her words for some moments. At last he said, "I see how it must have appeared to you; but it was not so. I have as little hope as I deserve to have when I say"—

"There! Don't speak of it any more," Mrs. Farrell interrupted, with signs of returning cheerfulness, but with beams not too speedily tricked. "Let's not think of it. I know there must have been something to blame in me. I have a way," she continued regretfully, "which I'm sure no one feels the disadvantage of more than I do,—a sort of perverse impulse; I don't know what else to call it,—that leads me to try people's patience, and see how far I can go with them; and I'm afraid I must have abused your good-nature yesterday in speaking as I did of your friend."

"You said nothing against him that I remember."

"I ought to be very grateful, then. I thought I was wrong in asking you about your military rank and his, when I saw that you were avoiding the subject. I could n't help it, and yet I meant no harm."

"I know you meant none. I won't deny that I was trying to avoid the subject. It was placing me in the ugly light of seeming to boast at the expense of my friend."

"Yes, yes; I knew that; and I suppose it was just that which made me keep on; I liked to see your modesty put to the blush. It was wrong; but you don't think I had any very bad motive in it?"

"No, none!" said Easton, quickly.

"I am so glad. I know Mr. Gilbert is n't so generous!" Easton looked at her inquiringly, and "Oh Mr. Easton," she broke out, "what have I been doing? It must really look very black to you. Mr. Gilbert has just been here, and I have been talking to *him* about it—I don't know *why* I did; and he went away very angry. It seems just as if I had been trying to make a quarrel between you!" She hid her face in her hands, while Easton remained gravely silent. "Why don't you speak to me?" she implored him, without taking away her hands. "It will kill me if you don't. Say something, anything; blame me, scold me! You know you think I've behaved very wickedly. You do!"

"No, I don't think so," replied Easton seriously. He looked at her hopeless face, from which she had now withdrawn her hands, and he seemed to be losing his fast hold upon things, upon truth and right and wrong. Two days ago he had not seen this face or known that it was in the world; now it was so heavenly dear to him that it seemed to describe all knowledge and being. It was not a question whether she had a right to violate the secrecy to which Gilbert's silence and his own had consigned the fact she had so recklessly played with; rightly or wrongly she had done this, and he had now to ask himself whether he could forgive her error to her penitence. Yet he did not ask himself that; she had done it; and he loved her; and there was an end. How could he believe ill of her? What oblique motive could he attribute to her that his heart's tenderness would suffer?

"Ah," she broke out again, "you can never forgive me—and I can never forgive myself. Why did you come here to make me so unhappy!"

"Don't—don't say that!" the young man implored. "There is no harm done. I was to blame for ever talking with you about the matter. How could I expect you to treat it with seriousness or secrecy? You could n't know that it had ever been a sore affair with us. Don't be troubled. Gilbert's friendship

is n't built upon such a slight basis that it can't bear" — A stifling recollection of the delicacy, passing the love of women, with which they had always treated each other smote upon him: what could Gilbert think of *his* delicacy now? "I can make it all right with him," he continued, as soon as he could get breath.

"With *him*?" murmured Mrs. Farrell. "Then *you* forgive me?"

"I had nothing to forgive," said Easton, with all his love in his face; so that she looked away and blushed. "Don't think of it any more; it's nothing."

"How generous you are! Oh, women could n't be like that! How shall I thank you? I'll never forgive myself in the world — that's how," she said, a faint smile dawning on her contrite face.

"That would be a poor way. I want you to be friends with those I — like."

"Do you mean Mr. Gilbert?"

"No, I don't mean Gilbert."

Mrs. Farrell cast down her eyes. Then she bravely lifted them. "I will do whatever you say," she breathed, and a radiant light came from her face, as she rose and stood fronting him. "After what I've done you have a right to *command* me. But now you must let me go. I have some things to do. You've made me *so* happy!"

"And you me!" he said, and he took her hand, which he dropped after a moment, and walked away, giddy with his insensate joy. All his soul was flattered by the far-hinting sweetness with which she had used him, and he was contented in every pulse. When he despaired he had felt that he must tell her he loved her, and let any effect follow that would, but now he was patient with the hope which he hoped she had given him; for his confidence did not go beyond this. He loved too much to believe himself loved or to perceive that he was encouraged. To the supreme modesty of his passion her kindness was but leave to live; and he was abjectly grateful for it. He lifted his thoughts to her with worshiping reverence; it was heaven to dwell in the beauty of her looks, her attitudes, her movements; the sense of

her self-reproachful meekness possessed him with the tenderest rapture. How could he expose this to the harsh misconception of his friend? How could he explain her blamelessness as he felt it? He knew the sort of sarcastic quiet that Gilbert would keep when he should set about making him understand that he, Easton, was alone guilty in any wrong done him; that he, Easton, had given her the clew which she had afterwards followed up, from an ignorant caprice, in her talk with Gilbert; that she had bitterly upbraided herself for her error, and had dreaded its effects with a terror that he had hardly known how to appease. When he thought of Gilbert's incredulity, his heart beat fiercely; and he felt that he could not suffer it. Yet the thing could not go without some effort on his part to assure his friend that he had not been disloyal, and how to give him this assurance he did not see. No, he could not speak of it; and yet, he must. A veritable groan burst from his lips as he mounted a little hillock in the road and took off his hat to wipe away the drops of sweat from his forehead. Whither had all his bliss vanished? A thrush sat in the elm-tree over him and sang long and sweet, and his heart ached in time with the pulses of that happy music. A little way off, under the shadow of this tree, Gilbert lay upon the grass, with his face up to the sky; and it was to Easton, when directly he caught sight of him, as if he had laid him there dead. He fearfully made a little noise, and Gilbert opened his eyes, and, looking at him, sat up. "I was waiting for you," he said, gravely and not unkindly. "I supposed you had gone over to the farm, for I did not find you at the hotel. Easton," he continued, "I saw Mrs. Farrell a little while ago. Perhaps you've just come from seeing her?"

"Yes," answered Easton.

"Perhaps you don't know what we talked of?"

"Yes, I do."

"I suppose it was her use of what you told her that annoyed me; but I can't understand how you came to men-

tion the matter to her at all; much less. to go into particulars, as you seem to have done."

Easton colored, but did not speak.

"Have you anything to say to me, Easton? I can't bear to have the slightest thing between us."

"Not — not now."

They were both silent; and Easton doggedly cast down his eyes.

"Very well, Easton," said Gilbert, rising and going towards him, "if you intend to say something by and by, and can justify yourself to yourself in making me wait, it's all right; I can wait."

He held out his hand, and Easton yearned to grasp it as it was offered, but his cold clasp relaxed upon it, and the severed friends trudged silently on through the dust toward the hotel.

VII.

That evening Gilbert found his sister-in-law well of her headache, and disposed to celebrate the charm of a headache that always went off with the going down of the sun. He responded at random, and then she began to talk to him of Easton, and he listened with a restlessness which she could not help noticing. "You don't seem to care to sing the praises of your idol, this evening," she said.

"One can't always be singing the praises of one's idols," he answered, "if you like to call them so. One wants a little variety. You know how the Neapolitans give themselves up to comfortable cursing in the case of saints who don't indicate the winning lottery numbers."

"I don't exactly see the application, William, but I'm always ready to curse anybody; and we will devote Mr. Easton to a little malediction. Have you had a tiff?"

"I thought you were going to curse, and you commence questioning."

"That's true; my curiosity is uppermost. Do tell me about it. I suppose Mrs. Farrell is somehow at the bottom

of it. I would n't have such a friendship as yours and Easton's on any account. It has cost too much. I wonder you have n't assassinated each other long ago."

"I'm glad your headache's gone," said Gilbert.

"Yes, that's gone, — thanks to the sunset or the headache pill. But I'm getting what no pill has yet been patented for; I mean a heartache, and for you, my poor boy. Oh, you open book! Don't you suppose I can read where that woman has written *Finis* in her high-shouldered English hand against the chapter of your friendship with Easton?"

"You are taking it seriously, Susan."

"Well, well. See if I'm not right. I thought you told me your friend was afraid of ladies. Mrs. Farrell seems to have persuaded him that they're not so dangerous. He's been here all afternoon. Oh, one can know such a thing as that even with the headache in a darkened room. No, not the whole afternoon; they were gone a long while on a walk. He follows her all about with his eyes when she won't let him follow on foot; he's making a perfect trophy of himself. That's the report."

"Very likely," said Gilbert. "Easton never does things by halves."

"He'd better, then, — some things."

"Why, I don't know. Why should n't he marry her if he wants?"

"I don't believe *she* wants. He can't take her fancy long, though very likely now she thinks he can. That was very pretty of you to give her your trout, this morning," said Mrs. Gilbert, with a sharp look at her brother-in-law. "She had them for supper, and ate a great many — for your sake, I suppose. It's you that she wants, William!"

"Does she?" asked Gilbert with a bitterish accent. "She has an odd way of going about to get me."

"What has she done?" demanded Mrs. Gilbert, making an instant rush for the breach. Gilbert covered it with a quizzical smile. "Oh!" she continued, plainly enjoying her own discomfort, "when will men learn that

the boomerang is the natural weapon of woman? We're all cross-eyed when it comes to love-glances; you can't tell where we're looking. You think she's aiming at Easton! Poor fellow!"

"If I stay here talking," said Gilbert, rising, "I shall bring on your headache again. Good night."

"Oh, William," Mrs. Gilbert appealed, "something sad has happened between you and Easton; and I'm very, very sorry. I liked him, too; and I'm grieved to have your old friendship touched. But I know *you* are not to blame, — and don't you be! I shall hate him if he breaks with you. Good night, my dear. Don't tell me anything you don't want to."

"I won't," said Gilbert, kissing his hand to her at the door.

She could not help laughing, but when he was gone she turned to the glass with an anxious air, and after a while began to let down the loose, hastily ordered folds of her hair. She stood there a long time, thoughtfully brushing it out, taking hold of it near her head with the left hand, and bending sidewise as she smoothed it down. In the light of the kerosene lamps which she had set on either side of the mirror, her reflected face looked up from the lucid depths with an invalid's wanness, which the whimsicality of her mouth and eyes made the more pathetic. Suddenly she glanced round at the door with an unchanging face, and said, "Come in," in answer to a light rap; and Rachel Woodward entered with a shy, cold hesitation.

"Oh! — Why, Miss Rachel! Do come in!" repeated Mrs. Gilbert, contriving in the last words to subdue the surprise of her first tones. "You won't mind my brushing my hair? There's so very little of it! Sit down."

She went on to give the last touches, with friendly looks at the girl in the glass, and with various little arts of inattention trying to make it easy for her visitor to disembarass herself. Then she sat down in her rocking-chair facing Rachel, who had received her kindness not unkindly, but now came promptly to her business.

"I ought n't to disturb you to-night, Mrs. Gilbert," she said, "and I should have come Saturday night, but I knew you had company; and last night was Sabbath. I wanted to thank you for buying that picture of mine. I never thought of any one's buying it; and I'm afraid you gave more than you ought. I could n't bear you should do that. I've been talking about it with mother, and she thinks I ought to offer you part of the money back."

Mrs. Gilbert listened without interruption of any sort, and the girl, doubtless knowing better how to deal with this impassiveness than with that second-growth impulse which in city New Englanders has sprung up on surfaces shorn so bare by Puritanism, went on tranquilly.

"We think it is like this: it is n't probable, even if this picture is worth all of what you paid, that I can do any more as good, and if you've bought it to encourage me, I might disappoint you in the end. Besides, we should not be willing to be beholden to anybody."

Having said her say, Rachel waited for Mrs. Gilbert's response, who answered quietly, "I know that you and your mother are perfectly sincere, and I am glad you came to say this to me. How much should you think I ought to take back?"

Rachel thought a moment and said, soberly, "The paper cost twenty-five cents; then I used some of a preparation of Mrs. Farrell's to keep the charcoal from rubbing, but that did n't come to anything. If my picture took the first premium at the county fair, — we did think some of sending it there at first, — it would be three dollars, but we should have had to pay seventy-five cents for entering it. If you really *want* the picture, Mrs. Gilbert, and are not buying it for any other reason, you can have it for two and a quarter."

"Very well," said Mrs. Gilbert gravely, "have you brought me the change? Then please hand it to me, as I'm an old lady, and very much settled in my rocking-chair." The girl obeyed, and approached her with some bank-notes

in her hand. The elder woman leaned forward and caught her by either wrist, and held her, while she exclaimed, "Rachel, you're the manliest girl, and your mother's the manliest woman, I know of — and I can't say anything better! But don't think you can take advantage of my sex, for all that. You shall not give me back a mill — if there is such a thing outside of the arithmetic. Two dollars and a quarter! Upon my word I don't know whether to laugh or cry at you! I did n't know there was so much uncorruption left in the world. What do you suppose Mrs. Stevenson will be asking by and by for her cat-tails, when she's learned to paint them for door-panels? Why — no, I won't blot your innocence with a knowledge of that swindling. Your Blossom is worth all I paid for her. Don't be afraid that I bought her to encourage you. No, my dear, that is n't my line. I'm the great American discourager. I suppose Mrs. Farrell has been babbling to you about the admiration your picture excited. She's a foolish woman. It *was* admired, and I think you might be a painter. But oh, dear me! why should any one encourage you on that account? Talent is a trouble and a vexation even to men, who are strong enough to fight against it; but for women it's nothing but misery. The only hope for you that I can see is that you've got something of a man's honesty and modesty to help you through. Draw up your chair, and sit down by me, Rachel. I want to talk to you, I want to catechise you. Oh, you need n't be afraid of me! I'm not going to do you any favor; and you shall keep me at a proper distance in everything you say!"

She smiled quizzically at the girl's constraint, and added, "But I'm older than you, and I've seen more of the world, and maybe I'll be able to tell you some things it would be useful for you to know. You shall pay me what you think is right, if I do. Why don't you want to be beholden to any one? Why should n't I give you more for your picture than it's worth, if I like?"

"I don't know," answered Rachel,

shyly puzzled. "It's a kind of feeling. The laborer is worthy of his hire; but he is n't if he takes any more."

"Good! first-rate! And you should n't think it pleasant to have things given to you?"

"Oh, no!" cried the girl quickly, with a kind of shiver; "we had enough of that when father was preaching, and we used to have to take everything we ate or wore as a sort of gracious gift. We children did n't feel it as my mother did, of course. When we came here" — but at this word she stopped and set her lips firmly.

"Go on," said Mrs. Gilbert. "When you came here, your mother said you should starve and go in rags, before you took a shred or a morsel from anybody."

"How did you know?" inquired Rachel, lifting her eyes in a calm, grave surprise.

"I knew it because I respect your mother. When I order a great ideal picture of America from you, you shall paint me your mother's portrait. Only in these days they'll say it is n't in the least like America. No matter: it's like what she has been and has n't forgotten how to be again."

"Yes," said Rachel, simply, "we all tell mother there's not many like her nowadays, and folks won't understand her way with them, and will lay it to pride."

"Oh, let them lay it to what they like!" cried Mrs. Gilbert, with enthusiasm. "If she can keep the black burden of gratitude off your souls, it's no matter. It hardens the heart worse than prosperity."

Rachel looked sober at the expression of these cynical ideas, and edged ever so little away from Mrs. Gilbert, who burst into a laugh. "Don't mind my harum-scarum paradoxes, Rachel! I've had a great many kind things said and done to me, and there are several of my benefactors whom I don't hate at all. But how is it," she asked, being perhaps unable to deny herself the pleasure of looking further into this sincere nature, even if she used an unfair pressure in her questions, "how is it that you

have let Mrs. Farrell give you lessons in drawing for nothing?"

Rachel colored and was silent some moments before she answered with dignity, "We can take it off her board, when we find out what it ought to be. I don't know as they could rightly be called lessons. I never copied anything of hers."

"I can very well imagine it," said Mrs. Gilbert dryly. "Do you admire her pictures?"

Rachel paused again before answering. "No, I can't say I do. But she has told me a great many useful things, and she has corrected what I was doing. I wish you had n't asked me that, Mrs. Gilbert; I don't think" —

"It was quite generous? No, it was n't; but I could n't help it. I've never seen any of Mrs. Farrell's work, and if she's been of use to you, I never want to. Don't be troubled. You have n't been disloyal to your friend. Dear me, you should hear how I talk about my friends! Don't go yet, my dear," coaxed Mrs. Gilbert, "it'll be a real charity to stay with me a little while, to-night. I'm fretted. Do you like to draw? Did you enjoy doing Blossom's portrait?"

"I hardly know about enjoying it. I did n't think of my own feelings. But — yes, I was glad when I seemed to be getting it right."

"I don't quite know what to think of you," said Mrs. Gilbert gravely, and the calm-faced young girl returned her absent look with one that claimed a mutual uncertainty. Mrs. Gilbert resumed suddenly with "Rachel! has anybody ever been so silly as to talk to you about *genius*?"

Rachel smiled a little, and said evasively that she did not mind such talk.

"That's right!" said Mrs. Gilbert.

"Don't get that into your head; it's worse poison than gratitude. I'm always twaddling about it; it's my besetting sin; but I hope I see the folly and wickedness of it. If you are going to be an artist, think of pictures as hard work; don't get to supposing that all your little efforts are inspira-

tions. God has got something else to do. Don't be alarmed at my way of putting things; it does n't *sound* like religion, but it *is*. If he's given you a decided talent in this way, — and it's altogether too soon yet for you to be certain, — it's probably because he finds you able to 'endure hardness,' as Paul says, to work and to be consoled and occupied by working. After all, my dear, it's like every other thing here below; it's only a kind of toy; and you must n't let it be your whole life; don't be selfishly devoted to it. Sometimes it seems to me that the Lord must smile to see how seriously and rapaciously we take things. I can look back and see how balls and parties were once my toys, and my engagement was only a precious plaything! When I got married, what a toy that was! A new husband — just think of it! What an amusement for a young girl! And my first house, how I played with it, and petted it, and made it pretty, and adored it! When my health gave way, it all changed, but I had my toys still. I have had doctors of every age and sex for dolls. I've played with every school of medicine; just now I've a headache pill that I idolize; not that it keeps me from having the headache. The main thing, as I said, is not to be selfish with your toys. I would share my pills with my worst enemy."

Mrs. Gilbert seemed to enjoy the gravity with which the girl listened, and to be as well satisfied as if she had taken her lightness lightly. Rachel answered what had been said, so far as it related to herself, by saying that she had scarcely thought of painting as a profession, and that she did not see how she could afford to study it. But she presumed that if it were meant she should, a way would be found for her to help herself.

"But have you no ambition to distinguish yourself?" asked Mrs. Gilbert, in some surprise at her coldness.

"I do not know as I have," answered the girl. "If I was sure I could make a living by painting, I should like it better than anything else; but unless I took portraits, I don't suppose I could make

it pay, and I don't think I could paint likenesses of people."

"Well, I'm glad you have been thinking it over so soberly, for your own sake, Rachel. I suppose you did n't get these ideas from Mrs. Farrell?" asked Mrs. Gilbert.

"Oh no! she's very hopeful, and thinks I should succeed at once."

"Humph!" commented Mrs. Gilbert. "When is your school out?"

"It ended on Friday."

"Oh, indeed! And are you going to help your mother, now?"

"Yes. She's not so well as common, this summer, and we can't get hired help — any that's worth having."

"Shall you wait on table?" asked Mrs. Gilbert, with a keen look.

"No — not just at first," said Rachel, with a little hesitation. Mrs. Gilbert lifted her eyebrows, and the girl blushed and added, "I wanted to, but mother thought it was n't best till the boarders had forgotten about — about the — the picture."

"Your mother is right. They'll forget it sooner than you think," answered Mrs. Gilbert, looking to see if this arrow hit. But it seemed to fall blunted

from Rachel's armor; she rose and said she must bid Mrs. Gilbert good night. Mrs. Gilbert followed her to the door. "Don't think, my dear," she said, "that I meant to wound your feelings by saying that they'd soon forget your picture. Perhaps it's true. But I wanted merely to see if you'd any false pride about you. I know how to strike it, for I'm full of it myself. Good night, Rachel; I wish you'd come again. Do let me be of use to you, if I can; and tell your mother that I could n't consent to give less than I did for Blossom. I bought it at the lowest price conscience would let me. You don't blame me for having my way about it, do you?" Rachel dropped her eyes as Mrs. Gilbert took her passive hand.

She turned, as Rachel closed the door, to her bureau, near which the girl had paused; some loose bills lay on it: a five, a two, three quarters. Mrs. Gilbert's talk had ended as it began, and she had paid two dollars and a quarter for Rachel's picture, after all, as Rachel had steadfastly meant from the first. She gave a sharp "Ah!" and flung the money on the bureau again in disgust. "The girl's granite!"

W. D. Howells.

A PAINTED FAN.

ROSES and butterflies snared on a fan,
All that is left of a summer gone by;
Of swift, bright wings that flashed in the sun,
And loveliest blossoms that bloomed to die!

By what subtlest spell did you lure them here,
Fixing a beauty that will not change;
Roses whose petals never will fall,
Bright, swift wings that never will range?

Had you owned but the skill to snare as well
The swift-winged hours that came and went,
To prison the words that in music died,
And fix with a spell the heart's content,

Then had you been of magicians the chief;
And loved and lovers should bless your art,
If you could but have painted the soul of the thing,
Not the rose alone, but the rose's heart.

Flown are those days with their winged delights,
As the odor is gone from the summer rose;
Yet still, whenever I wave my fan,
The soft, south wind of memory blows.

Louise Chandler Moulton.

LINCOLN'S PLANS OF RECONSTRUCTION.

A BIT OF SECRET HISTORY.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN came to Richmond on its surrender to the forces under General Grant in April, 1865. He came in the wake of the invading, victorious Federal army. He occupied for a short time the late presidential mansion of Jefferson Davis.

There was no longer any resistance. No useless signs of despair or defiance were exhibited. There was silence and calmness, but no unmanly regrets or repinings, no words of reproach or crimination. No people ever behaved with more firmness and dignity. The issue of the war—so disastrous to the Southern cause, to the hopes and wishes of the Southern people—had been foreseen and recognized for days, if not weeks, before it came; yet in the presence of the actual event, "The boldest held his breath for a time." The late Confederate president and his cabinet had departed in the rear of General Lee's retreat. The governor of the commonwealth, the legislature and the officials, both State and Confederate, with many eminent and substantial citizens, had followed in the somewhat general exodus. Of course many remained in the Virginia metropolis because they could not get away, and many more from a generous and manly care for and sympathy with the weak, the timid, and the unhappy, who feared violence or ill-

treatment from a rude soldiery, flushed with the triumph of victory and conquest, and scarcely capable of restraint.

Among the latter was the calm, patient, self-possessed, and venerated John A. Campbell, of Alabama, formerly one of the judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, and but recently Assistant Secretary of War of the Southern Confederacy. Regardless of his own personal safety, but full of sympathy with the citizens of Richmond and the people of Virginia, and rightly interpreting the duties and responsibilities of the hour, he went forward courageously and sought an interview with Mr. Lincoln. This was readily accorded.

Judge Campbell said, in substance: "The war is over. The Southern people have lost their cause, without any hope, I suppose, of redemption. This is neither the time nor the occasion to consider the right or wrong of the conflict, or the merits of the questions involved in it. You are here in triumph, and are certainly the victorious master of the situation. No resistance will be attempted further by those who remain in this city. It would be fruitless if it were designed or intended, but it is not even desired by any of the people of Richmond. I have felt myself at liberty, indeed impelled, in the interest of peace and humanity, to seek this inter-

view and acquaint you with the spirit and temper of the people here, and to venture to remind you of what I am sure you will not forget, that with really great and good men the hour of victory and triumph is also the hour of moderation and magnanimity. Though not a Virginian myself, I know the people of Virginia to be brave and honorable, and they will scrupulously respect any pledge or promise they may make. They accept the result of the war without sullen resentment on the one hand or unmanly despair on the other, and will abide in good faith by any fair and equitable terms of pacification and adjustment that may be offered them." He added that he had sought this interview in order to learn the president's views as to his course, and that of the government, towards the people of the States lately at war with the Federal government, and particularly in respect to the people of Virginia, now that the war on her territory had ceased.

President Lincoln (who had listened with interest and earnestness) replied that he was so much impressed by the words of Judge Campbell, that, in order to consider his reply maturely, he would relinquish his intention of returning by steamer that evening to City Point on James River, and give the subject a full night's reflection.

Accordingly, another and final interview took place the next morning on board the steamer Malvern, moored in the river below Richmond. The particulars of this meeting were preserved in a paper written by Judge Campbell very soon after the event, to which by his leave the writer has had access. As the subject is one of such curious interest and importance, and possesses a rare historical value in view of the quickly succeeding tragedy of President Lincoln's death, and the events both political and social which followed, it seems every way proper that Judge Campbell's narrative, hitherto unpublished, should appear.

He says: "I had recommended that he should sanction a meeting of the prominent, influential, leading men in

Virginia at Richmond, and have their counsel and coöperation in reconstructing its political and social system so as to meet the new and extraordinary conditions of society. But the calling together of the political body, 'the rebel legislature,' was the suggestion of Mr. Lincoln's own mind. He mentioned it for the first time in our second interview as a matter he was considering, and that was desirable in many points of view, which he specified, adding that if he came to a satisfactory conclusion he would make it known to General Weitzel on his return to City Point, by letter. The general principles I had expressed included such a proposition, and I was grateful that the president had been led to its consideration; but I did not intimate such a course in any remarks of mine before he suggested it.

"At the interview on the Malvern, President Lincoln produced a memorandum in writing, which he read over, and commented on the various clauses as he read them. When he had concluded, he gave me the paper. It is not dated, signed, or addressed. The memorandum is, —

" 'As to peace, I have said before, and now repeat, three things are indispensable: —

" '1. The restoration of the national authority throughout all the States.

" '2. No receding by the executive of the United States on the slavery question from the position assumed thereon in the late annual message and in preceding documents.

" '3. No cessation of hostilities short of an end of the war and the disbanding of all force hostile to the government.

" 'That all propositions coming from those now in hostility to the government, not inconsistent with the foregoing, will be respectfully considered and passed upon in a spirit of sincere liberality.

" 'I now add that it seems useless for me to be more specific with those who will not say they are ready for the indispensable terms even on conditions to be named by themselves. If there be any who are ready for the indispensable

terms on any conditions whatever, let them say so and state their conditions, so that the conditions can be distinctly known and considered. It is further added that, the remission of confiscation being within the executive power, if the war be now further persisted in by those opposing the government, the making of confiscated property at the least to bear the additional cost will be insisted upon, but the confiscations (except in case of third-party intervening interests) will be remitted to the people of any State which shall now promptly and in good faith withdraw its troops and other support from further resistance to the government. What is now said as to remission of confiscation has no reference to supposed property in slaves.'

"The president, after reading and commenting upon the various passages of this memorandum, noticed that he had said nothing on the subject of fines and penalties as applicable to individuals. He said, in reference to this, that he supposed that he ought not to force a pardon upon any person who did not want it; that, for instance, 'If Mr. Davis, whom we familiarly call Jeff. Davis, will not take a pardon, we ought not to press one upon him.' But this he would say, that 'almost anybody could have anything of that kind by asking for it.'

"My intercourse with President Lincoln, both here and at Hampton Roads, impressed me favorably and kindly towards him. I believe that he felt a genuine sympathy for the bereavement, destitution, impoverishment, waste, and overturn that the war had occasioned at the South, and that he fully and exactly discriminated the wide difference, both in reason and policy, between the mode of proceeding in reference to the disorderly or criminal acts of individuals which disturb the security of a state, and the course to be taken in regard to those civil dissensions and commotions which arise from the agitation of great questions involving the social and political constitution of a great empire, composed of distinct and in some respects independent communities.

"My direct interview with President

Lincoln terminated with my visit to him on the Malvern. I never spoke to him or wrote to him afterwards.

"The following day General Weitzel sent for me, to read the letter of President Lincoln to him on the subject of calling together the Virginia legislature. Mr. Lincoln in the course of his conversation had expressed his object in desiring them to meet and to vote. It was desirable that that very legislature should recognize the national authority. It was 'the situation of a tenant between two contesting landlords, who was called upon to attorn to the one who had shown the better title.' This was his remark."

Here were no humiliating terms of submission imposed on a brave people: no amnesty qualifications exacted; no banishment or confiscation laws; no test-oaths, to incite to perjury or foster the resentments of war. On the contrary, relief and protection should be denied to *none*, while the common rights of fraternity and citizenship should be freely accorded to *all*.

In propounding these conditions the president showed a just appreciation of the Southern people. Had the policy thus declared been carried out faithfully, what untold misery and sufferings would have been prevented! The humane and generous heart of President Lincoln repelled with horror the cruelty and weakness which would involve in punishments and penalties a whole people. Such wrongs and injuries, such injustice and impolicy, were reserved for those less moderate and magnanimous, who, on his violent and deplorable death, succeeded to the reins of government.

The president returned to Washington filled with joy that the war was ended, and satisfied with himself at having secured, as he supposed, just and generous treatment to the vanquished, who had suffered so severely in the late strife. His cruel death, so lamentable in itself and so disastrous in its effects, which occurred only a few days after these generous overtures of peace and kindness, inflicted new sorrows on the already crushed and smitten South.

We willingly draw the veil over the unwelcome picture, and remit its harsh features to the verdict of impartial history, or to that oblivion of wrong and folly which, happily for mankind, time and our better nature will ultimately bring.

Already there is a gratifying change of feeling springing up between the respective sections: a change of Northern sentiment as to the real condition and disposition of the Southern people,

and a change in Southern sentiment as to the men of the North. Thus a new era of feeling and sympathy, the ties and associations of a common ancestry and a kindred destiny, will arise and be fostered until the wounds of the past shall be cicatrized and forgotten, and the removal of suspicions and prejudices can make the two sections again one and enable the people of each to see not the worst but the best phases of their respective disposition and character.

Allan B. Magruder.

THE DEAD CONNOISSEUR'S FRIENDS.

GATHERED from many lands,
A company still and strange,
In the shadow of velvet and oak,
Not one to another spoke.
With faces that did not change,
Weird with the night, and dim,
They were looking their last at him.

If ever men were wise,
If ever women were fair,
If ever glory was dust
In a world of moth and rust,
Why, these and this were there.
Guests of the great, — ah me,
How cold is your courtesy!

Does the loveliest lady of all
Drop Titian's light from her hair
Down into his darkened eyes —
His, who in his coffin lies?
Does that crouching Venus care
That he must forget the charm
Of her broken, beautiful arm?

Yet these are the dead man's friends,
Wooded in his passionate youth
And won when his head was gray.
Look at them close, I pray.
Ah, these he has loved in sooth;
Yet among them all, I fear,
They cannot give him a tear.

Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt.

GOING SOUTH.

I.

"WE are seven," — Ma Dame, Heraclitus, Our Sister, Merle, St. Thomas, Molly, and I. Molly is a lady of color. The rest of us, in varying degrees and with different or indifferent success, are generally conceded to be white. At least, we are so at the epoch whence this chronicle emanates, the epoch at which we sit in conclave cautious and profound, desperately face to face with the great New England problem of what to do with our winter.

We are the possessors, among us, of one case of acute sore throat and one neuralgia of the eyebrow. These are our invalids, properly speaking. To these might be added one case of chronic ill-temper and one of incipient idiocy. Modesty forbids me to indicate very particularly the claimant of the latter; but not to mention it were plainly to be standing in one's own light, for they estimate invalids at so much a head in traveling South. Beyond Savannah a toothache acquires a *pro rata* value unequaled, I believe, in any other portion of the globe; and to acquire, say in the latitude of the St. John's River, a cold upon the lungs, would shed a lustre upon a party of twice the size of ours.

Possessing such qualifications to win renown in another and a sunnier clime, it becomes plain that we cannot permit them to run to waste in the obscurity of our Northern homes. Mere gratification of the instinct which leads the human being to struggle for social prestige renders it clear that a New England winter is of all things to be dreaded for us.

"Florida?"

One of our number timidly offers this remark in an essentially general way, and as if appealing altogether to the general mind. To this day it is unknown which of us it was. I have heard it whispered above a breath that it was the Incipient Idiot; but let that pass.

"Florida," observes our Weeping Philosopher, "is a great way from home."

"So," urges St. Thomas, "is heaven. You will admit as much as that, Heraclitus, I'm sure."

"True," says Heraclitus sadly; and we relapse into a general religious melancholy.

"Philadelphia," remarks Heraclitus, brightening after a pause, "is nearer than either."

This suggestion meets with general approval until Merle reminds us that they had the small-pox severely in Philadelphia, some winters since; which strikes Philadelphia immediately off our list.

Now, at this point we begin to be collectively and severally convinced that we are fated to winter in the State of Florida. But the human mind comes so slowly to the expression of a genuine conviction, that we launch ourselves for a week or so adrift upon a sea of convulsive doubt. We plunge into waves of Pathfinders and Travelers' Tales. We inflict life-long injuries upon our optic nerves by poring over atlases. We resolve ourselves into a committee of Rosa Dartles, of which the Incipient Idiot is unanimously appointed chairman, and, "asking for information," we let our thirst for knowledge loose upon a defenseless public. We investigate the climatic influences of Cuba; we acquaint ourselves with the velocity of the wind in the Bahamas, the price of eggs in Mexico, the politics of Peru, and the quality of alpaca in Patagonia. Nobody says anything about Florida. We avoid Florida as if it were a shipwreck or a love-story. As if there were no other place than Florida to spend a winter in! As if, forsooth! we are to be entrapped at this early stage of our fresh Bohemianism into committing ourselves to anywhere!

To a mind somewhat imbued both by nature and by training with faith in the

credibility of testimony, the experiences incident to the preparation for a journey into an unfamiliar region are a severe shock. Between the statements of witnesses picked and chosen for their unassailable veracity there exists the most "conspicuous inexactness." People whom I trust as implicitly as I trust myself treat me to the most appalling antitheses. An orthodox church-member in good and regular standing assures me that the climate of Richmond is even and mild. A deacon in a neighboring parish swears that he perished in Richmond of sleet and caprice. An old and revered friend writes that I must go to the pine-belts of Georgia; in the pine-belts of Georgia there is no snow, and consumptives never cough. My next-door neighbor runs in before I have finished the letter to remind me, with tears in her eyes, that her brother died of consumption in the pine-belts of Georgia, and was buried in a four-inch snow-storm. She has scarcely left before the evening mail brings me nine letters: three recommending different hotels in the mountains of North Carolina, three advising camp-life in the city of Charleston, two suggesting a yacht in the Savannah harbor, and one a cottage in the Louisiana Muddle: each of these courses of conduct is urged upon us by its several intelligent and honorable advocates as the only one which we can pursue with the best feasible prospect of life, liberty, or the pursuit of happiness.

When it comes to Florida the case is sadder yet. By the time that we have slowly narrowed our restless imaginations to the confines of that admirable State, — which in time we do, with something at once of the alacrity of a lover and the reluctance of a maiden, with souls at once hankering regretfully for every little village which has been recommended to us from Maine to Mexico and fired with enthusiastic faith in the attractions of the St. John's River, — by this time my confidence in the veracity of the educated Christian world is terribly shaken.

There is but one civilized spot in Florida, and that is Jacksonville.

There is but one civilized spot in Florida, and that is St. Augustine.

There is but one spot of any kind in Florida, and that is Enterprise.

Whatever else we do, we must avoid the river for dear life's sake.

Whatever else we do, we must settle on the river immediately.

Northerners cannot be out after sunset.

Northerners can be out all night if they like.

We need not carry rubbers, because when it rains in Florida the sandy soil soaks the water away.

We may leave our rubbers at home, because it never rains in Florida.

It is hotter on the river than it is by the coast.

It is just as hot on the coast as it is by the river.

The thermometer has been known to run to one hundred degrees in December.

The thermometer never rises above ninety degrees in July.

Ice sometimes forms in Florida about Christmas.

Ice never forms in Florida at any time.

There is nothing to eat in Florida.

There is as much to eat in Florida as there is at home.

You don't want anything to eat in Florida.

Carry your muslin dresses if you wish to avoid immediate dissolution.

At your peril go without your furs!

You will find it difficult to sleep, because of the barking of the dogs in which the South abounds.

Never heard a dog bark in Florida.

You may be annoyed by the sound of passing on the hard shell roads of St. Augustine.

They never shoe the horses in St. Augustine, because the roads are drifting sand.

It takes four days to go to Florida. It takes two days and three nights to go to Florida. It takes a week to go to Florida.

There is malaria in Florida in March.

There is malaria in Florida all the year round.

There is never any malaria in Florida at all.

I feel that my brain is reeling under this, and that if it goes on much longer that peculiar species of invalidism which I so successfully represent in our party will develop at such a rate as to render us, however gloriously, perhaps uncomfortably conspicuous in traveling.

I therefore suggest that the clearest way out of these depressing circumstances will be to start for St. Augustine next week.

"Yes," says St. Thomas, "I think St. Augustine is the place for us."

"I cannot satisfy myself about the roast beef of St. Augustine," muses Heraclitus mournfully, "and I have heard that the wild turkey is canned. Would it not be better to try the pine-belts of Geor—"

"Yes," says St. Thomas, with fresh conviction, "I think the air of Georgia would be very beneficial. I think myself we should like it quite as well."

And off we go again! Richmond, Charleston, Savannah, Carolina mountains, the yacht, the muddle, malaria and no malaria, — we run the gamut through. For aught I know to the contrary we should be sitting there yet, playing at this geographical coquetry with the evasive, eluding, baffling bewitchment of that unknown country —

"To which we all would go, would go,
To which we fain would go,"

had not Merle suddenly and quietly observed that *she* should start for St. Augustine a fortnight from Monday night in the half-past nine express, and that the rest of us might do as we pleased.

This settles the matter. Nobody thinks of protesting. We are reduced to that condition in which if anybody had possessed the nerve to say, "I shall start on Monday night to spend the winter yachting on the river Styx," we should pack our trunks and follow with no emotions more mixed than those of grateful enthusiasm.

I am free to confess, for my own part, that I am not what one may call an experienced traveler. It is true that twice a year I make a journey to the city of

Boston, say in the months of November and May, and I cannot deny that I once visited the State almshouse at Tewksbury; but I mention these circumstances with the greatest modesty, and, as I say, I do not call myself an experienced traveler.

Especially is there something in this journey South which I find metaphysically, I may say even morally, confusing. To lose a winter out of one's life! How may one dare? Deliberately to give nature the slip in this way, to steal a march upon her, to take her by surprise, to cheat her out of her rights, crosses one's sense of harmony so closely as almost to cross one's conscience. For, to a Northern conscience, as to a Northern constitution, winter seems as much of a necessity as faith in specie payments or mission Sunday-schools.

Consider the matter. All the nerves of soul and body are braced for bleakness, bareness, whiteness, muteness, — the great restraints and reserves and solitudes of a frozen world. The melancholy September languors prepared us gently for these things as they settled down the hills; the rich heart of October, beating fast and warm against our own, whispered to us how grand the end of summer hours might be if only they died bravely; the grave yet sweet decay that purpled on November fields and across the wavering, dim horizon that forests make, led us kindly into the repose of leaflessness and lifelessness and ice. The mind reaches forward with a content that is not unlike the enduring elements of a large passion, to grasp at the stern inspirations and severe delights which lurk folded in the dead and dying year.

But behold, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the face of the world has changed. Your bewildered gaze opens upon a country in which the year can never die. Your steeled nerves are let suddenly down into brightness, opulence, color, song, into the soft languages and companionships of eternal summer. The low winds whisper like lotos-eaters as you pass; and beneath your feet the shadows of drifting clouds nod to one

another, and use a speech and language that you know not of.

In short, you were prepared for sleet, snow, sleigh-bells, slush, your furriers' bill, a January influenza, your old gaiters, trouble with the furnace, and the Lyceum Bureau.

You find yourself (in your cambric dresses) wandering forever and forever by a summer sea, no sadder care at heart than to listen to perpetual mocking-birds, and no graver work in hand than to pick undying roses and get tanned and terrible in eternal sun.

Is it any wonder, I say, that the Northern conscience starts at such a state of things? Is it a matter of surprise that one should linger "yet a little longer," half lovingly, in the biting, bleak December days, and buy one's excursion ticket to Florida with a doubtful oppression at the heart that is half a fear and half a sense of guilt?

"I shall hear those mocking-birds before I make a case of conscience of it," observes Merle, with whom conscience is not a *forte*, "and as for cambric dresses" —

Significant is the vim with which Merle tucks my woolen gaiters into the crown of my straw hat, and depressing is the smile with which I am asked if there is n't room for my rubber boots on top of that Nainsook polonaise; and dreadful is the calmness with which I am advised to roll up the Japanese fans in the double-zephyr santonag.

"In the winter months," I insist, reading from the last letter of the last intimate friend who spent two winters in Florida, "the thermometer stands at about seventy degrees. The sea breezes moderate the golden languor of the sun. The sky is sweet and even as a happy temper. You live in the open air. You breathe in the blessedness of a new life. You inhale the fragrance of the yellow jasmine" —

"Yellow jasmine!" says Merle, squeezing Hamilton's Metaphysics in between Jean Ingelow and Elia, and bruising the anatomy of my sun-umbrella with Maudesley on Insanity, or some such cheerful little matter.

"I believe in yellow jasmine," says Ma Dame, who could n't help believing in a pleasant thing if she tried, "and the thermometer and the roses and the mocking-birds, and I'd rather go on believing till I'm taught better by experience. One may not go to Florida twice in a life-time."

True, very true; we feel this keenly, dreamily, and delightfully, as the last rapid days slip by. Something of Ma Dame's blessed faith shines through them, despite the Northern conscience. We, too, will believe in Florida! We, too, just for once in a life-time, will turn our faces, unquestioning and unresisting, to the golden grandeur of the Southern sun. Never mind the brisk little early snow-storm that the December sky pours down upon us in benediction! We will not think how hearty, how happy, how healthy it is, how the keen air enters into our blood like wine, and the clear gaze of the sky sets our feet to crushing the tiny snow-drifts with a step of steel. We will think only how cold it is, and bare, and what the coal bill was last winter, and how Washington Street will look in the January thaw. We will not wonder who will take our Sunday-school class, or if the Legislature of Massachusetts can pass the Woman Suffrage Bill without us, or if that soldier's widow will have the help about the pension, — we will only go to Florida; Florida, where there are no widows and no Sunday-schools, and where Woman Suffrage is a babe unborn; Florida, where the thermometer stands at seventy, and where the hearts of roses open forever by a summer sea. Florida, where —

"Where we shall be now in four days' time," St. Thomas breaks in upon my musing. "And I am assured at the office that the Pullman parlor cars do run through all the way to Jacksonville."

For the rapid days have all slipped, and we are off. And however it may be with the roses or the thermometer, it is a comfort to believe that the Pullman cars will run to Jacksonville.

New York proves to be a thriving village, in which we find ourselves accommodated for the continuance of our

journey by the Pullman parlor cars. I don't know why Our Sister smiles a sisterly, sardonic smile. I don't know why we should any of us feel any skepticism on the subject of those Pullman cars. There is no doubt that the Pullman cars run through to Jacksonville. The timetable says so, and the Florida Guide, and "the newspaper."

Philadelphia is doubtless an agreeable city, but we pass through it hastily, remembering the small-pox.

Washington is the capital of the District of Columbia, and Heraclitus points out to me, as we approach it, a graceful dome which he tells me is St. Peter's. From Philadelphia to Washington I may notice that we are again accommodated with the Pullman parlor cars.

I call down upon myself unwittingly the derision of the party, by observing, as we leave Washington, which we do at midnight, that now we have fairly set our faces towards the tropics. Do I consider St. Augustine, they would like to know, as situated in the tropics? I have the moral courage — and in view of the well-known fact that geography is not my forte it requires courage — to reply, though faintly, that I am open to conviction on the matter, but that I certainly supposed that Florida was — perhaps it *would* be more accurate to say semi-tropical; still, I must boldly confess to a general conviction that with sharks and alligators and moccasins, and so on, you may be said to be in the tropics. I have a misty impression that you are in the tropics when you get among things that bite. I am rewarded for this piece of candor, as the candid are always rewarded in this insincere world, by perceiving that I fall at once in the estimation of my friends (who all stood at the head of their geography classes at school) to a point where I am likely to be patronized insufferably, for the remainder of the journey.

Doubtless the experienced traveler, *blasé* in all such sweet emotions, would fail to appreciate the quality of mine upon entering "the tropics" at sunrise. Even the sleeping-car (and may I never rest in my coffin, if it is any narrower

than the berths in the sleeping-car which takes us southward out of Washington!) — even the sleeping-car fails to take the romance out of them.

In point of fact, we are approaching Petersburg. In point of fancy, we might be approaching heaven. I draw aside the dingy little window-curtain, poke away Edwards on the Will, — whom I carry for light reading, and who has kept the window open for me and served a more useful purpose, I venture to say, than ever he served before, — and, lying at ease in my coffin, watch with all the enthusiasm of verdancy the first sunrise in the South.

Did I ever see the sun rise before? He lifts upon the great levels of the desolate country into which we are whirling a countenance strange to me. Slowly through the mighty dark the straight horizon euts like a knife of pearl. Reluctantly, as one awaking from a blessed dream, the massive foreground of the barrens changes color. What does morning mean, uninterpreted by the contours of summit and abyss? Where are the moods of my already half-forgotten hills? This is the beauty of rigor; this is the strength of simplicity; this is the passion of repose. Softly from the reticence of pearl tints bloom the blushes of the rose, deepens the vividness of fire. All the warm Southern heavens are at last alight. The infinite Southern solitudes are at length alive. I am not used to a horizon in which sky and land seem to be *alone* together. I have seen a new heavens and a new earth.

And now the sun has lifted up the light of his countenance so far as to enable me to see that I want my breakfast.

We are to breakfast at — I think it is Weldon; but I beg to inquire, in the name of the suffering public, why we do not get to Weldon till ten o'clock; or why, if we cannot get to Weldon before ten o'clock, we cannot have our breakfast at the other place, where we are shot out of our coffins into another train and pushed on, chilly, cross, and hungry, for three mortal, breakfastless hours? I suppose Weldon has taken out the con-

tract for feeding us, and that the three hours' fast is a stroke of business policy on the part of Weldon. If so, it is a shrewd one. Nobody would eat in Weldon who *had n't* waited three hours for breakfast.

It is the exquisiteness of novelty which creates for us our few memorable experiences, and it is at Weldon that we first appreciate the true delicacy of Southern cookery. By the time we become experienced travelers it is a tale that is told; but at Weldon it is a discovery.

Man cannot live on sunrises alone, — even on the Southern sunrise, — and I eat my breakfast. It is with much repression of the imaginative faculty, but I eat my breakfast. I don't know what I am eating. There is the most generous variety at Weldon. Strictly speaking, however; it is what you might call variety in unity. There is a certain lack of originality, I will go so far as to say a certain monotony, in the flavor of the different articles of food which are pressed upon us, to which I do not believe the New England mind, even the New England *dépôt-restaurant* mind, is capable of reducing itself. I am told that this dish is steak and that is ham. I take it upon faith that one thing is potato and another eggs; but I have little else than the word of the waiter to vouch for it; my sense of sight is confused, and the palate absolutely set at naught. Everything tastes like everything else, and everything tastes fried.

Heraclitus is bolder than the rest of us; he has been experimenting upon the different dishes, with an expression, chiefly about the muscles of the mouth, such as one must know Heraclitus to appreciate, and has hit upon something which he thinks will bear repetition so far as to defer, if not prevent, starvation. He is bolder than we, as I say, and, conceiving that he has found out what he is eating, recklessly calls for "some more of that fish!"

Now the rest of us came South for various purposes, but Heraclitus, it is understood, came to gather useful information; so we all sympathize keenly in his pleasure when the waiter hastens

to acquaint him with the fact that it is hominy.

Of course the Pullman parlor cars run through to Jacksonville. My faith in the Pullman parlor cars is not in the least affected by the circumstance that we are put at Weldon into a "plain" car, as old-fashioned as a leg-o'-mutton sleeve, and that we have not seen a parlor car since then.

"But I was assured at the office" — repeats St. Thomas.

And what if we travel in the cold comfort of this assurance from Washington to the St. John's River? Undoubtedly the parlor cars run through to Jacksonville.

Southward and southward still! Three mortal nights of sleeping-cars. Three immortal days of deepening, warming, wonderful weather. The sun shines and shines and shines. I have never seen such sunshine!

Is it indeed sunshine? Or is it a fair, fused amber? Or is it a delicate, unflickering flame? Or is it a fine, rare, transparent wine? Cleopatra might have melted all her pearls in such a light. Yet Cleopatra was not fit to breathe it. It might be an aureola for the Lady Una. It might be a garment for Godiva. It might be a thousand things that I cannot capture in my thought. I chase my flying fancies up and down as we ride deeper and deeper into it. For it seems to deepen as we journey with it, like the comfort of a tried friendship, or a finely-harmonized love. What is it Ruskin says about painting the midday sky? "No human hand can paint *blue fire*!" My Ruskin is near a thousand miles away, but that is something like it. No human hand could capture the color of this Southern sunshine. It is living fire. It penetrates the pores of soul and body. We are bathed in brilliance. We breathe light.

Slowly through the golden weather the great Southern wilds slide by our unaccustomed eyes. What miles upon miles of waste! What realms of ruin! I feel rather than perceive or recall that we are in a land where the feet of war have trodden. The country has a bruised

look, like one recovering from a deep wound. The signs of life are few and sad. Through acres of desolate everglades we steam lazily up to more desolate little stations, where the sense of solitude becomes a refinement of pain from the appearance of ineffectual effort to break it. A house, a barn, six negroes, and a road winding into the wilderness make a town. I take an idle pleasure in the warm monotony as we jog along. Never since the invention of steam, I am convinced, did a railroad train jog like ours. The lassitude of the Southern temperature seems to have crept into the very cog-wheels, and the smoke-stack itself breathes wearily. I am sure all the locomotives south of Washington have been ordered to Florida by the company's physician, for chronic debility and acute asthma.

Idly, I say, as we roll along, I adjust myself to the idle-scenery. Once in a while I remember that I ought to be collecting useful information. I start with a jerk, and stare about me, wondering how they do it. I try to speculate upon the nature of the vegetation which sprawls over the glaring sand; but I am not learned in "greens." I wonder what are the educational advantages of the prettiest negro babies, and if that was a member of the South Carolina legislature in the swallow-tail coat and second-hand beaver, whom all the old women in men's hats hobbled up to see when he got off the train; but I get little light upon the dark subject, and I had much rather wonder where all those desolate, darkening roads go to — where do they? I wonder still! — that crawl away low under the live-oaks and scrub, as if they crawled upon their hands and knees in search of something lost; roads upon which nobody ever seems to go anywhere, and at the end of which there seems to be nothing to go to; mystical, mournful roads, as the dusk drops upon them, — winding away, Heaven knows where! unpeopled, untrodden, unloved, seeking the great shadow of the eternal forest, behind which the sun is sinking red and sad as a hope that sheer solitude has quenched beyond recall.

And then I know, besides, that Heraclitus will collect useful information for the party; so why should I trouble myself? Indeed, did he not tell me something about the imposition of Southern railroads, and how they pushed us sixty miles out of our way and refused to carry us back till he insisted upon it? But I do not remember exactly how it was, for I was reading Shirley, and thinking how the sun shone; and while we waited we sent out into the fields and had a cow milked for our luncheon, and the woman who sold us the milk said she thanked Heaven, for her child was sick this long while and she had no money to buy the medicine. Was not *that* worth while? And what does it matter if you are imposed upon, provided you do not know it?

My geographical education is improved perceptibly as we journey. Wilmington, for instance, I know as the place where they would not allow Molly to come to the supper-table at the dépôt-restaurant because, though comely, "she was black." Charleston is the only spot upon the map between New York and St. Augustine where I can get a cup of English breakfast tea. Savannah is the city where the old lady screamed because the horses ran away with the omnibus; and Yemassee is the place between, where they gave us — something — fried for dinner. It was n't beef; it was n't pork. I ventured the suggestion that it was duck, but was laughed to scorn; and, as I say, it was fried. It was fearfully and wonderfully fried. We ate, but trembled. For a dinner at once novel and nutritious, I recommend the traveler to Yemassee. In this weary world a new sensation is worth something; and we paid our dollar apiece for the Yemassee refreshments without undue reluctance. I should say in this connection that I have, since coming to Florida, about made up my mind what that dinner was. Indeed, at times I am morally certain that it was fiddlers. It is enough that the Florida resident knows what fiddlers are; to the general mind it is unimportant to go into details.

Southward and southward still! Fair

with a wonderful fairness rises one morning, behind the purple mists of swamp and forest, the uninterpreted smile of the Florida sun.

We sit out upon the platform of the car and bask in the brightness like native lizards. It is warm, very warm. My winter cloak and I parted company at Savannah, and I triumph in the little *drap d'été* wrap which everybody laughed at me for putting into that omnivorous shawl-bundle. It is warm, warm. I envy the lady in the linen duster, and am sure we shall go home in February.

Jacksonville looks like Lowell on a July day. The St. John's River looks like—what *does* the St. John's look like? All day we steam shiftlessly over its muddy face. It is sluggish, coffee-colored, hot, lonely. One day on the St. John's River is better than a thousand. Perhaps we do not appreciate the St. John's River. We are hungry, sleepless, cross, tired, and black as Molly with three days' cinders. Heraclitus and St. Thomas consult the captain for useful information, and Ma Dame is peacefully appreciative of the scenery. Let them! I am past comprehending useful information, and the scenery is Solitude personified. Like a huge boa-constrictor the miserable river winds through the beautiful wilderness. I make up my mind about Florida at once. "Florida," I announce confidently, "is fair, false, and lonely. I don't want any of it."

I revive a little at Tocoi, in hopes of the horse-car which is to take us through the forest to St. Augustine. But the horse-car has given place to a self-confident and cheerful little locomotive, and, excepting that we sit in a baggage car, and that they keep a negro on the tender to jump down and drive the cows off the track, there's not a spice of romance left, to save the famous ride through the wilderness from river to sea.

But we sit in the baggage car, and through the great, open doors on either side the dying day looks in. It is the first sunset in Florida. Passionately through the eternal fastnesses of the everglades penetrate the vivid colors of

the hour. I see the opaque grays of the hoary moss, and they are transfigured almost to transparency before they dim. I see the wild oranges, and they shine like golden lamps, and flicker and go out. The deepening dark lays its hands upon my head like a high-priest's, and I know no more that I am cross and tired and dusty and homesick, when faintly, from the Ancient City, there steals into my face the first breath of the sea.

There is this advantage in seeing a thing in the dark at the outset: you cannot see the worst of it, and you are left at liberty to believe in the best of it.

We make the most of this liberty as our voluble little locomotive—the locomotive, of which St. Augustine, I believe, is prouder than of all the dead Huguenots or live Yankees who people her historic streets—drops us with a shriek of immense personal relief, not to say of distinct personal injury, at "the dépôt."

At least they tell us it is the dépôt. Dimly we perceive the mellow colors of a few pine boards, upon which the light of a splendid bonfire flashes wildly, and we take the dépôt on faith, while we make the rush of escaped lunatics for the possession of half of a geometrical point upon the cushions of the city omnibus.

What, I wonder, is the bonfire for? It is so pretty that it does n't even seem to me unusual, till we have put a weird mass of moving figures between ourselves and it and find ourselves suddenly plunging into the blackness of outer darkness and the pit of despair. At least, that is the way it strikes the traveler. The more prosaic mind of the St. Augustinian calls it a mud-puddle, and says the new road will soon be built.

What's in a name, then? Call it a mud-puddle. Make the best of it. Don't allow yourself the shadow of a "first impression" that the loveliest spot in lovely Florida could be inhospitable if she tried. Struggle for the beautiful faith of that cheerful passenger—of whose class, thank Heaven, you always find one specimen in the worst mishap

which time and tide can inflict upon traveling humanity — who placidly observes, as we reel to and fro, up to the hubs “in unfathomable mines” of Florida soil, that “we are going by water.”

Take it not unkindly that dignity is a lost art, and breathing a forgotten luxury, and a fixed position a calm despair, as the vehicle staggers drunkenly but hopefully on through the howling wilderness; and do not mind it too much if the unaccommodated passenger whose wife said if he went in the express cart she should go too, and who hangs wildly by tooth and nail upon the omnibus steps, should, however polite by nature and by culture, poke you horribly in the neck with his helpless elbow at every jerk and every jar. Mind it? You’ll never mind any of it; it is forgiven, forgotten, it is nothing, it is nowhere, when shrill and suddenly, as the lights of the little city break upon your somewhat critical and not over-ardent gaze, there rings out the bewitching toot of the driver’s old-fashioned horn.

I wonder would that horn be to the experienced traveler as charming as it is to me? Perhaps because I *am* inexperienced, perhaps because I am tired, perhaps because I am hungry, perhaps because I am sleepy, perhaps because I am determined to fall in love with St. Augustine if a no longer youthful nor susceptible nature will admit of it, that horn is the sweetest music in the world to me just now. The sweetest music in the world to me always is something that it ought not to be. I can think of nothing to compare with the driver’s horn, but certain of those indefinable and indelible impressions which one receives from hand-organs played on sunny corners in sunny cities, on days when the heart is light. Perhaps there is a touch of the barbaric in joy; and who knows if melancholy be not the result as well as the companion of culture? Proportionally as one approaches a moment of distinctly-recognized happiness, how simple and scanty grow the perceptions! A moment of joy is a moment of primitive emotions. There may be many a glow of the heart which Beethoven and

the orchestra would refine away into unutterable sadness, which an accordion struck to a negro melody from an attic window will fuse and fix, perfect and immortal. At all events, if one *has* poor taste, there is no better way out of it, that I know, than to invent an æsthetic principle to excuse it.

The most inexperienced traveler is aware that the Ancient City is like nothing else in the United States, and confusedly, as we swing into the little half-lighted town, we perceive already that this is true. Is it the reeling of the omnibus that makes the houses look as if they were crossing hands over the densely dark streets to dance the Virginia reel? Is it the unreliable fancy of the supplerless that makes us think our omnibus occupies the width of the street? What a tormenting sense of queer architecture that one cannot see! What a perfectly imperturbable consciousness that we would n’t see the gates of the New Jerusalem till to-morrow morning! And how charming to be wakened in the Sabbath sunshine of to-morrow morning by the sound of matins in the little church close under the hotel windows, where the colored Christians worship by themselves, as — we begin already vaguely to perceive — it is quite proper that colored Christians should. But I do not go to matins. I slip out alone in the warm colors of the early hour, to look the town in its foreign face. And what went I out for to see? A little city (oh, is it not a little one?) grave and calm and gray. High above my head rise old coquina walls, casting heavy shadows across the narrow ways. I do not know what coquina is, to be sure, but never mind! I will find out in course of time. Why hurry to be wise? Already I perceive that one never hurries in St. Augustine.

I am not mathematical, but I can understand, even so soon, that fifteen feet make a Broadway in the Ancient City, and I thread little mazes of lanes and byways which twelve or eight paces would span. These are as charming as the opening chapter of a long novel, from whose initiatory sentences one perceives

that the plot is reserved and nicely-laid. What will it all be when I know it—love it? Shall I some time understand what life is like behind those staid little verandas which all but touch across the thread-like street? Shall I, too, wander in and out with good Catholics, half fancying myself to be one of them, through the hoary door of the little cathedral, which the experienced traveler tells me is “almost European”? And here, like the figures in a mediæval poem, break upon my musing the placid sisters from the convent which I cannot see, but which I instantly believe to be well worth seeing; and the more immediate outlines of the monks from the gray monastery which I can see, and which I think is not worth seeing at all. And there are wonderful little curiosity shops—but they are closed; and there are the tantalizing contours of Fort Marion, magnificent and mute—but that is barred: for St. Augustine is a godly city, and keeps the Sabbath holy.

We too will keep the calm day sacred as well as homeless travelers may; but we are not sorry when the busy Monday morning's sunshine welcomes us to secular action. Fate is kind, St. Augustine is hospitable, “the season” has

not yet begun, and in two hours we are at home, we think, forever.

We unpack our pictures. Till I know whether my Da Vinci is broken, or my Francesca scratched, my best bonnet may bide its time. We dance jigs of delight over the open fireplaces and old brass andirons, in the very face of the thermometer, which points to seventy-five degrees; we wonder if we could toss rosebuds to our unknown “native” neighbors in the little red painted coquina house whose veranda peers closely but incuriously through our open windows; we wander up to the palmetto store and invest confidently in the shadiest of shade hats; we condescend, after Da Vinci is hung, to resurrect a white dress for dinner; we scorn, as the baldest superstition, the statement of the scientific member of our party that this is the 15th of December; we see with a mystified sense, as if we were children playing at going somewhere, that there are orange-trees in the garden, and that the sky cuts itself against the sharp, fine outlines of banana leaves; we see from all the windows that the world is fair; we fall in love with our hostess; we wonder if it is getting time for dinner—and life in St. Augustine begins.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

JACQUES JASMIN.

I.

It is a little singular that the band of enthusiasts who style themselves exclusively the Provençals, and are formally devoted to the adventure of restoring the Langued'oc to its place in literature, should appear almost unconscious of the fact that they were preceded by about twenty-five years in the self-same fascinating path which they have chosen, by one of the most careful artists as well as truest poets of this century. Jacques Jasmin, the barber of Agen, in

Gascony, published his first volume of dialect poems in 1835, when Frédéric Mistral was a child of four, hardly old enough to prey upon the mulberries and olives of his father's *mas*, before he had come even under the mild restraints of Master Roumanille's school. This earliest volume of Jasmin's—called, with a mixture of gayety and simplicity quite peculiar to himself, *Papillotos* or *Curl Papers*—was followed at intervals of several years by two others. These, like their predecessor, contained hosts of those little personal and occasional

lyrics, Tributes, Dedications, Thanks for testimonials, Hymns for festivals, which M. Sainte-Beuve rather impatiently characterizes as "improvisations obligées" and "compliments en madrigaux," and of which Jasmin himself says, with something as near an apology as his complete *natveté* will allow him, "One can only pay a poetical debt by means of *impromptus*; and *impromptus* may be very good money of the heart, but they are almost always bad money of the head." But among these comparatively trivial though always musical and pleasing pieces, there were a half-dozen poems of another and higher order: romantic tales in verse of two or three or more *paouzos* (pauses or cantos), noble in conception, abounding in action, and wrought out with very patient care; instinct with the author's own gentle vivacity, and at the same time impressive by the dignity of simple, natural passion.

The rustic dialect from which Jasmin never departed he lifted to the level of these more serious themes as easily, as triumphantly, as Mr. Lowell adapted his extraordinary Yankee speech to the tones of keenest pathos in No. X. of the second series of *The Biglow Papers*; and more cannot be said. All the magnates in criticism of Jasmin's generation came forward, soon or late, and surrounded him with their applause. Cities and royal personages had medals struck in his honor. His works were collected in a cheap popular edition of one volume in 1860, a few months only after the Parisian world was first electrified by the publication of *Mirèio*. Eight years before this, at a public meeting of the French Academy, August 20, 1852, an extraordinary prize of five thousand francs had been awarded to the Gascon poet, and M. Villemain, in a stately address, had declared it to be the purpose of that august body also to have a medal struck in his honor: "*La médaille du poète moral et populaire*." Earlier yet, Charles Nodier had subdued his amazement at the incongruity between Jasmin's calling and his genius, and had begged him, with an

air of impulsive patronage at once amiable and amusing, not to intermit the manufacture of periwigs, "for this," says the lively Gaul, ever intent on his epigram, "is an honest trade, while verse-making is but a frivolous distraction." M. Léonce de Lavergne dwelt with an enthusiasm rather generous in a true Provençal on the onomatopoeic beauties of the Gascon *patois*. M. de Pontmartin classed Jasmin with Theocritus, Horace, and La Fontaine, and paid him the singular tribute of saying that he had made good as attractive as other Frenchmen had made evil. Finally, M. Sainte-Beuve (*salut à son âme*) warmly yet carefully appreciated him. "Away on your snow-white paper wings," cries Jasmin merrily to his verses, when he dedicates to the king of critics a new edition of his first volume, "for now you know that an angel protects you! He has even dressed you up in fine French robes and put you in the *Deux Mondes*!"

It is to the *Causeries* that the reader must go for a complete analysis of Jacques Jasmin's literary qualities, and a guide to the more recondite beauties of his speech. Here, preceding some experiments in translation, an attempt is made merely to show some of the points in which his works resemble, and some in which they differ from, those of that younger school of singers in Southern France, a few of whose productions have already been reviewed in these pages.

And first, notwithstanding that local "jealousy between Gascon and Provençal" which M. de Lavergne frankly allows in his admirable notice of Jasmin's masterpiece, *Françonette*, there seems to be nothing deliberately disingenuous in the silence of the Provençals about Jasmin; no reason to suppose that their inspiration is in any way borrowed from him. These men of Southern France were born, one and all of them, in the native land of modern poetry, and have breathed none but its native air. The echoes of all its varied measures, nay, of the very rhymes which are its distinguishing characteristic, perpetually haunt their every-day talk. They tread

its ruins under foot. Its seeds lie dormant in all their soil. One such seed germinated at Agen in the first quarter of our century; a handful more about Avignon, twenty-five years later. The rich wild flowers which they have borne are of the same family, indeed, and have certain fundamental resemblances, but they are quite distinct in color, shape, and even fragrance. Here is no miracle; still less, good ground for a charge of plagiarism.

Jasmin is Gascon; not, in the present restricted application of the term, Provençal; and his dialect, though closely allied to that of the Bouches-du-Rhône, must, it seems to me, be pronounced slightly inferior to the latter in the melody of its terminations, and hence in its rhythmic capabilities. But the two sustain the same relation to the classic Romance, that lovely but short-lived eldest daughter of the Latin. The Gascon poet is at once more conventional in his imagery and less enterprising in the matter of metre than his young neighbors. He uses freely the most obvious and trite comparisons. Lips are cherry-red, teeth snow-white, etc., whereas the metaphors of his juniors are often too quaint to be spontaneous, and we know that they know the beaten paths by their sedulous avoidance of them. Jasmin clings also to the measures most approved in legal French poetry, especially to Alexandrines and iambic tetrameters, and to their irregular association in a sort of ballad metre, which in English has been best handled by Robert Browning in *Hervé Riel*, and indeed most happily chosen for that essentially French poem. Mistral seized these same irregular iambs and speedily molded them into the ornate verse which became so astonishing a vehicle of varied expression in *Mirèio* and *Calendau*, and upon which his followers, in their turn, executed all sorts of variations. But Mistral and his *felibres* seem never for a moment free from a sense of their high commission to repudiate or reform all that is distinctively French, and set up in its stead that which is distinctively Provençal. They

may justly claim, most of them, to have made deliberate choice of a humble and rustic form of expression, when a more literate one was equally at their command, while Jasmin, in all probability, could never have written in learned French, and did but sing because he must. Both Jasmin and the Provençals have the self-confidence of real power, but they are self-confident with a difference. When some one told Jasmin that he had revived the traditions of the Troubadours, "Troubadours!" he cried, — one can imagine with what a lusty peal of laughter, — "why, I am a great deal better poet than any of the Troubadours! Not one of them could have composed a long poem of sustained interest like my *Françonette*!" which is perfectly true, but a man to say it of himself must have a conspicuous absence of small vanity and a considerable sense of humor. While the Provençals, though they have doubtless a fine audacity and fervid faith with regard to the future, speak always with due humility of Homer, and are almost preternatural in their gravity.

Sainte-Beuve quotes with keen enjoyment the demure yet decided terms in which Jasmin refused, in 1849, the challenge of one Peyrottes, who had summoned him to contend with himself in one of those poetical tournaments revived from the Middle Ages, in which Mistral and his colleagues afterwards engaged with enthusiasm and won many laurels. "I dare not," wrote Jasmin, quaintly, "enter the lists with you. The courser who drags his chariot with difficulty, albeit he arrives at the goal, cannot contend against the fiery locomotive of the railway. The art which produces verses one by one cannot compete with *manufacture*. My muse declares herself vanquished in advance, and I hereby authorize you to record the declaration." And then, as if sensible and repentant of a lurking arrogance in his refusal, he adds in a postscript, "I love glory, but the success of another never troubles my sleep." And though Jasmin's declamations and readings of his own poems are said to have

been in the highest degree dramatic and affecting, the spirit of that reply was undoubtedly sincere, and his methods of composition were such as he describes, assiduous, quiet, slow. "I have learned," he once said, "that in moments of heat and emotion we are all eloquent and laconic, alike in speech and action, unconscious poets, in fact; and I have also learned that it is possible for a muse to become all this wittingly, and by dint of patient toil."

Sainte-Beuve, whose judgments constantly recur, sums up all his eloquent praise of the Gascon poet by saying that he is invariably *sober*. No doubt the Provençals proper, even Mistral, their greatest poet, — rarely in Miréio, but oftener in Calendau, — are apt to be temporarily the worse for the wine of what they are pleased to consider their ethnic inspiration. But their interesting careers were hardly begun at a time when Jasmin's was rounding to its close, and when he was already declared better to have fulfilled his promises than any other poet of his generation. If they can but imitate his simple and conscientious devotion to art, and grow as he grew even to old age, they will shed an equal lustre on that historic land of song which aliens will always regard as their common country.

In no poem of Jasmin's are the most characteristic qualities of his mind — his candor, his pathos, and his humor — more abundantly shown than in that which he has entitled *My Souvenirs*, and from which some extracts will now be made. He begins the unique story of his life, as he is very apt to begin a story, confidentially and colloquially: —

Now will I keep my promise, and will tell
How I was born, and what my youth befell.

The poor decrepit century passed away
Had barely two more years on earth to stay,
When, in a dingy and a dim retreat,
An old rat-palace in a narrow street,
Behind a door, Shrove Tuesday morn,
Just as the day flung its black night-cap by,
Of mother lame, and humpbacked sire, was born
A boy, — and it was I.

¹ The charivari, so common in the south of France, is a terrific uproar produced by kettles, frying-pans, and horns, accompanied by shouts and cries, and the singing of rather low songs, which is

When princes come to life, the cannon thunder
With joy; but when I woke,
Being but a tailor's son, it was no wonder
Not even a cracker spoke.

Only a certain charivarian ¹ band
Before our neighbor's door had ta'en its stand,
Whereby my little virgin ears were torn
With dreadful din of kettle and of horn,
Which only served to echo wide the drone
Of forty couplets of my father's own.

His father, it seems, was a village poet, a spinner of doggerel for these charivari, and this was the humble seed which, being mysteriously fructified, produced genius in the son. He goes on to assure us that, in his coarse and mended swaddling-clothes and sleeping on a little bed stuffed with larks' feathers, he grew, if somewhat lean and angular, as fast as any king's son, until he was seven years old; and then —

Suddenly life became a pastime gay.
We can but paint what we have felt, they say:
Why, then must feeling have begun for me
At seven years old; for then myself I see
With paper cap on head, and horn in hand,
Following my father in the village band.
Was I not happy while the horns were blowing?
Or, better still, when we by chance were going,
A score or more, as we were wont to, whiles,
To gather fagots on the river isles?
Bare heads, bare feet, our luncheon carrying,
Just as the noontide bells began to ring,
We would set forth. Ah, that was glee!
Singing *The lamb thou gavest me!*
I'm merry at the very memory!

He goes on to describe with extreme zest, and a wonderful richness of local coloring, the impromptu *fêtes* in which he thus bore a part; the raids upon cherry and plum-orchards, — "I should need a hundred trumpets," he says, "to celebrate all my victories," — and then the dances around bonfires, and other fantastic ceremonies of St. John's Eve. Then he tells, in words of exquisite softness, how the first light shadow fell upon his baby spirit: —

Nathless I was a dreamy little thing.
One simple word would strike me mute full often,
And I would hark, as to a viol-string,
And knew not why I felt my heart so soften,
And that was *school*, — a pleasant word enow,
But when my mother, at her spinning-wheel,
Would pause and look on me with pitying brow,
And breathe it to my grandsire, I would feel
A sudden sorrow, as I eyed the twain,
A mystery, a long whole moment's pain.

set up at night under the windows of the newly married, especially if they are in advanced years or have been married before

And something else there was that made me sad :
 I liked to fill a little pouch I had
 At the great fairs with whatso I could glean,
 And then to bid my mother look within ;
 And if my purse but showed her I had won
 A few poor coins, a sou for service done,
 Sighing, " Ah, my poor little one," she said,
 " This comes in time," and then my spirit bled.
 Yet laughter soon came back, and I
 Was giddier than before, a very butterfly.

So after fair-time came vintage, with
 all its manifold joys, and then suddenly
 the winter, when, in the dearth of fire-
 wood, the child was fain to sun himself
 in sheltered nooks while the daylight
 lasted. But " how fair is the nightfall
 of the grim winter day ! " At that hour,
 a score or more of women with their
 younger children used to assemble in a
 large room, lighted by a single antique
 lamp suspended from the ceiling. The
 women had distaffs and heavy spindles,
 on which they spun a kind of coarse
 pack-thread, which the children wound,
 sitting upon stools at their feet. And all
 the while one old dame or another would
 be telling ogreish stories of Blue Beard,
 Sorcerer, or *Loup-garou*, to fascinate the
 ears and trouble the dreams of her young
 auditory.

At last a winter came when I could keep
 No more my footstool, for there chanced a thing
 So strange, so sorrowful, so harrowing,
 That long, long afterwards it made me weep.

Sweet ignorance, why is thy kind disguise
 So early rent from happy little eyes ?

I mind one Monday — 't was my tenth birthday —
 The other boys had throned me king in play,
 When I was smitten by a sorry sight :
 Two cartmen bore some aged, helpless wight
 In an old willow chair along the way.
 I watched them as they near and nearer drew,
 And what saw I ? Dear God, could it be true ?
 'T was my own grandsire, and our household all
 Following. I saw but him. With sudden yearning
 I sprang and kissed him. He my kiss returning,
 For the first time some piteous tears let fall.
 " Where wilt thou go ? and why wilt thou forsake
 Us little ones who love thee ? " was my cry.
 " Dear, they are taking me," my grandsire spake,
 " Unto the almshouse, where the *Jasmins* die."
 Kissed me once more, closed his blue eyes, passed
 on.
 Far through the trees we followed them, be sure.
 In five more days, the word came he was gone.
 For me, sad wisdom woke that Monday dawn :
 Then knew I first that we were poor.

And here the first section of Jasmin's
 memories, which he began to rehearse so
 gayly, closes as with a sob. When he
 resumes, he seems half abashed at the

homeliness of the tale which he has un-
 dertaken to tell. Shall he soften it? he
 pauses to query. Shall he dress it up
 with false lights and colors? for these
 are days when falsehood in silk and gold
 seems always acceptable, and the " naked,
 new-born truth " unwelcome. But
 he repudiates the thought:—

Myself, nor less nor more, I'll draw for you,
 And if not fair, the likeness shall be true.

That death of his grandfather, he
 goes on to say, sank like a plummet
 into his heart, and seemed for the first
 time to reveal to him the utter squalor
 of his surroundings. He describes in a
 minute fashion, at once droll and ex-
 ceedingly pathetic, the exposure of their
 tenement to the four winds of heaven,
 the ragged bed-curtains, the cracked
 pottery and worn wooden vessels off
 which they ate and drank, the smoky,
 frameless mirror, the rickety chairs.
 " My mother explained it all," he says.

Now saw I why our race, from sire to son
 For many lives, had never died at home ;
 But, time for crutches having come,
 The almshouse claimed its own.
 I saw why one brisk woman every morn
 Paused, pail in hand, my grandame's threshold by
 She brought her, not yet old, though thus forlorn,
 The bread of charity.

And ah, that wallet ! by two cords uphung,
 Wherein my hands for broken bread went straying,
 Wherein had borne it round the farms among,
 A morsel from his ancient comrades praying.
 Poor grandsire ! When I kept him company,
 The softest bit was evermore for me !

All this was shame and sorrow exquisite.
 I played no more at leap-frog in the street,
 But sat and dreamed about the seasons gone.
 And, if chance things my sudden laughter won, —
 Flag, soldier, hoop, or kite, — it died away
 Like the pale sunbeam of a weeping day.

However, there was a happy change
 at hand; and here, unhappily for his
 translator, the poet abandons his flowing
 pentameters, but one must, if possible,
 keep step with him:—

One morn my mother came, as one with gladness
 crazed,
 Crying, " Come, Jacques, to school ! " Stupid I
 stood and gazed.
 " To school ! What then ? Are we grown rich ? "
 I cried, amazed.
 " Nay, nay, poor little one ! Thou wilt not have to
 pay !
 Thy cousin¹ gives it thee, and I am blessed this
 day."

¹ Sister Boe, the old school-mistress of Agen, who
 acted the part of a generous relative, and gave the
 poet the rudiments of reading and writing.

Behold me, then, with fifty others set,
Mumbling my lesson in the alphabet.
I had a goodly memory; or so they used to say.
Thanks to this pious dame, therefore,
'Twixt smiles and tears it came to pass
That I could read in six months more;
In six months more, could say the mass;
In six months more, I might aspire
To *tantum ergo* and the choir;
In six months more, still paying nothing,
I passed the sacred college gate;
In six months more, with wrath and loathing,
They thrust me forth. Ah, luckless fate!

'Twas thus: a tempting prize was offered by and by
Upon the term's last week, and my theme won
the same.

(A cassock 't was, and verily
As autumn heather old and dry.)
Nathless, when mother dear upon Shrove Monday
came,

My cheeks fired when we kissed; along my veins
the blood

Racing in little *blobs* did seem.

More darns were in the cassock, well I understood,
Than errors in my theme;
But glad at heart was I, and the gladder for her
glee.

What love was in her touch! What looks she gave
her son!

"Thank God, thou learnest well!" said she;

"For this is why, my little one,
Each Tuesday comes a loaf, and so rude the winter
blows,

It is welcome, as He knows."

Thereon I gave my word I would very learned be,
And when she turned away, content was in her eyes.
So I pondered on my frock, and my sire, who pres-
ently

Should come and take my measure. It happened
otherwise.

The marplot de'il himself had sworn
It should not be, so it would seem,
Nor holy gown by me be worn.

Wherefore my steps he guided to a quiet court and
dim,

Drove me across, and bade me stop
Under a ladder, slight and tall,
Where a pretty peasant maiden, roosted against
the wall,
Was dressing pouting pigeons, there atop.

Of as I saw a woman, in the times whereof I
write,
Slid a tremor through my veins, and across my
dreary day

There flashed a sudden vision on my sight
Of a life all *velvet*, so to say.
Thus when I saw Catrine (rosy she was and sweet)
I was fain to mount a bit, till I discerned
A pair of comely legs, a pair of snowy feet,
And all my silly heart within me burned.
One tell-tale sigh I gave, and my damsel veered,
— alas! —

Then huddled up with piteous cries;
The ladder snapped before my eyes.
She fell! — escape for me none was!
And there we twain lay sprawling upon the court-
yard floor,
I under, and she o'er!

The outcries of the maid soon brought
all the holy household to the spot. "*Fillo
aymo a fa sabé lous pecats que fay fa,*"
remarks Jasmin, in a quaint parenthesis,
which, by the way, illustrates very well
the conciseness of expression of which
his dialect is capable. It means, "A
girl always likes to have the sins known
which she has caused others to commit."
The result of her railing accusation is a
terrific reprimand for poor Jacques, and
a sentence of imprisonment for the re-
mainder of the carnival. In default of
a dungeon they locked him into a dis-
mal little chamber, where he remained
until the next day, very angry and very
hungry, until chance enabled him to fill
up the measure of his iniquities by break-
ing into a high cupboard, to which he
climbed with the help of table and chair,
and feasting upon sundry pots of the
delicious convent preserves, which he
found hidden there.

The result must be told in his own
words: —

But while so dulcet vengeance is wrought me by my
stars,

What step is this upon the stair? Who fumbles at
the bars?

Alackaday! Who opes the door?

The dread Superior himself! And he my pardon
bore!

Thou knowest the Florence Lion, — the famous
picture, where

The mother sees, in stark despair,
The onslaught of the monster wild
Who will devour her darling child,
And, fury in her look, nor heeding life the least,
With piercing cry, "My boy!" leaps on the savage
beast;

Who, wondering and withstood,
Seemeth to quench the burning of his cruel thirst
for blood,
And the baby is released.

Just so the reverend canon, with madness in his
eye,

Sprang on my wretched self, and "My sweetmeats!"
was his cry,

And the nobler lion's part, alas, was not for me!
For the jar was empty half, and the bottom plain
to see!

"Out of this house thou imp of hell.
Thou'rt past forgiveness now! Dream not of such
a thing!"

And the old canon, summoning
His forces, shook my ladder well
Then, with a quaking heart, I turned me to de-
scend,

Still by one handle holding tight
The fatal jar, which dropped outright
And shattered, and so came the end!

Behold me now, in dire disgrace,
 An outcast in the street, in the merry carnival,
 As black as any Moor, with all
 The sweetmeat-stains upon my face!
 My woes, mesecemed, were just begun.
 "Ho for the masque!" a *gamin* cried;
 Full desperately did I run,
 But a mob of howling urchins thronged me on every
 side,
 Raised at my heels a cloud of dust,
 And roared, "The masque is full of must!"
 As on the wind's own pinions borne
 I fled, and gained our cot forlorn,
 And in among my household burst,
 Starved, dripping, dead with rage and thirst.

Uprose a cry of wonderment from sisters, mother,
 sire,
 And while we kissed I told them all, whereon a
 silence fell.
 Seeing bean-porridge on the fire,
 I said I would my hunger quell.
 Wherefore then did they make as though they heard
 not me,
 Standing death still? At last arose my mother
 dear
 Most anxiously, most tenderly.
 "Why are we tarrying?" said she,
 "No more will come. Our all is here."

But I, "No more of what? Ah, tell me, for God's
 sake!" —
 "Sorely the mystery made me quake, —
 "What wast thou waiting, mother mild?"
 I trembled, for I guessed. And she, "The loaf,
 my child!"
 So I had ta'en their bread away! O squalor and
 distress!
 Accursed sweetmeats! Naughty feet!
 I am base indeed! O silence full of bitterness!
 Gentles, who pitying weep for every woe ye meet,
 My anguish ye may guess!

No money and no loaf! A sorry tale, I ween.
 Gone was my hunger now, but in my aching heart
 I seemed to feel a cruel smart,
 A stab, as of a brand, fire-new¹ and keen,
 Rending the scabbard it is shut within.

Silent I stood awhile, and my mother blankly
 scanned,
 While she, as in a dream, gazed on her own left
 hand;
 Then put her Sunday kerchief by,
 And rose and spake right cheerily,
 And left us for a while; and when she came once
 more,
 Beneath her arm a little loaf she bore.

Then all anew a-talking fell
 And to the table turned. Ah well!
 They laughed, but I was full of thought,
 And evermore my wandering eyes the mother
 sought.

Sorry was I and mute, for a doubt that me pos-
 sessed
 And drowned the noisy clamor of the rest.
 But what I longed to see perpetually withdrew
 And shyly hid from view,

¹ "*Sabre flamben néou*." The expression is in-
 teresting as indicating the origin of the degenerate
 phrase, *bran' fire new*.

Until, at last, soup being done,
 My gentle mother made a move
 As she would cut the loaf, signing the cross above.
 Thou stole I one swift look the dear left hand upon,
 And ah, it was too true! — the wedding-ring was
 gone!

Once more the poet breaks off his
 narrative abruptly, but when he resumes
 it for the third and last chapter of his
Souvenirs his tone expresses relief, nay,
 even a kind of modest triumph. One
 year later behold him apprenticed to a
 hair dresser, an *artisto-en-pièls*, with whom
 he works faithfully all day, but requests
 us to observe how the leaves of the tall
 elm outside the barber's back attic win-
 dow shine at midnight. Thanks to his
 convent schooling he could read; the
 remnant of daylight after work was done
 became all insufficient; his savings went
 to the oil-merchant, and the best pleas-
 ure of his life was born.

For ever, as I read, came throngs of phantoms fair,
 With wonder-web of dreams o'er grievous thoughts
 to fling,
 Till passed away in silence those memories of de-
 spair,
 The wallet, and the aimshouse, and the ring.

Those three painful images were not
 quite exorcised, and all his life long re-
 turned at gloomy intervals to haunt him,
 but he had freed himself from their mal-
 igned spell. Soon came first love, still
 further to beautify existence. "It was
 for *her* sake," says Jasmin, "that I first
 tried to make verses in the sweet *patois*
 which she talked so well, versus where-
 in I asked her in lofty and mysterious
 phrases to be my guardian angel." A
 little farther on he thus describes what
 is always an era in the life of a poet: —
 One beauteous eve in summer, when the world was
 all abroad,
 Swept onward by the human stream that toward
 the palace bore,
 Unthinkingly the way I trod,
 And followed eager hundreds o'er
 The threshold of an open door.
 Good heaven! where was I? What might mean
 The lifting of that linen screen?
 O lovely, lovely vision! O country strange and
 fair!

How they sing in yon bright world! and how sweet-
 ly talk they too!
 Can ears attend the music rare,
 Or eyes embrace the dazzling view?
 "Why, yon is Cinderella!" I shouted in my maze
 "Silence!" quoth he who sat by me.
 "Why, then? Where are we, sir? What is this
 whereon we gaze?"
 "Thou idiot! This is the *Comedy*!"

Ah yes! I knew that magic name,
Full oft at school had heard the same,
And fast the fevered pulses flew
In my low room the dark night through.
"O fatherland of poesy! O paradise of love!
Thou art a dream to me no more! Thy mighty
spell I prove.
And thee, sweet Cinderella, my guardian I make,
And to-morrow I turn player for thy sake!"

But slumber came at dawn, and next, the flaming
look

Of my master, who awoke me. How like a leaf I
shook!

"Where wast thou yesternight? Answer me, ne'er-
do-weel!

And wherefore home at midnight steal?"

"Oh, sir, how glorious was the play!"

"The play indeed! 'Tis very true what people say:

Thou art stark crazy, wretched boy,
To make so vile an uproar through all the livelong
night!

To sing, and spout, and rest of sober souls destroy.
Thou who hast worn a cassock, nor blushest for thy
plight!

Thou'lt come to grief, I warn thee so!

Quit shop, mayhap, and turn thyself a player
low!"

"Ay, master dear, that would I be!"

"What, what? Hear I aright?" said he.

"Art blind? and dost not know the gate

That leadeth to the *almshouse* straight?"

At this terrific word the heart in me went down

As though a club had fallen thereon;

And Cinderella fled her throne in my light head.

The pang I straightway did forget,

And yet, meseems, yon awful threat

Made softer evermore my attic bed.

By the time he was eighteen, Jasmin
had sown his modest crop of wild oats
and opened a barber's shop of his own,
and the maiden who had inspired his
first verses had promised to marry him.
"Two angels took up their abode with
me then," he says. His wife was one,
and the other was his rustic muse, the
angel of homely, pastoral poetry, —

Who, fluttering softly from on high,
Raised on her wing and bore me far
Where fields of balmyest ether are.
There, in the shepherd lassie's speech
I sang a song, or shaped a rhyme;
There learned I stranger lore than I can teach.
Oh, mystic lessons! Happy time!
And fond farewells I said, when at the close of day
Silent she led my spirit back whence it was borne
away.

A few words are given to his wedding,
and then he adds, —

The rest methinks full well is known;
How doubly blest my life hath been
In plenty and in peace, how fifteen times have
flown

The seasons four since then.
Curl-papers now, and songs anon,
Into my little shop had drawn
Erelong a rill of silver fine;

So that in frenzy all divine
I rose at last, and brake that barber's chair of
mine!

No wonder that, after such an experi-
ence, he retorts with spirit and scorn,
when he reads in a journal the malicious
remark that "Pegasus is a beast who
carries poets to the almshouse." On the
contrary, he says, Pegasus conveyed him
to a notary's place, and it is owing to
that friendly steed alone that he figures
first of his family on the tax-gatherer's
list; albeit he admits that the last-named
honor has its disadvantages. He also
confesses frankly that his house is yet
unfinished, but assures us that his wife,
who at first rather deprecated his verse-
making, now sees a joist in every stan-
za and a tile in every rhyme, and hands
him his pens quite officiously. And the
homely reminiscences which have fluctu-
ated so fast between laughter and tears
close with a droll story of the wrath and
amazement in his father's household,
when they learned that he had been de-
scribed in the public print as a "son of
Apollo:" —

My sire leapt as if shot, and roared, "How's this,
Catrine?

Is my son not my son? Make answer what they
mean!"

"Thine is he, then," she said, and her cheeks with
wrath were red;

"My poor old Jean, be comforted!

I never loved a man but thee!" —

"And who then may this rascal 'Pollo be?"

"Nay, that I know not! Girls, have ye heard of
yonder rake?"

"Not we!" My sisters tossed their caps while
scornfully they spake.

"'Tis some old wretch, belike, should be cited to
attend

The court. Where lives he, brother?" I, willing
to defend

My good old master 'Pollo from the fury of their
spleen

Ere they could march him sadly off, two grim hus-
sars between,

Before the justice to appear,
Was fain to make the poet's meaning clear.

Long time they doubted, but when I
Had told them many a tale from the old mythology,
Reluctantly they let the case go by.

Thus, reader, have I told my tale in cantos three.
Small risk my muse hath run; a thrifty singer,
she.

For though Pegasus should rear and fling me, it is
clear,

However ruffled all my fancies fair,
And though my time I lose, my verses I may use,
For paper still will serve for curling hair!

I have been thus copious in illustrat-

ing *Jasmin's Souvenirs* because the poem gives the actual outlines of his extraordinary life, and reflects without reserve the humor, the sensibility, and the extreme simple-heartedness of the man. In order to understand the real scope of his genius, its depth and strength, his fertility in romantic and picturesque incident, his shrewdness in reading character and his dramatic skill in representing it, in what divine innocence of established canons the greater part of his work is done and in what implicit obedience to the few which he knows the re-

mainder, we must study his graver and what might be called his more ambitious pieces, if he did not always impress one as too spontaneous for ambition. Of one of these, *The Blind Girl of Castèl-Cuillè*, we are fortunate in possessing Mr. Longfellow's complete and very close and beautiful version. There are at least two other poems of *Jasmin's*, *Françonette* and *Marthe La Folle*, which fully deserve to rank with *The Blind Girl* in dignity of theme and treatment, and some illustrations of one of these will be given in a future article.

Harriet W. Preston.

AOEDE.

HER mouth is like a dewy rose
That blows but will not open quite;
Like flame turned down, her long hair flows
In thin, curled currents softly bright.
Her breast and throat are marble-white.

Her lips will not have any kiss;
They draw away, they flash a smile;
Half bashfulness, half scorn it is,—
A silent ripple. All the while
She meditates some charming wile.

Her feet below her drapery shine
Like roses under clinging sprays,
When, late in summer, lolls the vine.
Like flag-leaves in long August days,
To moods perverse her body sways.

Her breath is keen and sweet as nard.
Her limbs move like a stream flowing
Among smooth stones. A lithe young pard
Is not more quick than she to spring
To guard or capture anything.

She is a snare, a subtle lure,
A lily on a whirlpool's rim.
She is as dangerously pure
As fire. . . . She revels in a dream
Wherein the daintiest fancies swim.

She feasts upon my pain, and turns
 Her pink ear up to catch my sighs
 And every word I speak. She yearns
 To see me die. . . . Her great gray eyes
 Are deep as seas, and over-wise.

Ah, over-wise, those strange, deep eyes,
 They master me, they take my breath;
 In them a nameless mystery lies. . . .
 They burn with life that joy bringeth,
 They gleam through shining mists of death.

Maurice Thompson.

ONE OF THE THIRTY PIECES.

I.

GRUYÈRE'S.

IN the spring of the year 1870, the premium on gold had fallen so low that it began to be thought by sanguine people that specie payments would be resumed at once. Silver in considerable quantities actually came into circulation. Restaurants, cigar stands, and establishments dealing in the lighter articles of merchandise paid it out in change, by way of an extra inducement to customers.

On one of these days Henry Barwood, a treasury clerk, and Megilp, the rather well-known picture restorer, met by accident at the door of Gruyère's restaurant. Gruyère's place, although in the business quarter, is not supported to any great extent by the hurrying throng of bankers', brokers', merchants', and lawyers' clerks who overrun the vicinity every day at lunch-time. It is a rather leisurely resort, frequented by well-to-do importers, musicians, and artists, people who have traveled, and whose affairs admit of considerable deliberation and repose. Barwood in former times had been in the habit of going there occasionally to air his amateur French, burn a spoonful of brandy in his coffee, and enjoy an economical foretaste of Paris. Returned to New York after a considerable ab-

sence, to spend his vacation at home, he was inclined to renew this with other old associations.

Megilp, sprung from a race which has supplied the world with a large share of its versatility of talent and its adventurous proclivities, was familiarly known at Gruyère's as "Mac." He was removed above want by the possession of an income sufficient, with some ingenuity of management, to provide him with the bare necessities of life.

He found leisure to come every day to retail the gossip of the studios, and fortify himself for the desultory labors in which he was engaged. He liked the society of young men for several reasons. For one thing, they were more free with their purses than his older cronies. The association, he also thought, threw a sort of glamour of youth about his own person. Finally, they listened to the disquisitions and artistic rhapsodies in which he was fond of indulging, with an attention by no means accorded by his compeers.

Barwood was of a speculative turn of mind, and had also by nature a strong leaning towards whatever was curious and out of the common. These proclivities Megilp's conversation, pursuits, and studio full of trumpery were calculated to gratify. A moderate sort of friendship had in consequence sprung up between them.

They made mutual protestations of pleasure at this meeting. Barwood considered it an occasion worthy of a bottle of Dry Verzenay, which was not demurred to by Megilp.

The payment of specie was so entire a novelty that, when the inquiries and explanations natural after a long separation were concluded, it was among the first topics touched upon.

"Sure, it's the first hard money I've seen these ten years, so it is," said Megilp.

"That is my case also," said Barwood. "I took as little interest in the matter as any boy of fourteen might be expected to; but I remember very well how rapidly specie disappeared at the beginning of the war."

"And where has it been?" said Megilp. "There's many fine points of interest about it, do you see. Consider the receptacles in which it has been hoarded—the secret places in chimneys, under floors and under ground, the vaults, old stockings, cabinets, and caskets that have teemed and glittered with it. Then there's the characters, again, of all its various owners: the timid doubters about the government, the speculators, the curiosity hunters, the misers"—

"Yes," said Barwood, "the history of a single one of these pieces for the period would probably make a story full of interest." It did not detract from the value of Megilp's conversation, in Barwood's view, that the worthy artist said "*foine*" and "*hoorded*" instead of adopting the more conventional pronunciation.

"But what I'm after telling you is n't the singular part of it at all," resumed Megilp, taking some silver from his pocket and evidently settling down to the subject. "What is ten years to it? According to the mint reports a coin of the precious metals loses by wear and tear but one twenty-four hundredth of its bulk in a year. These pieces I hold in my hand, coined forty years ago, are scarcely defaced. In another forty they will be hardly more so. What, for instance, has been the career of this Mexican dollar? Perhaps it was struck from

bullion fresh from a Mexican mine. In that case I have nothing to say. But just as likely it was struck from old Spanish plate or from former coin, and then it takes us back to the earliest times, and its origin is lost in obscurity. The same metal is time after time re-melted, re-cast, re-stamped, and thus maintained in perpetual youth. This gold piece upon my watch-chain was perchance coined from the sands of the Pactolus, and once bore Chaldean characters. And to what uses has it come?

'Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away;'

and so the pieces paid for the ransom of the Inca of Peru or Richard the Lion-hearted, the material of the spurs of Agincourt, the rings of Cleopatra and Zenobia, the golden targets of Solomon, fashioned from the treasures of Ophir, may purchase soap and candles and mutton-chops for John Smith. And yet why not? We ourselves have come down to commonplace usages; why should not the works of our hands? You with your conventional hat and English walking-coat, I with my spectacles and Irish brogue, have had ancestors that wore coats of mail in the first crusade, or twanged cross-bows with Robin Hood, sailed in the ships of Tarshish, and traded to Tyre and Sidon."

"You think, then," said Barwood, "that some part of the coinage of antiquity is still in circulation."

"To be sure I do, don't I tell you? I say the precious metals are indestructible. All the coins that have figured prominently in history are in some shape or other among us still. Twenty-four hundred years of active use are needed to wear out a coin completely. How long will it last with moderate use, and with intervals of lying buried for hundreds of years, as much of the coinage of antiquity now extant in its original condition has done? We have among us the rings, bolts, chains, bracelets, drinking-vessels, and vases that glitter in the narratives of all the chroniclers, and embody the pomp and luxury of all the ages.

"My silver dollar here, which I ring upon Gruyère's table, and with which,

had it not been for your amiable politeness, I should have paid for my frugal lunch, has haply been molded in Cellini's dagger-hilts or crucifixes, or formed part of a pirate's booty from a scuttled galleon on the Spanish Main. For aught I know, it was current money in Nineveh and Babylon. Perhaps it is one of the pieces paid by Abraham to the children of Heth for the double cave that looked towards Mamre."

"Or one of the pieces for which Judas betrayed the Master," suggested Barwood.

Megilp looked startled, and involuntarily pushed the money away from him. "That is a singular fancy of yours."

"It came to me quite spontaneously this moment," said Barwood. "I don't know but it is, and yet it was a very natural sequence from what preceded."

Both were abstracted for some moments, and contemplated in silence the bubbles twisting up the stems of the delicate wine-glasses.

"Do you suppose," finally said Barwood, "that those coins, if extant, carry with them an enduring curse?"

"There's no good in them, you may depend," said the other. By this time both bottle and plates were empty. The train of thought they had been pursuing seemed to have found its climax in the turn given it by Barwood. Over their coffee and dessert they discussed more cheerful topics.

"Come around to my place before you leave town," said Megilp, as they shook hands at parting. "I have a one-legged bronze Hercules from Pompeii. I think ye'll enjoy it."

As he hobbled away he muttered to himself more than once, "It's the devil's own fancy, so it is."

II.

ETHEREAL CLAIMS.

THE business of the Bureau of Ethereal Claims at Washington was conducted by a moderate force of clerks, under the direction of General Bellwether. The

general had been a little of everything in his time. At the outbreak of the war he abandoned an unprofitable insurance agency to raise a company. He displayed considerable courage and strategic talent in his campaigning, came out a brevet brigadier, and had been making a good thing of it ever since in the government service. The office bristled with military titles. Everybody except Barwood and Judge Montane was either colonel, major, or captain. As to the judge, a middle-aged, uncommunicative man who was known to be supporting a large family, he confessed one day over a bottle, ordered in by the bureau during the general's absence, that his title was chiefly honorary.

"What court did you use to be judge of, Montane?" inquired young Mars Brown.

"I'll tell you, boys," replied the judge, yielding to the genial influences of the occasion; "I'm just no judge at all, do you see, except maybe as I'd be a good judge of whisky or the like."

It was doubtful whether the claims of some others of the number could have been much better established.

Mars Brown, son of the senator of that name, — a man whose influence few generals or bureaus of claims could afford to disregard, — was naturally the most privileged character in the office. He chatted familiarly with the general when that irregular chief was present, absented himself for several days at a time with perfect unconcern, came late in the morning, and went early, as he explained, to make up for it. He was a handsome fellow, thoroughly confident of himself, and companionable. He displayed, among other accomplishments, an acquaintance with the manners and customs of horses and dogs, and a facility in the management of boats, guns, and fishing tackle, that made him an indisputable authority on all matters of the sort. His stock of stories was immense, his wit always ready and very comical. He could convulse a dinner-party when everything else failed, by making ridiculous faces. Among ladies of all ages he was a sort of conquering hero. He was

consequently in general social demand as the life of the company.

Such was Mars Brown, whom Barwood, shortly after his return to Washington, began to regard with distrust and dislike, as a possible rival in the quarter where his affections were chiefly centred.

It might have been expected, from the general's excessive preoccupation with lobbyists and politicians, that the business of the bureau should languish, and so it did. The brunt of it was borne by a few clerks — of whom Barwood was not one — whose tenure of office depended upon efficient work rather than upon influential backing. Government work must be performed by somebody, and it happens that, in spite of the great principle of rotation, the heads of men of undeniable usefulness rest firm upon their shoulders while hundreds are toppling all about them.

The bureau was not without spasmodic attempts at discipline. The general spent an occasional forenoon in lying in wait for delinquents, whose shortcomings he made the text for some very forcible remarks. The business of the office, he would state warmly, should be attended to, or he would make unpleasant theological arrangements for himself if he did n't know the reason why. With Brown he never went much further than to request, as a personal favor, that he would try to be on hand a little oftener and rather earlier, to which Brown always acceded quite cordially.

Admirable punctuality of attendance and of office hours was almost always observed for a couple of days after these formalities, and then things resumed the even tenor of their way.

Whatever might be the effect of this state of affairs upon the other employés of the office and upon the general public, it was certainly disastrous to the private interests of Henry Barwood. Naturally of an unpractical, somewhat morbid disposition, he needed the stimulus of a business life in which the necessity for action and its results when performed were constantly apparent. If engaged in his own ventures, taking risks and

devising plans, he might have abandoned his speculations and fancies, and become a man of affairs. As it was, he found too much opportunity for their indulgence.

Every day from nine to three he assorted, copied, and made abstracts of applications and reports, the objects of which were remote, their expediency questionable, and their ultimate fate problematical. Without interest in the work and without any particular pressure for its performance, he dreamed over it, and often awoke from his reveries to find his figures inaccurate and his sentences meaningless.

Morbid people are probably as incomprehensible to themselves as to others. The world is viewed by each through the medium of his own ill-adjusted temperament. Objects are seen in a strangely tinted light, which is more than suspected to be delusive, yet cannot be decolorized. Barwood's vision was affected by such a distorting influence. He discovered subtle meanings in ordinary things or circumstances, in the manner of a nod from an acquaintance or the tone of a remark, and brooded over them. He continually scrutinized and questioned his own motives and those of others.

The mind of every human being is a puzzle to every other. With what is it occupied when left to its own devices? There is, in Barwood's hand-writing,¹ proof that his brain was filled with a procession of changing activities and impressions which were for the most part melancholy, — aspirations for fame, distrust in his own powers, forecasting of probabilities, repining for past sins and follies, rage and epithets for imaginary meetings with enemies. In the midst of all there were moments of perfect peace made up of reminiscences of a high-porticoed house, the grass-grown wheel-tracks and the sandy beach of the village on the Connecticut coast where his early home had been. His fancies were rich and full, but slightly chaotic. So also his will was strong and imperious at times, but vacillating.

¹ From entries in a carefully kept diary.

It could not be said that he was not ambitious. He would have desired success in order to secure a kindly recognition and to obviate the jars and harshness of life. But no one prevailing impulse had ever enlisted his full powers. He saved money, with a general indefinite notion of some day becoming a capitalist, and also gave much time to studies of various sorts. He learned music among the rest, after coming of age, and composed music of his own, using as an inspiration a favorite poem, picture, or character. These compositions were marked by a quaintness like that — if a comparison may be made to something tangible — of a Chinese vase or a broken bronze figure. His family, the Barwoods, had been from the earliest times a race of shrewd and driving New England store-keepers, the very antipodes of sentiment and dilettantism. Such incongruities are among the compensations of nature.

The Holbrook farm was the one locality, and Nina Holbrook the one figure, in the generally sombre prospect which Barwood saw about him, that gleamed in sunshine. By the interposition of Mars Brown these also were presently shadowed.

III.

THE SEARCH.

It would have been strange, with Barwood's habits of retrospection and continual casting about for the rare and curious, if the subject matter of his conversation with the old painter at Gruyère's had not taken some hold upon his imagination. But to explain the rapidity with which the notion there suggested grew, and the absorbing interest with which it finally held him, would be difficult. The influence of the mind upon the body is known. By persistent direction of thought one can both create and cure a pain in any specific spot of his organism. The mind has a similar power over itself. By intense concentration upon one subject it may

suspend and finally destroy its faculty of interest in any and all others.

The idea that the price of the treason of Judas is still extant and current in these every-day, commonplace times is at first sight utterly incongruous and incredible, perhaps a little sacrilegious. Yet it is evidently plausible. "The precious metals are indeed indestructible, as Megilp has said," soliloquized Barwood. "They do not oxidize. The most violent excesses of the elements have no effect upon them. If not still extant, where then are the treasures of the ages?"

"Buried underground or in the ocean.

"What proportion of the whole has been thus disposed of?"

"In the absence of statistics a definite amount cannot be stated, but from the nature of the case it cannot be large. This form of wealth has been too highly esteemed, too jealously guarded, and too rigorously sought for when lost. In the wars and convulsions of society it has changed hands, but it could not be destroyed. Alexander and Tamerlane and Timour the Tartar and Mahomet might overrun the world, burning and destroying, and melting its more fragile riches like frost-work. But the money of the vanquished was useful to the victor for his own purposes. Rome took from Alexander, the barbarians from Rome, and modern civilization from the barbarians. The waves of time roll over and engulf all the monuments of men, all that gold and silver buy and sell, and, as it were, create; but these irrepressible tokens themselves float and glitter in the foam-crests upon those very billows. It cannot, then, be doubted that the instruments and accompaniments of most of the pomp and luxury, the war, treasons, and varied mercenary crimes of the world, are still acting their part in it.

"And why not with the rest the fatal money which Judas cast down before the chief priests in his remorse, going out to destroy himself?"

These were the reflections that recurred again and again to Barwood, and possessed him with a strange fascination. All coins acquired a new and in-

tense interest. He saw in each the exponent of centuries of human passions and activities. It is true that in a country like our own a large part of the coinage is fresh from the mine. Yet his occasional encounters with foreign, especially Mexican and Canadian pieces, and a consideration of the immense sums received at the great ports of entry, were, in his regard, sufficient to leaven the whole.

Is there anywhere in literature an account of the subsequent career of the thirty pieces?

The Capitol library, one of the most complete collections in the world, offers unlimited facilities for research. There Barwood was to be found some part of every day for months.

The writer has seen a list of the works consulted by him in his singular investigation. It numbers some hundreds, and includes commentaries of all sorts upon the Gospels, lives of the apostles, collections of apocryphal Gospels and scriptural traditions, the works of the early fathers, chronicles of the Middle Ages, treatises upon Oriental life and customs, histories of symbolism and Christian art, a great number of works upon numismatics, and, finally, accounts of great crimes and calamities. For Barwood took a new view of history: he looked to find that the great treasons, briberies, betrayals of trust, murders from mercenary motives, and perhaps financial troubles, had been set in motion by this fatal money, made the instrument of divine vengeance.

"It has mown a swath through history," he said, "like a discharge of grape."

He believed it would appear, if the truth were known, in the bank accounts of Manuel Comnenus, of Egmont, Benedict Arnold, and the Hungarian Gorgey.

His progress was by no means rapid. Much of the literature among which he delved, musty with age, written in mediæval Latin and in obsolete characters, gave up its secrets with reluctance. Nevertheless he found definite replies to the questions which he propounded to himself. A collection of apocryphal

Gospels "printed," according to the quaint title-page, "for Richard Royston at the Angel in Amen Corner, MDCLXX," relates particulars about Judas, among the rest, which do not appear in the Scriptures. He was when young, it was said, a playmate of the boy Jesus, who delivered him from a devil by which he was even then possessed. The chief value of this book to Barwood was in a reference it contained to a fuller Gospel of Judas Iscariot, not now extant with the exception of some passages quoted in the writings of Irenæus. But these passages were upon the very subject of which he was in search. In a treatise of Irenæus's, therefore, of about the second century, Barwood found the first definite mention of the coins.

The main part of the story is that of the authorized version, but after the account of the relinquishment of the coins by Judas, saying that he had betrayed innocent blood, and of their use in the purchase of the potter's field, occurs a passage translated¹ by Barwood as follows:—

"Now the shekels were of the coinage of Simon, the high priest, which Antiochus authorized him to issue. They bore the pot of manna and the flowering rod of Aaron, the high priest. But he to whom they were given knew that they were the price of blood, and was afraid. And he stamped them with a mark in shape like a cross. And great tribulations came upon him, and tribulation came upon all that bought and sold with the money of Judas."

Later on, Leontinus, a Byzantine writer of the sixth century, in a treatise devoted to showing the efficacy of certain forms and processes in imparting virtue to inanimate matter, instances as well known the malevolence inherent in the thirty pieces of silver of Judas, which carry ruin wherever they go. From this time the legend is traced down through successive periods. The Middle Ages, which so delighted in the romantic, the mysterious, the portentous, received it implicitly. Eginhard, abbot of Seligenstadt under Charlemagne, Will-

¹ Diary, June, 1870

iam of Malmesbury, the English chronicler of the twelfth century, Roger Bacon of the thirteenth, Malespini, the Italian chronicler of the same period, and many others of equal note mention as fully established that the coins of Judas were in circulation, and were inflicting serious injury upon those into whose possession they came. It was said to be impossible to amalgamate them with any other silver. They either would not melt or in melting remained distinct. This, however, was a disputed point. Some of the alchemists in their writings seem disposed to attribute the ill success of their efforts at transmutation to the presence of some taint of these pieces in the silver upon which they were experimenting.

Matthew Paris, who first popularized the legend of the Wandering Jew, as now received, strangely enough makes no mention of them.

The conclusions arrived at by Barwood were these:—

1. There was for hundreds of years a general belief in the existence and active circulation of the thirty pieces paid to Judas.

2. They were supposed to be sent as a divine judgment, and to leave ruin in their track.

3. The tradition gradually disappeared and cannot be traced in the literature of modern times.

Here was a valuable pursuit for a young American treasury clerk of the nineteenth century! It would have been interesting to have got the general's opinion upon it, if it could have been sought in some hurried interval of his confidential transactions with Richard Roe, claim agent and brother-in-law, or his attention to addition and division with Congressman Doublegame.

Barwood did not stop here. Now that his belief was put into tangible shape, he felt impelled onward to its realization. He examined minutely every coin collection in Washington. Then, as he could, he made journeys to several of the great cities. Very seldom did he find a specimen of Jewish money of any kind. Jewish coins are rare. "It is

known that the Jews had no coinage of their own until the time of Maccabeus. Simon Maccabeus, by virtue of a decree of Antiochus (1 Macc. xv. 6) issued a shekel and also a half-shekel. These, with the exception of some brass coins of the Herods, Archelaus, and Agrippa, and a doubtful piece attributed to Bar Cochba, the leader in the last rising against the Romans, are the only coins of Judea extant."

Barwood began to be affected by a nervous dread brought on by his too close study and constant preoccupation with this subject. As he alone had felt this interest and prosecuted this strange inquiry, might it not be that he was being drawn in some mysterious way within the influence of the fatal money? Perhaps he himself was to be involved in its relentless course. He shuddered at the thought, and yet was borne irresistibly on, as he believed, in his pursuit. He imagined at times that he felt a peculiar influence from the touch of certain pieces. This he held to be a clairvoyant sense that they had figured in crimes. Perhaps contact with a hand affected by powerful passion had imparted to them subtle properties capable of being detected by a sensitive organization.

In such study and speculation Barwood passed the spring and summer of 1870. Towards the middle of August occurred the well-remembered flurry in Wall Street consequent upon the breaking out of the French and Prussian war. Gold jumped up to one hundred and twenty-three. Money was loaned at ruinous rates. The whole financial system was disturbed. Silver, then withdrawn from circulation, has not reappeared to this day.

The effect of these events upon Barwood, although not immediately apparent, was highly important. With the disappearance of specie, the daily sight and handling of which had given his conception a tangible support, its strength declined. It was not forgotten at once, nor indeed at all. But time drew it away by little and little. It threw mists of distance and hues of strangeness

about it, until at length Barwood looked back upon it, far remote, as a vague object of wonderment.

IV.

THE HOLBROOK FARM.

THE day had been sultry. Even after sunset the atmosphere was oppressive, and pavements and railings in the city were warm to the touch from the steady blaze to which they had been subjected. At the Holbrook farm, however, occasional puffs of air stirred the silver poplars skirting the road, and waved the brown timothy grass that grew knee-deep up to the veranda.

Porto Rico and Carter's boy turning somersaults in the grass—entirely without the knowledge of the discreet Carter himself, it may be assumed—suddenly relinquished this fascinating sport to rush for the privilege of holding Barwood's horse. Porto Rico's longer legs and general force of character gave him the preference. He jumped into the saddle as soon as Barwood was out of it, and trotted off to the stable with Carter's boy whooping and bobbing his woolly head in the rear.

"Never you mine," said Carter's boy, "I'll have the other gen'l'm'n."

"No other gen'l'm'n a'n't comin'," said Porto Rico. "Don't I done tole you dey don't bofe come de same day?"

The Holbrook house, three miles from the Capitol, of the dome of which it commands a pretty glimpse across an expanse of foliage, is one of the old residences remaining from the days of the slave-holders. Like many such places it has been much altered and improved. It seems to have been originally a one-and-a-half-story stone dwelling, to which some later proprietor has added a high-peaked roof, dormer windows, and ample piazzas. It stands half-way up a slope, near the top of which is a grove. A brook runs down through the woods on the other side of the road, and beyond that rises a steep little bluff crowned with scrub-oaks and chestnuts.

The attraction that drew people to Holbrook farm was not the proprietor himself, nor very much his maiden sister, the housekeeper, nor yet Carter, the farmer and manager who came with them from Richmond. It was rather the engaging manners and amiable beauty of Nina Holbrook, the daughter of the house. The old gentleman was a partial paralytic, whimsical, and not especially sociable. He was known to have lived in princely style at Richmond, formerly. He was said to have met for some years past with continual reverses, in the loss of property, in sickness, and in the death of friends. The farm was bought with almost the last remnants of a great fortune.

As Barwood strode down the piazza, a young lady rose from her reading to give him her hand.

Blonde beauty is slightly indefinite. The edges are, as it were, too much softened off into the background. The figure before Barwood was fresh, distinct, clear-cut,—pre-Raphaelitish, to take a word from painting. In all the details, from the ribbon in her feathery brown hair to the pretty buttoned boot, there was the ineffable aroma of a pure, delicate taste.

To a man of Barwood's temperament falling in love was difficult. He analyzed too closely. To ask the tender passion too many questions is to repel its advances.

Nevertheless, after two years of intimate association, in which he had discovered in Nina Holbrook a frankness and loveliness of character commensurate with her personal graces, he had arrived at this condition. First, He believed that her permanent influence upon his character could cure his moodiness and his unpractical tendencies, and enable him to exert his fullest powers. Second, By making the supposition that anything should intervene to limit or break off their intercourse, he found that she had become indispensable to him.

Their acquaintance had begun in some one of the ordinary ways in which people meet. It might have been at a tea-

party, or a secretary's reception, or a boat excursion up the Potomac. They discovered that they had mutual acquaintances to talk about. His evening rides began to be directed through the pretty lanes that led to Holbrook. She loaned him a book; he brought her confectionery; they played some piano duets together.

On her side the sentiment was different. She respected Barwood for fine traits, and was grateful for his many kindnesses to her. But certain peculiar moods of his made her uncomfortable. His interest also was too much occupied with books, speculations about the anomalies and problems of life, and similar serious matters. She found it wearisome and often difficult to follow him. She admired such things, but had not as much head for them as he gave her credit for. Her taste was more practical, commonplace, and cheerful. She was satisfied with people and things in their ordinary aspects.

She got on much better with Mars Brown, exchanging comments with him upon the affairs of her friends and his, discussing the last party and the next wedding, or laughing at his drollery. She confessed her stupidity and frivolity with charming frankness.

Barwood was conscious that he did not always interest her, although she never showed anything but the most ladylike attention. He often went away lamenting the destiny that had fashioned his nature to run in so small and rigid a groove. His happiness, therefore, did not consist in being with her, for then he was oppressed by a consciousness of not entirely pleasing her. It was rather in retrospect, in his memory of her sweet and earnest face, the tones of her voice, the shine of her hair. He gave her such small gifts as he might within the restraints of social propriety. It would have consisted with his notion of the fitness of things to give her everything he had and leave himself a beggar.

Barwood rode to Holbrook to-day with a definite purpose. He was aware, although, as Porto Rico said, both gentlemen did not come on the same day,

that Mars Brown was devoting more attention in this direction of late than the exigencies of his boat and ball clubs, his shooting and fishing, and the claims of the social world in town would seem to warrant. He did not yet really fear him as a rival. His presence was only a suggestion of possibilities. There might at some time be rivals. He had determined to forestall possibilities, and tell her of his affection at once.

Mars Brown was, however, a dangerous rival, although himself perhaps as little aware of it as Barwood. He also had met Nina and been impressed by her animated beauty. Accustomed to success, he had ridden out to Holbrook to add one more to his list of flirtations and conquests. The results had by no means answered his expectations. When he approached sentiment Nina laughed at him. By degrees he had been piqued into earnestness, and had for the first time in his life approximated to a serious esteem and attachment.

Although Nina laughed at first, later on she sometimes blushed at his voice or his step, or when she put her hand into his. If his customary shrewd vision had not been disturbed by some unusual influences at work within himself, he would have seen it.

He had the audacity that charms women, and with it a frank, open face, a hearty laugh, an entirely healthy, cheerful disposition, and an air of strength under all his frivolity.

It has been said that Barwood had come to the farm to-day with a definite purpose. He drew up one of the comfortable chairs at hand, and sat down near to Nina. They talked at first of ordinary things, the unusual heat, the news of the day, and what each had been doing since their last meeting.

The secluded prospect before them was very peaceful. Barwood felt its soothing influence acting upon the perturbation of his spirit.

"I am improving my mind, you see," said Nina, holding up to him one of Motley's histories, which she had apparently been reading. "I do not believe even you can find fault with this."

"Am I in the habit of finding fault with anybody, Miss Nina?"

"Oh no, I don't mean that exactly, but you know so much, you know, that you frighten one."

"Thank you," said Barwood with a grave smile, "you flatter me."

"Why were you not at the Hoyts' last Tuesday?" said she.

"I was not invited, and, strange to state, I am a little diffident about going under such circumstances."

"Ah, you are! how singular! But I wish you had been there, if it was only to see Betty Goodwin. You used to know her. It is such a short time ago that she was a little girl. Now she is out of school and as important as anybody. You should have seen the attention she had, and her perfect self-possession. It makes me feel extremely antiquated. Am I very much wrinkled?"

Barwood gazed with admiration at her animated face. She was to him the personification of youth and beauty. The notion of age and wrinkles in her regard was inconceivable.

"Why, of course," said he; "Methuselah wasn't a circumstance."

She dismissed the subject with a little pout.

"I am so glad you have come early," she resumed, "I wish the others would imitate your example."

"The others? What others?"

"Mr. Hyson, the Hoyt boys, Mr. Brown, Fanny Davis, and the rest. You did not suppose you were to do them alone, I hope."

"Do what alone? I don't understand."

"Why, the tableaux, — Evangeline. Did you not get my message yesterday?"

"I got no message. Am I to be implicated in tableaux?"

"Why, certainly. You are to be Evangeline's father. They are for the benefit of the French wounded. I sent Carter to tell you yesterday. We are to arrange the preliminaries this evening."

Barwood saw that if he would not postpone his purpose no time was to be

lost. The visitors might arrive at any moment.

Literature is full of the embarrassments of the marriage proposal. To all who are not borne along by an impetuous impulse it is a trying ordeal. Barwood was too self-conscious ever to be transported out of himself.

"I have something to say to you, Miss Nina," he began, "which I have come from town expressly to say. It is of the greatest moment to me."

She continued to look straight before her at the glowing evening sky, and so did he. The crickets and katydids had commenced their chorus and the tree-toads their long rhythm. Fire-flies flitted in the uncertain light. There came from the woods the call of the owl and the whippoorwill.

"We have sometimes laughed together at sentiment," he continued, "and voted it an invention of the story-books; but there are times — there is a sentiment — which — in short, dear Nina, I have come to ask you to be my little wife. I have loved you almost since our first meeting."

"Oh, Mr. Barwood," said she, looking hastily towards him, with heightened color and a tone of regret, "you must not say so. I cannot let you go on."

"I must go on," said he. "I have never felt so strongly upon any subject as this. I know I am not worthy of such happiness, yet I cannot bear the thought of losing it. Consider our long friendship. You will be mine? Oh, say so, Nina!" In the terrible dread that his petition was already refused, he became a little incoherent.

Nina, a tender-hearted young lady, was by this time in tears. His evident distress, and her recognition of the great compliment he had paid her, would have commanded almost any return save the one he asked. But the sacrifice was too great. She had not thought it would ever be necessary to change their relation of friendship.

"I am very sorry to have to say what is painful to you," said she, with a sob only half repressed. "I want you to be always my friend. I shall be very unhap-

py if our friendship is to be broken, but I cannot — you will find some other” —

“Do not speak further,” he interrupted, impetuously. “You have not yet said no. Reserve your answer; take time to consider. Let me still hope.”

“No,” she began, “I ought” — but wheels and merry voices were heard at the gate. “Oh! I cannot let them see me now,” she said, and hurried away. In a moment more, the Robinsons’ carriage was at the steps. When Nina came down with a sweet, subdued manner, there was a jolly party of ten or twelve in the drawing-room. Mars Brown was already amusing everybody with his absurd posturing.

“I want to be Evangeline,” said he, wrapping a lady’s shawl about him and sitting on the arm of a chair in a collapsed attitude. “No, on second thought I want to be Basil the blacksmith.” He made imitations of tremendous muscular power with a tack-hammer that happened in his way for a sledge. Everybody on such occasions has his own notions of the picturesque. A deal of talking was required in arranging the various scenes. Evangeline must manifest a “celestial brightness,” according to the lines. “I don’t think you do it quite right,” said Julia Robinson. “You should smile a little.”

“Oh no, not at all; she should have an earnest, far-off look,” said another critic.

“Of course she should,” said Mars Brown, rumpling his hair and contorting his features into an expression of idiotic vacancy; “something this way.”

“We ought to have a real artist to arrange them,” said Nina; “what would I give if old Mr. Megilp were here.”

“Did you know Megilp?” exclaimed Barwood.

“Why, of course I did. He was my drawing teacher at Richmond for years.”

“What a small world it is, to be sure,” said Barwood, giving vent to a favorite reflection. The mention of Megilp brought back for a moment a remembrance of their last meeting and conversation, and the strange pursuit into which it had led him.

The signing of the marriage contract was selected by the amateurs as an appropriate subject for illustration.

“We must have a table,” said Miss Travers. “At one side sits the notary, lifting his pen from the document which he has just signed, and at the other her father, pushing towards the notary a roll of money in payment.”

“Here you are,” said George Wigwag, taking his place and assuming the appropriate gesture; “here’s your notary; bring on your old gentleman and his money.”

“A roll of old copper cents would be just the thing,” said Miss Travers. “They look antique enough.”

“Will some gentleman deposit with the treasurer a roll of antique copper cents,” said Brown, passing a hat. “No gentleman deposits a roll of copper cents. Very well, then the wedding can’t go on.”

“Do you think I’ll sign marriage contracts for copper?” said Wigwag. “No indeed; I’m not that kind of a notary.”

“I will bring down some of papa’s curiosity coins from his cabinet,” said Nina. “I don’t believe he will scold me, just for once.”

She returned in a moment with a dozen or more silver pieces, and placed them on the table by Barwood. He began to examine them carelessly.

“I did not know your father was a numismatist,” said he.

“Oh yes,” said Nina, “he always had a great taste in that way. His collection now is nothing. When we broke up in Richmond most of it was sold off. He retained only a few of the most valuable pieces, which he keeps in a case in his room. I don’t know much about such things, for my part. Here is one that is considered curious. It was taken out of a wreck on the California coast, I believe, and was the last papa bought before his failure. I think it is Russian, perhaps, or Arabic — no, let me see” —

Barwood, with an abstracted air, took it to examine. Suddenly he uttered a strange exclamation and fell back in his chair, pale, trembling, almost fainting.

The coin was a Jewish shekel, with a cross cut through at one side.

He pleaded sudden illness, and rode hastily homeward in a state of indescribable agitation.

V.

YOUNG FORTINBRAS.

BARWOOD'S strange and almost forgotten conception was thus at length realized, and the interest with which it had inspired him intensely revived. One of the fatal pieces was found. He would now fain have overthrown the structure of probabilities which he had labored so painfully to elaborate. He reviewed step by step all the details of his former study; but no argument availed in the face of the extraordinary corroboration now offered. The piece was "stamped with a mark in shape like a cross," and the account of Irenæus was verified.

That this fatal piece should appear in the hands of the people whom of all others he most esteemed, and with whom his own fortunes were most intimately bound up, was a terrible shock. This, then, was the clew to the catalogue of Holbrook's misfortunes. What surpassing crime could the old man have committed to be so signally marked out for vengeance? But the question of most vital interest was what could be done to save the family so dear to him from their impending fate.

With the recovery of some calmness, he felt that his first duty was to remove the coin from their possession. But how was it to be done? He could not disclose his knowledge of its baleful properties. It would be set down as the vagary of a disordered brain; nobody would entertain it for an instant. His object must be accomplished, if at all, by artifice.

When he next rode to the farm, nearly a week had elapsed since the evening into which so many distracting emotions had been crowded. He exerted himself to display unusual cheerfulness, with the double object of removing any disagreeable impression which might have been

the result of his sudden departure on that occasion, and also of finding means to forward his purpose. The subject uppermost in the thoughts of both was at first carefully avoided, and they talked much in their usual fashion.

"Those coins, Miss Nina, which were used the other evening in the tableau," said he, with a careless air, "can I see them again? I found them interesting, but owing to my sudden illness, as you know, had scarcely time to examine them."

"My father was displeased at me for taking them," said she, "and has forbidden me to do so again. I think he would show them to you himself with pleasure, if he were here, but he went North yesterday on business which will detain him a week. He took the key of his cabinet with him."

Disappointed in this, there seemed to be for the present no resource. He recurred again to his love. If she would consent to be his, he thought, he might disclose the danger, and they could plan together to avert it. He told her with what anxiety he had been awaiting her decision, and then once more made his appeal with all the ardor at his command. As he finished, standing close beside her, he took her hand.

She did not withdraw it, but still went on to tell him with great calmness and dignity that what he desired could never be. She hoped their friendship might always continue, but as for a closer relation, it would be unjust to him as well as herself to enter into it without the affection which she could not give.

He went away apparently very much broken down, saying that his life was a burden to him, and that he had no use for it. The next day he came again and acted so strangely, mingling appeals to her with talk about her father's coins, that she was a little frightened.

The few days that succeeded made a striking change in the appearance of Barwood. He became pale and haggard, and seemed to have lost his capacity for business and fixed attention. He sat staring helplessly at his papers for an hour at a time. The general, who

with all his iniquities was a good-hearted chief, though he was sick, and told him to stay at home and take care of himself. His reflections at this time were tormenting. He saw that he had indeed been drawn within the influence of the fatal coin. It was at him that its malignity was directed, and he believed that his doom was approaching, as indeed it was. Sometimes he gazed at his altered face in the glass, while tears streamed down his cheeks. He said aloud, in a piteous tone, "Poor Henry Barwood."

The sympathy of the world is generally upon the side of the unsuccessful lover. He is considered to have been defrauded of happiness which should by right have been his. But is it fair? Because her face is sweet, her manners are amiable, her form is slender and graceful, and her hair has a golden shine, and Barwood or Brown or Travers, as the case may be, in common with all the world, recognizes it, does that establish a claim upon her? Just as likely as not he has a snub nose and only fifteen hundred a year, and cannot dance the Boston. No! sympathy is well enough, but let not the blame be cast upon Chloe every time that Daphnis goes off in despair to the Sandwich Islands, or the war in Cuba, or turns out a good-for-nothing sot. Let it rather be set down as one of the ill-adjustments of which there are so many in life, and the endurance of which is no doubt of service in some direction not yet fully understood.

In about a week there came from Holbrook farm a message which was not needed to complete the measure of Barwood's unhappiness.

"My father," wrote Nina, "has just returned. He has decided that we are to remove permanently to Connecticut, where my aunt has fallen heir to the Holbrook homestead. We shall leave next Monday. Will you let us see you before we go?"

He mounted his horse and started at once. He did not know exactly what he should do or say. His ideas were in a state of confusion, and there was a

numbness over all his sensations. He gave himself up blindly to his destiny.

He saw Nina sitting in the shade of an apple-tree, half-way down the lawn, near a little plateau which served for a croquet ground. He tied his horse to the fence outside, much to the disappointment of the rollicking negro boys, and walked up. Nina held in her lap a tray of coins which she was engaged in brightening. She assumed a sprightliness not quite natural, and evidently designed to obviate the awkwardness of their peculiar relation.

"We have had an accident," said she. "One of our chimneys fell through the roof during the storm last night. It shook down the plaster upon papa's cabinet. The glass was broken and the rain came in so that this morning it was in a sorry condition. I am repairing damages, you see. If I were superstitious," she continued, "I should fear that something was going to happen. I meet with so many omens lately. I spill salt, cross funerals, and make one of thirteen at dinner parties."

Barwood replied as best he could; he did not know exactly what. He was in no mood for flippancy. He assumed a dozen different positions in a short space: first sitting on a camp-chair beside her, then hurried walking up and down, then careless prostration upon the grass. The old, useless argument was gone through with again. She told him at last that it annoyed her, that he was very inconsiderate. Then again he paced up and down the little croquet ground. She saw him twisting and clutching his hands together behind him. At the fifth or sixth turn as he came by she had the marked shekel in her hand. He took it from her and looked at it curiously.

"Yes, it is indeed," said he in an unnatural voice, "fatal money, and I am its latest victim!"

He threw it towards the woods with great force. It rose high in the air, skimmed the trees, and they saw it twinkle into the brook.

It was a very little incident. No magic hand arose from the water. The beauty of the August day was not

marred. The rain of the past night had swollen the brook, which ran hurriedly on to the Potomac, making little of this trivial addition to its burdens.

Nina did not reproach him. She felt that her father would consider the loss irreparable, yet she had no words for this extraordinary rudeness. After two or three turns more in his walk he stopped close beside her.

"For the last time," said he, "have I urged everything, and is it of no use?" She made no answer.

"You have said so?" he persisted.

"Yes, I have said so," she replied, with a touch of impatience, and without raising her eyes. "I am engaged to Mars Brown."

He went forward several steps and stood still. Glancing up she saw him hold a little revolver to his temple. It was one she had known him to carry for protection when riding late in the evening. He seemed to deliberate one terrible moment, while she sat spell-bound as if by nightmare, and then he fired and fell.

She tried to reach his body, but faint-ed on the way. Mars Brown, riding to Holbrook for a half-holiday, was almost within sight.

Upon the closing scene of Hamlet, where the characters, after a period of

stormy conflict and exquisite anguish, lie strewn by violent deaths, arrives young Fortinbras at the head of his marching army. Tall, sturdy, elastic, dressed in chain-mail, victorious, careless, the impersonation of ruddy life, the young Norway conqueror leans upon his sword above the pitiable sight.

So this brilliant young man, elegant in figure, well dressed, joyous, cynical, came whistling up the path. He cut off the clover tops with his walking-stick. The butterflies, the pleasant aromas, and all the manifestations of rural beauty pleased him.

"Egad," said he, "this is n't so bad, you know."

In a moment he stood by the apple-tree, and the whole sad spectacle was before him.

The telegraphic column of a New York newspaper gave the story next morning, in the conventional manner, as follows:

"Henry Barwood, a treasury clerk, was killed yesterday at the Holbrook estate near Washington, by the discharge of a pistol in his own hands. The shooting is thought to have been accidental, although he had been ill and depressed for some days, and is said to have shown symptoms of insanity on former occasions."

W. H. Bishop.

SUNSET ON THE BEARCAMP.

A GOLD fringe on the purpling hem
Of hills the river runs,
As down its long, green valley falls
The last of summer's suns.
Along its tawny gravel-bed
Broad-flowing, swift, and still,
As if its meadow levels felt
The hurry of the hill,
Noiseless between its banks of green
From curve to curve it slips;
The drowsy maple-shadows rest
Like fingers on its lips.

A waif from Carroll's wildest hills,
Unstoried and unknown;
The ursine legend of its name
Prowls on its banks alone.
Yet flowers as fair its slopes adorn
As ever Yarrow knew,
Or, under rainy Irish skies,
By Spenser's Mulla grew;
And through the gaps of leaning trees
Its mountain cradle shows;
The gold against the amethyst,
The green against the rose.

Touched by a light that hath no name,
A glory never sung,
Aloft on sky and mountain wall
Are God's great pictures hung.
How changed the summits vast and old!
No longer granite-browed,
They melt in rosy mist; the rock
Is softer than the cloud;
The valley holds its breath; no leaf
Of all its elms is twirled:
The silence of eternity
Seems falling on the world.

The pause before the breaking seals
Of mystery is this;
Yon miracle-play of night and day
Makes dumb its witnesses.
What unseen altar crowns the hills
That reach up stair on stair?
What eyes look through, what white wings fan
These purple veils of air?
What Presence from the heavenly heights
To those of earth stoops down?
Not vainly Hellas dreamed of gods
On Ida's snowy crown!

Slow fades the vision of the sky,
The golden water pales,
And over all the valley-land
A gray-winged vapor sails.
I go the common way of all;
The sunset fires will burn,
The flowers will blow, the river flow,
When I no more return.
No whisper from the mountain pine
Nor lapsing stream shall tell
The stranger, treading where I tread,
Of him who loved them well.

But beauty seen is never lost,
 God's colors all are fast;
 'The glory of this sunset heaven
 Into my soul has passed, —
 A sense of gladness unconfined
 To mortal date or clime;
 As the soul liveth, it shall live
 Beyond the years of time.
 Beside the mystic asphodels
 Shall bloom the home-born flowers,
 And new horizons flush and glow
 With sunset hues of ours.

Farewell! these smiling hills must wear
 Too soon their wintry frown,
 And snow-cold winds from off them shake
 The maple's red leaves down.
 But I shall see a summer sun
 Still setting broad and low;
 The mountain slopes shall blush and bloom,
 The golden water flow.
 A lover's claim is mine on all
 I see to have and hold, —
 The rose-light of perpetual hills,
 And sunsets never cold!

John G. Whittier.

THE MAFIUSI OF SICILY.

So much has been said of brigandage in Sicily, lately, and so much discussion and so many excited debates have taken place in the Italian parliament on account of the new stringent laws, or *misure eccezionali*, which have just been enacted for its suppression in the island, that I have been induced as a native, and after a long official residence there, to give an idea of the vast secret association of peculiar character called *mafia*, but erroneously styled brigandage.

There is, properly speaking, no brigandage in Sicily, with the exception of a few small bands of highway robbers. The *mafiusi*,¹ *malandrini*, or *camorristi* of

Sicily, for they are designated by either of these three appellations, very seldom live together in armed bands; they seldom rob in the highways, and when they do so, they do it by a preconcerted movement. The chiefs, when they have planned to commit a robbery, or to seize a proprietor for ransom, collect a number of men sufficient for the operation in view, and as soon as it is accomplished, they disband and go about their business in the cities or the fields, as if they were the most honest and respectable laborers. Besides, actual robbery is confined to the lowest classes of their association; they thrive mostly by levying black-mail on the wealthy and peaceful part of the population, who from time immemorial have submitted to it, and do so still.

¹ I have never been able to find out the original or primitive meaning of the appellation of *mafia* and *mafioso*.

But in return such persons are protected by the mafiusi in their life and property better than they would be by the government itself; when they have paid their quota, which is almost regularly, and one may say equitably, assessed, especially upon the landed proprietors in the interior of the island, the mafiusi feel in honor bound to protect them, and do so; and woe to the outsider who dares to rob or molest them; the mafiusi would consider it as an insult to themselves, and their *vendetta* would surely fall on any one who dared to pilfer in their province. In the country they resemble in some respects that class of mountaineers called in Scotland *pretty-men* at the time of Rob Roy McGregor; and the original cause of their existence and power is very much the same, namely, hatred against the Spanish Bourbon government that oppressed Sicily for the last two centuries. In the cities they are more like the English trades unions.

Since the middle of the last century, when Sicily was annexed to Naples, forming the so-called Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, in order to give a throne to a branch of the Bourbons of Spain, the island had been governed or misgoverned by viceroys, with the exception of a few years during the French republic and empire. During that short period the court of Naples, driven by Napoleon from the Continent, took refuge in Sicily. England, with an army under Lord Bentinck, and more than all with her formidable navy under Lord Nelson, protected it against France.

There existed at that time a very numerous class of armed retainers or vassals, whom the feudal barons, the clergy, and the proprietors of the soil employed for their protection and the protection of their property. This class of desperate men, or bravoos, so well described by Manzoni in his *Promessi Sposi*, which had disappeared from Italy with the advance of civilization, remained intact to that day in Sicily. These ruffians protected the castles and estates of their masters, but on condition that the latter would protect them in their turn, whenever public authority was roused against

them for misdeeds, abuses of power, or other crimes which they committed each moment, either on their own account, or, as very often was the case, on account of their masters. These availed themselves, for that purpose, of their feudal rights, privileges, and jurisdictions, and the immunities of the churches and convents.

While the King of Naples was residing in Sicily under the protection of England, by the advice, or I may say by the express order, of the English government, he granted a constitution (a copy of the English) and assembled a parliament. One of the first acts of this assembly was the abolition of feudalism.

The feudal lords and clergy, thus dispossessed of their rights of service from their vassals, were obliged to dismiss all their armed retainers. The bravoos, unused to labor, naturally disposed to blood and violence, became robbers almost to a man. The Bourbon government, intent exclusively on the political possession of the island as a stepping-stone to a reinstatement in Naples, and mixed up in all the conspiracies of the so-called "Holy Alliance" against France and Napoleon, had neither time, desire, nor money for the suppression of these lawless ruffians. But in order to establish some sort of public security, it had recourse to a very extraordinary expedient; which was to enlist in its service the leaders of those very bravoos, organizing them in armed bands, under the name of *compagnie d'armi*, and entrusting them with the public security of the interior of the island: the old story of the wolves guarding the lambs!

These companies were charged with the duty of preventing robbery, which they did nominally; but in reality they practiced it themselves in an underhand way. The interior of the island was entirely abandoned to their control. They gradually became very powerful, and added to their strength by admitting all the greatest rogues in the country as *affiliates* to their companies, with the one condition of avoiding themselves and preventing in others *open* robbery, but with the right of black-mailing all the

proprietors of the soil. These had to submit for fear of the vendetta of the companies-of-arms.

The natural consequence of such a state of things, continuing from the feudal times to our own days, is very obvious. Instead of extirpating robbery and brigandage, it elevated them to the dignity of a state institution. For several generations the Sicilian rural people have acquired a habit of considering it a necessary evil, and have never dreamed of the possibility of getting rid of it. The best they could hope for was to have this black-mailing reduced to moderate proportions; and this they have managed by submitting to it with a good grace, doing favors and making occasional presents to the captains, their men, and their affiliates, employing one or two of these latter at a large salary as the chief guardians of their estates, and above all by keeping an absolute silence before the authorities, both political and judicial, on all subjects that might be of injury to their oppressors; for in that case the vendetta—and a bloody vendetta—would surely fall on them.

The lower, ignorant classes, in the country and in the cities, became accustomed to consider these affiliates, who took the name of mafiusi, or malandrini, or camorristi, as members and *protégés* of a powerful and redoubtable association, stronger than the rich, stronger than the government itself. They came to consider it a title of honor to be admitted as a member. Even the peaceful artisans and laborers acquired a sort of respectful admiration for the mafiusi, for in their eyes they represented Sicilian resistance against Bourbon oppression. Even the very words mafiuso, malandrino, lost their original meaning, and instead of appellations of dishonor became terms of praise. To be a mafiuso in its present signification among Sicilians means to be a brave man, a man who fears nobody; and many a good mother speaks of her boy as being a little mafiuso or malandrino, meaning by that a brave, bright boy.

One of the very first acts of Garibaldi,

while dictator, was the suppression of the *compagnie d'armi*, giving thus a death-blow to this degrading official black-mailing or brigandage. The immediate consequence, however, was an increase in the number of the mafiusi, because these captains-of-arms and their men, cast out from the official patronage of the government, naturally returned to their original trade. They joined their old affiliates and protégés, and they were further formidably reinforced by the prisoners let loose all over the island during the revolution; forming thus a vast association, whose ramifications extend to all the lower classes, and even higher up. It has a code called *omertà*, to which all adhere. The principal laws of this code are that "a man must seek redress by himself for injuries received." "No man should testify before a judge even if he is the injured party." In obedience to the rules of this code even the most respectable among the common people would never testify, if by chance he had been spectator of a crime; and not only that, but he would consider it his duty and a worthy action to secrete an assassin from the pursuit of justice; for, according to that code, "it is not justice but the living that must avenge the dead;" and hence the laws of vendetta.

The mafia of Sicily is a regularly organized association. The members call themselves *giovani d'onore*, honorable youths, and are not admitted until after an examination of their past conduct, and a trial of arms.

There are, however, two kinds of mafiusi, namely, those who are entitled to a share in the proceeds of their black-mailing, assessments, or profit in smuggling, either against the government or the city's *octroi*; and those who are merely entitled to their protection, or aspire eventually to the benefits of the mafia. The examination is required only by the first class of members; the form of which, for the aspirant who claims admission to membership and a share in the profits of the society, is the following: Five or six of the chief mafiusi assemble together, and first of all ascertain whether the as-

pirant has committed any *infamous* or cowardly act. The greatest and most infamous acts in the mafiuso's code of honor are having denounced anybody to the police, or by careless talk having caused anybody to be apprehended; having testified as witness against any one, even one who had injured him; or having known any one who had done so, and not warned the mafiusi, in order that they might be on their guard against him; and similar offenses.

A cowardly act is understood to be a refusal to fight, of course with knives, when insulted or called upon. Pick-pockets and petty robbers are never admitted into the society, as its members claim to be *giovani d'onore*. A murder, however, provided it has been committed in actual fight, or for a proper vendetta for actual injuries received, constitutes a claim to membership. A term of imprisonment for a like offense, or for refusal to turn state's evidence or to testify against any one (especially during the Bourbon rule, when the law allowed the court to keep a man in prison on suspicion of his having been witness to a crime, and refusal to testify), is also a claim for admission to the benefits of active membership.

The trial of arms, which is the other requisite for admission, since the aspirant must give evident proofs that he can *star di fronte al ferro*, i. e., *face the iron*, and which is indeed a duel in all the proper forms, is as follows: The five or six chief mafiusi who examine the candidate draw lots, and the one on whom it happens to fall is to be the opponent of the aspirant. They choose a proper ground, generally in some wood or out-of-the-way field, where the two combatants doff their coats, or the velvet jacket which is the distinctive dress of that class of people, wrap two or three silk handkerchiefs on their left arms, which they use like a shield,¹ and hold the knives in their right hands. The blade of these knives, which open and shut like jackknives, is about a foot long, an inch wide at its base, widening to

about an inch and a half in the middle, from which it tapers down to a sharp, double-edged point. When opened it remains strongly fixed by a spring in the handle, and is exclusively used in thrusting, like a rapier, and is just as formidable, or even more so. In these trials of courage the mafiusi never aim at the chest, but only at the arms and shoulders. The other members stand around as seconds or witnesses, in order that no irregularities may take place; but they more particularly watch the countenance of the aspirant, and if they notice the slightest fear or cowardice on his part, they dismiss his claim until he has learned to be brave enough to face the knife, in which case he falls back among the herd of mafiusi who are protected but do not share in the spoils. Should he, however, show the proper courage, the fight goes on until the one or the other receives a wound, which generally is only a flesh wound; when the combat is ended they embrace and kiss each other as brothers, the victor affectionately binds up the wound of the other, and the whole ends with a jolly dinner in a tavern and the admission of the candidate to active membership.

When formally admitted he is entitled to all the privileges of the association in the district in which he resides, or in the trade or profession he practices, together with the other mafiusi; and to an equal share in all the social gains, the black-mail, and the smuggling practiced within it. At the same time he assumes all the duties of the position, and they are not few. He must defend the weak against the strong, the contrabandists against the guards, those persecuted by the police against the officers, and occasionally he must fight, and use his knife, and be the cock of the walk wherever he is.

The aim of the mafiusi is *not* robbery, but overbearing, domineering over a certain district, being independent of and even above the laws and authorities. Open robbery is confined to the lowest class, and to regular outlaws, whom

¹ On the spur of the moment, or in a tavern brawl, they use the jacket itself, or a shawl, or any

other garment that is near at hand, even a tablecloth or napkin, for this purpose.

the association has to protect in conformity with its code, but whom it rather dislikes as interfering with its more safe and profitable black-mailing, smuggling, and other perquisites; it has intelligent leaders both in the cities and in the country; it has watchwords, free passes for all those who belong to it or whom it protects. Its influence is all-pervading, and the better classes, unable to contend against its power, have from time immemorial compromised with it and used it for their own protection. Every large proprietor, almost without exception, employs several armed guards, mostly on horseback; these are almost always of the class of mafusi; even the royal domains are guarded by this class.

The chief mafusi in the country are generally country guards, small farmers, and even proprietors, and in the cities the leading fighting men of the different trades and laboring classes. They are perfectly honest in their way, and in fact they are opposed to, and prevent, any petty robberies in their several districts; proprietors find no better protection than theirs, provided they accept with a good grace their small exactions.

To understand the smuggling of the mafusi, it must be explained that all the city governments of Sicily, like those of Italy and France, are mainly supported by a tax imposed on all comestibles that enter a city for consumption; meat, fish, wine, vegetables, — everything, in fact, pays a tax; and this is paid in the very act of entering the city. An imaginary line is drawn around the city, which comprises all the suburbs, and sometimes even the villages one or two miles off; this line is guarded by municipal armed men, with every now and then an office where the tax is collected throughout the day. Now any one who can escape the vigilance of the guards, and pass the line with comestibles for the city market, saves the tax. Naturally, therefore, this petty contraband is carried on by the lower classes on a large scale, and the mafusi are the principal agents in it.

There is no law that can reach their association except arbitrary law, for to all appearance they are, with the ex-

ception of the fighters among them, the most quiet, inoffensive, and even benevolent people in the world, feared, respected, and often beloved in their districts, their villages, and their towns, where they sometimes do a great deal of good among their own and the poorer classes. They are found in all the lower classes of the population, among hackmen, masons, marketmen, fishermen, field hands, and laborers generally; even among private servants.

On one occasion I had dismissed a servant for having pawned some silver spoons and gambled the money away. Several other servants immediately applied for the position; but I noticed that every one asked why I had discharged my last servant. The reason of this was that not one of these servants would have consented to serve in my house if I had dismissed my last one for no cause or unjustly; the mafusi of the servants' class would have forbidden it, and none of their class would have dared to disobey them. The same may be said of all other different trades. They have their spies, their police, their trials, and their punishments, which they inflict quite surely and severely.

An English traveler became incensed with a hackman in Palermo, which is the great headquarters of the mafusi, and gave him a push that caused him to fall from his box. Had they been in a secluded spot the Englishman might have got a stab for his pains, for these people are very sensitive to any personal affront, especially if a person lift his hand against them. On this occasion, however, as the occurrence happened in a very crowded square and in front of a guard-house, the hackman merely bit his finger and said, "*Me la pagherai*" (you will pay for it). The Englishman related the occurrence to the landlord of his hotel, who advised him not to go out in the night-time, or in any out-of-the-way place, for that class of people were very vindictive; which advice he followed. But now the irascible Englishman never could find a hackman willing to carry him anywhere; when he applied to one, the hackman was either engaged or just

going to the stable, or gave some other excuse. Once he asked his landlord to order a hack for him; the landlord ordered one of the driver whose station was in front of the hotel, and who could not very well refuse, and directed him to take the gentleman to the cathedral. The hackman obeyed and started at a quick trot down the street; but hardly had he turned the corner when the horse *accidentally* fell, and could go no farther.

So it went on, until by the advice of a friend, who knew the manners and customs of the natives, the Englishman sought out the offended hackman, and by a present of a napoleon or two made amends for the push he had given him; and then the interdiction that had been decreed by the mafiusi against him was raised.

This incident is easily explained. The hackman had recourse to the chief mafiusi of his class, who were bound to protect him, for he, like all the others, paid his regular percentage on all his earnings to the mafia. They could not very well reach the Englishman, and the fact itself did not warrant any open violence against him, as they never resort to it except in very extreme cases; indeed, it would at once bring the authorities upon them in the case of a foreigner, who would not hesitate to testify against them. But they were bound to punish him to satisfy their protégé; and they merely passed the word round that no driver should take the Englishman in his hack on penalty of their displeasure and chastisement, until the gentleman had made proper amends. I have described how faithfully they were obeyed.

On another occasion a neighbor of mine, Marquis V——, dismissed a servant for having behaved very impertinently and disrespectfully to him. The man had a wife and child who were entirely dependent on him for support, and who lived in the same street. The poor woman went in great distress to the chief mafiusi of her husband's class, a retired servant who lived on his income and the profits of the mafia, and who undertook to settle the matter satisfactorily.

I remember the fellow well, Cola by name, a portly, jolly, pleasant, smiling, middle-aged man, with a red nose, beaming fat face, small but very sharp black eyes, gray hair and beard, the upper lip and chin shaved, a beautiful set of white teeth, and a pair of shoulders and arms fit for a Hercules; his fat fingers covered with plain gold rings, his flaring red necktie tied in a sailor's knot, to which was pinned a ducal gold coronet, a souvenir of his late deceased master, who had left him a life pension for good service.

He lorded it over the whole herd of domestics, cooks, porters, and servants generally on that street and section; and there was no more important man in the little *café* round the corner, and in the billiard and card room at the back of it. He put on his best coat and hat for the occasion, and coming to the house he begged to be admitted by the marquis to a private audience.

I will translate the conversation that took place, using the Sicilian form of language, which is almost Oriental, in order to give a more characteristic idea of the lower class of people of the island. And I must observe that such people, and also the mafiusi, although domineering and overbearing with their own set, are very respectful, obliging, and reverential, I may say, towards the nobility and gentry. A traditional feeling of the vassalage which ceased only in the latter part of the last century still clings to them, and causes them to look up to gentlemen as to superior beings; and unless they suspect on the part of these latter a desire to interfere with their *mafiuseria*, they are always very deferential to them.

Cola begins: "Your Excellency" (in Sicily, with the lower classes, everybody above a professional man is an Excellency; a remnant of the long Spanish rule), "I have taken the liberty to come and kiss your hand, and to lay at your lordship's feet a prayer for an act of charity."

The Marquis. — If it is in my power, Cola, I will do it with great pleasure.

Cola. — Your Excellency is a noble-

man such as there are but few of, and worthy to be respected and loved as our Lord Jesus, and as we are in duty bound.

The Marquis. — Thanks, Cola, thanks; but let us hear what it is that you wish.

Cola. — An act of charity, your Excellency, an act of mercy! Your lordship must do as the confessor to a repentant sinner, lift your hand, absolve, and forgive.

Marquis. — But whom have I to forgive, Cola?

Cola. — That contemptible wretch, that scoundrel, who is not worthy to kiss the dust that your Excellency tramples upon;¹ that ill-bred, cowardly beast of a Vincenzo, who would deserve to be tied to a pillar and scourged; however, I will fix him! But your Excellency must consider his poor wife and child. They will be left to starve in the middle of the street. Have pity and charity for the poor woman and her innocent babe; and for her sake forgive Vincenzo and take him back into your service.

Marquis. — But, Cola, consider that the fellow was very impertinent and disrespectful to me, and . . .

Cola. — The wine, marquis, the wine! This new wine, this nasty stuff (*schifu*) which they now sell for wine. It must have got into the poor boy's head. But I will fix him — I will fix him! It will never happen again. Your lordship, however, will do this charity for the love you bear to that holy angel, her ladyship, the marchesa, and your children. Have compassion on his poor family. Do this act of charity; do it for my sake, and I promise you that I will see to his walking straight; and if he ever should dare to fail in his duty to your lordship, he will have to answer to me! Do it, marquis, and your Excellency can ever after command me as your slave.

Marquis. — Well, well, Cola, let us speak no more about it; let him come back, on condition that such a thing never happens again.

Cola. — Again? Your Excellency must not doubt that; I give your lordship my word that it will never happen again; or, woe to him, I will eat him like bread! I beg your Excellency's pardon if I have taken the liberty to disturb you; but your heart is like honey, and the Lord will bless you for a thousand years for the charity you have done to this poor family. I kiss your hand, and if your Excellency has any commands to give, here is always your servant.

Marquis. — Very well, Cola, very well, I will forgive him for this once, and take him back into my service. Good day, Cola, good day.

Cola. — Ever at your Excellency's feet.

About half an hour after, the good-natured marquis was requested to look out from his balcony into the courtyard of his house, for Cola wished to say a word to him. The marquis came out as requested, and saw in his court-yard Cola holding Vincenzo by the arm, surrounded by a crowd of watchmen, cooks, scullions, and other domestics of his own and neighboring houses. As he appeared on the balcony, Cola took off his hat to him, and handed it to one of the bystanders; then looking up to the marquis he said, "Your Excellency, I have brought back the repentant sinner (*lu pinitenti*); but before he sets foot in your lordship's house, I wish to give him a reminder that will teach him how to behave ever after to such a worthy master as your lordship;" and almost before he had finished his sentence, he brought his huge, fat right hand down upon Vincenzo's left cheek, and again his left hand on Vincenzo's right cheek, repeating the dose with such a rapidity of movement that poor Vincenzo's head looked like a floating empty bottle tossed by two opposing waves. It was in vain that the marquis screamed out from the balcony, "Stop, Cola, stop; let him go, that is enough, *basta, basta!*" The relentless Cola belabored Vincenzo till his

¹ An Oriental expression often met with in the Koran, and very common in the language of the lower classes of Sicily. One, among many others,

of the vestiges left of the Saracen occupation and rule of the island in the eighth century.

face was as red as a carrot. Then, taking him by the ear, he led him to the steps of the wide marble staircase, saying, "Now go, kiss your master's feet, beg his pardon, and remember that if ever you commit another offense you will have to deal with *me*!" and turning to the marquis, who had witnessed the exciting scene with astonishment and trepidation, he continued, "Your Excellency must pardon me for the liberty I have taken, but it was my duty to give your lordship the satisfaction that your goodness deserved." And from that day forward the Marquis V—— had no more faithful, obedient, and dutiful servant than Vincenzo.

I must observe in this connection that had the marquis personally ill-used and beaten that servant, the whole crowd of his own and other people's servants would have been against him, and he might have had no end of trouble. But his dismissing him for the offense committed was considered just; and his taking him back at the request of the big man or *mafuso* of his class was deemed a very noble and charitable act, and deserving of their respect and consideration; and Vincenzo submitted quietly and humbly to the severe boxing inflicted by Cola as a due punishment for his offense, which he would have resented, and with him all his class, if it had come from the marquis himself.

There is also another curious and very characteristic peculiarity about this chastisement. Cola used his hands on Vincenzo's face because he was somewhat related to him through his wife, and therefore he had in some sort the rights of consanguinity over him. Had Vincenzo been a total stranger he could not have used his hands, but a leather strap, a cowhide, or even his feet; for to lay hands on a man's face, unless by an older relative, is a dishonor to him, and the offended person would have a right to resent it, and even resort to a vendetta, if he could not get proper redress in any other way; and everybody would side with him. This prejudice is also of Oriental origin, for in the East it is a dishonor and loss of caste if one's face or

beard has been touched by another. A sound cowliding is considered less dishonorable than a box on the ear.

I had lived a year or two in Sicily, when, on account of the health of my wife and children, I thought it advisable to leave the city and reside a little way out of town, where they could have the use of a garden and plenty of out-door exercise. A charming villa was to let in a most picturesque and healthy locality, commanding an extensive view of the valley of Palermo, the *Conca d'Oro* ("Golden Shell") of the Sicilian poets, with the lofty chain of mountains as a background on one side, and on the other a magnificent distant view of the lovely bay. The only objection was that the neighborhood was a perfect nest of mafiusi, whose principal business was to smuggle provisions into the city, especially oil and wine. But being properly advised as to my way of action in order to avoid any unpleasantness, I hired the place and took up my abode in the villa.

This was built in a very *baroque* style of architecture, half Gothic, half Tuscan, with a magnificent terrace on the street side, to which we had access through every Italian window in the house, or I may say through every room, for the apartment was all on one flat. The terrace, adorned with enormous flower vases containing magnolias, a fig-tree, aloes, and various cactuses, was about eight feet above the public road, from which any active young man could have jumped into it. Parallel with this, at the back of the house, was another immense terrace, one hundred feet long by fifty wide, paved with different-colored sea pebbles in mosaic, with a design forming twelve oval figures in white pebbles as corners, and with representations within them of the old Greco-Sicilian and later escutcheons, such as the three-legged Medusa or Trinacria, the Syracusan horse, the Arab crescent, the Norman chess-bars, the Swabian black eagle, the pillars of Spain, and other devices. This inner terrace, adorned by a superb oleander bush in the middle, large vases of flowers all around, and

an immense vine overspreading it like an awning of green foliage, overlooked a delightful garden full of citrons, oranges, lemons, mandarin oranges, fig-trees, two lofty palm-trees, and every variety of aloes, cactuses, roses, pinks, heliotropes, and sweet-scented flowers in Oriental profusion, so that in the months of May and June we were often obliged to shut the windows on account of the overpowering fragrance that arose from it.

The garden was surrounded by a wall seven feet high, bordering on one side the garden of a city hospital-physician and on the other overlooking the vast estates of a foreign royal duke. The street that led to it from the city was one of the usual suburban roads leading out to the open country, lined on each side with two and three story houses, all of a very recent construction, excepting two or three old palaces, inhabited mostly by the lower population in the rooms on a level with the streets, by the middle class on the first floor or flat, and by the better class in the so-called *quarti nobili* ("noble quarters") when there were any.

In Southern Italy, and especially in Naples and Sicily, all the different classes not only reside in the same street, but generally in the same building, as here stated. At the same time they are as much separated from each other as if they lived in different houses; for the lower people enter their rooms through doors in the street itself, the dwellers on the first floors through side doors and narrow staircases, and the master of the house, or the people who occupy the *quarto nobile*, through the main carriage entrance and great marble staircase. The court-yard behind this, with the stables, carriage houses, and garden, are always included in the *quarto nobile*.

This is also a remnant of the Middle Ages. In those times each feudatory baron, each bishop or abbot of a religious order, built an immense palace, abbey, monastery, or convent, in which he lived with his retinue of gentlemen, knights, squires, armed retainers, servants, and vassals of all kinds. There were barons

in Sicily that could issue from their city palaces with a suite of thirty gentlemen, fifty knights and their esquires, and two hundred armed soldiers, who together with the innumerable domestics and members of their several families formed quite a small population within one palace. The same might be said of the immense convents and monasteries, some of which are so large that they now accommodate comfortably two regiments of troops, — some three thousand men. These immense edifices were built of solid blocks of stone that have stood for centuries, and will stand for ages to come. When feudalism was abolished, some sixty years ago, these noble houses all decayed, and the nobility, unable any longer to keep up the old style of living, had to dismiss their immense retinues of followers and domestics, and, retiring into the so-called *quarti nobili* for their residence, let out all the other parts of their immense palaces, which thus became the lodgings and quarters of the different classes of the population.

Our villa, however, was of modern construction, and had no other occupants except the owner and his family, who inhabited the upper quarter, and the gardener and his family, who lived in a lodge close to the garden. All the rest of the house was ours, with the full right to the flowers and fruits of the garden, excepting only the oranges and lemons, a very valuable product, which the owner reserved to himself, allowing us, however, a certain number of these trees for our use. The population of the road in which it was situated seemed very quiet, and we noticed that the lower classes were exceedingly respectful to all the gentry and the several noblemen that resided in it. They were mostly gardeners to the several proprietors who owned houses in the road (for each house had a fine garden at the back of it, and sometimes considerable estates extending towards the mountains three miles distant), or cartmen, blacksmiths, farriers, and what seemed a very idle crew of laborers, who did little or nothing in the day-time except to loaf in the

different wine shops and at the barber's. I was informed that this barber and the gardener of our villa were the most reputed, respected, and feared among them.

A day or two after I had taken up my residence in the villa, perceiving our gardener alone in the garden, I stepped down through a private staircase leading to it, so as to have a talk with him. The moment he saw me he came up hat in hand, addressing me with the usual salutation of that class of people, "At your Excellency's feet. Have you any commands to give me?"¹

"Good morning, Zu Paulu; how do you do? How is your family?" One must always ask these people about their families, whether knowing them or not. Zu is an appellative given to all middle-aged or old laborers, and particularly to farmers and gardeners; it is derived from *zio*, uncle.

Zu Paulu was a true specimen of the Sicilian gardener, especially of those of the valley of Palermo, who serve in the villas and estates of the noblemen and proprietors of the soil. He combined the several offices of gardener, hunter, armed guard, retainer, and mafiuso generally over all the field hands and other dependents in the garden and estate of his master, and many others beside. He was a short, thick-set man, with a small head, jet-black hair cut very short, except for two locks that issued from his temples and came down to his cheekbones, and there slightly turned up; his face was close shaved, except a strip of beard coming down from his ear almost to his chin, similar to that of the Spanish *toreadores*, and probably a tradition of the Spanish dominion in Sicily; his eyes, black and piercing as an eagle's, revealed a passionate temperament, capable of both generous and ferocious actions, but held under complete control; his complexion was of the olive tint that recalls the Arab rule of the island. He was extremely respectful in his demeanor, but not servile; and though ready and

willing to do anything you might ask of him, if properly treated, yet he would be a very difficult or impossible character to manage if you showed him the slightest disrespect or nonchalance.

His dress was the usual dress of all the gardeners of that class, — a suit of olive-colored cotton velvet; the trousers very wide over the thick-soled and big-nailed undyed leather shoes, with a row of six round bright brass buttons, and held fast to his waist by a very long red silk knitted scarf, whose tassels appeared from under his vest. This latter garment had three pockets on each side, one above the other, each containing a different hunting article, such as caps, powder-flask, wadding; a graduating brass measure for the powder charge and a brass needle to clean the lock of the gun were fastened to copper wire chains dangling, on each side of the pockets like the late style of double watch-chains. Around the lower part of this vest ran a leather lining or belt, containing different kinds of shot and a small number of ball-cartridges. On the facings of his jacket were embroidered in silver the arms of the *padrone*, a nobleman; and the rim of his wide-awake gray hat, turned up on one side, displayed the same device in a silver-plated buckle that fastened it to the crown. The usual red bandanna neck-handkerchief, tied in a sailor's knot, and the four or five plain gold rings on his fingers, completed the attire.

"We are all well, thanks to the madonna, and at your Excellency's service," replied Zu Paulu respectfully.

"This a beautiful garden; do you take the whole care of it?" said I, with a motion of the hand allowing him to put on his hat again, which he did with an "As you command."

"I do, *signorino*." Signorino is a term of respectful familiarity, applied by the older dependents to their young masters, and kept up until these get to be grandfathers.

"You have some very charming flowers here; my wife was perfectly delighted with the bunch you sent in this morning. "I will not trouble you much about them, but the *signorina*, my wife, who

¹ In these conversations the writer always uses an *ad litteram* translation of the Sicilian mode of address.

is extremely fond of flowers, will occupy you somewhat. And, by the way, although by the term of my lease I am not bound to give any remuneration, since the service of the gardener is included in the rent I pay, yet in consideration of the extra work you may do in taking particular care of my wife's favorite flowers, I will assign you five dollars a month as long as I reside here."

"Thanks to your bounty, and I hope the signorina will be satisfied with my work."

"Please tell me, Zu Paulu," said I, looking at him straight in the face with a peculiar sly-stupid expression; "my wife and I have noticed, during the last few nights, that many birds sing both in our garden and in the adjoining ones. Is it not extraordinary for birds to be singing in the night?"

The face of Zu Paulu brightened up at this point of the conversation. He raised his black, piercing eyes, which he had held till then respectfully lowered, and fixed them upon mine with an inquisitive look, as if to see whether I was to be trusted or not. The conclusion he came to must have been satisfactory, for he replied, —

"The signorino must not mind that; they are not birds, but *i picciotti e i guardiani* [the boys and the guards] of the neighborhood, who amuse themselves imitating the birds' calls." And he fixed again his eyes on mine with a very sly look.

"Oh, yes, I understand" (though I really did not, and actually suspected worse than it was); "they thus amuse themselves in order to keep a good guard on the fruits and the villas. I suppose, therefore, that there is no danger of robbers here, or of anybody entering the house in the night?"

"Entering the house? My padrone's villa? Signorino! You can sleep tranquilly and with every window open on the garden side; nobody will dare to enter *this* villa; I am guard as well as gardener, and my double-barreled gun is very well known in the neighborhood. Have no fear of that: *i picciotti mi portanu rispettu*" (the boys respect me).

He said these last words with such assurance as entirely to remove any doubts in my mind as to the safety of the villa, for I knew the influence and power that such people exercise over their own class. Being thus assured on the garden side, I thought also of looking to it on the side of the road, and so making it doubly sure. I have very little need of a barber, as I shave myself, and most of my hair disappeared years ago; still, on account of his being an important and useful personage, I sent for Don Piddu. (How the name of St. Joseph, in Sicilian Giuseppe, was ever reduced to the diminutive of Piddu, is one of those philological metamorphoses that baffle the most erudite investigators.)

Don Piddu came; a short, fat, round-bellied man, who seemed always over-filled with macaroni, with a face plump, smiling, and shining as a full moon, small gray eyes, and chestnut hair cut very close. He dressed very gaudily, imitating the gentleman style, in drab trousers, light blue coat, and a large white vest with an enormous gold chain dangling from its pocket. He did not display the slightest indication of the mafuso except the uncommon number of rings on his fingers; with this distinction, however, that while the mafusi generally wear perfectly plain gold ones, his on the contrary had stones of all sorts, with initials, ciphers, and cameos.

He came in with a dignified air and that attempt at elegant confidential deference customary with *figaros*. When I told him that I only desired to have my hair cut, for I shaved myself, he looked at the top of my head somewhat disconcertedly. But I reassured him by telling him that I intended to employ him once or twice a week to comb and trim my children's hair, and for that service I assigned him the usual monthly pay of two dollars. This of course put him in good humor at once, and he chatted for an hour, in which time I learned all, and more than I cared to know about every family of any note that resided in that road.

As he was getting through his work, I asked, carelessly, "Don Piddu, how is

it about the safety of this road? Can I come home late in the night without fear of robbery on the way?"

"Robbery in our street, signorino!" exclaimed Don Piddu with a look of astonishment mixed with an expression of offended authority. "Your Excellency can rest assured on that ground; the road is as safe as a church, day and night; it is inhabited by honest people, and there is no danger for any *galantuomo* that resides in it."

"I am glad to hear you say so, Don Piddu, and I only asked because, as I may be coming home late in the evening, I wanted to be assured that the road is safe; especially as the terrace on the roadside is so low that anybody could easily jump on to it and break into the house in the night."

"Into this house? Who would dare to enter this villa? Zu Paulu is the gardener, and I serve the padrone and now your Excellency; who do you suppose would dare to break into it?"

If Don Piddu had been the head of police of that quarter he could not have spoken with the same assurance. But to try him further I said, "What are all these bird calls that we hear during the night all around the gardens, Don Piddu?"

Don Piddu looked at me with a sly wink in his eye, then said, "The signorino has lived so long in foreign parts that he has forgotten all the ways of his native country. They are not birds, but *i picciotti*. With this new government they have increased the taxes so much, and the cost of living is so much higher, that the poor people must try to get their living the best way they can, and to do so they must work even in the night."

"But can I walk in my garden with impunity when I hear these bird calls?"

"Why not, signorino? You are master everywhere and at all hours. Only, if you hear anything unusual, you merely pretend to be deaf; and if you see anybody hovering about the garden, pretend to be blind; and I assure you that you can live here as safe as in a convent of monks."

This conversation reassured me, but still I was very curious to learn what was the kind of work that was going on in the different gardens during the night, for at irregular intervals the bird calls would be heard all around.

One beautiful autumn evening, when I heard them repeatedly in the distance and gradually coming near, I went down into the garden and began to walk up and down through the several intricate passage-ways, smoking my cigar. All of a sudden I saw a head appear on the top of the high wall bordering the physician's garden, and as I approached, the man, or big boy rather, recognized me and took off his cap, bowed respectfully, and addressed to me the usual salutation of those people, "At your Excellency's feet." "Good evening," said I, and continued my walk and smoke, pretending to take no further notice of what he and those that came after him were doing, but still watching to see what the next move would be. I heard men whispering in the doctor's garden, and the usual bird calls answering calls at different distances.

The man, seeing the coast clear, for I was the only person there, leaped into our garden, and another man appeared on top of the wall, who, after the usual bow and salutation to me, as I happened in my walk to approach the place where he was, placed himself astride upon it. Then began a regular transfer of wine barrels that their companions on the other side handed to the man sitting astride on the wall, who, in his turn, handed them to the man inside. After they had accomplished the transfer of some twelve or fifteen barrels, as many men (those very people noticed by us loafing in the day-time about the several shops of the road) climbed over the wall, jumped in, and, each lifting a barrel on his shoulder, cut across our garden. As they passed by me, who stood watching the whole performance, each took off his cap, and respectfully saluted me with the usual refrain: "At your Excellency's feet;" "Your lordship's blessing;" "I kiss your Excellency's hand;" to each of whom I repeated my

buona sera. When they reached the opposite wall of the garden they performed the same operation, and disappeared into the royal duke's estate, whence, doubtless, that wine entered the city without paying the octroi tax, amounting to about twenty-five cents a barrel.

That very evening my friend the padrone, and also our neighbor, the city physician, came down to pay us a visit. In the course of conversation I inquired regarding what I had seen in the garden; and they both told me that that kind of contraband was carried on to a great extent, and had been for years; that in fact, the greater part of the lower population of the neighborhood subsisted by it; that it was known, but there was no remedy for it. It was not a criminal offense, and the city had no other authority except that of seizing and confiscating the articles whenever found in the act of being smuggled. The city had no right to enter private dwellings or estates, so that things could be seized only when passing through the line on coming from the country, or in the streets when without the proper voucher certifying to their having paid the city tax. For that reason these people always avoided the streets or roads and crossed the gardens.

I asked them what would be the consequence should they—especially the doctor, who was a paid officer of the city—give notice to the authorities of this illicit traffic, so that they might set a trap and seize the contraband articles. "What!" said this latter, "denounce these people? Why, the city would gain nothing except *for once* a few barrels of common wine; for the mafusi would soon find some other passage-way; but we, why, we would surely be assassinated within the twenty-four hours!"

The padrone added to this, "And what would become of our security? We could not sleep quietly in our beds without fear of being either murdered or robbed. These people, who know all the rogues in town, never allow any

robbery to take place where they reside and carry on their operations, for a robbery would attract the eye of the police and spoil their quiet work. I was born here, and never remember a robbery in this street; and you will notice that although such large numbers of these men go freely in and out of our gardens, they never touch an orange, a lemon, or a bunch of grapes; and they tread so lightly with their bare feet as hardly to disturb the very grass they trample upon. It is their interest to keep on good terms with all the proprietors, and they actually protect us and our property better than the government can."

I naturally took note of it, and acted accordingly. And I must acknowledge that, in five years that I resided in that villa, returning home very often late at night, alone and on foot, I was never molested, and my house and garden were never disturbed, although in the summer we slept with all the windows open.

Another remarkable thing in those nocturnal and very often twilight perambulations of wine barrels and oilskins was that we never saw any of the chief mafusi take a direct part in it. They were, indeed, all round about, watching and directing from a distance, but never with the caravan itself, which was mostly composed of vigorous and active big boys.

We had been some time in the island, but never had visited any of the many interesting and remarkable antiquities of the old Greek period of Sicily; or rather my wife had not, I myself having visited them in my boyhood. But it was considered, at the time of which I write, very unsafe to travel in the interior on account of the continual robberies that took place. The country was then infested by the *renidenti*, that is, the young men who had been drawn in the conscription, and, rather than serve in the army, had fled to the mountains and hid among the vast landed estates, where they lived by plunder.¹

¹ A year later the Italian government sent a small *corps d'armée*, commanded by the famous General

Govone, who overran the whole island, especially the provinces of Girgenti and Palermo, and arrested

A distinguished young English lady, an amateur artist of great merit, who was spending the winter in Sicily in company with an elderly lady and her daughter, desired very much to visit the ancient temple of Segeste, and my wife also was very anxious to join the party. The English consul had offered to obtain for them an escort of *gens-d'armes*; but when they consulted with me I went to my padrone, who said: "No, no, do not have a military escort, unless a very strong one, for the picciotti would mind that very little; and seeing them pass by the road, and imagining the travelers to be very rich people, they would lie in ambush, in sufficient numbers, in some difficult mountain pass, and on their return, for they must come back by the same road, they might fire a volley into the escort and horses; and although the troops may defend and rescue the party, yet think of the danger and the fright that the ladies would undergo. No, no, you had better trust these people, for you know the picciotti will never attack women, even to rob them, except under the strongest inducement of gain."

In reference to this regard for women, an explanation as to the nature of the Sicilians in general, and of the lower classes in particular, is very necessary. Travelers who have visited Italy and other countries of Europe must have noticed in many places women at work in the fields and other out-of-door labor, especially in Naples and the Roman campagna. The Sicilians, even of the very poorest class of the rural people, will never compel or allow their women to do out-of-door work; and although they treat them as inferior beings and

with Oriental jealousy, yet they consider it unmanly and disgraceful to exact any work of them except within their households. "Geloso come un Siciliano" (as jealous as a Sicilian) is a common proverb in Italy; the slightest offense, either real or imaginary, against the honor of their wives, daughters, or any of the female members of their family, they would resent and avenge with all the savagery of their volcanic nature. One half of the bloody crimes and vendettas in the island are the result of this exaggerated idea of the honor of their women. In like manner they judge of others, and though they may attack, rob, and molest a man, they would never touch a woman for fear of the vendetta; and I must give them credit for an innate wild generosity towards the weaker sex.

My padrone said to me, "Why do you not ask Zu Paulu about it? He is a great hunter, and knows every foot of ground and everybody in that part of the country; he can tell you whether it is safe or not, or how to manage it."

Acting on his advice I sent for Zu Paulu, and when I told him my desire, he said, "Really, at this season of the year the weather is rather unfavorable for such an excursion, but if you could obtain the services of the right kind of driver, he would know how to avoid the rain."

These people generally speak in a figurative language, which only a native, watching closely the expression of their eyes, can comprehend; the above sentence should be understood as follows: "At the present moment, the country is not safe from marauders, but if you could get a man who has the proper in-

every young peasant who looked of the age of twenty-one, in order to ascertain whether he was a conscript, and if so he was forwarded to his regiment. The number evading the conscription in two or three years amounted to over five thousand men. Since that time they have quietly submitted to it, and it is the greatest means of civilization that could have been devised for the rural population, for, by the Italian laws, these conscripts, who are with very few exceptions illiterate, during their three years of military service are made to learn to read and write, and are not discharged from the service after their term until they

have acquired that knowledge. It is very interesting to visit the barracks and gun-decks of the ships of war of Italy; for three or four hours of the day these are turned into school-rooms, and the illiterate soldiers and sailors are taught their alphabet and spelling-book by the sergeants and quartermasters, under the superintendence of the officers on duty. Thus thousands of young men, who would have remained illiterate all their life-time, return to their homes with the first rudiments of an education, which they never would have acquired in their villages or farms.

fluence and authority with them, there will be no danger whatever."

"And who would be the proper driver?" inquired I.

"The only one I could recommend is Gnuri Gaitanu" (Gnuri is the appellation of all coachmen), "who keeps a livery stable behind the cathedral."

On his recommendation I sent for this Gnuri Gaitanu, or, as he was more usually called abbreviatively, Gnu Tanu. He came to my office the next day. He was a tall, wiry, athletic man of about forty-five, with black hair moderately sprinkled with gray; an oval face of a Moorish, olive tint, but darkened by its constant exposure to the hot Sicilian sun; an aquiline nose, black, piercing eyes, close lips, pointed chin. Had he worn his beard full, and donned a burnouse, he might have easily passed for an Arab chief.

"Gnu Tanu," said I to him, "my wife and three English ladies wish to make an excursion to the temple of Segeste. You have been recommended to me as the best coachman to take charge of them, so I have called you to make some arrangements about the trip. Can you undertake it?"

"Ever at your service, signorino. Is there no gentleman going with the party?"

"None; for my wife's friends are traveling alone, and my duties will not allow me to leave my post; so I must entrust the four ladies entirely to you."

"Ever at your commands, signorino. And when do the ladies wish to go?"

"I leave that to you to decide; but as soon as the *weather is favorable*, Gnu Tanu."

"Next week, then, signorino, next week; because the weather is not quite settled yet, and besides, I have an engagement to carry a party to Trapani, and as I go over the road I will prepare lodgings for the ladies at Alcamo, where they have to sleep two nights in order to make the trip comfortably. There are no inns at Alcamo, except for cartmen; but I have a friend there, and he will prepare a couple of decent rooms for the accommodation of the ladies."

"And what are your charges, Gnu Tanu?"

"We will settle that when I shall have served you, signorino."

"What money or provision will the ladies have to carry?"

"Nothing, signorino, absolutely nothing. I will look out for all their wants, and I request that you will advise the ladies to wear their oldest and commonest traveling dresses; and particularly to wear no jewels of any kind, no watches, nothing, in fact; for these things might get broken, be lost or stolen, and at any rate it is always best to avoid giving temptation. As to the time of the day, I have a good watch," and he pulled out a big silver one to show me that he really had it, "and besides, I can tell it by looking at the sun."

"Very well, Gnu Tanu, I will tell the ladies to do so. And how is it about the safety of the road; is there any danger?"

Gnu Tanu straightened himself up with an air of offended dignity; he lifted his right arm with spread-out hand, which he placed over his wide chest, and with an expression of self-assurance and pride he exclaimed, "Danger? Signorino, vannu cu mia!" (They go with me!)

Had he been the very king of the mountains he could not have spoken with more dignity and assurance.

"Next Monday morning, at nine o'clock, I will be at your house with my carriage. At your Excellency's feet."

That was the only arrangement I made with Gnu Tanu. For the narrative of the excursion, I will quote some passages of my wife's diary to me.

Gnu Tanu is a jewel of a coachman, so intelligent, so thoughtful, and so gallant, I may say. He treats us with a sort of respectful, guardian-like authority, as if we were four young misses under his strict charge; allowing us all our whims, but never for a moment losing sight of us, so much so that at times we think him somewhat too intrusive and authoritative for our independent Anglo-Saxon nature. The manner of

travel also is so very novel for us. You noticed, when Gnu Tanu came for us this morning, how the horses were harnessed three abreast, with flaunting peacocks' feathers on their heads, and a leather collar full of jingling bells that reminded me so much of our sleigh drives; and the carriage with its white canvas-top to protect us from the sun, and that immense rope net spread like a hammock under it, which contained all sorts of baskets and boxes with our provisions for the three days' journey; and the funny, black-eyed boy who sat by Gnu Tanu, and who was occasionally dispatched by us to pick some rare wild flower, but who during the hot part of the day slid quietly under the carriage, and to our astonishment got himself into that very net among the baskets and boxes, and had a delightful siesta, bouncing over the hot, dusty road.

We reached Monrealé a few minutes after ten, and stopped a little while in the square of the old Norman cathedral, to rest the horses after the steep ascent. The usual crowd of beggars surrounded our carriage at once; and such a ragged and rascally-looking crew I never saw in my life. But the most curious part of it was that the moment Gnu Tanu came out from the hostelry, where he he had gone in for a few minutes, and saw that crowd surrounding our carriage, for there must have been at least thirty of them, he cleared his way through, thrusting them right and left; then he called one of them, an old man with only one arm, but with a face that would have easily answered for a patriarch of bandits, put some money into his hand, and then told him to clear all that rabble from our carriage; and, wonderful to relate, at a motion from his hand they all scampered off without the slightest murmur, and resumed their places on the stone steps and curb-stones of the balustrade of the church, without daring to come near us, or soliciting any more alms, as is customary with all beggars in Italy; but there they all sat under the hot sun, staring at us, and waiting for some other travelers to pounce upon.

We started soon after, and, skirting the mountain, entered a long up-hill plateau with more mountains in the distance. We met very few people on the road, and those mostly peasants and cartmen; occasionally we could see laborers working in the fields.

Everybody seemed to know Gnu Tanu, and generally they saluted him with the following, or similar words: "Salutamu, o Gnu Tanu, chi jamu facennu a st' ura?" (Hail, coachman Tanu, what are you doing at this hour?) And he would reply, "Tutti l'uri sunnu boni pr' abbuscarisi lu pani" (All hours are good to earn one's bread). He always answered with the same words, no matter how he was addressed; it was always about his "earning his bread."

Towards one o'clock we began to feel hungry, and expressed our wish to stop in some shady place and have a lunch. But Gnu Tanu said that within a couple of miles he would stop at the *feudo* (estate) of Baron O——, whose *curatulo* (head farmer) was a friend of his, and expecting us, and there we could lunch at our ease under an orange grove, or in the fine villa attached to the place. In due time we reached the villa, and the *curatulo*, just such a looking man as Zu Paulu, our gardener, received us with great politeness, and showed us into the baron's villa, where a table was already prepared in the dining-room, with nothing, however, to eat, except some green almonds, strawberries, lettuces, sweet fennel, and several qualities of wines; but Gnu Tanu produced one of the baskets from his immense rope-net under the carriage, containing all sorts of good things, and we had a delightful lunch. When we got through and were ready to resume our journey, we tried to slip a ten-franc piece into the hands of the *curatulo*, but he very politely refused to take it. Gnu Tanu noticed it, and very respectfully but positively objected to our offering money to anybody, so that after that we let him have his own way.

While we were at lunch in the dining-room that looked upon a side esplanade of the villa, we noticed a number of men

with guns, who, we were told, were guards of the estate, all with their velvet suits and red caps. They were a very wild-looking set. Gnu Tanu seemed to be hand and glove with them all, and they had something to eat and plenty to drink together, sitting outside under the orange-trees. We reached Alcamo as the bells were ringing the *Ave Maria*. The impression the place gave us was as if we had entered in the evening the streets of Pompeii repeopled, with its ancient populace swarming about or sitting in front of their doors to breathe the cool evening breeze. Everything looked so old, dingy, moldy, oil-lamp-smoky, and overcrowded; the shape of the lamps precisely the same as the old Roman, the very bread on the bakers' counters in front of their houses of the exact shape of that found carbonized in the ovens of Pompeii, and the oil and water jars of the same shape and material.

The little house we stop at is a two-story building with only three rooms below, kept as a sort of eating-house by an old woman and her son, and three above, one opening into another, prepared for our use: the inner room containing four beds for us; the second room, in which I am writing, for a sort of dining-room; and the first room for Gnu Tanu himself.

We had an excellent dinner after we arrived here, for these people certainly know how to cook their national dishes, and I am sure we never tasted better maccaroni. The hostess's son is a very fine-looking fellow, and he seems to be a great friend of Gnu Tanu. He is going to accompany us to the temple tomorrow.

Tuesday morning. As I finished my writing I thought I would lock the outer door, but there was no key to it. I tried to open it, to see whether it was on the outside, but I found that we were barricaded, for Gnu Tanu had pushed his bed across it, and lay there probably asleep. At the noise I made he asked whether we wished for anything. I told him that I only wished to lock the door. He replied that there was no key to it,

but that we need not be worried about it, *he was there*.

Evening. We got up at sunrise this morning, and started immediately after having had a cup of coffee and fresh goat's milk, with bread and butter, on our way to Calatafimi. Our hostess's son, dressed up in his very best, with a brand-new suit of velvet, Masaniello's red cap, a flaring, party-colored bandanna neck-handkerchief, and lots of rings on his fingers, looking very smart and brigandish, sat with Gnu Tanu on his box; the black-eyed boy having vanished into his rope-net under the carriage.

We reached Calatafimi at about eight o'clock, and stopped in front of a sort of hostelry, reminding Miss S— very much of a Spanish *venta*. There we found seven donkeys ready saddled, four for us, one for Gnu Tanu, another for his friend, and another led by a big boy to carry our baskets of provisions.

As we went out of Calatafimi the road went down and down into a deep valley, and on the top of a desolate, barren, rugged hill on the other acclivity stood the famous temple of Segeste. The ascent to it was extremely fatiguing, and when we reached the summit our first thought was to spread out the contents of our baskets, for we were all very hungry. Gnu Tanu had thought of everything, even of an alcohol lamp to heat the water for a cup of tea, which on the top of those mountains, where the air is so rarefied, was exceedingly welcome.

We stopped there nearly four hours, and would have stayed longer, but Gnu Tanu would not consent to it; he wanted to be on the road only by daylight, for as he said, "*Di jurnu nni cunuscemu tutti, ma la notti è di li cucchi*" (In the daytime we all know each other, but the night belongs to the owls); one of your funny Sicilian proverbs, is it not?

We have had a most delightful and successful excursion so far, everybody has been so kind to us, even the usually importunate beggars, who seemed to stand in awe of our driver and his friend, and have not troubled us at all.

The next evening I was anxiously awaiting the return of the party, as I had heard reports of several attacks upon the mail coaches and several attempts at robbery in the very roads that my wife and her friends had gone over during those nights of their visit to Segeste. They were expected to arrive by six or at least by seven o'clock, but it got to be nine and they had not yet made their appearance: however, a few minutes after, we heard the jingling of the horses' bells, and presently Gnu Tanu, smartly cracking his whip, entered the court-yard of the house. The ladies all came in as jolly and happy as could be, expatiating on the successful excursion and charming time they had had. Gnu Tanu also came in, and, with the air of a faithful steward proud to have accomplished his duty, said, "Signurinu, ci li cunsignu sani e salvi" (Sir, I consign them back to you safe and sound). I did not see him again for a week or ten days, and when he came and brought me the bill I found it perfectly fair and moderate, and in fact less than the usual hotel charges for such excursions would have been.

And now, why could he pass unmolested over the very roads that were at the time beset by robbers, and on the same days that other robberies were committed all along those roads? The reader must have understood it, without doubt. Gnu Tanu had passwords and signals, and no one would have dared to touch him, as all the marauders belonged, like himself, to the mafia.

I have given so far only the bright side of the picture; but there is a dark one, and terribly so. This corrupt association, relic of the foreign yoke that oppressed Italy and especially Sicily for the last three hundred years, weighs like a black, leaden pall over that beautiful island, and excludes the light of liberty

that has dawned on Italy. The crimes committed by its members to maintain their baneful influence are enormous. Respectable men dare not be witnesses against criminals, juries dare not convict them for fear of their vendetta. All the peaceful and honest citizens are held under awe of the power of the mafia; the proprietors are regularly taxed, and so is every branch of industry. In the country it is all-powerful, in the cities influential. But will the new laws passed by the Italian government destroy it? It would be out of place for me to answer the question, as I intended only to give an idea of the working, in Sicily, of this evil, so different from brigandage, not to propose plans for its suppression. But, as past experience has demonstrated, though brigandage can be suppressed by strong measures, the mafia cannot be, by mere force. All laws and punishments are futile against it; these may suppress open violence, actual robberies; but the underhand mafia, thriving by the willing or forced submission of a large part of the population, can never be suppressed by legislative enactments. General education, enlightenment, the opening of roads and railroads, the subdivision of the land among small proprietors, especially the vast domains abandoned and left uncultivated by the lately suppressed religious corporations, the spread of liberal ideas, and, above all, the conviction among the mass of the honest people, especially among the peasantry, that the protection of the liberal Italian government is more manly, honorable, and safe (and the government should endeavor to make it so) than that of the mafusi, can with time destroy this vast association which for centuries has gnawed the very vitals of industry in Sicily, and restore that fertile island to her ancient fruitfulness, intellectual, agricultural, and commercial.

Luigi Monti.

OLD WOMAN'S GOSSIP.

VI.

THE immense success of *Der Freyschütz*, and the important assistance it brought to the funds of the theatre, induced my father to propose to Weber to compose an opera expressly for Covent Garden. The proposal met with ready acceptance, and the chivalric fairy tale of Wieland's Oberon was selected for the subject, and was very gracefully and poetically treated by Mr. Planché, to whom the literary part of the work — the libretto — was confided, and who certainly bestowed as much pains on the versification of his lyrical drama as if it was not destined to be a completely secondary object to the music in the public estimation. Weber himself, however, was by no means a man to disregard the tenor of the words and characters he was to associate with his music, and was greatly charmed with his English coadjutor's operatic version of Wieland's fairy epic. He was invited to come over to London and himself superintend the production of his new work.

Representations of *Der Freyschütz* were given on his arrival, and night after night the theatre was crowded to see him preside in the orchestra and conduct his own fine opera; and the enthusiasm of the London public rose to fever height. Weber took up his abode at the house of Sir George Smart, the leader of the Covent Garden orchestra, and our excellent old friend — a capital musician and very worthy man. He was appointed organist to King William IV., and for many years directed those admirable performances of classical music called the Ancient Concerts.

He was a man of very considerable musical knowledge, and had a peculiar talent for teaching and accompanying the vocal compositions of Händel. During the whole of my father's management of Covent Garden, he had the su-

pervision of the musical representations and conducted the orchestra, and he was principally instrumental in bringing out Weber's fine operas of *Der Freyschütz* and *Oberon*. Weber continued to reside in Sir George Smart's house during the whole of his stay in London, and died there soon after the production of his *Oberon*. Sir George Smart was the first person who presented Mendelssohn to me. I had been acting Juliet one night, and at the end of the play was raised from the stage by my kind old friend, who had been in the orchestra during the performance, with the great composer, then a young man of nineteen, on his first visit to England. He brought letters of introduction to my father, and made his first acquaintance with me in my grave clothes. Besides my esteem and regard for Sir George's more valuable qualities, I had a particular liking for some excellent snuff he always had, and used constantly to borrow his snuff-box to sniff at it like a perfume, not having attained a sufficiently mature age to venture upon "pinches;" and a snuff-taking Juliet being inadmissible, I used to wish myself at the elderly lady age when the indulgence might be becoming; but before I attained it snuff was no longer taken by ladies of any age, and now, I think, it is used by very few men.

In spite of his very excellent good sense, Sir George was rather pompous and conceited, and, having on several occasions gone over the music of the Messiah and other of Händel's great compositions with Mademoiselle Jenny Lind, to give her a notion of the English tradition of the way of rendering the music, used to say that he had taught her to sing.

In a letter written to me by my mother during my temporary absence from London just after the accession of King William IV., I find the following passage with reference to Sir George Smart:

"London is all alive; the new king seems idolized by the people, and he appears no less pleased with them; perhaps Sir George is amongst the happiest of his subjects. His Majesty swears that nothing shall be encouraged but *native talent*, and our friend is to get up a concert at the Duke of Sussex's, where the royal family are all to dine, at which none but English singers are to perform. Sir George dined with me on Monday, and I perceive he has already arranged in his thoughts all he proposes *to tell the queen about you* on this occasion. It is evident he flatters himself that he is to be deep in her Majesty's confidence."

Sir George Smart and his distinguished guest, Weber, were constantly at our house while the rehearsals of Oberon went forward. The first day they dined together at my father's was an event for me, especially as Sir George, on my entering the room, took me by the hand, and drawing me towards Weber assured him that I and all the young girls in England were over head and ears in love with him. With my guilty satchel round my neck, I felt ready to sink with confusion, and stammered out something about Herr von Weber's beautiful music, to which, with a comical, melancholy smile, he replied, "Ah, my music! it is always my music, but never myself!"

Baron Carl Maria von Weber was a noble-born Saxon German, whose very irregular youth could hardly, one would suppose, have left him leisure to cultivate or exercise his extraordinary musical genius; but though he spent much of his early life in wild dissipation, and died in middle age, he left to the world a mass of compositions of the greatest variety and beauty, and a name which ranks among the most eminent in his preëminently musical country. He was a little thin man, lame of one foot, and with a slight tendency to a deformed shoulder. His hollow, sallow, sickly face bore an expression of habitual suffering and ill health, and the long, hooked nose, salient cheek-bones, light, prominent eyes, and spectacles were certainly done no more than justice to in the unattrac-

ive representation of my cherished portrait of him.

He had the air and manner of a well-born and well-bred man of the world, a gentle voice, and a slow utterance in English, which he spoke but indifferently and with a strong accent; he generally conversed with my father and mother in French. One of the first visits he paid to Covent Garden was in my mother's box, to hear Miss Paton and Braham (his *prima donna* and tenor) in an oratorio. He was enthusiastic in his admiration of Braham's fine performance of one of Händel's magnificent songs (*Deeper and Deeper Still*, I think), but when, in the second part of the concert, which consisted of a selection of secular music, the great singer threw the house into ecstasies, and was tumultuously encored in the pseudo-Scotch ballad of *Blue Bonnets over the Border*, he was extremely disgusted, and exclaimed two or three times, "Ah, that is *beast!*" (Ah, cela est *bête!*) to our infinite diversion. Much more aggravating proof was poor Weber destined to have of the famous tenor's love of mere popularity in his art, and strange enough, no doubt, to the great German composer was the thirst for ignorant applause which induced Braham to reject the beautiful, tender, and majestic opening air Weber had written for him in the character of Huon, and insist upon the writing of a battle-piece which might split the ears of the groundlings and the gods, and furnish him an opportunity for making some of the startling effects of lyrical declamation which never failed to carry his audience by storm.

No singer ever delivered with greater purity or nobler breadth Händel's majestic music; the masterly simplicity of his execution of all really fine compositions was worthy of his first-rate powers; but the desire of obtaining by easier and less elevated means the acclamations of his admirers seemed irresistible to him, and "Scots wha hae," with the flourish of his stick in the last verse, was a sure triumph which he never disdained. Weber expressed unbounded astonishment and contempt at this unartistic view of

things, and with great reluctance at length consented to suppress, or rather transfer to the overture, the noble and pathetic melody designed for Huon's opening song, for which he substituted the fine warlike cantata beginning, —

"Oh, 't is a glorious sight to see
The charge of the Christian chivalry!"

in which, to be sure, Braham charged with the Christians, and routed the Paynims, and mourned for the wounded, and wept for the dead, and returned in triumph to France in the joyous cabaletta, with wonderful dramatic effect, such as, no doubt, the other song would never have enabled him to produce. But the success of the song did not reconcile Weber to what he considered the vulgarity and inappropriateness of its subject, and the circumstance lowered his opinion both of the English singer and of the English public very grievously.

How well I remember all the discussions of those prolonged, repeated, anxious, careful rehearsals, and the comical despair of which Miss Paton, the heroine of the opera, was the occasion to all concerned, by the curious absence of dramatic congruity of gesture and action which she contrived to combine with the most brilliant and expressive rendering of the music. In the great shipwreck scene, which she sang magnificently, she caught up the short end of a sash tied around her waist, and twirled it about without unfastening it, by way of signaling from the top of a rock for help from a distant vessel, the words she sang being, "Quick, quick, for a signal this scarf shall be *waved!*" This performance of hers drew from my father the desperate exclamation, "That woman's an inspired idiot!" while Weber limped up and down the room silently wringing his hands, and Sir George Smart went off into ecstatic reminiscences of a certain performance of my mother's, when—in some musical arrangement of Blue Beard (by Kelly or Storace, I think), in the part of Sister Anne—she waved and signaled and sang from the castle wall, "I see them galloping! I see them galloping!" after a very different fashion, that drew

shouts of sympathetic applause from her hearers.

Miss Paton married Lord William Lenox, brother of the Duke of Richmond, by whom she was cruelly ill-treated and neglected, which is perhaps one reason why she left him and eloped with Mr. Wood, a young tenor singer of considerable personal attractions and promise of professional excellence. Lady William Lenox was divorced from her husband and married Mr. Wood, and pursued her career as a public singer for many years successfully after this event; nor was her name in any way again made a subject of public animadversion, though she separated herself from Mr. Wood, and at one time was said to have entertained thoughts of going into a Roman Catholic nunnery. She was a person of amiable character, but of no mental power. Her singing was very admirable, and her voice one of the finest in quality and compass that I ever heard. The effects she produced on the stage were very remarkable, considering the little intellectual power or cultivation she appeared to possess. My father's expression of "an inspired idiot," though wrung from him by the irritation of momentary annoyance, was really not inapplicable to her. She sang with wonderful power and pathos her native Scotch ballads, she delivered with great purity and grandeur the finest soprano music of Händel, and though she very nearly drove poor Weber mad with her apparent want of intelligence during the rehearsals of his great opera, I have seldom heard anything finer than her rendering of the difficult music of the part of Reiza, from beginning to end, and especially the scene of the shipwreck, with its magnificent opening recitative, "Ocean, thou mighty monster!"

Oberon was brought out, and succeeded; but in a degree so far below the sanguine expectations of all concerned that failure itself, though more surprising, would hardly have been a greater disappointment than the result achieved at such a vast expenditure of money, time, and labor. The expectations of the public could not have been realized

by any work which was to be judged by comparison with their already permanent favorite, *Der Freyschütz*. No second effort could have seemed anything but second-best, tried by the standard of that popular production; and whatever judgment musicians and connoisseurs might pronounce as to the respective merits of the two operas, the homely test of the "proof of the pudding" being "in the eating" was decidedly favorable to the master's earlier work; and my own opinion is that either his *Euryanthe* or his *Preciosa* would have been more popular with the general English public than the finer and more carefully elaborated music of *Oberon*. The story of the piece (always a main consideration in matters of art, with average English men and women) wanted interest, certainly, as compared with that of its predecessor; the chivalric loves and adventures of Huon of Bordeaux and the caliph's daughter were indifferent to the audience, compared with the simple but deep interest of the fortunes of the young German forester and his village bride; and the gay and brilliant fairy element of the *Oberon* was no sort of equivalent for the startling *diablerie* of *Zamir*, and the incantation scene. The music, undoubtedly of a higher order than that of *Der Freyschütz*, was incomparably more difficult and less popular. The whole of the part of *Reiza* was trying in the extreme, even to the powers of the great singer for whom it was written, and quite sure not to be a favorite with prime *donne* from its excessive strain upon the voice, particularly in what is the weaker part of almost all soprano registers; and *Reiza's* first great aria, the first song of the fairy king, and Huon's last song in the third act, are all compositions of which the finest possible execution must always be without proportionate effect on any audience, from the extreme difficulty of rendering them and their comparative want of melody. By amateurs, out of Germany, the performance of any part of the music was not likely ever to be successfully attempted; and I do not think that a single piece in the opera found favor with the street

organists, though the beautiful opening chorus was made into a church hymn by discarding the exquisite aerial fairy symphonies and accompaniments; and the involuntary dance of the caliph's court and servants at the last blast of the magical horn was for a short time a favorite waltz in Germany.

Poor Weber's health, which had been wretched before he came to England, and was most unfavorably affected by the climate, sank entirely under the mortification of the comparatively small success of his great work. He had labored and fretted extremely with the rehearsals, and very soon after its production he became dangerously ill, and died — not, as people said, of a broken heart, but of disease of the lungs, already far advanced when he came to London, and doubtless accelerated by these influences. He died in Sir George Smart's house, who gave me, as a memorial of the great composer whom I had so enthusiastically admired, a lock of his hair, and the opening paragraph of his will, which was extremely touching and impressive in its wording.

The plaintive melody known as *Weber's Waltz* — said to have been his last composition, found after his death under his pillow — was a tribute to his memory by some younger German composer (*Reichardt* or *Ries*); but though not his own, it owed much of its popularity to his name, with which it will always be associated. *Bellini* transferred the air, verbatim, into his opera of *Beatrice di Tenda*, where it appears in her song beginning, "*Orombello, ah Sciagurato!*" A circumstance which tended to embitter a good deal the close of *Weber's* life was the arrival in London of *Rossini*, to whom and to whose works the public immediately transferred its demonstrations of passionate admiration with even more than its accustomed fickleness. Disparaging comparisons and contrasts to *Weber's* disadvantage were drawn between the two great composers in the public prints; the enthusiastic adulation of society and the great world not unnaturally followed the brilliant, joyous, sparkling, witty Italian, who was a far

better subject for London lionizing than his sickly, sensitive, shrinking, and rather soured German competitor for fame and public favor. Some special slight, or at any rate something that Weber felt as such, on the part of the Duchess of Kent, whose national sympathies he had been almost sure of enlisting, both for himself and for his opera, affected him with extreme poignancy, and he seemed literally to wither away in the full glare of popularity in which his rival was basking.

The proud, morbid sensitiveness of the Northern genius was certainly in every respect the very antipodes of the healthy, robust, rejoicing, artistic nature of the Southern.

No better instance, though a small one, perhaps, could be given of the tone and temper in which Rossini was likely to encounter both adverse criticism and the adulation of amateur idolatry, than his reply to the Duchess of Canizzaro, one of his most fanatical worshipers, who asked him which he considered his best comic opera; when, with a burst of joyous laughter, he named *Il Matrimonio Secreto*, Cimarosa's enchanting *chef-d'œuvre*, from which, doubtless, Rossini, after the fashion of great genuises, had accepted more than one most felicitous suggestion, especially that of the admirable finale to the second act of the *Barbieri*. It was during this visit of his to London, while Weber lay disappointed and dying in the dingy house in Great Portland Street, that this same Duchess of Canizzaro, better known by her earlier title of Countess St. Antonio, as a prominent leader of fashionable taste in musical matters, invited all the great and gay and distinguished world of London to meet the famous Italian composer; and, seated in her drawing-room with the Duke of Wellington and Rossini on either side of her, exclaimed, "Now I am between the two greatest men in Europe." The Iron Duke not unnaturally rose and left his chair vacant; the great genius retained his, but most assuredly not without humorous appreciation of the absurdity of the whole scene, for he was almost "plus fin que tous les autres," and

certainly "bien plus fin que tous ces autres."

About this time I returned again to visit Mrs. Kemble at Heath Farm, and renew my days of delightful companionship with H—— S——. Endless were our walks and talks, and those were very happy hours in which, loitering about Cashiobury Park, I made its echoes ring with the music of Oberon, singing it from beginning to end, — overture, accompaniment, choruses, and all; during which performances my friend, who was no musician, used to keep me company in sympathetic silence, reconciled by her affectionate indulgence for my enthusiasm to this utter postponement of sense to sound. What with her peculiar costume and my bonneted head (I always carried my bonnet in my hand when it was possible to do so) and frenzied singing, any one who met us might have been justified in supposing we had escaped from the nearest lunatic asylum.

Occasionally we varied our rambles, and one day we extended them so far that the regular luncheon hour found us at such a distance from home that I — hungry as one is at sixteen after a long tramp — peremptorily insisted upon having food; whereupon my companion took me to a small roadside ale-house, where we devoured bread and cheese and drank beer, and while thus vulgarly employed beheld my aunt's carriage drive past the window. If that worthy lady could have seen us, that bread and cheese which was giving us life would inevitably have been her death; she certainly would have had a stroke of apoplexy (what the French call *foudroyante*), for gentility and propriety were the breath of life to her, and of the highest law of both, which can defy conventions, she never dreamed.

Another favorite indecorum of mine (the bread and cheese was mere mortal infirmity, not moral turpitude) was wading in the pretty river that ran through Lord Clarendon's place, The Grove; the brown, clear, shallow, rapid water was as tempting as a highland brook, and I remember its bright, flashing stream and the fine old hawthorn-trees of the

avenue, alternate white and rose-colored, like clouds of fragrant bloom, as one of the sunniest pictures of those sweet summer days.

The charm and seduction of bright water has always been irresistible to me, a snare and a temptation I have hardly ever been able to withstand; and various are the chances of drowning it has afforded me in the wild mountain brooks of Massachusetts. I think a very attached maid of mine once saved my life, also, by the tearful expostulations with which she opposed the bewitching invitations of the topaz-colored, flashing rapids of Trenton Falls, that looked to me in some parts so shallow; as well as so bright, that I was just on the point of stepping into them, charmed by the exquisite confusion of musical voices with which they were persuading me, when suddenly a large tree-trunk of considerable weight shot down their flashing surface and was tossed over the fall below; leaving me to the natural conclusion, "Just such a log should I have been if I had gone in there." Indeed, my worthy Marie, overcome by my importunity, having selected what seemed to her a safe, and to me a very tame, bathing-place, in another and quieter part of the stream, I had every reason, from my experience of the difficulty of withstanding its powerful current there, to congratulate myself upon not having tried the experiment nearer to one of the "springs" of the lovely torrent, whose Indian name is the "Leaping Water." Certainly the nixies,—whose cousin my friends accused me of being, on account of my propensity for their element,—if they did not omit any opportunity of alluring me, allowed me to escape scathless on more than one occasion when I might have paid dearly for being so much or so little related to them.

This fascination of living waters for me was so well known among my Lenox friends of all classes, that on one occasion a Yankee Jehu of our village, driving some of them by the side of a beautiful mountain brook, said, "I guess we should hardly have got Mrs. Kemble on at all, alongside of this stream," as

if I had been a member of his *team*, made restive by the proximity of water. A pool in a rocky basin, with foaming water dashing in and out of it, was a sort of trap for me, and I have more than once availed myself of such a shower bath without any further preparation than taking my hat and shoes and stockings off. Once, on a visit to the Catskills, during a charming summer walk with my dear friend, Catherine Sedgwick, I walked into the brook we were coasting, and sat down in the water, without at all interrupting the thread of our conversation; a proceeding which, of course, obliged me to return to the hotel dripping wet, my companion laughing so immoderately at my appearance that, as I represented to her, it was quite impossible for me to make anybody believe that I had met with an accident and *fallen* into the water, which was the impression I wished (in the interest of my reputation for sanity) to convey to such spectators as we might encounter.

On another occasion, coming over the Wengern Alp from Grindelwald one sultry summer day, my knees were shaking under me with the steep and prolonged descent into Lauterbrunnen. Just at the end of the wearisome downward way an exquisite brook springs into the Lutschine, as it flies through the valley of waterfalls, and into this I walked straight, to the consternation of my guides and dear companion, a singularly dignified little American lady, of Quaker descent and decorum, who was quite at a loss to conceive how, after such an exploit, I was to present myself to the inhabitants, tourists, and others of the little street and its swarming hotels, in my drenched and dripping condition; but, as I represented to her, nothing would be easier: "I shall get on my mule and ride sprinkling along, and people will only say, 'Ah, cette pauvre dame! qui est tombée à l'eau!'"

My visit to my aunt Kemble was prolonged beyond the stay of my friend H—, and I was left alone at Heath Farm. My walks were, of course, circumscribed, and the whole complexion of my life much changed by my being

given over to lonely freedom limited only by the bounds of our pleasure grounds, and my living converse with my friend exchanged for unrestricted selection from my aunt's book-shelves; from which I made a choice of extreme variety, since Lord Byron and Jeremy Taylor were among the authors with whom I then first made acquaintance, my school introduction to the former having been followed up by no subsequent intimacy.

I read them on alternate days, sitting on the mossy-cushioned lawn, under a beautiful oak-tree, with a cabbage-leaf full of fresh-gathered strawberries and a handful of fresh-blown roses beside me, which Epicurean accompaniments to my studies appeared to me equally adapted to the wicked poet and the wise divine. Mrs. Kemble in no way interfered with me, and was quite unconscious of the subjects of my studies; she thought me generally "a very odd girl," but though I occasionally took a mischievous pleasure in perplexing her by fantastical propositions, to which her usual reply was a rather acrimonious "Don't be absurd, Fanny," she did not at all care to investigate my oddity, and left me to my own devices.

One pursuit of mine, however, she did object to, and that was an intimate acquaintance that I cultivated with her pretty cow and pony, into whose pasture I used to go daily, with bread and salt, or sugar, accustoming them to come and take these dainties from my hand, so that as soon as they saw me in the meadow they would come with much friendliness to meet me; but they having on the occasion of a visit of state from my aunt accosted her with indiscriminating demonstrations of welcome, even, I believe, to the disrespectful familiarity of nibbling her sleeve (no doubt her empty-handedness seemed to them to require something in the shape of a hint), she requested me to cut my indiscriminating friends, as the degree of fellowship to which I had encouraged them terrified her. She was accustomed only to the society of exalted human beings, and not to the intercourse of their betters,

poor woman! though she had a dry, hard, business-like, matter-of-fact, prosaic, cynical terrier, called Pincher, to whom she gave all the animal affection she had to bestow. I never observed them take the least notice of each other, but I have no doubt there was a mutual good understanding between them, a sympathy to which signs were superfluous.

Among her books I came upon Wraxall's *Memoirs of the House of Valois*, and, reading it with great avidity, determined to write a historical novel, of which the heroine should be Françoise de Foix, the beautiful Countess de Châteaubriand. At this enterprise I now set eagerly to work, the abundant production of doggerel suffering no diminution from this newer and rather soberer literary undertaking, to which I added a brisk correspondence with my absent friend, and a task she had set me (perhaps with some vague desire of giving me a little solid intellectual occupation) of copying for her sundry portions of Harris's *Hermes*, a most difficult and abstruse grammatical work, much of which was in Latin, not a little in Greek. All these I faithfully copied, Chinese fashion, understanding the English little better than the two dead languages which I transcribed — the Greek without much difficulty, owing to my school-day proficiency in the alphabet of that tongue. These literary exercises, walks within bounds, drives with my aunt, and the occasional solemnity of a dinner at Lord Essex's were the events of my life till my aunt, Mrs. Whitelock, came down to Heath Farm and brought an element of change into the procession of our days. I think these two widowed ladies had entertained some notion that they might put their loneliness together and make society; but the experiment did not succeed, and was soon judiciously abandoned, for certainly two more hopelessly dissimilar characters never made the difficult experiment of a life in common.

Mrs. Kemble, before she went to Switzerland, had lived in the best London society, with which she kept up her intercourse by zealous correspondence;

the names of lords and ladies were familiar in her mouth as household words, and she had undoubtedly an undue respect for respectability and reverence for titled folk; yet she was not at all superficially a vulgar woman. She was quick, keen, clever, and shrewd, with the air, manner, dress, and address of a finished woman of the world. Mrs. Whitelock was simple-hearted and single-minded, had never lived in any English society whatever, and retorted but feebly the fashionable gossip of the day which reached Mrs. Kemble through the London post, with her transatlantic reminiscences of Prince Talleyrand and General Washington. She was grotesque in her manner and appearance, and a severe thorn in the side of her conventionally irreproachable companion, who has been known, on the approach of some coroneted carriage, to observe pointedly, "Mrs. Whitelock, there is an *ekkipage*." "I see it, ma'am," replied the undaunted Mrs. Whitelock, screwing up her mouth and twirling her thumbs in a peculiarly emphatic way, to which she was addicted in moments of crisis. Mrs. Kemble, who was as quick as Pincher in her movements, rang the bell and snapped out, "Not at home!" denying herself her stimulating dose of high-life gossip and her companion what she would have called a little "genteel sociability," rather than bring face to face her fine friends and Mrs. Whitelock's flounced white muslin apron and towering Pamela cap, for she still wore such things. I have said that Mrs. Kemble was not (superficially) a vulgar woman, but it would have taken the soul of gentility to have presented, without quailing, her amazingly odd companion to her particular set of visitors. A humorist would have found his account in the absurdity of the scene all round; and Jane Austen would have made a delicious chapter of it; but Mrs. Kemble had not the requisite humor to perceive the fun of her companion, her acquaintances, and herself in juxtaposition. I have mentioned her mode of pronouncing the word *equipage*, which, together with several similar peculiarities

that struck me as very odd, were borrowed from the usage of London good society in the days when she frequented it. My friend, Lord Lansdowne, never called London anything but *Lunnon*, and always said *obleege* for oblige, like the Miss Berrys and Mrs. Fitzhugh and other of their contemporaries, who also said *ekkipage*, *pettikits*, *divle*. Since their time the pronunciation of English in good society, whose usage is the only acknowledged law in that matter, and the grammatical construction of the language habitual in that same good society, has become such as would have challenged the severest criticism, if we had ventured upon it in my father's house. The unsuccessful partnership of my aunts was dissolved. Mrs. Kemble found the country intolerably dull, declared that the grass and trees made her sick, and fixed her abode in Leamington, then a small, unpretending, pretty country town, which (principally on account of the ability, reputation, and influence of its celebrated and popular resident physician, Dr. Jephson) was a sort of aristocratic-invalid Kur Residenz, and has since expanded into a thriving, populous, showy, semi-fashionable, Anglo-American watering-place in summer, and hunting-place in winter. Mrs. Kemble found the Leamington of her day a satisfactory abode; the *Æsculapius*, whose especial shrine it was, became her intimate friend; the society was comparatively restricted and select; and the neighborhood, with Warwick Castle, Stoneleigh Abbey, and Guy's Cliff, full of state and ancestry, within a morning's drive, was (which she cared less for) lovely in every direction. Mrs. Whitelock betook herself to a really rural life in a cottage in the beautiful neighborhood of Addlestone, in Surrey, where she lived in much simple content, bequeathing her small mansion and estate, at her death, to my mother, who passed there the last two years of her life and died there. I never returned to Heath Farm again; sometimes, as I steam by Watford, the image of the time I spent there rises again before me, but I pass from it at forty miles an hour,

and it passed from me upwards of forty years ago.

We were now occupying the last of the various houses which for a series of years we inhabited at Bayswater; it belonged to a French Jew diamond seller, and was arranged and fitted up with the peculiar tastefulness which seems innate across the Channel and inimitable even on the English side of it. There was one peculiarity in the drawing-room of this house which I have always particularly liked: a low chimney with a window over it, the shutter to which was a sliding panel of looking-glass, so that both by day and candle light the effect was equally pretty.

In a corner house of Eaton Place, where my sister lived at one time, there was a similar arrangement, which in London has the peculiar advantage of securing all the daylight for one's chimney-corner work or reading, a great boon in the cold, dark days of which London counts so many.

At this time I was promoted to the dignity of a bedroom "to myself," which I was able to make into a small study, the privacy of which I enjoyed immensely, as well as the window opening above our suburban bit of garden, and the sloping meadows beyond it. The following letters, written at this time to my friend, Miss S—, describe the interests and occupations of my life. It was in the May of 1827. I was between sixteen and seventeen, which will naturally account for the characteristics of these epistles.

BAYSWATER, *May*, 1827.

DEAR H—: I fear you will think me forgetful and unkind in not having answered your last letter, but if you do, you are mistaken, nor ungrateful, which my silence after the kind interest you have taken in me and mine seems to be. But when I tell you that besides the many things that have occupied my mind connected with the present situation of our affairs, my hands have been full of work nearly as dismal as my thoughts, — mourning, — you will easily understand and excuse the delay.

Do not be alarmed; the person for whom we are in black has been so little known to me since my childhood, was so old and infirm and yet so entirely cheerful, resigned, and even desirous of leaving this world, that few, even of those who knew and loved him better than I did, could, without selfishness, lament his release. Mr. Twiss, the father of my cousin Horace, is dead lately; and it is of him that I speak. He has unfortunately left three daughters, who, though doing well for themselves in the world, will now feel a sad void in the circle of their home affections and interests.

And now, dear H—, for myself, or ourselves, rather; for as you may well suppose, my whole thoughts are taken up with our circumstances.

I believe in my last I told you pretty nearly all I knew, or indeed any of us knew, of our affairs; the matter is now much clearer and not a whit pleasanter.

It seems that my father, as proprietor of Covent Garden theatre, in consequence of this lawsuit and the debts which encumber the concern, is liable at any time to be called upon for twenty-seven thousand pounds; which, for a man who cannot raise five thousand, is not a pleasant predicament. On the other hand, Mr. Harris, our adversary, and joint proprietor with my father, is also liable to enormous demands, if the debts should be insisted upon at present.

The creditors have declared that they are entirely satisfied that my father, and Messrs. Forbes and Willett, the other partners, have done everything with respect to them which honorable men could do, and offer to wait till some compromise can be made with Mr. Harris, who, it is thought, will be willing to enter into any arrangement rather than be irretrievably ruined, as we all must be unless some agreement takes place between the proprietors. In the mean time the lawyers have advised our party to appeal from the decision of the Vice Chancellor. Amid all this perplexity and trouble we have had the satisfaction of hearing that John and

Henry are both doing well; we received a letter from the latter a short time ago full of affection and kindness to us all. I wish you could have seen my father's countenance as he read it, and with what fondness and almost gratitude he kissed dear Henry's name, while the tears were standing in his eyes. I cannot help thinking sometimes that my father deserved a less hard and toilsome existence.

He has resolved that come what may, he will keep those boys at their respective schools if he can by any means compass it; and if (which I fear is the case) he finds Bury St. Edmunds too expensive, we shall remove to Westminster, in order that Henry's education may not suffer from our circumstances. Last Thursday was my father's benefit, and a very indifferent one, which I think is rather hard, considering that he really slaves night and day, and every night and every day, in that theatre. Cecilia Siddons and I have opened a poetical correspondence; she writes very prettily indeed. Perhaps, had she not had such a bad subject as myself to treat of, I might have said more of her verses. You will be sorry to hear that not only my poor mother's health, but what is almost as precious, her good spirits, have been dreadfully affected by all her anxiety; indeed, her nerves have been so utterly deranged that she has been alternately deaf and blind, and sometimes both, for the last fortnight. Thank Heaven she is now recovering!

CRAVEN HILL, BAYSWATER, }
May, 1827. }

MY DEAREST H——: I received your letter the day before yesterday, and felt very much obliged to you for it, and was particularly interested by your description of Kenilworth, round which Walter Scott's admirable novel has cast a halo of romance forever; for many, who would have cared little about it as the residence of Leicester, honored for some days by the presence of Elizabeth, will remember with a thrill of interest and pity the night poor Amy Robsart passed there, and the scene between her, Leices-

ter, and the queen, when that prince of villains, Varney, claims her as his wife. But in spite of the romantic and historical associations belonging to the place, I do not think it would have "inspired my muse;" and that puts me in mind of your request about Cecilia's verses; they are rather long, but so pretty that, should they take up the whole letter, I dare say they will prove a capital substitute for any nonsense I might write to you. The history of our correspondence is this: the two Siddons girls, Harriet and Sally, I don't know whether you know them [they were daughters of my cousin George Siddons, eldest son of my aunt Siddons, and married, the one her and my cousin Harry Siddons, and the other Mr. Young, son of one of the East India directors], asked me for some of my lines, which I gave them, and which Cecilia saw and liked so much as to say she should put them in her album; they were very indifferent doggerel, and I promised her to send her something better, and, if possible, to write something for her, at the same time asking her to do me the same favor if she could, and if she could not, to copy for me some things of hers which I had read in her album.

She sent me the latter, but professed her inability to write anything for me. The lines she sent were in no way remarkable; I kept my promise, and sent her an extract from a long piece of verse I had been writing, and at length contrived to indite the following very wretched lines on her seal, which was "Il faut me chercher." I send them, because her answer refers to them:—

"Ah, lady! such can never be
Device or motto fit for thee;
Thou canst not hide the dazzling light
That flashes from those lustrous eyes,
Nor the soft smile that, sweet and bright,
Cradled upon thy ripe lip lies.
Though half in mercy, modesty
Has thrown her chaste veil over thee,
Lest those should pay too dear, who dare
To worship at a shrine so fair."

This trash was very unworthy the answer it received, which I think has both elegance and sentiment:—

"Flatterer! for I'll not suspect
A worse intention in your lays,

When next you rhyme, do pray select
 A greener subject for such praise.
 My shrine is tumbling into ruins;
 My worshippers are old and gray,
 Far too rheumatic for such doings
 As kneeling on the cold, damp clay.
 And for my modesty—I fear
 That virtue will not much import me;
 For where, alas! no gazers are,
 What matters how I may comport me?
 My motto's bad; for though I thought
 My friends, perhaps, might need reminding
 That to be found I must be sought,
 I knew I was not worth the finding."

Is not that prettily and neatly turned?
 I wrote her a note to thank her, but no
 more rhymes, for she had beaten me
 quite out of the field.

Of our affairs I know nothing, except
 that we are going to remove to West-
 minster, on account of Henry's school-
 ing, as soon as we can part with this
 house.

You will be glad to hear that my
 mother is a great deal better, though
 still suffering from nervousness. She
 desires to be most kindly remembered to
 you and to my aunt Kemble, and would
 feel very much obliged to you if you
 can get from Mrs. Kemble the name and
 address of the man who built her pony
 carriage. Do this, and send it in the
 next letter you write to me, which must
 be long, but not "long a-coming."

And now, pray what makes you say
 that you do not write because your let-
 ters are dull? Supposing they were,
 are they not sure to be amusing enough?
 Or is it a little piece of coquetry to make
 me exclaim, "How can you!" "You
 know very well!" etc., etc., etc.; but I shall do no such thing; and I will
 only add that were it but for the nice
 little conclusion, "believe me to be your
 sincere friend," your letters would be
 always, and always are, most welcome.
 And what do you find to do in Leam-
 ington? How do you like it? How does
 my aunt Kemble pass her time? How
 is her health, and how is her amiable
 dog? All these questions you must an-
 swer *subito*.

I am glad you like Miss Wilson, but
 take care not to like her better than me;
 and I am very glad you think of Heath
 Farm sometimes, for there, I know, I
 must be in some corner or other of the

picture, be the foreground what it may.
 At this time, when the hawthorn is all
 out and the nightingales are singing,
 even here, I think of the quantities of
 May we gathered for my wreaths, and
 the little scrap of the nightingale's song
 we used to catch on the lawn between
 tea and bedtime. I have been writing a
 great deal of poetry—at least I mean it
 for such, and I hope it is not all very
 bad, as my father has expressed himself
 surprised and pleased at some things I
 read him lately. I wish I could send
 you some of my perpetrations, but they
 are for the most part so fearfully long
 that it is impossible. You ask about
 my uncle's monument; I can tell you
 nothing of it at present; it is where the
 memory of the public, the perseverance
 of the projectors, Flaxman's genius, and
 John Kemble's fame are. Do you know
 where that is? No more do I.

Craven Hill, Bayswater, }
 June 8, 1827. }

MY DEAR H—: I am sure you will
 rejoice with us all when I inform you
 that John has at length exerted himself
 successfully, and has obtained one of
 the highest literary honors conferred by
 Cambridge on its students; these are his
 tutor's very words, therefore I leave you
 to imagine how delighted and grateful
 we all are; indeed, the day we received
 the intelligence, we all, with my father
 at our head, looked more like hopeful
 candidates for Bedlam than anything
 else. My poor father jumped, and
 clapped his hands, and kissed the let-
 ter, like a child; as my mother says,
 "I am glad he has one gleam of sun-
 shine, at least;" he sadly wanted it, and
 I know nothing that could have given
 him so much pleasure. Pray tell my
 aunt Kemble of it. I dare say she will
 be glad to hear it. [My brother's tutor
 was Mr. Peacock, the celebrated mathe-
 matician, well known at Cambridge as
 one of the most eminent members of the
 university, and a private tutor of whom
 all his pupils were deservedly proud;
 even those who, like my brother John,
 cultivated the classical studies in prefer-
 ence to the severe scientific subjects of

which Mr. Peacock was so illustrious a master. His praise of my brother was regretful though most ungrudging, for his own sympathy was entirely with the intellectual pursuits for which Cambridge was peculiarly famous, as the mathematical university, in contradistinction to the classical tendency supposed to prevail at this time among the teachers and students of Oxford.]

And now let me thank you for your last long letter, and the detailed criticism it contained of my lines; if they oftener passed through such a wholesome ordeal, I should probably scribble less than I do. You ask after my novel of *Françoise de Foix*, and my translation of *Sismondi's History*; the former may, perhaps, be finished sometime these next six years; the latter is, and has been, in Dr. Malkin's hands ever since I left Heath Farm. What you say of scriptural subjects I do not always think true; for instance, "By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept," does not appear to me to have lost much beauty by Byron's poetical paraphrase. We are really going to leave this pleasant place, and take up our abode in Westminster; how I shall regret my dear little room, full of flowers and books, and with its cheerful view. *Enfin il n'y faut plus penser*. I have, luckily, the faculty of easily accommodating myself to circumstances, and though sorry to leave my little hermitage, I shall soon take root in the next place. With all my dislike to moving, my great wish is to travel; but perhaps that is not an absolute inconsistency, for what I wish is never to remain long enough in a place to take root, or, having done so, never to be transplanted. I am writing a journal, and its pages, like our many pleasant hours of conversation, are a whimsical medley of the sad, the sober, the gay, the good, the bad, and the ridiculous; not at all the sort of serious, solemn journal you would write.

CRAVEN HILL, BAYSWATER, }
—, 1827. }

MY DEAREST H—: I am afraid you are wondering once more whether I have

the gout in my hands; but so many circumstances have latterly arisen to occupy my time and attention that I have had but little leisure for letter-writing. You are now once more comfortably re-established in your little turret chamber [Miss S—'s room in her home, Ardgillan Castle], which I intend to come and storm some day, looking over your pleasant lawn to the beautiful sea and hills. I ought to envy you, and yet, when I look round my own little snuggerly, which is filled with roses and the books I love, and where not a ray of sun penetrates, though it is high noon and burning hot, I only envy you your own company, which I think would be a most agreeable addition to the pleasantness of my little room. I am sadly afraid, however, that I shall soon be called upon to leave it, for though our plans are still so unsettled as to make it quite impossible to say what will be our destination, it is, I think, almost certain that we shall leave this place. We have had Mrs. Henry Siddons, with her youngest daughter, staying with us for a short time; she is now going on through Paris to Switzerland, on account of my cousin's delicate health, which renders Scotland an unsafe residence for her. John is also at home just now, which, as you may easily believe, is an invaluable gain to me; I rather think, however, that my mother is not of that opinion, for he talks and thinks of nothing but politics, and she has a great dread of my becoming imbued with his mania; a needless fear, I think, however, for though I am willing and glad to listen to his opinions and the arguments of his favorite authors, I am never likely to study them myself, and my interest in the whole subject will cease with his departure for Cambridge.

Henry returned from Bury St. Edmunds, and my father left us for Lancaster, last night, and we are now in daily expectation of departing for Weybridge, so that the last fortnight has been one continual bustle.

I have had another reason for not writing to you, which I have only just made up my mind to tell you. Dick O— has been taking my likeness, or rather

has begun to do so. I thought, dear H—, that you would like to have this sketch, and I was in hopes that the first letter you received in Ireland from me would contain it; but, alas! Dick is as inconstant and capricious as a genius need be, and there lies my fac-simile in a state of non-conclusion; they all tell me it is very like, but it does appear to me so pretty that I am divided between satisfaction and incredulity. If he does not finish it very soon I will send it as it is; it is a flattered likeness, I am sure, but if it is a likeness, that is rather in its favor than otherwise. My father, I lament to say, left us last night in very bad spirits. I never saw him so depressed, and feared that my poor mother would suffer to-day from her anxiety about him; however, she is happily pretty well to-day, and I trust will soon, what with Weybridge and pike-fishing, recover her health and spirits entirely.

I suspect this will be the last summer we shall spend at Weybridge, as we are going to give our cottage up, I believe. I shall regret it extremely for my mother; it is agreeable to and very good for her; I do not care much about it for myself; indeed, I care very little where I go; I do not like leaving any place, but the tie of habit, which is quickly formed and strong in me, once broken, I can easily accommodate myself to the next change, which, however, I always pray may be the last. My mother and myself had yesterday a serious, and to me painful conversation on the necessity of not only not hating society, but tolerating and mixing in it. She and my father have always been disinclined to it, but their disinclination has descended to me in the shape of active dislike, and I feel sometimes inclined to hide myself, to escape sitting down and communing with my fellow-creatures after the fashion that calls itself social intercourse. I can't help fancying (which, however, *may* be a great mistake) that the hours spent in my own room reading and writing are better employed than if devoted to people and things in which I feel no interest whatever, and do not know how to pretend the contrary.

I must do justice to my mother, however, for any one more reasonable, amiable, and kind, in this as in most respects, cannot exist than herself; but nevertheless, when I went to bed last night I sat by my open window, looking at the moon and thinking of my social duties, and then scribbled endless doggerel in a highly Byronic mood to deliver my mind upon the subject, after which, feeling amazingly better, I went to bed and slept profoundly, satisfied that I had given "society" a death-blow. But really, jesting apart, the companionship of my own family, those I live with, I mean, satisfies me entirely, and I have not the least desire for any other.

Good-by, my dearest H—; do not punish me for not writing sooner by not answering this for two months; but be a nice woman and write very soon to yours ever,
FANNY.

P. S. I am reading the memoirs of *Mademoiselle de Montpensier*, la grande mademoiselle, written by herself; if you never read them, do; they are very interesting and amusing.

The "Dick" mentioned in this letter was the nephew of my godmother, Miss A— W—, of Stafford, and son of Colonel O—, a Staffordshire gentleman of moderate means, who went to Germany and settled at Darmstadt for the sake of giving a complete education in foreign languages and accomplishments to his daughters. His eldest son was in the church. They resided at the little German court till the young girls became young women, remarkable for their talents and accomplishments. In the course of their long residence at Darmstadt they had become intimate with the reigning duke and his family, whose small royalty admitted of such friendly familiarity with well-born and well-bred foreigners. But when Colonel O— brought his wife and daughters back to England, like most other English people who try a similar experiment, the change from being decided *somebodies* in the court circle of a German principality (whose sovereign was

chiefly occupied, it is true, with the government of his opera house) to being decided *nobodies* in the huge mass of obscure, middle-class English gentility, was all but intolerable to them.

The ponderous solemnity and expensive ostentation and conventional dullness of the English society in which they naturally found their level contrasted most painfully with the inexpensive simplicity of the highest society of the place which had been so long their residence; where life was comparatively easy and cheerful, and without constraint; where the public recreations, enjoyed alike by people of all ranks, were excellent and inexpensive; and where the etiquettes and ceremonies of the miniature court were less pompous and pretentious than those of their own social sphere in England, which seemed to them insufferably tiresome, tedious, and dull.

The peculiar gift of their second son, my eccentric friend Richard, was a genius for painting, which might have won him an honored place among English artists, had he ever chosen to join their ranks as a competitor for fame and fortune. He had the most wonderful faculty of memory with regard to pictures, and painted for his own delight, from *recollection*, replicas of some of Sir Joshua's and Gainsborough's most beautiful works, which had all the accurate exactness and all the spirit and grace of the finest copies.

Craven Hill, Bayswater, }
August 8, 1827.

DEAR H—: I received your letter yesterday morning, exactly three days after I had dispatched mine to Ard-gillan, to know if your long silence had proceeded from any illness or other unpleasant circumstance in the family; however, the epistle I received yesterday set my mind at rest, and I can only say that, far from accusing you of neglect or lessened interest, I know so well by experience how many things may prevent one's writing in spite of the strongest wish to do so, that I only feel sorry when anything occurs to check the regularity of our correspondence.

Dick O—— m'a abandonné. I shall certainly not reiterate my request that he will finish my portrait, though my mother will not let me send it in its present unfinished state. He is as fickle as April weather, and now wants to paint me on ivory, a miniature, tiresome boy! and that will be dreadfully tedious. I fell so in love with the subject of my novel, *Françoise de Foix*, that I am writing a historical play on it; I have already finished two acts of it, and my father says that if I finish it as I have begun it, it may be brought out at *Covent Garden*! I think it is tolerably good, so far, and I shall certainly go on with it.

Good-by, dearest H—; when shall we two meet again? Will it be in our next home in Westminster or on the shores of green Erin? in society or in solitude? will it ever be? and do you care if it never be? Yours ever,

FANNY.

EASTLANDS COTTAGE, WEYBRIDGE, }
—, 1827.

MY DEAR H—: I wrote to you immediately upon our arriving here, which is now nearly a month ago, but having received no answer and not having heard from you for some time, I conjecture that our charming post-office has done as it did last year, and kept my letters to itself. I therefore take the opportunity, which my brother's departure for town to-morrow gives me, of writing to you and having my letter posted in London. John's going to town is an extreme loss to me, for here we are more thrown together and companionable than we can be in London. His intellectual occupations and interests engross him very much, and though always very interesting to me, are seldom discussed with or communicated to me as freely there as they are here, I suppose for want of better fellowship. I have latterly, also, summoned up courage enough to request him to walk with me; and to my some surprise and great satisfaction, instead of the "I can't, I am really so busy," he has acquiesced, and we have had one or two very pleasant long strolls together. He is certainly a very uncom-

mon person, and I admire, perhaps too enthusiastically, his great abilities.

My father is in Paris, where he was to arrive yesterday, and where to-morrow he will act in the first regularly and decently organized English theatre that the French ever saw. He is very nervous, and we, as you may easily conceive, very anxious about it; when next I write to you I will let you know all that we hear of the result. I must repeat some part of my last letter, in case you did not receive it. We have taken a house in James Street, Buckingham Gate, Westminster, which appears to be in every way a desirable and convenient abode; in itself it is comfortable and cheerful, and its nearness to Henry's school and comparative nearness to the theatre, together with its view over the park, and (though last, not least) its moderate rent, make up a mass of combined advantages which few other situations that we could afford can present.

I am extremely busy, dearest H—, and extremely elated about my play; I know I mentioned it before to you, but you may have reckoned it as one of the soap-bubbles which I am so fond of blowing, admiring, and forgetting; however, when I tell you that I have finished three acts of it, and that the proprietors of Covent Garden have offered me, if it succeeds, two hundred pounds (the price Miss Mitford's *Foscari* brought her), you will agree that I have some reason to be proud as well as pleased.

As nobody but myself can give you any opinion of it, you must be content to take my own, making all allowances for etc., etc., etc. I think, irrespective

of age or sex, it is not a bad play; perhaps, considering both, a tolerably fair one; there is some good writing in it, and good situations; the latter I owe to suggestions of my mother's, who is endowed with what seems to me really a science by itself, *i. e.*, the knowledge of producing dramatic effect; more important to a playwright than even true delineation of character or beautiful poetry, in spite of what Alfieri says: "Un attore che dirà bene, della cose belle si farà ascoltare per forza." But the *ben dire* cose belle will not make a play without striking situations and effects succeed, for all that; at any rate with an English audience of the present day. Moreover (but this, as well as everything about my play, must be *entre nous* for the present), my father has offered me either to let me sell my play to a bookseller or to buy it for the theatre at fifty pounds.

Fifty pounds is the very utmost that any bookseller would give for a successful play, *mais en revanche*, by selling my play to the theatre it cannot be read or known as a literary work, and as to make a name for myself as a writer is the aim of my ambition, I think I shall decline his offer. My dearest H—, this quantity about myself and my pursuits will, I am afraid, appear very egotistical to you, but I rely on your unchangeable affection for me to find some interest in what is interesting me so much.

I am obliged to write extremely fast, for it is late at night, and my brother having only this morning announced his intention of going to-morrow, I am pressed for time. Always your most affectionate

FANNY.

Frances Anne Kemble.

SONNETS.

I. AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

TO EDWIN BOOTH.

THUS spake his dust (so seemed it as I read
 The words): *Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear*
 (Poor ghost!) *To dig the dust enclosed heare, —*
 Then came the malediction on the head
 Of whoso dare disturb the sacred dead.
 Outside the mavis whistled strong and clear,
 And, touched with the sweet glamour of the year,
 The winding Avon murmured in its bed.
 But in the little Stratford church the air
 Was chill and dank, and on the foot-worn tomb
 The evening shadows deepened momentarily:
 Then a great awe crept on me, standing there,
 As if some speechless Presence in the gloom
 Was hovering, and fain would speak with me.

II. THREE FLOWERS.

TO BAYARD TAYLOR.

HEREWITH I send you three pressed withered flowers:
 This one was white, with golden star; this blue
 As Capri's cave; that, purple and shot through
 With sunset-orange. Where the Duomo towers
 In crystal air, and under pendent bowers
 The Arno glides, this faded Violet grew
 On Landor's grave; from Landor's heart it drew
 Its magic azure in the long spring hours.
 Within the shadow of the Pyramid
 Of Caius Cestius was the Daisy found,
 White as the soul of Keats in Paradise.
 The Pansy, — there were hundreds of them, hid
 In the thick grass that folded Shelley's mound,
 Guarding his ashes with most lovely eyes.

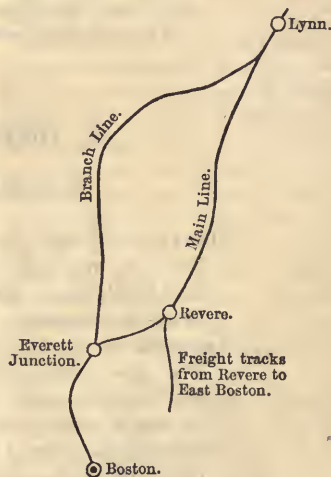
Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

THE REVERE CATASTROPHE.

THE history of railroad development in New England now covers a period of more than forty years. During all that time there have been but two accidents within the limits of the six States which have left a deep and lasting impression on the public mind; two only which have become, as it were, names as familiar as household words. The first of these happened at the Norwalk bridge, in Connecticut, on the 8th of May, 1853; the second, in front of the railroad station at Revere, in Massachusetts, on the 26th of August, 1871. The Norwalk disaster was described in *The Atlantic* for December, and the present paper will relate almost exclusively to that at Revere. This was, properly speaking, not an accident at all; it was essentially a catastrophe, the legitimate and almost inevitable final calamity of an antiquated and insufficient system. As such it should long remain a subject for prayerful meditation to all those who may at any time be entrusted with the immediate operating of railroads. It was terribly dramatic, but it was also frightfully instructive; and while the lesson was by no means lost, it yet admits of further and advantageous study. For, like most other men whose lives are devoted to a special calling, the managers of railroads are apt to be very much wedded to their own methods, and when any new emergency necessitates a new appliance, they not infrequently, as Captain Tyler well puts it in one of his reports, "display more ingenuity in finding objections than in overcoming them." As the statistics of the subsequent years show clearly enough, the Revere disaster was fruitful of new safeguards to travel in New England; and yet at the same time, in spite of that experience, there are to-day roads in Massachusetts, even, the managers of which cling with an almost touching faith to the simple rules and antiquated appliances of twenty years ago. Their

minds, like those of their English brethren, display a truly marvelous fertility in puerile objections.

The Eastern Railroad of Massachusetts connects Boston with Portland, in the State of Maine, by a line which is located close along the sea-shore. Between Boston and Lynn, a distance of eleven miles, the main road is in large part built across the salt marshes, but there is a branch which leaves it at Everett, a small station some miles out of Boston, and thence, running deviously through a succession of towns on the higher ground, connects with the main track again at Lynn; thus making what is known in England as a loop-road. At



the time of the Revere accident this branch was equipped with but a single track, and was operated simply by schedule, without any reliance on the telegraph; and indeed there were not even telegraphic offices at a number of its stations. Revere, the name of the station in front of which the accident took place, was on the main line about five miles from Boston and two miles from Everett, where the Saugus branch, as the loop-road was called, began. The accompanying diagram shows the relative posi-

tion of the several points and of the main and branch lines, a thorough appreciation of which is essential to a correct understanding of the disaster.

The travel over the Eastern Railroad is of a somewhat exceptional nature, varying in a more than ordinary degree with the different seasons of the year. During the winter months the corporation had, in 1871, to provide for a regular passenger movement of about seventy-five thousand a week, but in the summer what is known as the excursion and pleasure travel not infrequently increased the number to one hundred and ten thousand, and even more. As a natural consequence, during certain weeks of each summer, and more especially towards the close of August, it was no unusual thing for the corporation to find itself taxed beyond its utmost resources. It is emergencies of this description, which periodically occur on every railroad, which always subject to the final test the organization and discipline of companies and the capacity of superintendents. A railroad in quiet times is like a ship in steady weather; almost anybody can manage the one or sail the other; it is the sudden stress which reveals the undeveloped strength or the hidden weakness; and the truly instructive feature in the Revere accident lay in the amount of hidden weakness everywhere which was brought to light under that sudden stress. During the week ending with that Saturday evening upon which the disaster occurred, the rolling stock of the road had been heavily taxed, not only to accommodate the usual tide of summer travel, then at its full flood, but also those attending a military muster and two large camp-meetings upon its line. The number of passengers going over it had accordingly risen from about one hundred and ten thousand, the full summer average, to over one hundred and forty thousand; while instead of the one hundred and fifty-two trains a day provided for in the running schedule, there were no less than one hundred and ninety-two. It had never been the custom with those managing the road to place any reliance upon the telegraph in

directing the train movement, and no use whatever appears to have been made of it towards straightening out the numerous hitches inevitable from so sudden an increase in that movement. If an engine broke down, or a train got off the track, there had accordingly throughout that week been nothing done, except patient and general waiting, until it was gotten in motion again; each conductor or station-master had to look out for himself, under the running regulations of the road, and need expect no assistance from headquarters. This, too, in spite of the fact that, including the Saugus branch, no less than ninety-three of the entire one hundred and fifteen miles of road operated by the company were supplied only with a single track. The whole train movement, both of the main line and of the branches, intricate in the extreme as it was, thus depended solely on a schedule arrangement and the watchful intelligence of individual employes. Not unnaturally, therefore, as the week drew to a close the confusion became so great that the trains reached and left the Boston station with an almost total disregard of the schedule; while towards the evening of Saturday the employes of the road directed their efforts almost exclusively to dispatching trains as fast as cars could be procured, thus trying to keep the station as clear as possible of the throng of impatient travelers which continually blocked it up.

According to the regular schedule four trains should have left the Boston station in succession during the hour and a half between 6.30 and eight o'clock P. M.: a Saugus branch train for Lynn at 6.30; a second Saugus branch train at seven; an accommodation train, which ran eighteen miles over the main line, at 7.15; and finally the express train through to Portland, also over the main line, at eight o'clock. The collision at Revere was between these last two trains, the express overtaking and running into the rear of the accommodation train; but it was indirectly caused by the delays and irregularity in movement of the two branch trains. It will be noticed that, according to the schedule, both of the

branch trains should have preceded the accommodation train; in the prevailing confusion, however, the first of the two branch trains did not leave the station until about seven o'clock, thirty minutes behind its time, and it was followed forty minutes later, not by the second branch train, but by the accommodation train, which in its turn was twenty-five minutes late. Thirteen minutes afterwards the second Saugus branch train, which should have preceded, followed it, being nearly an hour out of time. Then at last came the Portland express, which got away practically on time, at a few minutes after eight o'clock. All of these four trains went out over the same track as far as the junction at Everett, but at that point the first and third of the four were to go off on the branch, while the second and fourth kept on over the main line. Between these last two trains the running schedule of the road allowed an ample time-interval of forty-five minutes, which, however, on this occasion was reduced, through the delay in starting, to some fifteen or twenty minutes. No causes of further delay, therefore, arising, the simple case was presented of a slow accommodation train being sent out to run eighteen miles in advance of a fast express train, with an interval of twenty minutes between them.

Unfortunately, however, the accommodation train was speedily subjected to another and very serious delay. It has been mentioned that the Saugus branch was a single track road, and the rules of the company were explicit that no outward train was to pass on to the branch at Everett until any inward train then due there should have arrived and passed off it. There was no siding at the junction, upon which an outward branch train could be temporarily placed to wait for the inward train, thus leaving the main track clear; and accordingly, under a strict construction of the rules, any outward branch train while awaiting the arrival at Everett of an inward branch train was to be kept standing on the main track, completely blocking it. The outward branch trains, it subsequently appeared, were often

delayed at the junction, but no practical difficulty had arisen from this cause, as the employé in charge of the signals and switches there, exercising his common sense, had been in the custom of moving any delayed train temporarily out of the way on to the branch or the other main track, under protection of a flag, and thus relieving the block. On the day of the accident this employé happened to be sick, and absent from his post. His substitute either had no common sense or did not feel called upon to use it, if its use involved any increase of responsibility. Accordingly, when a block took place, the simple letter of the rule was followed; and it is almost needless to add that a block did take place on the afternoon of August 26th.

The first of the branch trains, it will be remembered, had left Boston at about seven o'clock, instead of at 6.30, its schedule time. On arriving at Everett this train should have met and passed an inward branch train, which was timed to leave Lynn at six o'clock, but which, owing to some accident to its locomotive, and partaking of the general confusion of the day, on this particular afternoon did not leave the Lynn station until 7.30 o'clock, or one hour and a half after its schedule time, and one half-hour after the other train had left Boston. Accordingly, when the Boston train reached the junction its conductor found himself confronted by the rule forbidding him to enter upon the branch until the Lynn train then due should have passed off it, and so he quietly waited on the outward track of the main line, blocking it completely to traffic. He had not waited long before a special locomotive, on its way from Boston to Salem, came up and stopped behind him; followed presently by the accommodation train, and then by the next branch train, and finally by the Portland express. At such a time, and at that period of railroad development, there was something ludicrous about the spectacle. Here was a road utterly unable to accommodate its passengers with cars, while a succession of trains were standing idle for

hours, because a locomotive had broken down ten miles off. The telegraph was there, but the company was not in the custom of putting any reliance upon it. A simple message to the branch trains to meet and pass at any point other than that fixed in the schedule would have solved the whole difficulty; but no! there were the rules, and all the rolling stock of the road might gather at Everett in solemn procession, but until the locomotive at Lynn could be repaired, the law of the Medes and Persians was plain; and in this case it read that the telegraph was a new-fangled and unreliable auxiliary. And so the lengthening procession stood there long enough for the train which caused it to have gone to its destination and come back again to take its place in the block, dragging the disabled locomotive from Lynn behind it.

At last, at about ten minutes after eight o'clock, the long-expected Lynn train made its appearance, and the first of the branch trains from Boston immediately went off the main line. The road was now clear for the accommodation train, which had been standing some twelve or fifteen minutes in the block, but which from the moment of starting again was running on the schedule time of the Portland express. This its conductor did not know. Every minute was vital, and yet he never thought to look at his watch. He had a vague impression that he had been delayed some six or eight minutes, when in reality he had been delayed fifteen; and, though he was running wholly out of his schedule time, he took not a single precaution, so persuaded was he that every one knew where he was.

The confusion among those in charge of the various engines and trains was, indeed, general and complete. As the Portland express was about to leave the Boston station, the superintendent of the road, knowing by the non-arrival of the branch train from Lynn that there must be a block at the Everett junction, had directed the depot-master to caution the engineer to look out for the trains ahead of him. The order was a verbal one, was delivered after the train

had started, the station-master walking along by the side of the slowly-moving locomotive, and was either incorrectly transmitted or not fully understood; the engineer supposing it to apply to the branch train which had started just before him, out of both its schedule time and schedule place. Presently, at the junction, he was stopped by the signalman of this train. The course of reasoning he would then have had to pass through to divine the true situation of affairs was complicated indeed, and somewhat as follows. "The branch train," he should have argued to himself, "is stopped, and it is stopped because the train which should have left Lynn at six o'clock has not yet arrived; but, under the rules, that train should pass off the branch before the 6.30 train could pass on to it; if, therefore, the "wild" train before me is delayed, not only the 6.30 but all intermediate trains must likewise be delayed, and the accommodation train went out this afternoon after the 6.30 train, so it, too, must be in the block ahead of me; unless, indeed, as is usually the case, the signal-master has got it out of the block under the protection of a flag." This line of reasoning was, perhaps, too intricate; at any rate the engineer did not follow it out, but, when he saw the tail-lights immediately before him disappear on the branch, he concluded that the main line was now clear, and dismissed the depot-master's caution from his mind. Meanwhile, as the engineer of this train was fully persuaded that the only other train in his front had gone off on the branch, the conductor of the accommodation train was equally persuaded that the head-light immediately behind him in the block at the junction had been that of the Portland express, which consequently should be aware of his position. Both were wrong.

Thus when they left Everett the express was fairly chasing the accommodation train, and overtaking it with terrible rapidity. Even then no collision ought to have been possible. Unfortunately, however, the road had no system, even the crudest, of interval sig-

nals; and the utter irregularity prevailing in the train movement seemed to have demoralized the employes along the line, who, though they noticed the extreme proximity of the two trains to each other as they passed various points, all sluggishly took it for granted that those in charge of them were fully aware of their relative positions. Thus, as the two trains approached the Revere station, they were so close together as to be on the same piece of straight track at the same time, and a passenger standing at the rear end of the accommodation train distinctly saw the head-light of the express locomotive. The night, however, was not a clear one, for the east wind had prevailed all day, driving a mist in from the sea which lay in banks over the marshes, lifting at times so that distant objects were quite visible, and then obscuring them in its heavy folds. Consequently it did not at all follow, because the powerful reflecting head-light of the locomotive was visible from the accommodation train, that the dim tail-lights of the latter were also visible to those on the locomotive. Here was another mischance. The tail-lights in use by the company were ordinary red lanterns without reflecting power.

The station-house at Revere stood at the end of a tangent, the track curving directly before it. In any ordinary weather the tail-lights of a train standing at this station would have been visible for a very considerable distance down the track in the direction of Boston, and even on the night of the accident they were probably visible for a sufficient distance in which to stop any train approaching at a reasonable rate of speed. Unfortunately, the engineer of the Portland express did not at once see them, his attention being wholly absorbed in looking for other signals. Certain freight tracks to points on the shore diverged from the main line at Revere, and the engineers of all trains approaching that place were notified by signals at a masthead close to the station whether the switches were set for the main line or for these freight tracks. A red lantern at the masthead indicated that the

main line was closed; in the absence of any signal it was open. In looking for this signal as he approached Revere the engineer of the Portland express was simply attending closely to his business, for, had the red light been at the masthead, his train must at once have been stopped. Unfortunately, however, while peering through the mist at the masthead he overlooked what was directly before him, until, when at last he brought his eyes down to the level, to use his own words at the subsequent inquest, "the tail-lights of the accommodation train seemed to spring right up in his face."

When those in charge of the two trains at almost the same moment became aware of the danger, there was yet an interval of some eight hundred feet between them. The express train was, however, moving at a speed of some twenty-five or thirty miles an hour, and was equipped only with the old-fashioned hand-brake. In response to the sharply given signal from the whistle these were rapidly set, but the rails were damp and slippery, so that the wheels failed to catch upon them, and when everything was done which could be done, the eight hundred feet of interval sufficed only to reduce the speed of the colliding locomotive to about ten miles an hour.

In the rear car of the accommodation train there were at the moment of the accident some sixty-five or seventy human beings, seated and standing. They were of both sexes and of all ages; for it was a Saturday evening in August, and many persons had, through the confusion of the trains, been long delayed in their return from the city to their homes at the sea-side. The first intimation the passengers had of the danger impending over them was from the sudden and lurid illumination of the car by the glare from the head-light of the approaching locomotive. One of them, who survived the disaster though grievously injured, described how he was carelessly watching a young man standing in the aisle, laughing and gayly chatting with four young girls who were seated, when he saw him turn and

instantly his face in the sudden blaze of the head-light assumed a look of frozen horror which was the single thing in the accident indelibly impressed on the survivor's memory; that look haunted him. The car was crowded to its full capacity, and the colliding locomotive struck it with such force as to bury itself two thirds of its length in it. At the instant of the crash a panic had seized upon the passengers, and a sort of rush had taken place to the forward end of the car, into which furniture, fixtures, and human beings were crushed in a shapeless, indistinguishable mass. Meanwhile the blow had swept away the smoke-stack of the locomotive, and its forward truck had been forced back in some unaccountable way until it rested between its driving wheels and the tender, leaving the entire boiler inside of the passenger car and supported on its rear truck. The valves had been so broken as to admit of the free escape of the scalding steam, while the coals from the fire-box were scattered among the *débris*, and coming in contact with the fluid from the broken car lamps kindled the whole into a rapid blaze. Neither was the fire confined to the last car of the train. It has been mentioned that in the block at Everett a locomotive returning to Salem had found itself stopped just in advance of the accommodation train. At the suggestion of the engineer of that train this locomotive had there coupled on to it, and consequently made a part of it at Revere. When the collision took place, therefore, the four cars of which the accommodation train was made up were crushed between the weight of the entire colliding train on one side and that of two locomotives on the other. That they were not wholly demolished was due simply to the fact that the last car yielded to the blow and permitted the locomotive of the express train fairly to imbed itself in it. As it was, the remaining cars were jammed and shattered, and, though the passengers in them escaped, the oil from the broken lamps ignited, and before the flames could be extinguished the cars were entirely destroyed.

This accident resulted in the death of twenty-nine persons, and in more or less severe injuries to fifty-seven others. No person not in the last car of the accommodation train was killed, and one only was seriously injured. Of those in the last car more than half lost their lives; many instantly by crushing, others by inhaling the scalding steam which poured forth from the locomotive boiler into the wreck, and which, where it did not kill, inflicted frightful injuries. Indeed, for the severity of injuries and for the protractedness of agony involved in it, this accident has rarely, if ever, been exceeded. Crushing, scalding, and burning did their work together.

It may with perfect truth be said that the disaster at Revere marked an epoch in the history of railroad development in New England. At the moment it called forth the deepest expression of horror and indignation, which, as usual in such cases, was more noticeable for its force than for its wisdom. An utter absence of all spirit of justice is, indeed, a usual characteristic of the more immediate utterances both from the press and on the platform, upon occasions of this character. Writers and orators seem always to forget that, next to the immediate sufferers and their families, the unfortunate officials concerned are the greatest losers by railroad accidents. For them, not only reputation but bread is involved. A railroad employé in any way implicated in the occurrence of an accident from that moment lives under a stigma. And yet, from the tenor of public comment it might fairly be supposed that they plotted to bring disasters about, and took a fiendish delight in them. Nowhere was this ever illustrated more perfectly than in Massachusetts during the last days of August and the early days of September, 1871. Grave men — men who ought to have known better — indulged in language which would have been simply ludicrous save for the horror of the event which occasioned but could not justify it. A public meeting, for instance, was held at the town of Swampscott on the evening of the Monday succeeding the

catastrophe. The gentleman who presided over it very discreetly, in his preliminary remarks, urged those who proposed to join in the discussion to control their feelings. Hardly had he ceased speaking, however, when Mr. Wendell Phillips was noticed among the audience, and immediately called to the platform. His remarks were a most singular commentary on the chairman's injunction to calmness. He began by announcing that the first requisite to the formation of a healthy public opinion in regard to railroad accidents, as other things, was absolute frankness of speech, and he then proceeded as follows: "So I begin by saying that to my mind the last terrible disaster, which has made the last thirty-six hours so sad to us all, is a deliberate murder. I think we should try to get rid in the public mind of any real distinction between the individual who, in a moment of passion or in a moment of heedlessness, takes the life of one fellow-man, and the corporation that in a moment of greed, of little trouble, of little expense, of little care, of little diligence, takes lives by wholesale. I think the first requisite of the public mind is to say that there is no accident in the case, properly speaking. It is a murder; the guilt of murder rests somewhere." Mr. Phillips's definition of the crime of "deliberate murder" would apparently somewhat unsettle the criminal law as at present understood, but he was not at all alone in this bathos of extravagance. Prominent gentlemen seemed to vie with each other in their display of ignorance. Mr. B. F. Butler, for instance, suggested his view of the disaster and the measure best calculated to prevent a repetition of it, which last was certainly original, inasmuch as he urged the immediate raising of the pay of all engine-men until a sufficiently high order of ability and education should be brought into the occupation to render impossible the recurrence of an accident which was primarily caused by the negligence, not of an engineer, but of a conductor. Another gentleman described with much feeling his observations during a recent

tour in Europe, and declared that such a catastrophe as that at Revere would have been impossible there. As a matter of fact the official reports not only showed that the accident was one of a class of most frequent occurrence, but also that sixty-one cases of it had occurred in Great Britain alone during the very year the gentleman in question was journeying in Europe, and had occasioned over six hundred cases of death or personal injury. Perhaps, in order to illustrate how very reckless in statement a responsible gentleman talking under excitement may become, it is worth while to quote in his own language Captain Tyler's brief description of one of those sixty-one accidents which "could not possibly" but yet did occur. As miscellaneous reading it is amusing. "As four London & North-Western excursion trains on September 2, 1870, were returning from a volunteer review at Penrith, the fourth came into collision at Penriddock with the third of those trains. An hundred and ten passengers and three servants of the company were injured. These trains were partly in charge of acting guards, some of whom were entirely inexperienced, as well in the line as in their duties; and of engine-drivers and firemen, of whom one, at all events, was very much the worse for liquor. The side-lamps on the hind van of the third train were obscured by a horse-box, which was wider than the van. There were no special means of protection to meet the exceptional contingency of three such trains all stopping on their way from the eastward, to cross two others from the westward, at this station. And the regulations for telegraphing the trains were altogether neglected."

The annals of railroad accidents are indeed full of cases of "rear-end collision," as it is termed. Their frequency may almost be accepted as a very accurate gauge of the pressure of traffic on any given system of lines, and because of them the companies are continually compelled to adopt new and more intricate systems of operation. At first, on almost all roads, trains follow

each other at such great intervals that no precautions at all, other than flags and lanterns, are found necessary. Then comes a succeeding period when an interval of time between following trains is provided for, through a system of signals which at given points indicate danger during a certain number of minutes after the passage of every train. Then, presently, the alarming frequency of rear collisions demonstrates the inadequacy of this system, and a new one has to be devised, which, through the aid of electricity, secures between trains an interval of space as well as of time. This last is known as the "block-system," of which so much has of late years been heard. Its essential principle lies in the division of the road into segments or blocks, through the establishment of telegraphic stations at such intervals as may be deemed necessary, varying from a few hundred yards to several miles; and no train is permitted to pass one of these stations until a preceding train has been signaled back as having passed the next station farther on; that is, no two locomotives are allowed to be on one segment of the road at the same time. Yet rear-end collisions occur notwithstanding all the precautions implied in a thoroughly perfected "block-system." There was such a case on the Metropolitan road, in the very heart of London, on the 29th of August, 1873. It happened in a tunnel. A train was stalled there, and an unfortunate signal officer in a moment of flurry gave "line clear" and sent another train directly into it.

A much more impressive disaster, both in its dramatic features and as illustrating the inadequacy of every precaution depending on human agency to avert accident under certain conditions, was afforded in the case of a collision which occurred on the London & Brighton Railway upon the 25th of August, 1861; ten years almost to a day before that at Revere. Like the Eastern Railroad, the London & Brighton enjoyed an enormous passenger traffic, which became peculiarly heavy during the vacation season, towards the close of August;

and it was to the presence of the excursion trains made necessary to accommodate this traffic that the catastrophes were in both cases due. In the case of the London & Brighton road it occurred on a Sunday. An excursion train from Portsmouth on that day was to leave Brighton at five minutes after eight A. M., and was to be followed by a regular Sunday excursion train at 8.15 or ten minutes later, and that again, after the lapse of a quarter of an hour, by a regular parliamentary train at 8.30. These trains were certainly timed to run sufficiently near to each other; but, owing to the existing pressure of traffic on the line, they started almost simultaneously. The Portsmouth excursion, which consisted of sixteen carriages, was much behind its time, and did not leave the Brighton station until 8.28; when, after a lapse of three minutes, it was followed by the regular excursion train at 8.31, and that again by the parliamentary train at 8.35. Three passenger trains had thus left the station on one track in seven minutes! The London & Brighton Railway traverses the chalky downs for which that portion of England is noted, through numerous tunnels, the first of which after leaving Brighton is known as the Patcham Tunnel, about five hundred yards in length, while two and a half miles farther on is the Croydon Tunnel, rather more than a mile and a quarter in length. The line between these tunnels was so crooked and obscured that the managers had adopted extraordinary precautions against accident. At each end of the Croydon Tunnel a signal-man was stationed, with a telegraphic apparatus, a clock, and a telegraph bell in his station. The rule was absolute that when any train entered the tunnel the signal-man at the point of entry was to telegraph "train in," and no other train could follow until the return signal of "train out" came from the other side. In face of such a regulation it was difficult to see how any collision in the tunnel was possible. When the Portsmouth excursion train arrived, it at once entered the tunnel and the fact was properly signaled to

the opposite outlet. Before the return signal that this train was out was received, the regular excursion train came in sight. It should have been stopped by a self-acting signal which was placed about a quarter of a mile from the mouth of the tunnel, and which each passing locomotive set at "danger," where it remained until shifted to "safety" by the signal-man, on receipt of the message, "train out." Through some unexplained cause, the Portsmouth excursion train had failed to act on this signal, which consequently still indicated safety when the Brighton excursion train came up. Accordingly the engine driver at once passed it, and went on to the tunnel. As he did so, the signal-man, perceiving some mistake and knowing that he had not yet got his return signal that the preceding train was out, tried to stop him by waving his red flag. It was too late, however, and the train passed in. A moment later the parliamentary train also came in sight, and stopped at the signal of danger. Now ensued a most singular misapprehension between the signal-men, resulting in a terrible disaster. The second train had run into the tunnel and was supposed by the signal-man to be on its way to the other end of it, when he received the return message that the first train was out. To this he instantly responded by again telegraphing "train in," referring now to the second train. This dispatch the signal man at the opposite end conceived to be a repetition of the message referring to the first train, and he accordingly again replied that the train was out. This reply, however, the other operator mistook as referring to the second train, and accordingly he signaled "safety," and the third train at once got under way and passed into the tunnel. Unfortunately the engineer of the second train had seen the red flag waved by the signal man, and, in obedience to it, stopped his locomotive as soon as possible in the tunnel and began to back out of it. In doing so, he drove his train into the locomotive of the third train advancing into it. The tunnel was twenty-

four feet in height. The engine of the parliamentary train struck the rear carriage of the excursion train, and mounted upon its fragments and then on those of the carriage in front of it, until its smoke-stack came in contact with the roof of the tunnel. It rested finally in a nearly upright position. The collision had taken place so far within the tunnel as to be beyond the reach of daylight, and the wreck of the trains had quite blocked up the arch, while the steam and smoke from the engines poured forth with loud sound and in heavy volumes, filling the empty space with stifling and scalding vapors. When at last assistance came, and the trains could be separated, twenty-three corpses were taken from the ruins, while one hundred and seventy-six other persons had sustained more or less severe injuries.

A not less extraordinary accident of the same description, unaccompanied, however, by an equal loss of life, occurred on the Great Northern Railway upon the 10th of June, 1866. In this case the tube of the locomotive of a freight train burst at about the centre of the Welwyn Tunnel, some five miles north of Hatfield, bringing the train to a stand-still. The guard in charge of the rear of the train failed from some cause to go back and give the signal for an obstruction, and speedily another freight train from the Midland road entered and dashed into the rear of the train already there. Apparently those in charge of these two trains were in such consternation that they did not think to provide against a further disaster; at any rate, before measures to that end had been taken, an additional freight train, this time belonging to the Great Northern road, came up and plowed into the ruins which already blocked the tunnel. One of the trains had contained wagons laden with casks of oil, which speedily became ignited from contact with the coals scattered from the fire-boxes, and there then ensued one of the most extraordinary spectacles ever witnessed on a railroad. The tunnel was filled to the summit of its arch and completely blocked with ruins. These had ignited,

and the whole cavity, more than half a mile in length, was converted into one huge furnace, belching forth smoke and flame with a loud roaring sound through its several air shafts. So fierce was the fire that no attempt was made to subdue it, and eighteen hours elapsed before any steps could be taken towards clearing the track. Strange to say, in this disaster the lives of but two persons were lost.

Rear-end collisions have been less frequent in this country than in England, for the simple reason that the volume of traffic has pressed less heavily on the capacity of the lines. Yet here, also, they have been by no means unknown. In 1865 two occurred, both of which were accompanied with a considerable loss of life; though, coming as they did during the exciting scenes which marked the close of the war of the Rebellion, they attracted much less public notice than they otherwise would. The first of these took place in New Jersey on the 7th of March, 1865, just three days after the second inauguration of President Lincoln. As the express train from Washington to New York over the Camden & Amboy road was passing through Bristol, about thirty miles from Philadelphia, at half-past two o'clock in the morning, it dashed into the rear of the twelve o'clock, or "owl train," from Kensington to New York, which had been delayed by meeting an oil train on the track before it. The case appears to have been one of very culpable negligence, for though the owl train was some two hours late, those in charge of it seem to have been so deeply engrossed in what was going on before them that they wholly neglected to guard their rear. The express train accordingly, approaching round a curve, plunged at a high rate of speed into the last car, shattering it to pieces; the engine is even said to have passed completely through the car and to have imbedded itself in the preceding car. It so happened that most of the sufferers by this accident, numbering about fifty, were soldiers on their way home from the army upon furlough. The second of these two disasters oc-

curred on the 16th of August, 1865, upon the Housatonic road, in the State of Connecticut. A new engine was out upon an experimental trip, and in rounding a curve it ran into the rear of a passenger train, which, having encountered a disabled freight train, had coupled on to it and was then backing down with it to a siding in order to get by it. In this case the impetus was so great that the colliding locomotive utterly destroyed the rear car of the passenger train and penetrated some distance into the car next to the last one, where its boiler burst. Fortunately the train was by no means full of passengers; but, even as it was, eleven persons were killed and some seventeen badly injured.

The great peculiarity of the Revere accident, and that which gave a permanent interest to it, lay in the revelation it afforded of the degree in which a system had outgrown its appliances. At every point a deficiency was apparent. The railroads of New England had long been living on their early reputation, and now, when a sudden test was applied, it was found that they were years behind the time. In August, 1871, the Eastern Railroad was run as if it were a line of stage-coaches in the days before the telegraph. Not in one point alone, but in everything, it broke down under the test. The disaster was due not to any single cause but to a combination of causes, running down from the highest official to the meanest subordinate. In the first place the capacity of the road was taxed to the utmost; it was vital, almost, that every wheel should be kept in motion. Yet, under that very exigency, the wheels stopped almost as a matter of necessity. How could it be otherwise? Here was a crowded line, more than half of which was equipped with but a single track, and placing no reliance upon the telegraph. With trains running out of their schedule time and out of their schedule place, engineers and conductors were left to grope their way along as best they could in the light of rules the essence of which was that when in doubt they were to stand stock still. Then, in the absence of the tele-

graph, a block occurred almost at the mouth of the central station; and there the trains stood for hours in stupid obedience to a stupid rule, because the one man who, with a simple regard to the dictates of common sense, was habitually accustomed to violate it happened to be sick. Trains commonly left a station out of time and out of place; and the engineer of an express train was sent out to run a gauntlet the whole length of the road with a simple verbal injunction to look out for some one before him. Then, at last, when this express train through all this chaos got to chasing an accommodation train much as a hound might course a hare, there was not a pretense of a signal to indicate the time which had elapsed between the passage of the two, and employes, lanterns in hand, gaped on in bewilderment at the awful race, concluding that they could not at any rate do anything to help matters, but on the whole they were inclined to think that those most immediately concerned must know what they were about. Finally, even when the disaster was imminent, when deficiency in organization and discipline had done its worst, its consequences might yet have been averted through the use of better appliances; had the one train been equipped with the Westinghouse brake, already largely in use in other sections of the country, it might and would have been stopped; or had the other train been provided with reflecting tail-lights in place of the dim hand-lanterns which glimmered on its rear platform, it could hardly have failed to make its proximity known. Any one of a dozen things, every one of which should have been but was not, ought to have averted the disaster. Obviously its immediate cause was not far to seek. It lay in the carelessness of a conductor who failed to consult his watch, and never knew until the crash came that he was leisurely moving along on the time of another. Nevertheless, what can be said in extenuation of a system under which at this late day a railroad is operated on the principle that each employé under all circumstances can and will take care of himself and of those

whose lives and limbs are entrusted to his care?

There is, however, another and far more attractive side to the picture. The lives sacrificed at Revere were not lost in vain. Four complete railroad years have now passed by since that catastrophe occurred, and during that time not less than one hundred and thirty millions of persons have been carried by rail within the limits of Massachusetts. Of this vast number the life of not a single one has been lost through causes for which any railroad company was responsible. This certainly is a record of which any community might well be proud; and it is due more than anything else to the great disaster of August 26, 1871. More than once, and on more than one road, have accidents occurred which, but for the improved appliances introduced in consequence of the experience at Revere, could hardly have failed of fatal results. Not that these appliances were in all cases very cheerfully or very eagerly accepted. Neither the Miller platform nor the Westinghouse brake won its way into general use unchallenged. Indeed, the earnestness and even the indignation with which presidents and superintendents then protested that their car construction was better and stronger than Miller's; that their antiquated hand-brakes were the most improved brakes, better, much better, than the Westinghouse; that their crude old semaphores and targets afforded a protection to trains which no block-system would ever equal, — all this certainly was comical enough, even in the very shadow of the great tragedy. Men of a certain type always have protested and will always continue to protest that they have nothing to learn; yet, under the heavy burden of responsibility, learn they still do. They dare not but learn. On this point the figures of the annual returns speak volumes. At the time of the Revere disaster, with one single honorable exception, — that of the Boston & Providence road, — both the atmospheric train-brake and the Miller platform, the two greatest modern improvements in car construction, were practically

unrecognized on the railroads of Massachusetts. That was four years ago, in September, 1871. Even a year later, but ninety-three locomotives and four hundred and fifteen cars had been equipped even with the train-brake. In September, 1873, the number had, however, risen to one hundred and ninety-four locomotives and seven hundred and nine cars; and another twelve months carried these numbers up to three hundred and thirteen locomotives and nine hundred

and ninety-seven cars. The adoption of the Miller platform and of systems of signals to secure intervals between trains was not less rapid. So the world advances through the lessons of bitter experience; but to-day not a human being is carried on a Massachusetts railroad who does not enjoy an appreciably greater immunity from danger for which he is wholly indebted to those who died or suffered in the terrible experience at Revere in August, 1871.

Charles Francis Adams, Jr.

A FAMILIAR LETTER.

(TO SEVERAL CORRESPONDENTS.)

YES, write, if you want to, there's nothing like trying;
Who knows what a treasure your casket may hold?
I'll show you that rhyming's as easy as lying
If you'll listen to me while the art I unfold.

Here's a book full of words; one can choose as he fancies,
As a painter his tint, as a workman his tool;
Just think! all the poems and plays and romances
Were drawn out of this, like the fish from a pool!

You can wander at will through its syllabled mazes,
And take all you want,—not a copper they cost,—
What is there to hinder your picking out phrases
For an epic as clever as *Paradise Lost*?

Don't mind if the index of sense is at zero,
Use words that run smoothly, whatever they mean;
Leander and Lillian and Lillibullero
Are much the same thing in the rhyming machine.

There are words so delicious their sweetness will smother
That boarding-school flavor of which we're afraid,—
There is "lush" is a good one, and "swirl" is another, —
Put both in one stanza, its fortune is made.

With musical murmurs and rhythmical closes
You can cheat us of smiles when you've nothing to tell;
You hand us a nosegay of milliner's roses
And we cry with delight, "Oh, how sweet they *do* smell!"

Perhaps you will answer all needful conditions
For winning the laurel to which you aspire

By docking the tails of the two prepositions
I' the style o' the bards you so greatly admire.

As for subjects of verse, they are only too plenty
For ringing the changes on metrical chimes,
A maiden, a moonbeam, a lover of twenty
Have filled that great basket with bushels of rhymes.

Let me show you a picture — 't is far from irrelevant —
By a famous old hand in the arts of design;
'T is only a photographed sketch of an elephant, —
The name of the draughtsman was Rembrandt of Rhine.

How easy! no troublesome colors to lay on,
It can't have fatigued him, — no, not in the least, —
A dash here and there with a hap-hazard crayon,
And there stands the wrinkled-skinned, baggy-limbed beast.

Just so with your verse — 'tis as easy as sketching, —
You can reel off a song without knitting your brow,
As lightly as Rembrandt a drawing or etching;
It is nothing at all, if you only know how.

Well; imagine you've printed your volume of verses;
Your forehead is wreathed with the garland of fame,
Your poems the eloquent school-boy rehearses,
Her album the school-girl presents for your name;

Each morning the post brings you autograph letters;
You'll answer them promptly — an hour is n't much;
For the honor of sharing a page with your betters,
With magistrates, members of Congress, and such.

Of course you're delighted to serve the committees
That come with requests from the country all round
You would grace the occasion with poems and ditties
When they've got a new school-house, or poor-house, or pound.

With a hymn for the saints and a song for the sinners,
You go and are welcome wherever you please;
You're a privileged guest at all manner of dinners,
You've a seat on the platform among the grandees.

At length your mere presence becomes a sensation,
Your cup of enjoyment is filled to its brim
With the pleasure Horatian of digit-monstration,
As the whisper runs round of "That 's he!" or "That 's him!"

But remember, O dealer in phrases sonorous,
So daintily chosen, so tunefully matched,
Though you soar with the wings of the cherubim o'er us,
The *ovum* was human from which you were hatched.

No will of your own with its puny compulsion
 Can summon the spirit that quickens the lyre;
 It comes, if at all, like the Sibyl's convulsion,
 And touches the brain with a finger of fire.

So, perhaps, after all, it's as well to be quiet,
 If you've nothing you think is worth saying in prose,
 As to furnish a meal of their cannibal diet
 To the critics, by publishing, as you propose.

But it's all of no use, and I'm sorry I've written, —
 I shall see your thin volume some day on my shelf;
 For the rhyming tarantula surely has bitten,
 And music must cure you, so pipe it yourself.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

FOUR NEW BOOKS OF POETRY.

THE business of a first book of verse is to prove the author's right to be considered as a poet, the presumption that a new author is not a poet being so strong that, unless there are some very striking qualities in his work, the question is not even mooted, infinitely far less settled in his favor by it. The proof is usually to come afterwards, often very long afterwards. In the mean time, it is the critic's care not to be indulgent, but to be patient, and if possible — it is a good deal — to be modest. The more fully Mr. Gilder's critic realizes this obligation, the less decidedly will he write about him;¹ but it is amusing to think what short work the average Anglo-Saxon critic would once have made of his book; how, with his mouth half-full of thistle, he would have stamped upon all this pretty garden ground of sentiment, and beaten its leaf and blossom into the earth; how he would have brayed out his disdain of this suffusive sweetness, which one hardly knows whether to call a flavor or a perfume, this delicacy which is so bold, this incoherence which waits

as confidently upon the hearer's close attention and intimate sympathy as childhood in its lisps. In decent places, the author has no longer this dull and cruel brute — so long the shame and terror of literature — to dread; but he has much to lose by critical hurry, indifference, and impatience.

To tell the truth, Mr. Gilder does ask a great deal. He asks no less, apparently, than that we shall put ourselves into the mood, the mental frame, of a contemporary reader of the *Vita Nuova* and the mystical early Italian canzonaries and sonnetceers. He believes that there is perpetually in the human heart a response to such allegoried expression of passion as his songs and sonnets; that there is something to be enjoyed in poetry which is as independent of intellectual definition as color is of form in a painting. So there is, we think, but not in the degree that he believes. After bringing to his book the willingest mind in the world, and listening to it all with a sense not strange or alien to the faintest, least articulate whisperings of poetic revery, we must still blame him for obscurity, for leaving his reader aching for meanings that he only seems to have

¹ *The New Day: A Poem in Songs and Sonnets.* By RICHARD WATSON GILDER. New York: Scribner Armstrong, & Co. 1875.

caught, for even triviality or a culpable insensibility to the difference between the important and the unimportant. Something more serious still might be urged against him, namely, that once or twice he gives to his feeling an over-athletic, almost carnal imagery, as in the sonnets called *The Riddle of Lovers*, and *The Dark Room*. This is the more regrettable because one is always sure of the absolute purity of the poet's thought and intent.

Some things make us think that Mr. Gilder may have learnt to like the Italian poets, whose influence he shows, through a certain modern English school; but he has avoided the excesses of that school. Here and there is a charming gesture or attitude pictured in his verse, and now and then a bit of landscape; but it is a great comfort to find that he writes from an inkstand with a pen, and not from a palette with a brush. Here, for instance, is a very beautiful little poem, which is also a fortunate illustration of our meaning:—

THE RIVER.

I know thou art not that brown mountain-side,
Nor the pale mist that lies along the hills
And with white joy the deepening valley fills;
Nor yet the solemn river moving wide
Into that valley, where the hills abide,
But whence too soon the joy, on noiseless wheels,
Shall lingering lift, and, as the moonlight steals
From out the heavens, so into the heavens shall
glide.
I know thou art not that gray rock that looms
Above the water, fringed with scarlet vine;
Nor flame of burning meadow; nor the sedge
That sways and trembles at the river's edge.
But through all these, dear heart, to me there
comes
Some melancholy absent look of thine.

This is, on the whole, the most pleasing and perfect of the love-poems; it is very lovely, tender, true, and enriched with that sort of surprise which is now the costliest and rarest thing in the literature of sentiment.

When we said it was the most satisfactory of the love-poems, we were thinking of two other poems in the book that seemed to us vastly better than all, except this; we mean *The Sower*, and *There is Nothing New under the Sun*, which are remarkably impressive for their clearness, strength, and fervency.

Especially is it comfortable, after groping from allegory to allegory, and guessing this hard saying and that, to come on the last-named poem, which is cried into you, as it were, with a mighty directness and distinctness, in words that could not have been more forcibly ordered. All the more is it a pity that the poet had to say—

"My cheek, shame-litten, burned,"

the *litten* being a literary affectation whose limpness is intolerable just where it is.

The last line of the sonnet, I count my Times by Times that I meet thee, is one of those uncommonly good verses you come upon in poems of Mr. Gilder's that you do not otherwise care much for. He says to his love,—

"Thou art my heaven and thou art my hell;

Thou art my ever-living judgment day,"

which gives, better than any other line we know, the lover's sense of being arraigned by the divine purity of his own passion. The whole book is indeed for lovers; they will read it by the purple light which its interpretation demands, and never, we dare say, find its passionate repetitions of love, love, love, at all cloying or monotonous, as those not similarly preoccupied may. They will also see the elusive relations of the parts to each other, and will trace out in the book that form of poetic unity which we fear must remain for most people the statue in the marble block.

Mr. Lathrop's¹ poetic world is much nearer our planet than that in which Mr. Gilder has his being, but there need be no further comparison between two books of verse which may alike refresh us with their promise. The former is certainly best where he is most objective. His more introspective studies, however finely wrought, and expressed with whatever delicate clearness, do not escape an effect of being set about, deliberated, intended; though perhaps this effect is inseparable from that whole order of poetry. A man is often interesting to himself in proportion as he is unlike other men; he is always inter-

¹ *Rose and Roof-Tree*. Poems by GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1875

esting to other men in proportion as he is like them; and the poet moves us most when we find ourselves in him; then he consoles and charms. But when he isolates himself in some obscure experience, or indivisible fancy, or inalienable emotion, as the subjective poet is apt to do, he aggrieves his race, and it hardens its heart against him justly. It is a tendency that the young poet especially must guard; the older singer, who becomes in his life-time historically interesting, may less dangerously indulge it. Mr. Lathrop has felt something like this truth in the close of what we think on the whole his most beautiful poem, *Fairhaven Bay*. He stands by the ruin of an old farm-house, where "the ignorant, elastic sod" has forgotten the vanished dwellers, where even the fallen hearthstone has forgotten them, and thinks, —

"Wide heaven, with such an ease
Dost thou, too, lose the thought of these?"

"Yet I, although I know not who
Lived here, in years that voiceless grew
Ere I was born, — and never can, —
Am moved, because I am a man."

"Oh glorious gift of brotherhood!
Oh sweet elixir in the blood,
That makes us live with those long dead,
Or hope for those that shall be bred"

"Hereafter! No regret can rob
My heart of this delicious throb;
No thought of fortunes haply wrecked,
Nor pang for nature's wild neglect."

"And, though the hearth be cracked and cold,
Though ruin all the place enfold,
'These ashes that have lost their name
Shall warm my life with lasting flame!'"

The sympathy confessed here with so fine and sweet an accent is what gives its peculiarly tender charm to the longest poem in the book. Mr. Tennyson has made it difficult and even perilous to write any rustic story in blank verse, nowadays, so ready are our senses to catch his cadences in every minor strain. But we think Mr. Lathrop has faced his danger with due sense, and has made a poem which, though it cannot well escape the censure of being written since *Dora* and *Enoch Arden*, is very safely and fully his own. Indeed, a notable thing about all his poetic attitudes is how very

little they are studied from those of other poets. In *The Silent Tide* he has imagined a touching story with American circumstance and character sufficiently discriminated, and he tells it with delicacy, courage, and simplicity. So far as we know, it is the first successful attempt to treat the common facts of our rural life in the higher poetic manner, and it is in a field from which a rich harvest may be won. We could wish at times, we own, a firmer clutch upon the manners studied and a little more sharpness in the outlines of the situations, but we are not sure, after all, that it would not lose an indefinite charm by this rigor. Where some finer instinct than mere allegiance to the facts of every-day life is requisite the poet is passionately firm and strong, as in this good passage describing the sailor's meeting after many years with the woman whose marriage to his brother had driven him away: —

"Thus he came
Before the kitchen window, where he saw
A gray-haired woman bent o'er needle-work
In gathering twilight. And without a voice,
Rooted, he stood. He stirred not, but his glance
Burned through the pane; uneasily she turned,
And seeing that shaggy stranger standing there
Expectant, shook her head, as though to warn
Some chance, wayfaring beggar. He, though, stood
And looked at her immovably. Then, quick
The sash upthrowing, she made as if to speak
Harshly; but still he held his quiet eyes
Upon her. Now she paused; her throat throbbled
full;

Her lips paled suddenly, her wan face flamed,
A fertile stir of memory strove to work
Renewal in those features wintry cold.
And so she hung, while Jerry by a step
Drawn nearer, coming just beneath her, said,
'Grace!' And she murmured, 'Jerry!' Then
she bent

Over him, clasping his great matted head
With those worn arms, all joyless; and the tears
Fell hot upon his forehead from her eyes."

There are several matters in the poem extremely well managed, as the encounter of Grace's son with Jerry when the boy is running away from home in his turn; and the miserable strife of the home from which he fled was a thing taking courage to do at all, and unusual skill to do well.

We like all parts of the poem *Helen at the Loom*. It is done with a solid and simple grace which is proper to the theme, and throughout is that sense of classic beauty which in the opening lines

appeals to the reader like a glimpse of an antique frieze:—

"Helen, in her silent room,
Weaves upon the upright loom,
Weaves a mantle rich and dark,
Purpled over-deep. But mark
How she scatters o'er the wool
Woven shapes, till it is full
Of men that struggle close, complex;
Short-clipped steeds with wrinkled necks
Arching high; spear, shield, and all
The panoply that doth recall
Mighty war."

Here, as elsewhere in Mr. Lathrop's poems (and perhaps even more in Mr. Gilder's), the reader has satisfaction in the beauty of the just-right words which the verse is built with,—not encrusted, as sometimes happens with poetry which at first gives an impression of greater richness.

We purposely pass by the pieces of Mr. Lathrop's that seem to wear a perfunctory air, because we may be mistaken about them, and because we do not know what to say of them more than that we wish them away. They probably make their last appearance here, and they do not affect his real quality, which appears in such a subtly lovely poem as *The Singing Wire*, and in such proofs of a penetrating sympathy with the moods of Nature as *An April Aria*, and *A Rune of the Rain*. The last seems to us so close a study of the subject as to be almost uniquely good; at least, no poet's nerves ever thrilled with a keener sense or more vivid intelligence than his who here reports the passion, the career, the quick pauses, the renewal, the slow passing and final vanishing of a spring tempest.

It is curious to note in Mr. Taylor's new book¹ the different sort of spirit in which an elder poet, who perhaps loves Nature as well, observes and listens to her: it is with a sort of sad impatience; he is as fond of those familiar aspects as ever; he paints them with an affectionate touch, but in themselves they no longer suffice as they once did; they cannot console, though they can still vaguely torment with their beauty. They set him thinking, longing, almost repining,

and through the poet's strain runs the experienced discontent of the traveler who has seen the ancient homes of art and the haunts of the fair old superstitions, the records of a moral freedom that permitted more joy to life, and who comes back to his native fields to find them echoless and irresponsive. There is probably, indeed, no well-ordered Pennsylvania neighborhood in which Pan and his leaf-fringed followers of either sex would not be taken up for the worst sort of tramps; and we suspect that the friend of the beautiful will never find in our Sabbath-keeping civilization any toleration for beauty that has not been formally baptized, taught in the Sunday-schools, and bound in wedlock by the minister or the justice of the peace to whatever art will be content to love her in a high-necked dress. Let us also bless Heaven that it is so; for after all it is not picturesqueness that is next to godliness. To tell the truth, we do not value the speculations in the poems *May*, *August*, and *November*, so much as the real poetic soul in them: the recognition of the loveliness and quaintness of Nature, and the capricious association or contrast of recollected scenes with the familiar landscape. Yet these speculations have their value, and once in a way it is well to have indulged them. Something of the kind all "cultivated Americans" are now thinking or feeling, or thinking they feel; they are the prey of self-inspection, self-distrust, self-despite, and are all more or less sorry that they were not born noble, or antique, or at least foreign. Mr. Taylor gives the poetico-moral cast of a discontent that is oftener political, not only in these pastorals but in several other pieces of his new volume; it might almost be said to characterize the collection, if the collection were not more deeply characterized by the poet's essential glad-heartedness, good sense, and singularly likable single-mindedness—his sort of German sincerity of soul. There are three Pennsylvania ballads in this book—*The Holly Tree*, *John Reed*, and *The Old Pennsylvania Farmer*—which are marvelously good in their way, the

¹ *Home Pastorals, Ballads and Lyrics*. By BAYARD TAYLOR. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

first showing an unerring observation of the poetic side of country manners and a charming sympathy, and the others a strong dramatic realization of special rustic character. Then how sweet and true is such a poem as *The Two Homes*, and how tender and kind is such a one as *The Sleeper*! Why does he not always write so, one wonders; and wonders again whether the secret of this poet's failure to make, with all his skill, his industry, his good performance, his high conception of his office, any sufficiently distinct poetic impression may not be due to an ambition more various than his real impulses. We have no man of letters whose purposes and whose achievements are more honorable. In one of several ways he could be very eminent; but he seems too often betrayed by experiment, and dispersed by a manifold fair success.

In Mr. Taylor's work there is a technical perfection which is wanting in the two younger poets we have mentioned, and is wanting in nearly all our younger poets. Their performance seems infected by that of the Morris-Rossetti school, in this respect; and they are either ignorant of the mechanical structure of verse or indifferent to rules that govern the best. It is not enough to make musical verses; that alone is like playing by ear; the verses must be correct: correctness may be stiff, but there is no true elegance without it; and the poet who ekes out the measure of his line by making two syllables of such words as *heaven*, *even*, *given*, and the like, and three of such as *difference*, *mystery* (except at the end of a verse), may find precedents enough, but not excuse amongst the masters of his art in times since the best usage became law. He will not find it in Tennyson, nor in any but the minor English poets; he will not find it in Lowell, or Holmes, or Longfellow, in all of whom is the support of a solid and flawless workmanship. It is a small virtue; Shakespeare could be Shakespeare without it; but if one cannot be Shakespeare (and the task becomes more difficult every day), it is well to have it.

In the volume which Mr. Longfellow¹ has given us, the artistry becomes a positive delight. You rest upon it, and know in behalf of even your most morbid sensibility that it cannot betray your confidence by the smallest dereliction. Secrets of melody, surprises of harmony, float from the perfect instrument which responds to a touch that now cannot err; you are enriched by the results of care which has become a joy. Men of genius we do not lack and have not lacked, but as yet we have had but one other with patience to be such a perfect artist, — Hawthorne. One may say that this patience is the gift of temperament; but that is only giving greatness another name, not changing the fact.

Hawthorne is Hawthorne almost to the paper and print; and if you take Longfellow even in the attempts which are least responsive to his genius, you cannot read a single passage without knowing his hand and heart. Throughout is that simplicity which is the most satisfying thing in poetry; for when we read poetry, we wish to be spoken with face to face, to be amused, touched, uplifted by something elemental, by a power like that which charms children — the same power matured and, as it were, grown up. Art must be there; but conscious culture, the pride of intellect, can only offer impertinences.

Pleasure unmixed with the alloy of any base gratification, this is what our poet's verse has always given, but in his latest book it is a more pensive pleasure than he has given before. *The Masque of Pandora* is the only poem of the collection not more or less tinged with the vague regrets of accumulating years, which in some of the sonnets take the deeper color of a personal grief. Here is *The Hanging of the Crane*, a poem over which broods the sadness of life, increasing and decreasing; the beautiful *Moriturus Salutamus*, which the poet last year addressed to his old college classmates; several reminiscences of places which his youth knew, and which are now con-

¹ *The Masque of Pandora, and other Poems.* By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

separated by the loss of his youth; and then a book of sonnets, which we fancy will be read oftenest. Three of the sonnets are on friends of his who have joined the greater number, and in these he takes the world at its word, and speaks his sorrow to its sympathetic regard; nothing could be franker or more moving.

"In vain I stretch my hands to clasp their hands;
I cannot find them,"

he laments; and he asks of Felton, —

"Oh what hadst thou to do with cruel Death,
Who wast so full of life, or Death with thee,
That thou shouldst die before thou hadst grown
old?"

of Agassiz,

"When thou hadst read
Nature's mysterious manuscript, and then
Wast ready to reveal the truth it bears,
Why art thou silent? why shouldst thou be
dead?"

And in that supreme sonnet he addresses Sumner, —

"Good night! good night! as we so oft have said
Beneath this roof at midnight, in the days
That are no more, and shall no more return.
Thou hast but taken thy lamp and gone to bed;
I stay a little longer, as one stays
To cover up the embers that still burn."

How beautiful they all are, those sonnets; how wise, how good, how simple! Look at the wording of them: it is of the plain, small pebbles of our Saxon speech that those exquisite mosaics are formed; but the effect, in this sonnet on Chaucer, is of a rich translucence, like that of precious stones.

CHAUCEER.

An old man in a lodge within a park;
The chamber walls depleted all around
With portraiture of huntsman, hawk, and hound,
And the hurt deer. He listeneth to the lark,
Whose song comes with the sunshine through the
dark
Of painted glass in leaden lattice bound;
He listeneth and he laugheth at the sound,
Then writeth in a book like any clerk.
He is the poet of the dawn, who wrote
The Canterbury Tales, and his old age
Made beautiful with song; and as I read
I hear the crowing cock, I hear the note
Of lark and linnet, and from every page
Rise odors of plowed field or flowery mead.

But there is something better still than this delightful art, namely, the fraternal heart to which the sacrifices of humanity have always been so dear and sacred.

A NAMELESS GRAVE.

"A soldier of the Union mustered out,"
Is the inscription on an unknown grave
At Newport News, beside the salt-sea wave,
Nameless and dateless; sentinel or scout
Shot down in skirmish, or disastrous rout
Of battle, when the loud artillery drove
Its iron wedges through the ranks of brave
And doomed battalions, storming the redoubt.
Thou unknown hero sleeping by the sea
In thy forgotten grave! with secret shame
I feel my pulses beat, my forehead burn,
When I remember thou hast given for me
All that thou hadst, thy life, thy very name,
And I can give thee nothing in return.

We have all felt this so often that it has seemed a part of our daily talk; it is so mere an utterance of the best in us that any one might believe himself to have said just these words; the poet has only divined what was in our hearts and on our tongues. But to surprise us with ourselves, this is the great miracle of which only the highest genius holds the secret.

The Masque of Pandora is the old story of our race's disaster, which myth and Scripture are agreed in attributing to the first woman; only here the old story is as fresh as if newly invented. Mr. Longfellow has never done anything more graceful, and if we always find choruses of voices the bearers of mystical messages not important in due proportion to their length, we have in this case the compensation of delicately felt character in the persons of the drama. The austere, inflexible grandeur of Prometheus, the poet-soul of his brother, the fascination of Pandora, even after her calamity - working, are lightly projected upon the fancy, which, in our own case, we find most pleased with the faintly cynical humorousness of Hermes in his relation to the affair.

The Morituri Salutamus must be thought one of the most beautiful things Mr. Longfellow has written, and the key in which it is pitched is that of nearly all the other pieces. A regret which will not lose heart, and forbids itself the vulgar luxury of despair, is the prevailing note, and it wins the reader to perfect accord with its mood. After fifty years the poet confronts those with whom he parted at the threshold of manhood; to those wrinkled brows and

white heads he can only say, "We are old, but let us not be sad; our best is done, but let us still do our best." And what could be mournfuller than this? This is the burden of the *Morituri Salutamur*, which also is a poem perfumed with a delightful spirit of literature distilled from a long and loving acquaintance with books, and filling the soul like the breath of Nature herself. It is all very literary: the gladiators before Cæsar, Dante, Priam, Hector, the learned clerk of the mediæval legend, Cato, Sophocles, Goethe, Chaucer, these are the shapes that come and go upon the imagination, moving, warning, consoling, inciting; for there is this difference between Longfellow's learning and that of others, that it makes you feel constantly the intimate relation of literature and life; it is not a tribunal before which you tremble for your ignorance, not an order with which he decorates himself and humbles you, not the badge of his separation but of his union with you. In those poems of places which he calls *Birds of Passage* it is the same gracious companionship which charms. "You remember Cadenabbia," he seems to say; "you slept at Monte Cassino;

you noticed that old monk at Amalfi?" and he makes us believe him. "Yes, yes," we are well ready to answer, "it was I, I was there; I am there now, for all I never was in Italy save in this verse of yours." Graciousness — that is the word for this book, in all its phases; perhaps it is the best word that one could find for the poet's spirit in all his work.

It is not his contemporaneity that makes one feel this; but how will it be hereafter about that keen pleasure we take in some turn of phrase, some image, some touch, some movement of his, simply because it is like him? Is this a thing that can last? Will his readers of another generation rejoice for our reasons in the pensive optimism of the sonnet called *A Shadow*, or the solemn march of the poem on Charles Sumner, or the figure —

"The great design unfinished lies,
Our lives are incomplete.

But in the dark unknown
Perfect their circles seem,
Even as a bridge's arch of stone
Is rounded in the stream"?

If not, then a joy dies with us, and we are in that degree sorry for the fine fellows to come after us.

W. D. H.

RECENT LITERATURE.

IN *Victorian Poets*¹ Mr. Stedman has essayed to define the reach of English poetry during the period within men's recollection, with the conviction that a distinct phase of literature has been exhibited, and that the latest of England's poets stands at the dividing of the ways between a completed and a beginning era. His method is to examine in succession the work of the poets who are eminent in the period, Landor as subtending almost the whole arc, Hood, Arnold, Procter, the Brownings, Tennyson, Rossetti, Buchanan, Morris, and Swinburne, with more or less extended notice of the crowd of lesser poets who may as distinctly mark the peculiarities of the period, but do not, by the scope of their individual work, serve as representative poets. In each case, where it is possible, he considers the exclusive influences of temperament, education, or circumstance which have helped to determine the poet's work, while he keeps before his mind the larger problems of how far the age has determined the character of the poetry produced in it, and how far the poets' own wills have molded the literature of the period. His references to American poetry are only casual, introduced rather as illustrations of his principal theme than for the sake of carrying over the results of his study from one country to the other.

One hundred and fifty names are entered on his roll of Victorian poets, and by the addition of lists, a copious index, and careful marginal notes which conveniently supply data that would otherwise cumber his pages, he has rendered his volume a serviceable book of reference, especially as regards the minor poets, details concerning whom he has evidently sought with diligence and presented with scholarly exactness. In the multitude of names, dates, and facts, we note only one slight error, and even that may be resolved into a question of terms. He speaks of Browning's *Paracelsus* as his first drama, while the term may perhaps be as properly applied to his anonymous venture *Pauline*, two years earlier. Every one knows how difficult it is to obtain accurate information concerning men and events within one's own time, not for lack of publication, but because publication is so abundant

that it is unavailable except some one take pains to supply indexes. Such a directory to the present English campers-out on Parnassus Mr. Stedman has generously furnished.

But even as regards the lesser poets the book is far from being a mere *catalogue raisonné*. The author undertakes to characterize in turn each poet passed in review, and the impression upon the reader who lays down the book at its close is of a general fairness of dealing and a fluency of diction which enables the author to sketch the separate writers with an almost fatal facility and dexterity. Let any one attempt to dismiss in succession one hundred and fifty writers of the same period, with a few words that shall describe each in a recognizable portrait, and he will quickly find that certain words will recur to his use with alarming frequency. We are filled with a certain kind of admiration for a man who can write so many book-notices, as it were, of so many poets, with a zeal that seems untiring. He reaches the goal quite as fresh as when he started, and his readers pay him the honest compliment of not being very jaded, themselves. We suspect that the author's undisguised interest in his own work has much to do with his hold upon his readers' attention.

The main purpose of the book, however, is not to give a mere disjointed survey of the Victorian poets, but to reach some conclusion as to the note which they have struck and the tone which we may expect the poetry of the succeeding period to take. The results of the author's study are disclosed both incidentally and formally, and may be stated briefly in the propositions that the period has been marked by technical refinement, scholarship, and a tendency to realism; that while the school of poetry under consideration may be characterized as composite, the idyl is its finest achievement and its most noticeable departure from the forms prevalent at the beginning of the period, but that the probabilities are strong for a return or advance to more distinctly dramatic forms; that the immense energy of science has paleed the fire of poetry, but that the result will be in a new adaptation of poetic expression in agreement with accepted truths of science. This summary

¹ *Victorian Poets*. By EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1876.

does not profess to embrace all the points made by Mr. Stedman, for his subject permits him to range over considerable mental territory, since any free discussion of the poetry of a generation involves the discussion of principles that have a wide bearing.

Criticism of criticism is obviously a somewhat unprofitable task, and it would be idle to follow Mr. Stedman down the several paths which he has chosen to tread; indeed, one who did it would have a lurking sense of justice requiring for his satisfaction that his own steps should be dogged. "What! follow a man who is following a man!" It is fair to ask, however, taking the book as a whole, whether criticism of the broadest kind has been applied, or whether the judgments are simply the average opinions of a well-read and thoughtful student; for the avowed purpose of the book to render a historical view of the period as regards poetry, with special reference to the poetic art, justifies us in inquiring if it has accomplished its purpose. As a book of literary criticism we think it has, and that largely because the material under judgment presents no very formidable question for solution, and because Mr. Stedman brings to the task a lively, practical interest in poetry, wide reading, and sufficient familiarity with standards of comparison. We wish he could have stated his conclusions more compactly, and complimented his readers by supposing them a little more familiar with elementary principles; there is, besides, a disposition, not to be commended, to institute comparisons between the poets, so that the row of a hundred and fifty whom he is hearing recite are frequently paired off, back to back, to see which stands the highest. But his judgments and his general conclusions are in the main sound and inexpugnable. He does not startle us with heterodox views or whimsies. He has catholic taste and good insight. We have to thank him, moreover, for a very interesting comparison of Tennyson and Theocritus, which may be set down as the freshest chapter in the book.

But there is a criticism which includes literary criticism as the greater includes the less. Literature in its twofold relation to art and life demands criticism which is historic and ethic as well as æsthetic, and especially is this true where the literature of an entire period, as here, is under consideration. In this view Victorian Poets is an unsatisfactory book. Not that Mr. Stedman has totally ignored these aspects, but he has

regarded them just enough to show that he takes them into account, while they play so small a part as to proclaim their own insignificance in his plan. In what he does not say, as well as in what he says, is there a betrayal of omission. For instance, his impatient mention of Maud, and assumption that Tennyson sounded insincere notes in it, going "outside his own nature" and surrendering "the joy of art in an effort to produce something that should at once catch the favor of the multitude," indicate how feebly he has comprehended the overmastering passion for his country and truth which for a time consumed the laureate and still is the groundswell of his nature. Without a perception of this, one must fail to apprehend not only the more positive elements in Tennyson's poetry, that point to a sturdy loyalty, but the subtle breath of English life which moves upon the surface of lyric and idyl. The conception of poetry as too exclusively a metrical art is not Tennyson's, at least, if it be Mr. Stedman's.

Again, his covert comparison of Browning and Swinburne, and equally his insistence upon the lack of melody in the former and the wealth of it in the latter, serves to emphasize his failure to apprehend that ethic strength in Browning which makes his verse, more than that of any other Victorian poet, the embodiment not of the questions which have agitated the minds of Englishmen but of the solution of the questions. There never has been a time when great poets have not reflected the spiritual countenance of the age above which they were lifted, and we do not hesitate to say that with all his ruggedness and willful disdain of melody, Browning stands forth mightily as that bass voice in the choir of modern singers, which moves us as laid in the foundation of human nature. Mr. Stedman thinks "a main lesson of Browning's emotional poetry is that the unpardonable sin is 'to dare something against nature.'" Curiously enough, Browning has undertaken in his preface to the suppressed spurious Letters of Shelley to interpret the unpardonable sin, which he does by the terms "a general deliberate preference of perceived evil to perceived good." The formal expression of a man's belief counts nothing when contradicted by his action, or, if an artist, by his evident preference for the false and evil over the true and good, but it is incredible to us that one should read Browning intelligently and not find himself braced by a northeast wind of wholesome,

manly faith and rough loyalty to spiritual verities.

We single Mr. Stedman's treatment of these two poets as indicative of the serious defect in his survey of the Victorian poets, in that he neglects or is not prepared to grasp the wider and larger relations of poetry to life and history. His criticisms upon the side of art are interesting and suggestive, but our criticism of literature will never rise to the height demanded of it until it concerns itself with the forces that lie back of literature, and these, as we have said, are historic and ethic as well as æsthetic; the proportion which we discover in these will spring from our own habits of perception, but only that can be called rounded and noble criticism which assigns to each force the place which it holds in a noble life.

—The class of sterling holiday books for the present season is vastly enriched by the superb edition of Rousselet's *India*¹ with which Messrs. Scribner & Co. have followed their *Doré's Spain*. The splendid taste in which the mechanical work of the book is executed is unapproached by anything of the sort; and there is a value in it otherwise which if not exactly commensurate is in some respects unique. Probably it contains more information concerning the India of the present time than is elsewhere accessible, and this information is relieved upon a ground of thorough acquaintance with Indian history, tradition, and literature, and interwoven with many stories of personal adventure. M. Rousselet traveled in the grand style which hardly princes now assume in Europe, and passed from court to court throughout the vast empire with letters that opened all doors to him. His opportunities for observation were extraordinary, of course, and he is a good observer. Moreover, he seems to have been an amateur of photography, and to his fondness for this art we are indebted for a multitude of pictures illustrative chiefly of the fascinating architecture, Hindoo and Moslem, but largely, also, of the life of India. To tell the truth, the charm of the work is rather in these exquisite illustrations than in the literature; the author, though a Frenchman, is not apparently anxious to be amusing, and he some-

times does not forget to be a little dull. Yet an absence of lightness may in his case, if ever, be forgiven, for he is full of solid good qualities, and at least he never fatigues, as the modern traveler is apt to do, with a humorous purpose in the account of what he sees. Neither is M. Rousselet metaphysical, nor a headlong generalizer of his facts; he has a keen eye and an honest mind, and is simple, direct, and clear, as well as extremely well-informed. The book is to be heartily commended.

—General Boynton's reply to Sherman's *Memoirs*² (to which it is designed as a companion volume) is the most considerable of the many criticisms which that fascinating narrative has brought forth; it does not aim to be an impartial review, but is in the form of an indictment, and is supported by all the special pleading of the self-appointed advocate of Thomas, M'Pherson, and others, to whom it is claimed that great injustice has been done. The only word of praise for Sherman appears in the preface, where it is said, "While by this method of review his mistakes only are presented, there has been no intention to underrate the great and brilliant services which he performed."

It is well that the books are companion volumes, for on the one hand, if it be admitted that the *Memoirs* ought not to be read without seeing the corrections contained in the volume before us, on the other hand, the uninformed reader, perusing Boynton's criticisms without the *Memoirs*, would wonder how such a one as Sherman is described dared look his countrymen in the face, much less publish an account of his deeds.

It should be borne steadily in mind that the book is of a partisan character, and that, whatever else it contains, it omits no fault or mistake that Sherman made; this animus accounts for the exceedingly bad taste shown in selecting for a title the phrase, "*Sherman's Historical Raid*." Such an attempt to belittle Sherman's achievements, military or literary, at once prejudices the reader against the critic, and deprives his criticisms of much of their force.

None the less has General Boynton made a very valuable contribution to the litera-

¹ *India and its Native Princes. Travels in Central India, and in the Presidencies of Bombay and Bengal.* By LOUIS ROUSSELET. Carefully revised and edited by LIEUTENANT-COLONEL BUCKLE. Containing three hundred and seventeen illustrations and six maps. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. 1876.

² *Sherman's Historical Raid. The Memoirs in the Light of the Record. A Review based upon Compilations from the Files of the War Office.* By H. V. BOYNTON, Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette. Cincinnati: Welstach, Baldwin, & Co. 1875.

ture of the war, a contribution which not only the much-talked-of and long-expected "future historian" will do well to consult, but also the average intelligent American; for the opinions here given are not those of the author as colonel of the 35th Ohio, and subsequently war correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette, but the opinions of the chief actors of the great contest, as expressed in their own dispatches and statements of facts made at the time.

It is well known that the War Department is preparing the records and dispatches of the war for publication, in several ponderous volumes, whose very ponderousness will prevent any but specialists from ever investigating their contents. Now, with the aid of the Memoirs and the companion volume, we have all the official dispatches of any consequence bearing on the campaigns in which Sherman took part—and they form a large part of the war.

Boynton's charge, in his own words, is this: "He [Sherman] detracts from what rightfully belongs to Grant; misrepresents and belittles Thomas; withholds justice from Buell; repeatedly loads failures for which he was responsible, now upon Thomas, now upon Schofield, now upon McPherson, and again upon the three jointly; is unjust in the extreme to Rosecrans; sneers at Logan and Blair; insults Hooker, and slanders Stanton."

Nor is this all, for "the reader turns naturally for explanations of the surprise and attending disgrace at Shiloh; the ill-judged and fatal assault at Chickasaw Bayou; the protest against the move by which Vicksburg was captured; his failure to carry the point assigned to him at the battle of Chattanooga; the escape of Johnston from Dalton and Resaca; the terrible mistake of the assault on Kenesaw; the plunging of his army, marching by the flank, into Hood's line of battle, under the supposition that Atlanta was evacuated; the escape of the rebel army from Savannah; the careless and inexcusable periling and narrow escape of his own army at Bentonville; and lastly, the political surrender to Johnston at Raleigh: these are points upon which every reader desires light. But instead of gaining it, he finds that for most, the chief aim of the author seems to be to make the darkness more impenetrable."

And straightway the critic proceeds to bring forth enough of the archives of the War Department to shed light upon this darkness, and to rescue Grant, Thomas,

and others from their misfortunes. It is a formidable indictment, surely, and is argued through two hundred and ninety-six octavo pages; to discuss it in detail would require a still larger space, and hence while the impartial judge—the future historian—reserves his decision, a contemporary critic can only touch upon a few of the more important counts and give a general opinion of the whole. It will be noticed that the faults claimed are of two kinds; first, great personal injustice against several officers of high rank, and secondly, various military mistakes.

The principal personal grievance is the manner in which General George H. Thomas is spoken of in the Memoirs; and certainly that manner was very unfortunate. No one ought to doubt that Sherman has the highest opinion of Thomas; he has openly expressed it on many occasions before and since the Memoirs were published; but he writes in such a business-like, rapid manner—just as he might converse before the camp-fire—that he has not time to bestow great praise on any one; now and then there is a jocose anecdote and occasionally a few short words of censure, but nothing to indicate harsh feeling or deep distrust of General Thomas. But it is well known that just before the battle of Nashville both Grant and Sherman were very anxious about the apparent delay in Thomas's movements. Grant made a most manly acknowledgment of it in his report of July, 1865, concluding with the sentence, "But his final defeat of Hood was so complete that it will be accepted as a vindication of that distinguished officer's judgment." Sherman, however, apparently forgets the immense audience he is addressing and seems to write as he thought in those December days about Savannah, when he wondered if Hood might possibly beat Thomas, his march "be adjudged the wild adventure of a crazy fool," and himself go down to history in the great band of failures headed by McClellan and Pope. All this would probably have happened had Thomas failed, and one can easily imagine the feverish anxiety with which Sherman thought over it, and waited for Thomas to move out. But on the other hand, Thomas's victory was so decisive—he beat Hood so completely that out of that army which Sherman could not bring to battle but had turned over to Thomas's care, only five thousand men ever again came into action—that Sherman might have made some

fuller acknowledgment of the overwhelming debt he owed Thomas, on whom the only fighting resulting from the march had fallen. But he says merely that "Thomas nobly fulfilled his promise to beat Hood." The minds of the two men were so differently constituted — the one quick, nervous, and brilliant, the other slow, methodical, and sure — that possibly they could not fully appreciate each other's merits, and Sherman perhaps fails to give Thomas the full measure of thanks and credit for his great services, and lays too much stress on his caution. Of this the dispatches and *Memoirs* may convict him, but of nothing more, and certainly not of harsh injustice. He has freely and openly given his opinion; had he spoken otherwise the *Memoirs* would have lost that frankness which is their great charm.

The injustice claimed to have been done to Grant is a small matter, and, in view of the hearty and loyal manner in which Sherman always speaks of him, is almost ridiculous. As for the origin of the march to the sea, Grant undoubtedly thought of it, as did many others, according to Boynton's statement, notably Pope and McDowell in 1862. Grant also spoke of it in 1864, and the dispatches clearly prove that his hesitation at the final moment was due only to a desire that Hood should first be provided for. But Sherman thought of it too, probably as soon as any of the others, and it was he that thought out all its details and actually *made it*; and the credit of it belongs to him.

It had a much greater popular fame than its merits warrant, as Sherman himself has shown; it was merely the dividing of his army into two parts, leaving the smaller part to fight the immediate enemy, and transferring the rest without opposition to another base for other operations. Possibly that portion which was left to do the fighting has not yet received its due share of popular credit, and these dispatches will aid in giving it to them. But as for who first conceived the idea of the march to the sea, it is an idle dispute; every one familiar with the facts knows that from the time Grant was made lieutenant-general he laid out the general plan of operations for all the forces of the United States, and left the details to the immediate commanders; the march to the sea was one of many movements so planned and executed; Sherman is entitled to the credit of it as much as to the credit of his Atlanta campaign.

Of a similar nature is the dispute as to who conceived the plan of the campaign resulting in the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson; Halleck thought of it, but Grant worked up the details and executed it, and the credit is his.

As for McPherson, the unprejudiced reader, after studying both sides of the question, must acknowledge that he lost a fine opportunity at Resaca; his orders covered the falling back to Snake Creek Gap, but they also contemplated that he should make a lodgment on the railroad; he failed to do this and failed to make a bold effort for it, and in so doing he lost, as Sherman says, "an opportunity which does not occur twice in a life."

The allusions to Logan, Blair, and Stanton are, at this late day, most unfortunate in their expression; but a great many persons think that, under the circumstances, Sherman's action was perfectly justifiable. Here again he writes as if in the heat of the war and not ten years after it.

Many of the charges of failure in action seem to be sustained by the dispatches, which prove that Sherman won no great battle throughout the war; he was surprised at Shiloh, he failed at Chickasaw Bayou and in the assaults at Vicksburg, he gained little or nothing at Chattanooga and in the actions about Atlanta, and he was defeated in the unjustifiable assault on Kennesaw; and it is noticeable that in the *Memoirs* no mention is made of the reason so frequently given during the war for this latter assault, namely, to prove that his army could assault as well as make flanking movements.

Besides the indecisive nature of his battles, Sherman failed to bring Johnston or Hood to action and crush him with his immense preponderance of force; he allowed Hardee to escape from him at Jonesboro, and again at Savannah; at the latter place he acknowledges himself to have been disappointed and chagrined.

These dispatches will aid to fix Sherman's place in history as a general, but they are valuable simply for themselves, for the decided animus which is noticeable on every page of the context renders that almost worthless.

The Atlanta campaign will ever remain in military text-books as the most complete example of dislodging an army by operating against its rear; the popular enthusiasm for the march to the sea will be proof against all arguments as to its exact mili-

tary value and as to who first conceived it; it will always be remembered that Sherman compelled and received the surrender of one of the two remaining armies of the Confederacy. On these things Sherman's great fame rests, and they firmly establish his position as the second in the list of successful generals of the United States in the war of the Rebellion.

—We have always been troubled, in reading Miss Ingelow's poetry, — even the best of it, — by a fear that Pegasus was about to fold his wings and let us down too swiftly to the ground. There is an exquisite murmuring in her verses, a pure, sweet melody that works on the mind like a charm and lets us forget to look for solid substance; but the moment we seek intellectual gratification, we discover how slight is the substructure of this melody. Her poetry is as light as air; hence the dizzying apprehension already mentioned, that we are about to be dropped from the ether to which her song at first lifts us. Her most recent offerings¹ with one exception, fully exemplify these observations. The sonnet *Failure* is an admirable piece of thought embodied in a concise and firm-textured form. Several of the songs in the book appear to be addressed only to children. Of the shorter pieces, we prefer *Feathers* and *Moss*; but the concluding poem, *At One Again*, is a pretty little conventional romance. The soft breeze of Miss Ingelow's imagination blows as sweetly here as ever. The poems are accompanied by some rather miscellaneous illustrations from Arthur Hughes, Mary Hallock, G. Perkins, Mitchell, Darley, Sheppard, and Eyttinge. None of them strike us as in the best style of the artists, though one of Mr. Hughes's is very beautiful, and Mr. Mitchell shows a dainty, German-silvered and only semi-original fancy. Mr. Eyttinge's pieces are cheap, ill-drawn, and feeble.

—There can be two sorts of meritorious stories: those which give one an impetus beyond what has been written by the author, and those which, though to a certain extent satisfying, are stationary. The first are products of the finest culture, and impart something of that culture. The second kind is exemplified in Dr. Holland's *Sevenoaks*,² a novel of much excellence in some ways, but falling very far short as a

work of art. The book is a satire on the life of a coarse man who becomes wealthy and enters into successive deliberate frauds for the increasing of his riches, until he overreaches himself and falls utterly from his boastful prominence in New York. Yet it is not so much a satire as a rebuke; for Dr. Holland has hardly the patience with wrong-doing which is requisite to satire, and would perhaps feel himself to be taking the part of accomplice if he stooped to invest his subject with ridicule. But the rebuke is strong in itself, the only drawback being that it is addressed rather to minds which are already prepared for giving similar rebukes, and that no reader will ever see in the brutish Mr. Belcher, who is painted so black, anything resembling himself. It is the prerogative of more delicate art than Dr. Holland's to unveil to a wide variety of persons their unsuspected possibilities both for good and for ill. The story of *Sevenoaks* is put together with ingenuity; the folly of a career like Mr. Belcher's is plainly demonstrated, and it is shown how such a man inevitably alienates even those whom he wishes to have serve him, and so contributes to his own ruin. There is fairly good sketching in the characters of the lawyer Cavendish and the adventurous Mrs. Dillingham; the subservient condition of society in *Sevenoaks* to the magnate Belcher is indicated; and as a foil to the machinations of this villain we have the movements of Jim Fenton, who acts as a sort of providence and dispenses a great deal of laughable talk. All this is to a certain extent interesting and entertaining, yet we feel persuaded that the subject is not used according to its capabilities. Dr. Holland is entirely willing to insert a blank, when something better does not offer; the characters of Balfour, the gooc lawyer, and Mrs. Belcher, the rogue's wife, have hardly more individuality than a pair of whist-counters. This, doubtless, proceeds from the author's inability to discriminate, to make selections, which is illustrated by his permitting a simile like the following to stand: "Was she aware that as she moved side by side with Mrs. Belcher, through the grand rooms, she was displaying herself to the best advantage to her admirer, and that, yoked with the wifehood and motherhood of the house, she was dragging, while he

¹ *The Shepherd Lady, and other Poems.* By JEAN INGLOW, author of *Songs of Seven*. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1876.

² *Sevenoaks. A Story of To-Day.* By J. G.

HOLLAND, author of *Arthur Bonnicastle*. With twelve full-page illustrations after Original Designs by Sol Eyttinge. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. 1875.

held the plow that was tilling the deep carpets for tares that might be reaped in harvests of unhappiness?" Such errors do not merely show defective taste, but they also affect the quality of the book throughout. It is easy to see where, in the recent annals of New York, Dr. Holland found the model for his Colonel Belcher; and he has told us very little about him that we have not already heard. We very much doubt, however, whether the real Colonel Belcher would have gone into forgery while there remained a chance to run his rifle-mills at even half their former profit; and it is quite certain that in the trial he would have bought a judge and mined the ground under the feet of Justice, until his escape had been assured. Jim Fenton and Miss Butterworth are also drawn, we suppose, from life; but they are much better wrought out, and are well worth having. The novel is readable, has the advantage of being based on sound morality, and contains considerable humor. But it is very far from being a true work of the imagination.

—Dr. Blasius begins the third chapter of his treatise on Storms¹ with the inquiry, "What is a storm?" and he defines it to be a "*movement of the air caused by its tendency to reëstablish an equilibrium which has in some manner been disturbed.*" We see then at the outset that this term is to be used in an unusual way, as this definition covers all atmospheric motions, be they gentle or violent, accompanied by cloud and rain or not. It is also explained from the outset that the usual terminology of meteorology is not adopted, as the common terms seem to Dr. Blasius to imply an admission of certain theories which he believes to be erroneous. It will, perhaps, be convenient to give a brief abstract of the contents of the book before proceeding to note the differences of opinion and theory which distinguish it from others of like scope.

Chapter I. is introductory, and gives a brief account of the West Cambridge tornado of August 22, 1851, the observation of the effects of which determined the author to the study of meteorology in general, and gave to him the clew by which he was led to his own theory of storms, and by which he was led further to disbelief in the rival theories of Redfield and Espy. He states that the excellent detailed study of this tornado which he made (which is

given in full in an appendix), when considered *as a whole*, is conclusive as to his own views: *i. e.*, that if certain limited parts of it be alone studied, the conclusions of either Redfield or Espy may be verified according to the portion selected.

Five weeks were spent by Dr. Blasius in a complete survey and examination of the track, and it is safe to say that very few more complete accounts of phenomena of this class have been published. His results were presented to the American Academy in 1851, and were condensed into a letter to the New York Times, dated November 18, 1852, which is printed as Appendix I. to this volume; and since that time he has made no public exposition of his views until the appearance of the present book. In the course of this chapter, Dr. Blasius claims for himself and for ex-President Hill, of Harvard College, the credit of originating the present Signal Service storm-warnings, which we notice simply to say that these gentlemen were anticipated by Redfield, Henry, and others.

Chapter II. deals with the present situation of the science of meteorology, and is a very readable *résumé* of the opinions of the best authorities on the subject. Chapter III. refers to aerial currents, their causal connection with the various cloud-formations, and the classification of storms. It is here that a *storm* is first defined and made to cover all atmospheric disturbances, even slight ones, unaccompanied by rain or cloud. The opinion (for it is no more than an opinion) is here advanced that there is an atmospheric lunar *tide*; this is not shown in the discussion of masses of meteorological data, and it is negatived by the theoretical researches of Laplace, Ferrel, and others. A bit of remarkable translation from the French occurs here, which we transcribe as a warning to all authors to do their own translation. The original French is, "*J'ai vu beaucoup de malades qui éprouvent de fortes migraines précisément à la nouvelle lune; et d'autres qui deviennent toujours malades par le vent d'est;*" the equally original English is, "I have seen many sick persons who *improved* of acute migrains at the time of the new moon, and others who always grew sick with a *west* wind!"

In this chapter we meet with the first germs of the author's theory; as we under-

¹ *Storms; Their Nature, Classification, and Laws: with the Means of Predicting them by their Embodiments the Clouds.* By WILLIAM BLASIVS,

formerly Professor of the Natural Sciences in the Lyceum of Hanover. Philadelphia: Porter and Coates. 1875.

stand it, it is based on the fact that between two places of different temperatures an exchange of air goes on; warm air flows toward the cold place and the cold air flows underneath in an opposite direction.

"When a cool current moves into warmer air which is saturated with moisture, clouds are formed. But when a cool current moves to a warmer region where the air has just discharged its moisture in rain or snow, that part of its condensed moisture which still floats as clouds in the air will dissolve as the cool current advances, and the clouds will disappear. . . . Thus the clouds will tell us by their appearance or disappearance whether the air is moving, and in what condition the air is as to moisture."

The author recognizes two kinds of clouds: cumulus, "characteristic of a vertically upward warm current," and stratus (the cirro-stratus of Howard; for some reason this name has been changed throughout the book), "characteristic of a horizontally moving warm current." Probably meteorologists would not agree with the author as to the state of things which the stratus characterizes. On page 53, storms are divided into three classes and their characteristic cloud-forms stated. They are: "1. Local or vertical storms—cumulus. 2. Progressive or lateral storms of two classes: (a) *equatorial*, which are winter storms, produced by a warm current displacing a cool one to supply a deficiency towards the poles—stratus; (b) *polar*, summer storms produced by a cool current displacing a warm one to supply a deficiency towards the equator; *cumulo-stratus*. 3. Tornadoes, hail-storms, etc."

In these definitions, which we have slightly abridged, the author's theory of storms is embodied. Nearly all storms are according to him either polar or equatorial, and most of the remaining portion of the book is devoted to applications of these definitions and principles to various cases.

Chapters IV.—VIII. deal with these storms in detail, Chapter IX. is devoted to a review of evidence supposed to be corroborative of the new theory, while Chapters X., XI. give suggestions as to weather prognostics and as to the proper conduct of meteorological observations.

We have been thus full in describing the contents of the book because it is by no means an ordinary one and because it deals with a difficult and perplexed subject. The question as to whether the theories ad-

vanced are or are not true, it is not at all necessary to discuss: if they are true, they will be adopted in future; if untrue they will be utterly forgotten in a dozen years. The test of their truth is their power to account for present facts and to predict future conditions. It is not for a moment to be doubted that the author fully believes in them, and it may be that this thorough faith has in a way injured the efficiency of the book as an exponent of the new theories, for the author is in the habit of citing results which, according to all meteorologists, confirm their own views, and of adding the remark that any one who has comprehended *his* theory will at once see how these particular facts confirm it. It is possible to understand his theory and yet to doubt.

There are several points in this volume which it will be well to notice, as the impression conveyed is often erroneous. This is always unintentional on the part of the author, who is carefully fair and moderate in his statements. For example, it is tacitly assumed throughout the volume that the Signal Service pays no attention to the clouds. The fact is that tri-daily maps of the clouds are, and for four years have been, regularly made, consulted, and employed in the weather predictions.

The author seems to complain of the Signal Service tri-daily observations that they give only a "system of averages," and that continuous observations are needed to test his theories. These are easily accessible in the quarterly reports of the meteorological office of England, in which the continuous records for seven stations in England are printed.

The West Cambridge tornado, which first decided the direction of our author's meteorological studies, seems to have had a too powerful influence upon his judgment of the "cyclonists," the upholders of Redfield's theory. Where a cyclonist sees a large storm five hundred miles in diameter, on the borders of which the winds are blowing in every direction, Dr. Blasius sees many small storms, each modeled in a greater or less degree like the West Cambridge tornado. A very striking proof that a storm *may* be constituted as the cyclones are supposed to be is afforded by the singular case of the ship Charles Heddle, which was caught in the borders of one of these cyclones and sailed five times completely around its border, meeting winds blowing exactly in the directions demanded by the cyclone theory. The experience of Dr. Blasius has

been limited to local storms, and he has apparently never been able to realize the existence of a storm of any magnitude.

This is particularly evident in his discussion of Professor Abbe's report on the Nova Scotia storm of August 23, 1873. Professor Abbe is speaking of a storm at least five hundred miles in diameter, but Dr. Blasius discusses it as if it were an assemblage of tornadoes each twelve hundred feet wide. Some of the results of Professor Loomis's discussion of the Signal Service maps are examined, and the statement is made (p. 176) that as the Signal Service notes only northeast storms (by which the author means storms tending toward the northeast) Professor Loomis's results are partial. As a matter of fact, the Signal Service notes all storms within the limits of the Atlantic coast and the Rocky Mountains, and as its object is to obtain the laws of these as they exist, and not as they would be if they were something other than what they are, Professor Loomis is satisfied to discuss them in this way, irrespective of the fact that his conclusions do not agree with the theories of this book.

To the meteorologist, Dr. Blasius's studies of the characteristics of storms are excellent as local studies, and some of his descriptions of the typical signs of various kinds of storms are most admirable; but it is not too much to say that if Dr. Blasius's book were not dated from the Atlantic coast, the meteorologist could yet determine quite accurately his latitude and longitude from the types of storms which he gives. In a general way, we may say that this book is a valuable one; its study of local tornadoes and storms would alone make it so, and its collection of the results of the work of such men as Buys-Ballet, Mohn, and others renders it of much interest. We cannot, however, think that it is likely to produce that change in the face of science which its author contemplates. If it leads to the general study of cloud-forms and to any principles of interpreting these other than those now known, it will have amply justified itself.

—The aim of Mr. Leland's book *Fusang*¹ is to show the likelihood of the discovery of America by a Buddhist priest in his missionary travels in the fifth century of the Christian era. For this purpose he has translated into English a pamphlet on the subject by

the late Professor Neumann, of Munich, with notes and comments of his own, and such quotations from other writers as bear on this hypothesis. The result is a volume slender in size and even slenderer in solid basis for so important a theory. The argument for believing that America was so discovered rests mainly on two points: first, the possibility of a Chinese ship's crossing the Pacific, which may readily be granted, and secondly, a few words of the Buddhist priest in question who makes incidental notice of a country lying far east of China, where there grows a plant similar to the *Agave Americana*, or the Mexican magney. A good part of the remainder of his description can in no way apply to Mexico. He describes a country where there were no wars, whereas that country was constantly at war, as the reader of Bancroft's *Native Races of the Pacific Coast* well knows, and as to the other customs he describes they carry no weight.

With all respect for Mr. Leland and for the learned men whose views he supports, it is impossible to feel as if any great contribution had been made to human knowledge by this interpretation of the priest's report. Our objections to the inaccuracy of a good part of it are met by the mention of the mistakes of Herodotus, but if Herodotus had mentioned only one thing right in his history his name would not carry the weight it does. What is to be considered is the unlikelihood of this man's finding an unknown country, already far advanced in civilization, of which he can mention nothing accurate except the description of a plant. That its architecture, military pomp, social laws, and customs should be forgotten, and this one plant be remembered, is improbable. Then, too, his false statement that the people were converted to Buddhism shows his absolute untrustworthiness. There is no more proof that the early inhabitants of Mexico were Buddhists than that they were Seventh Day Baptists. Mr. Leland acknowledges this, and urges that the Mound-Builders were converted, but of this there is no shred of proof. The whole hypothesis rests on the flimsiest basis. Since Hiouen-thsang and others "brought the religion of Buddha to distant places in Siberia, . . . nothing is more probable than that such zealous propagandists should have gone a step beyond, and have arrived in a part of the North American continent, when reports of Aztec or other civilizations must have lured them still farther on." If this is so certain as Mr. Leland declares, why is the magney plant lugged

¹ *Fusang*; or, *The Discovery of America by Chinese Priests in the Fifth Century*. By CHARLES G. LE-LAND. New York: J. W. Bouton. 1875.

in? The case is proved already. And this he calls "perhaps the strongest link in the chain of circumstantial evidence which can be adduced to prove that Hoci-Shin and others penetrated to California and Mexico."

A more convincing part of the volume is that which undertakes to show the probable connection between the native inhabitants of America and the Asiatics. This hypothesis is still far from being established, but all the evidence that can be accumulated—and there is yet but little to show—is of interest and importance. It has this result, however, of transferring the credit of all the points of resemblance between Asiatics and Americans to their common origin, and taking it from the influence of Buddhist priests.

As to Buddhism among the Mound-Builders, why not among the Lilliputians? Mr. Leland says if "the mild and highly-refined religion of Buddha ever took root among the early Americans, it must have been with such people as the Mound-Builders who practiced some vast and dreamy nature-worship, which would render them peculiarly susceptible to the teachings of the monks." One cannot help asking what sort of proof this is? He says, by the way, a few lines lower, Buddhism "even blended with the vigorous Greek element in Northern India." What was this vigorous Greek element?

On the whole we find it impossible to give praise to this little volume. It seems to us to contain false reasoning on very uncertain data. Mr. Leland may be right in his theories, but certainly he has failed to establish them. We had hoped that a stronger case than this might be made out; as it stands, it is hardly worthy of consideration. There is no lack of untrustworthy theories of ethnology, and no need of bringing more into public notice.

—From some present appearances it would seem as if civilization would owe other debts to certain newspapers than those which can be canceled by one's yearly subscription. The New York Herald's sending of Stanley to discover Livingstone seems to have inspired its contemporary, the London Daily Telegraph, with the plan of sending Mr. George Smith, a student of

Assyrian antiquities, to Nineveh to carry on some researches which might possibly enable him "to write up the flood." Under these auspices Mr. Smith made his first journey to the East; by some misunderstanding he was obliged to return without completing his designs as thoroughly as he desired. The next year, however, he was commissioned to return thither to bring his work nearer completion. The results of his investigations make the greater part of this book;¹ the remainder is taken up with an account of his journeys, and of his frequent annoyance at the hands of Turkish officials, etc. Mr. Smith's discoveries were very interesting. He found some valuable fragments of the tablets containing the Chaldean account of the deluge. On these tablets are recorded the adventures of a hero named Izdubar, whom Mr. Smith identifies with the Nimrod of the Old Testament. The legends have for the most part no similarity to biblical history; the record of the flood, however, bears remarkable likeness to that with which we are familiar.

Among other things found was an inscription dating as far back as B. C. 1320, and some pottery which is assigned to the nineteenth century B. C. Many of the texts go to show that the Assyrian monarchy was more powerful in even very remote times than had been supposed. One of the inscriptions fixes the date of the rise of the Parthian empire, namely, B. C. 248.

On the whole, Mr. Smith's book is a valuable contribution to Oriental study. Its merit is much augmented by the literal translations given of the inscriptions, and by the photographs of the tablets. Exactness like this is much to be preferred to smooth-sounding, vague statements of results.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.²

The letters which M. de Morey has lately edited and published³ are of importance, coming as they do to interest the student of political as well as of social history; but to neither will they give unalloyed satisfaction. Sainte-Beuve has given us an admi-

had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter St., Boston.

¹ *Assyrian Discoveries; An Account of Explorations and Discoveries on the Site of Nineveh during 1873 and 1874.* By GEORGE SMITH, of the Department of Oriental Antiquities, British Museum, Author of History of Assurbanipal, etc., etc. With Illustrations. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. 1875.

² All books mentioned under this head are to be

³ *Correspondance inédite du Roi Stanislas-Auguste Poniatowski et de Madame Geoffrin.* (1764-1777.) Précédée d'une Étude sur Stanislas-Auguste et Madame Geoffrin, et accompagnée de nombreuses notes. Par M. CHARLES DE MOREY. Paris: E. Plon & Cie. 1875.

erable portrait of Madame Geoffrin in his *Causeries du Lundi*, in which we see her a tactful, kindly, wise lady, the mistress of a very delightful *salon*, which she manages with great cleverness, making it really the headquarters of the literary and artistic men of her time. Tradition had handed down some amusing anecdotes of her husband's foolishness and of her intelligence, which Sainte-Benve records, and after a charming description of her social life he closes his essay by calling her the Madame Récamier of her day. The publication of these letters, while it does but little towards adding to her reputation for brilliancy, by no means destroys the soundness of this comparison; for what after all are Madame Récamier's letters, for which her lovers used to languish until they received them, and then to express what a cold posterity considers disproportionate gratitude? For a long time her letters were kept from the public, and it was the custom to mourn their absence as one does the loss of the Sibylline books; meanwhile the testimony was rapidly accumulating about their value, as the correspondence of different literary critics, one after another, came to light, and it was found that they all agreed in admiring her letters and in ascribing to them a wonderful charm. When, however, they were given to the public, it became evident that the charm lay in great measure between the lines, and was comparatively imperceptible to our duller eyes. In the same way these letters of Madame Geoffrin will not be found wildly exciting, although they are full of kindness and, indeed, affection.

Their origin is this. In the year 1753 the Count Poniatowski brought one of his sons, a young man hardly twenty, to Paris and introduced him to Madame Geoffrin, whose *salon* brought together all the leading literary men and artists, as well as men of society, of the day. She introduced him to them all, and took such a fancy to him that she called him her son and allowed him to call her mother; she, be it said by the way, was then over fifty. Her care, however, could not save him from committing various youthful follies, which were the cause of his removal from that dangerous city after a stay of only five months. But during that brief visit, in spite of his youth and inexperience, possibly in some measure on account of them, he seems to have made upon almost every one who saw him a favorable impression. He was hardly more than twenty-five when he was sent to St.

Petersburg as ambassador from Poland, and while there he fell in love with the grand duchess who afterward became famous under the name of Catharine II.; she seems to have fancied him for a time, but not even then was she constant in love, and he was but one of her many adorers. For years, however, he retained a warm and painful impression of that remarkable woman; it was only her heartless treatment of Poland when he became king of that unhappy country, which finally cured him of his feeling for her by showing her wholly relentless, ambitious nature. It was in 1764 that he was chosen king of Poland, and at this point the correspondence begins. He was the candidate of the Russian court, and in a great measure a popular man among the Poles, and his reign opened with every prospect of success. The first letter of the series contains an account of the ceremonies connected with his election. He addresses his old friend still as *Ma chère maman*, and writes his whole letter in the same affectionate strain. She was by no means insensible to his flattering attentions; she was now between sixty and seventy years old, and for her to have this young king of half her age writing to her, asking her advice, detailing his difficulties, admitting her into all his plans, was indeed a great delight. Her first letters show how elated she was at this honor.

Their letters were very frequent, and the greater number of them have been preserved, and while they are too full of the politics of the time to suit the mere literary idler, there is much to repay the slight exertion of energy the book demands. If the condition of Poland had not been so desperate we may be sure that this volume would have been much more entertaining. Even as it is, the main incident in the book is not so much the fall of Poland as the journey to Warsaw which Madame Geoffrin made in the year 1766. The only similar event in the world's history is the journey of the Queen of Sheba to Solomon, and she made that very comparison in her first letter proposing the expedition. Various difficulties occurred occasionally and interfered with the good understanding between the king and his attached but rather jealous friend. She made but slight pretensions to any political influence, but at times she expressed with much rancor her dislike for those persons who came to Paris and plumed themselves over their intimacy with the king. Indeed, nothing

but the king's tact and great good humor prevented the proposed journey from falling through. The tone of her letters became for a time amusingly haughty, but she found it impossible to withstand his sincere lamentations and complete explanations. Peace having been made, she started, towards the end of June, 1766, on the eventful journey. It was considered at the time to be a very important matter, and it created a great deal of excitement. She stayed in Warsaw until the 13th of September, having rooms at the palace and being treated with the utmost consideration. Still, in spite of everything, she felt less gratified by it all than she had hoped; she had looked forward to the visit too long and too ardently to escape some disillusion,

and in her letters after her return there occur vague references to her disappointment. But while with the king she received several gratifying proofs of the estimation in which her influence over him was held. Voltaire wrote to her to interest her and thereby the king in the fate of the Sirvens, and Marmontel sent her a most flattering letter with the news of the day. With one of Voltaire's letters she was but little pleased; she calls it stupid and commonplace, and says, "When he has once got a notion in his head, he is beside himself." The letters after her return are very full of the troubles of Poland, which were increasing daily. She died in October, 1777, and with a brief note dictated by her the volume closes.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Claxton, Remsen, and Haffelfinger, Philadelphia: The Golden Tress. Translated from the French of Fortune Du Boisgobey, author of *Les Collets Noirs*, etc.—Opium Eating. An Antobiographical Sketch. By an Habitué. — Two Thousand Years After; or, A Talk in a Cemetery. By John Darby, author of *Thinkers and Thinking*, etc.

T. H. Davis & Co., Philadelphia: The Battle of Gettysburg. By Samuel P. Bates.

Dodd and Mead, New York: Christopher Columbus. By John S. C. Abbott. Illustrated.—Daily Thoughts. By Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D. Edited by Rev. J. V. D. Shurtz.—Elsie's Womanhood. By Martha Farquharson.—Esenore, and other Poems. By P. Hamilton Myers.

William F. Gill & Co., Boston: The Handy Home Book of Medical Recipes and Family Receipts. By William M. Cornell, M. D.—The Treasure Trove Series. Travesty. (The Choicest Humor by the Great Writers.)—The Wages of Sin. By Edmund Yates.

Harper and Bros., New York: The Theistic Conception of the World. An Essay in Opposition to Certain Tendencies of Modern Thought. By B. F. Cocker, D. D., LL. D., Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy in the University of Michigan.—St. Simon's Niece. A Novel. By Frank Lee Benedict.—The Calderwood Secret. A Novel. By Virginia W. Johnson.—Speeches of Pope Pius IX. By the Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M. P.—The Might and Mirth of Literature. A Treatise on Figurative Language. By John Walker Vilant Macbeth.—Select Dialogues of Plato. A New and Literal Version, chiefly from the Text of Stallbaum. By Henry Cary, M. A., Worcester College, Oxford.

Jansen, McClurg, & Co. The Primer of Political Economy; in Sixteen Definitions and Forty Propositions. By Alfred B. Mason and John J. Lalor.—A Summer in Norway; with Notes on the Industries, Habits, Customs, and Peculiarities of the People, the History and Institutions of the Country, its Climate, Topography, and Productions. By John Dean Caton, LL. D., ex-Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of Illinois.

J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia: Memoirs of John Quincy Adams. Comprising Portions of his

Diary from 1795 to 1848. Edited by Chas. Francis Adams. Vol. VII.—Dramas and Miscellaneous Poems. By Dr. J. R. Monroe — A Statement of Affairs at Red Cloud Agency. Made to the President of the United States. By Professor O. C. Marsh.—Prose Quotations from Socrates to Macaulay. By S. Austin Allibone. With Indexes.

Lockwood, Brooks, & Co., Boston: Toward the Strait Gate; or, Parish Christianity for the Unconverted. By Rev. E. F. Burr, D. D.—Correspondences of the Bible. The Animals. By John Worcester.

J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston: Little Classics. Fifteenth volume. Minor Poems. Edited by Rosseter Johnson.—Buffets. By Charles H. Doe.—Annals of a Fortress. By E. Viollet-le-Duc. Translated by Benjamin Bucknall.—The Scarlet Letter. By Nathaniel Hawthorne.—Tales of the Argonauts, and other Sketches. By Bret Harte.—Discourses on Architecture. By Eugène Emmanuel Viollet-le-Duc, Architect, author of The Dictionary of Architecture, etc. Translated, with an Introductory Essay, by Henry Van Brunt, Fellow American Institute of Architects. Illustrated with Plates and Wood-Cuts.

F. B. Patterson, New York: Views and Interviews on Journalism. Edited by Charles F. Wingate.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York: The Borderlands of Insanity, and other Allied Papers. By Andrew Wynter, M. D.—The Abode of Snow. Observations on a Tour from Chinese Thibet to the Indian Caucasus. By Andrew Wilson.—A Manual of Metallurgy. Vol. II. By Wm. Henry Greenwood, F. C. S. Copper, Lead, etc. Illustrated by sixty-seven Engravings.

Roberts Bros., Boston: Madame Récamier and her Friends. By the translator of Madame Récamier's Memoirs.—Eight Cousins; or, The Aunt-Hill. By Louisa M. Alcott. With Illustrations.

Scribner, Armstrong, & Co., New York: The Holy Bible. With an Explanatory and Critical Commentary. Vol. V. Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Lamentations. By F. A. Cook, M. A., Canon of Exeter.—Bric-a-Brac Series. Personal Recollections of Lamb, Hazlitt, and others. Edited by Richard Henry Stoddard.

ART.

READERS of *The Atlantic* who followed the letters of *An Academician* last February and before, in reply to our statements about the finances of the National Academy of Design,¹ will take an interest in hearing that a secession from the Academy drawing-schools has been made by a number of students who, with Professor Wilmarth (the head of the Academy schools) for their president, have formed an Art Students' League for securing satisfactory and sustained instruction, and for "the attainment of a higher development in art studies." This league has taken rooms on Fifth Avenue, and now holds three sessions daily, hiring models, and opening the classes to ladies at special hours set apart for them, at a cost of five dollars per month to each student; Professor Wilmarth having generously offered his personal supervision as a gratuity until the league can afford to pay him a salary. President Whittredge, of the National Academy, wrote a letter to *The Evening Post*, attempting to refute statements made by the league in a circular explaining their action; but his logic does not seem to have been convincing. In the course of this letter, however, he made an admission which is pertinent to our discussion with *An Academician*, saying, namely, that at the very time when that champion was so courageously making light of the pecuniary troubles of the Academy, the institution was using strenuous efforts to raise money to pay Professor Wilmarth's salary with, and keep the schools going. We ask for no better proof than this circumstance affords, that we were not speaking without good ground when making our original assertion that the Academy was on the verge of bankruptcy.

Mr. Suydam some years ago left to the Academy fifty thousand dollars on condition that it should keep open a free school of art. It will be remembered that *An Academician* said, "Such financial embarrassments as the Academy has had have been brought about simply because of the establishment and maintenance of the free schools." Now, according to his own account in a preceding letter, the total debt of the Academy is thirty-five thousand dol-

lars, of which fifteen thousand dollars only was incurred for schools. He also admitted that all the property of the Academy, aside from its non-productive real estate and the Suydam legacy, is in "pictures which yield no income." The Academy, therefore, has no very clear moral right to grumble that its financial embarrassments have been caused by the schools; for the schools secure to it the only profitable investments it has, and some, at least, of the income from those investments there is good reason to suppose has been applied to other needful ends in the economy of the Academy. The reason the Academy grumbles is this. To keep up a free drawing-school and to keep up a *good* free drawing-school, with a *professor*, are two very different things. The government of the Academy was perfectly willing to keep a school open, in order to retain the yearly income of Mr. Suydam's money; but some inconsiderate younger members suddenly got into power, one year, and made the schools good. This took money, and the money could not be used for other things. Two parties, accordingly, came into being, one of "the old artists," opposed to having the schools useful and consequently expensive, the other composed of more ardent men, who were resolved to keep the schools good if they were to be kept at all. Under the rule of these men the schools were very useful, as *An Academician's* list of the number of students has shown; and the "old artists'" party, which has now returned to power, takes a great deal of credit to the Academy, in defending its indebtedness, for the good which the rival party thus accomplished. But so well known has it been that the "old artists" were "down on" the schools, and so distinctly have they shown their animosity, that the students, hearing that they were to be left without a professor this winter, were not to be cajoled into quiet and docility even by Mr. Whittredge's mild and plausible letter, with its ingenious allusion to "rebellious spirits." The truth is, the affairs of the National Academy have been very badly managed. An expensive building was erected, which involved the corporation to the extent of twenty thousand dollars, instead of a modest one which could have been made partially to pay for itself

¹ *Atlantic Monthly*, June, 1874, p. 753; October, 1874, p. 506; and February, 1875, p. 248.

by subletting of portions; and then, when Mr. Suydam's property came like a god-send, the institution, not having provided any other source of income, naturally felt averse to spending its only interest-money on good schools instead of on its debt. It is a deplorable condition of things, but it cannot be improved by the sort of defense which has been offered to our casual remark upon it last year; and we trust that the present account of the matter, together with the very significant proceeding of the Art Students' League, may bring to the Academy schools the needed relief which its managers, under a mistaken notion of dignity, so resolutely ward off, even while admitting their crippled condition.

—The Essex Institute, of Salem, held an art exhibition last spring, which was so successful that the experiment has lately been repeated; and it is now hoped that an annual display can be made. The collection shown last month contained nearly three hundred paintings and drawings, and nearly two hundred other objects in pottery, porcelain, bronze, silver, or cabinet-work, together with some exquisite miniatures. Among the pictures a number of portraits by Frothingham, Copley, Trumbull, and Stuart stood first in merit. A deliciously vital and spirited piece of portraiture was Trumbull's Alexander Hamilton, with its fine color, its alert and gay aristocratic refinement of feature. The number of Salem artists and amateurs represented was large enough to surprise those unacquainted with the active interest in the arts which exists in that city; and many of their productions were promising, sincere, and skillful, though frequently wanting in the grace that comes of long practice and of a more rounded æsthetic culture than our communities as yet possess. This, however, the Essex Institute is taking the right measures to supply; and it is intended to follow the exhibition by a course of lectures on fine art this winter. An excellent example has thus been given, which every town and village that has any resources should emulate. Exhibitions alone, it is true, will not suffice; there is need of the best lecturing, to cultivate a simple, healthy, unconventional taste in matters of art. This, too, the officers of the institute have foreseen. Of course few towns have the resources of Salem; but we discover no decisive obstacle to a system of movable exhibitions, in time, which may be accompanied by competent lecturers.

—Mr. White has shown an ability hard-

ly less than genius in the preparation of his *Art Studies*.¹ The elementary series consists of four portfolios, containing twelve cards each. These portfolios are: A, Lines and their Combinations; B, Cubic Diagrams; C, Light and Shade; D, Practical Studies. In the first, beginning with straight lines and their combinations, the author proceeds to curved lines, their measurement by straight ones, and a few of their combinations. But what is particularly noteworthy is that in this initial portfolio the pupil has a clear and accurate notion given him of the perspective of rectangles and that of circles. Nothing could be wiser than this arrangement. At a certain point, as Mr. White justly says, students feel the need of something to assist them in getting the more delicate variations of straight and curved lines, and the projection or recession of parts of objects. The prime defect of the Walter Smith system seems to us to be the unwisely prolonged course of lifeless "judging of distances" and painful practice of outlines which never let the eye go deeper than the surface of the paper. The intention of this is to secure accuracy, but the system is no doubt answerable for those fatigued-looking, nerveless results which characterize much of the drawing in Massachusetts schools. In Portfolio B, Mr. White introduces the cube, and applies it to the drawing of complex objects. This method, much developed, is taken from Harding's hint; but its use here is extremely ingenious. The third set of cards takes up light and shade; and every lover of sincere drawing owes Mr. White thanks for giving here the true method of sketching, which is neither by dotted lines, nor firm, hard ones, but by bold and at the same time tentative and light ones. The examples of "hidden form disclosed by shadows," and of "form determined by cast shadows," are very excellent; the selection of objects being here, as throughout the series, graceful, picturesque, and refreshing. The fourth portfolio is less successful than the others; it is marred by a too great proportion of conventionality, and a regrettable tendency toward broken lines—the relic of inferior systems. Notwithstanding this, the series presents principles and practices which will lead not to mere mechanical dexterity but to something more like genuine artistic sensitiveness.

¹ *White's Progressive Art Studies*. Elementary. Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor, & Co. New York and Chicago.

EDUCATION.

"In all the Western States, except Ohio," says the national commissioner of education in his report for 1873, "there prevails a nearly uniform school system, in which county superintendents, subordinate to a State superintendent of public instruction, oversee schools graded up from elementary to a respectable secondary training, a State university crowning the whole with its scientific and classical departments. Illinois has to a certain extent stood apart from others in this last respect, but the State Industrial University, of great proportions, is putting her substantially in line with them, especially as regards scientific studies."

In perusing the school reports of the West, one is struck with the overshadowing prominence of the reports of the State as compared with those of the county superintendents. We have remarked that even in the Middle States the local officers were less discriminating in their criticisms than those of Southern New England. In the West they may almost be said to disappear, so brief and merely statistical are their communications. The State superintendents, on the other hand, seem to be abler men than those who in general fill the office in the East, or at least they are more alive to the problems before them, and more earnest in trying to solve them. They all quote much from one another and from Horace Mann, and to come upon the same thing in report after report does not say much for the extent and variety of their pedagogical reading. The apology for this, however, is that the office-work of the position in most States is altogether too oppressive, and the compensation too small, to permit those who fill it to devote themselves to the study of the science or to the perfecting of the art of education, as they otherwise could and probably would do.

At present, the Western education is no doubt in a very crude and rudimentary state, but the broad foundations of it are being laid so that time cannot but bring to it a magnificent culmination. While the high-school system does not exist in all its plenitude, i. e., has not penetrated into the smaller towns to the same extent as in Massachusetts, yet high schools are in operation in many Western cities, and very

large sums are often spent upon the buildings appropriated to them. But, better than this, the authorities of the universities of three leading States, Michigan, Wisconsin, and California, have opened their doors without further examination to the graduates of all high schools which will grade their classes to the college standard, and they have appointed committees from their faculties to visit these schools annually. Michigan was the first to initiate this union between her high schools and her university, and the State superintendent thus sums up its benefits: "Such a policy cannot fail to prove a stimulus to our high schools, and lead to the adoption of better devised courses of study. That exclusiveness, too, which bred indifference in days gone by, has given way to a freedom of intercourse between the instructors in the university and the public schools which predicts a happier condition for each. The president of the university becomes the presiding officer of the State teachers' association. He strikes hands with the superintendents and principals of our Union schools at the educational meetings. A free interchange of views is had, which results in a better understanding of the wishes and wants of the university, and in a practical unanimity of feeling and action." In Wisconsin, "the effect of the new measure," says the State superintendent, Rev. Samuel Fellows, "has thus far been most beneficial. All over the State, students are preparing in the graded schools near their homes for the university. As might have been anticipated and desired, the number of students in the preparatory department has diminished, while that in the college classes has increased. Other States are making efforts to connect their graded schools with their universities in like manner, and in some places denominational colleges are opening their classes to students similarly prepared." Mr. Fellows took office in 1870 for the express purpose of trying to bring, by this measure, free education throughout the State into a consistent whole. "The vital bond," he said, "between the university and the common school is the high school," and he disapproved of the preparatory school of the university as tending to make citizens slow to develop high schools

in their own neighborhoods, and as taking away the pupils too early from their homes. How important this movement is to the Western colleges will appear from the fact that they themselves are obliged to prepare eighty-three out of every hundred students who enter their classes, while the New England colleges are burdened with the preparation of only one in a hundred, so that the Hon. Newton Bateman, of Illinois, as well as the superintendents of Michigan and Missouri, concurs with Mr. Fellows in the desirableness of "bringing the higher instruction to the very doors of the people, in order to save the expense and the moral and social risks incidental to boarding-schools and other institutions remote from the salutary restraints of home." This is the reverse of much thinking that we find in high educational quarters in the East. Our national commissioner, for example, General John Eaton, finds it "desirable that in addition to the public high schools there should be a class of endowed and chartered schools, . . . for the sake of variety of means and modes of education, and of the mutual influence of schools differently organized in competition for excellence. . . . The high school is usually the home school. It is often a great advantage to the young student to be thrown during some portion of his secondary schooling into new scenes and associations; . . . narrow, home-bred fancies are dispelled, and he perhaps receives his first impressive discipline in manliness and self-control." This sounds well, but the moral evils of boarding-schools, so forcibly indicated by the philosopher Locke, remain just as true to-day as when he wrote them apropos of Eton and Harrow in England two hundred years ago. Of two evils a good boarding-school is better than an unhappy or ill-regulated home, but that a good day-school, whether public or private, is the best of all schools is the true dictum of American belief and experience.

The earnest support given by the Western superintendents to their collegiate system is in such marked contrast to the silence of the Eastern superintendents upon the same subject, that we cannot refrain from one or two extracts as specimens of their spirit. The superintendent of Indiana says, "The university is not independent of the common schools, nor are they independent of the university. They are natural aids. The latter supplies the common schools with teachers, and in turn they supply it with students. No jealousy should exist

between them. All are integral parts of the same great educational system. . . . It is the very highest interest of a State to provide facilities for an extended education. While her prosperity is in great measure dependent upon the general intelligence of her people, there is at the same time a most imperious demand for men of a high order of culture and scientific attainments. Who can calculate to a country the real value of a Columbus or a Fulton, of a Newton or a Franklin? The university that gives to the world only *one* such man repays the public a thousand fold for all expenditures. Without the universities, the sciences are practiced; within, they are created. Books are read without, but written within. These are the fountains whence issue the streams of thought, and they sustain a relation to our common schools like that of the ocean to the lakes, pools, rivers, rivulets, and springs." The Hon. Newton Bateman, of Illinois, the most experienced as well as the ablest State superintendent of the West, thus answers the question how far a State should undertake to provide for the education of its children at public cost. "I would see every American State add to the elementary school, the grammar school; to the grammar school, the high school; to the high school, the State university; and to the State university I would see the American Congress add a national university, as a fitting top-stone to the whole magnificent edifice. And I would have the whole *free*—every door flung wide open, and the invitation repeated along the whole line from one end of it to the other, 'Who-soever will, let him come.' . . . A portion of the public domain surrendered during the last ten years to the rapacity of monster monopolies . . . would have reared in every State of the Union a free university. . . . Meanwhile, the little that was saved in better days, and consecrated to the education of the people is often grudgingly allowed; the free universities and colleges are crippled for means, and a determined effort is made to force the States to call in their advanced free-school out-posts, close their high schools and colleges, and retire within the elementary lines of fifty years ago.

Besides the affiliation of the high schools with the Western State universities, Western superintendents and teachers are now urging the inauguration of a normal department in the latter, wherein those who intend to engage in teaching can go through a course and receive a special degree in

pedagogy and psychology. In their opinion, this would do much to secure for teaching a public recognition as a profession, since all other liberal professions have their appropriate college degrees. When this is accomplished, so that the principals of schools shall be college-bred men and women in at least the same proportion that doctors and lawyers and clergymen are so; when, too, the high-school system thoroughly permeates the whole community, so that all the assistants shall be high-school graduates, the necessity, as we cannot but think, for those make-shifts, the "normal school" and the "teachers' institute," will disappear. The very conception of a school where the teacher is to learn precisely what he is to teach is stultifying, and if from the first the progress of education had been sought by connecting pedagogy with the universities as law and medicine and divinity are connected, instead of organizing mills called normal schools where teachers are ground out by the dozen, the whole question of public-school instruction would have been in a very different state from its present one. Such a degree now inaugurated by the Western colleges would act as a needed stimulus and encouragement to that sex which seems in our country to have found in teaching its special vocation. Ap-ropos of the presence of women in colleges, the testimony from the West seems to be universal that there is none of that falling behind the classes, of that breaking health, or of those improprieties and immoralities that are so much dreaded in the East should like educational privileges be opened to them here. We regret extremely, however, that in the report upon the University of Michigan the recommendation is made that, from reasons of economy, there be no longer any separate medical classes for the men and women students. We most emphatically believe that to instruct the sexes in each other's presence upon subjects over which nature or training—or both—has drawn a veil of reserve would be a most disastrous mistake, and would in the long run lead to both intellectual and moral degradation.

— We took occasion, a few months ago, when noticing a volume of the Clarendon Press series of English authors, to speak of the need there was of good and inexpensive editions of English and American classics

for the use of schools, and of the help that such books would afford in the study of English literature, now beginning to assume its proper place in courses of education. The little volume of Oliver Goldsmith's *Select Poems*¹ just put forth by Mr. Rolfe, who has already edited certain of Shakespeare's plays, comes very near to our ideal of what such a book should be. He has taken *The Traveler*, *The Deserted Village*, and *Retaliation*, prefixed an introduction, and appended notes. The introduction contains Macaulay's *Life of Goldsmith* with omissions, and selections from other memoirs by Thackeray, Forster, Irving, George Colman the younger, and Campbell. By this means he has not only given different views of the poet, but also used the reflective interest which proceeds from the comments of one eminent author upon another. The notes take a wide range of explanation and suggestion, and can hardly fail to be helpful to both teacher and scholar. We have been interested in comparing them with those by Mr. Hales, who has prepared a similar edition in England. Mr. Rolfe has acknowledged his indebtedness to the English author, but his use of Hales's work has been both honest and discriminating. The American edition is much better adapted to use in our schools than the English, since it draws its historical and literary illustration from a wider range, and confines its philological notes more distinctly to those authors, ancient and modern, whom the American reader has been likely to read, or to whose works he has access. Perhaps it was expedient to introduce the illustrations; we are glad to see the portrait and Foley's statue, but could well spare the imaginative pictures, if we could have, in place, room for a portion, say, of the thirteenth chapter of Boswell's *Johnson*, getting thus not only glimpses of Goldsmith's personality as it was seen by Boswell, but a taste of a remarkable book which ought to be introduced to the young reader by such means. The volume is still too expensive, even at its moderate price, to serve the best purposes of a school edition, but probably we shall have to work toward cheap and scholarly editions by degrees, and our complaint in this case is rather based on the supposition that this is one of a projected series of classics.

With Engravings. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1875.

¹ *Select Poems of Oliver Goldsmith*. Edited, with Notes, by WILLIAM J. ROLFE, A. M., formerly Head Master of the High School, Cambridge, Mass.

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CONFESSION OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

CAN life anywhere else be like life in the Ancient City? Upon the first day thereof we are ready to swear you, Nay. Upon the one hundred and fifty-first I think we say, Amen.

With a kind of ingenuity of adaptability which one cannot call anything but maternal, the calm, queer little old town adjusts herself to our various whims and wants. Heraclitus has his wood-pile; and when one is exiled from home with nothing to do, it is impossible to overestimate the sanitary effects of being obliged to keep a wood-pile, more particularly in St. Augustine, where, if you *don't* like to burn wild pine so long that it won't go into the fire-place and so big that it sets the chimney on fire after it has got there, you can select tame oak with the bark on, or even, if you are very fastidious, can have it soaked to the stout heart from the last of those showers which "never fall in Florida."

Heraclitus, I say, has his wood-pile; not to mention the queer little market which one must visit at six o'clock of the morning, or starve; the market down in the antique plaza, by the far-famed old-sea-wall, which looks like a caricature of a Grecian temple, and has for me (who never go to market) but one kind of antiquity and one sort of fame: therein was whipped the last slave who was publicly struck in the city.

The Disciple takes me to see her one day. I find an old woman, with stout arms akimbo, and a quiet face on which I look in vain for traces of her bitter past; she sports superbly a Scotch plaid turban, and even her name is Venus!

And who is The Disciple! Ah, never mind! St. Augustine knows her—for of course she is a woman. In the capacious chamber of her heart the rich and the poor meet together, for the Lord is the maker of them all. I say not she is the only disciple in St. Augustine, for as I tell you it is a godly city; I only say she takes me to see Venus.

But, dear me! I left Heraclitus on his wood-pile; you are always leaving something somewhere, in St. Augustine,—your hat, your gloves, your last specimen of coquina, the pen with which you were to write the volume on Southern Life, your head itself. I wonder how the native St. Augustinians keep their souls! To natures sprung from the lazy, golden weather it seems as if it might be so easy to misplace a little thing of that sort. And yet perhaps it were actually too much trouble to lose it. Or perhaps one reacts, from very atmospheric pressure, into the somewhat rigid sense of responsibility which seems to govern life in the beautiful city. We feel it, I think, before we are residents of a day's experience. Must we not teach the negroes?

Should we not convert the Catholics? Can we not cultivate the natives? And surely I go twice to "meeting" where on the spur of the Northern conscience I go once. But if I were a negro, should I learn anything in such weather? And who would want to lose faith in the Pope while the sun is shining as it shines today! And what can a native care for a high standard of culture, who may gather shells of gold and purple, rose and pearl, forever, upon the singing beaches? "Who would be a king if he could be a peddler?" And so the days and chances slip.

But still I left Heraclitus on his woodpile. And the soul of Ma Dame is blessed with verandas; verandas upon which the orange-blossoms will fall by and by from ardent and close-hanging boughs. And Our Sister will be sisterly, wherever she is. St. Thomas hath the mighty wilderness, and that gun which Heraclitus irreverently calls the life-preserver. He means that it never kills anything. We always explain the jokes in our party. For Merle, she has her own unlimited resources, not to mention the verandas and Ma Dame. And I—I have St. Augustine.

But what is life like in St. Augustine? It were difficult as life itself to say.

We construct tremendous plans for a winter's work. The book boxes are emptied upon our parlor tables with an awful emphasis. Reams of fair, unwritten paper stare at us with eyes in which is no speculation; and the photographs of unanswered correspondents hang around my bureau like those memoranda of religious duties which fair saints pin upon their mirrors. We confidently begin by shaking our rash heads at the sailing-question or even at a whist-party, and are fain to consider the kindly hospitalities in which the little city abounds as so many fair-faced temptations to lure us from the straight and narrow path of the laboring woman who has come South to get well, to be sure, but who believes that nobody ever yet got well except by being worked to death. But, O demure and witching little city! behind the veil of a nun do you hide the face of

an irresistible though irreproachable coquette?

Somehow, the blank paper lies folded blankly still; and to mar its white face were a kind of imbecile effort, to be repented of before it is made; but it is a comfort at least to *look* so learned as that parlor table does; and as for the dear faces over the bureau—why, in St. Augustine one learns to love an absent friend exactly in inverse ratio to the number of letters which one writes to him.

Wisely said the great saint from whom this perplexing little town was named, "If you do not ask me what time is, I know; but if you ask me, I know not."

I write "at midsummer, when the hay is down." From the precision of life in a New England home my recalling thoughts wander perplexedly to the confusion of life in a Florida jaunt. What *did* we do? From the Northern summer to the Southern summer I turn in incoherent inquiry. There was too much summer. I was right to begin with. A year without a winter turns one's head. Sternly I gather the fair, departed time, like the plates in a magic lantern; shift them, one by one, upon a reflecting and reflective surface. And what in resolutely gazing have I saved to see?

I see a glimmer of long mornings in which we wander lazily to the old fort, just running over after our walk from breakfast at "the best" hotel, which, as I have never yet to my knowledge puffed anything or anybody in my life, perhaps I may be excused for saying has too pretty a name to be lost. We wander on then from the Magnolia to the shore, quite sure that we will stay ten minutes before returning to finish the chapter in Spencer, or begin the essay upon The Effect of Ancient Spanish Superstitions upon the Infant Colored Mind.

It is quite as likely to be I, as we. I like to be alone upon the fort. Beautiful, dreadful, massive thing! I like to play with it as ignorantly as a baby with an encyclopædia. I am grieved when "the season" sets in, and the tourist who knows things stands in groups with his wife and daughters, discoursing of the

bastion and the demi-lune, of the ramparts and the dungeons, of the exact inscription upon the old, old coat of arms above the door (though I don't think he called it the door), which seemed so pretty till I heard him talk about it. I don't want to be instructed about that fort. It spoils it all to know anything about it. It is enough for me that I was never in a fort before, and that this (unless it be the ruin on Matanzas) is the oldest in the country, and that from its summit I can see the magnificent line of breakers over the bar, which shelters St. Augustine so tenderly that she sits almost like an inland city, widowed alike from the traffic and the terror of the sea. I am content to sit ignorantly down upon the cannon-balls, and find out that they are shells; to peer unintelligently about the marvelous nooks and crannies and cells, which all have names of their own if one cared to ask them, but where I can only think that life and death have met in awful conflict in awful times; to creep, shuddering, after the not very sweet-tempered old sergeant, into the dungeon which was discovered in eighteen something, where the rock fell in and revealed the skeletons of human creatures hung to the walls in iron cages, starved in sight of food and water, and barred from the breath of heaven by solid masonry. But it matters little to me whether the Catholics did it or did n't do it. I care only to get away and up the mighty broken stairway to the clear space where I can forget that blood ever flowed over the grass-grown stones, or that mortal cries ever stabbed the silent, amber air. Here one can almost rest. I creep into the shadow of a turret with my Browning. Perhaps, turning the leaves idly, I read:—

'Oh days of sin,
With your turrets and your towers and the rest!
Shut them in!'

But by and by the book drops helplessly down upon the shawl of many colors, which I brought from sheer Southern barbaric sense of hue, just to see the inscrutable sunlight caress it where it lies upon the old gray stone. Even Robert, the husband of Elizabeth, has no voices

for me when Fort Marion speaks. I slip in and out among turret and tower and broken loop-hole and battered bastion, bewitched to think how easy a matter it were to step a little near and nearer—to stand erect as I do this moment upon the daring edge—just to drop quietly off—

I am fairly proud of myself that I retreat in good order, and that Ma Dame's sweet smile will not be frozen to-day about dinner-time as one rushes in to break to her the news that at the foot of the western rampart they found—Nonsense! But I wonder no more that all the famous towers of the tourist's Europe are guarded in anticipation of impulses as nonsensical.

I retire an unbroken phalanx, and betake myself sharply, as if that could hold me in, to the tropical shawl and the tropical Browning.

Below me, in the sunny sand, groups of dusky little children shout for very joy of their young breath. Sad-faced, narrow-browed Minorcans bask, chattering, in front of doorless and windowless coquina ruins which they call home. The cracker's wagon, drawn by a starving horse, crawls patiently over the flats, going home to the wilderness with its supply of "grits," by which the cracker meaneth hominy; and the cracker's gaunt family, staring dully up at me, do not find themselves tempted to leap over from Fort Marion. Beyond, swaying like feathers in the strong current of the river, little boats of pleasure-seekers toss merrily. Against the warm horizon, as glad and innocent as babies, the fair and terrible Florida breakers leap upon the silver sand. And still beyond—

"If you *want* your dinner," observes Merle, appearing in sudden and bold relief at the top of the great stairway, "or if you *prefer* to give up your seat to a perfectly ravenous party who came in by the last omnibus, and have vowed, permanents or no permanents, to be fed or die"—

Ah me, for the essay on Spanish Superstitions!

Slide the magic lantern once again! And now I see a wonderful shimmer of

long, long afternoons in which we will all go a-sailing in a "yacht." Everything bigger than a dug-out is a yacht, in St. Augustine. The first time we are invited to join the party of the Northern gentleman who has "engaged the yacht for the day," I think how grand we are. But I never am allowed to feel grand very long in this world; something always happens to it. My mortification is not unexpected, though severe, when I clamber down from the little wharf into a sail-boat with calico cushions, an oil-cloth on the floor, and a funny, two-sided flat bottom, upon which we flap crazily hither and yon against the rising wind.

But our yacht answers to the sound name of Elizabeth, and to her is the manly young skipper so loyal that in ten minutes we forget even the shark question itself. At first sight, the shark is a terrible blow to the romance of sailing in St. Augustine. In orthodox Northern waters, a possible accident has its actual charms. In the clear depths of emerald and golden death, how blessed to be lost! It were, after all, so peaceful and so slight a thing. But here—I struggle to forget the man-eater, six feet long, who was captured near the wall this very morning; and even the comfortable porpoises make me shudder; they whirl, shining brown wheels, about us, and remind me of the living creatures which Ezekiel saw.

We sail, and sail. The little town grows distant enough to soften through all its pretty outlines; islets of shining sand drift by us, on which the silver gulls and the blue-black herons, the homelike "sand peep" and the beautiful, unhomelike shells, have it all to themselves. Ah, what shells! Incredible that they should be selling for large prices by the quart, like candy in the Boston shops. They lie brilliant, vital, it seems sentient, beneath our touch, like flowers. We beach the Elizabeth upon the silver bar, and wander like children among them. At first I object to gathering them, as I do to rifling a garden; and to the last, I find myself turning out of my way to avoid stepping upon

the perfect and rich-tinted things; as if they had blood and could be hurt.

And now I find out what coquina is. I thought I knew when I purchased, on the second day of my arrival, a coquina match-safe at the curiosity shop, which for some unexplained but undoubtedly scientific reason did *not* hold water for the roses with which kindly St. Augustine keeps my lodgings glorious.

They tell me there are coquina quarries where one may dig forever for this beautiful composite of shell and sand; but I care little for the quarries; I would rather take home a broken bit from a house aged one hundred and fifty years, or one of the inimitable statues made therefrom by the colored native "sculptor" who is so happy in his art, or the vase that should have held water, as aforesaid.

Beneath our feet, as we wander to and fro under the great eyes of the breakers, masses of soft color streak the sand where my poor shells have been ground by wind and weather to colored powder,—red, umber, amber, and snow. Perfect and untouched upon the cool opacity of the background rest exquisite contours, as tiny and as delicate as blush-rose leaves. Here are the tints which we are wont to credit to the imagination of an artist, granting him at least the originality of having spread the rainbow upon his palette, and modified it to suit himself; the shy reserved shades of which nature is sparing: golds as subdued as if they but half made up their minds to become silver; silver reticent as frost; pearl which knows how to keep the secret of its reflections as pearl only can; violets pale as if saddened in a Claude Lorraine; rose as delicate as that half-detected blush which modesty itself suppresses and drives quickly into placid pallor; and that spotless cream-like white which is so much whiter for being warm.

We gather them tenderly; it seems a sort of rudeness to crush them into flapping pockets. I collect mine in the great royal crimson scallop shell which I find at high-water mark, among the weedless drift-wood.

"Yes," observes Our Sister sympathetically to the sentiment, "the young ladies take home those red shells to bake oysters in for supper-parties."

Perhaps she does n't mean it. I forgive her. But baked oysters!

Did they tell us that the beach was forty miles in length? To us it seems as if this sea-shore might stretch, like that from which little Paul's mother sailed, "all around the world." Our feet rustle bewildered through the glittering sand. It blows before us into rifts and drifts, like dry, unchilly snow. Since to-morrow is Christmas, let us make believe—it would require small effort of the fancy—that we sit upon a freezing field at home. But my palmetto hat blows in the wild, warm wind across my confused vision; the white linen dress-hem is draggled in the gleaming surf; on the little islands "sweet fields stand dressed in living green;" in my hand a magnificent cloth-of-gold rose, fresh-plucked from a generous garden, droops royally. We shake our heads and are perplexed. We can neither make a fancy like a winter, nor believe it when we have made it. There is no winter! There never was.

We sail home in thoughtful mood. Perhaps we are sad or homesick, or perhaps we are only confused. Or it may be that we are thinking of Christmas. At all events, it is growing a serious matter, and, drifting by some gorgeous and unfamiliar colors which beautify the ledge of Anastasia Island below the striped light-house like the barber's pole, one of us breaks silence with a sprightly manner, to observe,—

"What is that beautiful orange growth which adorns the shore?"

"I think," replies St. Thomas, confidently, "that it is coral."

Ma Dame, less confidently, but still with the sweet spell of the romantic hour upon her, suggests that it is "a shell formation."

"Coquina?" I ask, dropping a semitone, but true to the sentiment still.

"Oyster-shells!" says Merle, who always will break any spell that is not stone-china. It is not until we have

fairly recovered from this bruise, which takes time, that it occurs to me to ask the non-communicative skipper what the beautiful object of so much wasted sentiment may be. Laconic and long to be remembered is the skipper's answer:—

"Mud!"

Is even the mud, then, so beautiful in Florida? And surely he were a wise man who, cruising in strange waters, may always in a world like this know mud from coral even in the calm sunset of a Christmas Eve.

Still we sail: homeward to the home-like little city; and behind it, all the west is flaming. The grand outlines of the fort loom against the cloudless color, calm with the unuttered and unutterable passion of antiquity. The old cathedral tower points a peaceful finger to the skies, signaling in the great deaf-mute alphabet of churchly architecture certain old words which fall as calm as the now drooping winds upon the petty passions and perplexities of human story: "*Behold, like a vesture shalt thou roll them up and they shall be changed; but thou endurest.*" Even Merle has ceased to look for oysters; we do not glance at one another's faces, and it is long since we have spoken. The west is dying purely as we walk, mutely still, upon the gray old seawall, home; and in the little streets the people in the little shops are preparing to keep Christmas Day.

"But you don't say how we got stuck in the mud, and were an hour getting off the boat!"

And does she think I would spoil my sunset or my Bible-verse for *that*?

And now I see a procession of gray and golden twilights, in which I am not happy unless I go "all alone by myself" to see them light the barber's pole upon the island, or to watch the fiddlers at their supper on the beach. Probably the scientific mind would not be content to know that the fiddler is of the genus crab, and there allow its useful information, like Dr. Hawes's young men, to "pause." But I am content, quite. The fiddler looketh like a little devil-fish, and eateth with his hands, and cruncheth horribly beneath your feet, for he is

too many not to be stepped on, walk you never so tenderly. These facts interest me in the fiddler. I perch myself upon a log below the fort, where the little black babies are making the most of their civil rights at playing see-saw, and watch the creatures — the fiddlers, not the babies — feed themselves upon the sand with the table manners of the best society. Particularly am I interested in the fiddler because he lives by himself, each one in his own den, dug within the silver sand. Was it disappointed love, or ascetic melancholy? Did he sigh for a lodge in some vast wilderness, and, lodging, was he happy?

Ah, there! sudden and glorious breaks against the reflected colors of the eastern sky my great Anastasia light. Did somebody tell me that it was to be seen from off the awful Florida coast four hundred miles? Or was it four hundred miles that ship came in on purpose to look at it? It is plain that the fiddlers work sadly upon the unscientific mind.

I turn my back upon Anastasia in disgust, and wander off upon the deserted beach, paving my way with the agonies of fiddlers as I go. There is a gray field in which some unfamiliar dead brush lifts itself sparsely to the water's edge; wonderful to me because of the rattlesnakes which are to be in it in March; a desolate spot. From sheer waste of the sense of desolation, I cross and recross it, looking for the rattlesnakes despite the almanac, and turning to glance over my shoulder at the fashionable outlines of the few Northern pleasure-seekers left on the sea-wall and ramparts, cut against the glow the solemn light-house makes.

Beyond the dead field there is a lifeless creek; on the border of the creek I know an old deserted boat. Grim is the pleasure in defying that malaria which "never is found in St. Augustine." I creep into the old boat and defy the world to find me; the very fiddlers have lost track of me; even Anastasia has turned her shining face away. It grows dusk; is dark. Birds, whose names I do not know, chirp and whistle in the nearest cypresses and oaks; little

white flowers, like our innocence, but they call them the forget-me-not, twinkle in the grass; the odorous, warm twilight shuts me in.

A thousand miles from home —

Have the fiddlers found me? Did Anastasia call? Was that a rattlesnake? Whatever the reason, I think it suddenly very dark; the rain which never falls in Florida has set in, weakly; the old boat is damp; I am wet, if I choose to think so; I clamber out and hurry back.

The beach is black, and, but for the booming of unseen surf, were deadly still: the fort frowns, a solid shadow. Anastasia only smiles through the rain, grave, calm, faithful, like a friend who knows no moods, and in whose nature is "no variability, neither shadow of turning."

A thousand miles from home —

The marsh ponies come over as I walk by; poor little starved ponies, turned out to board themselves. What Floridians keep them for, Heaven knows! It takes them all day to find enough to keep their meek souls in their gaunt bodies, and I never observed that they ever went anywhere or carried anything. These creatures wade over from somewhere in the now rising tide. Two of them are standing drearily, nose to nose, in the quickening storm, as I come up to them. One, turning, scans me dully, comes down a step or two, and pathetically puts out his face to be caressed. Bless him! I don't know which one of us is most conscious of giving a bit of needed sympathy. I hate to leave that pony in the rain.

It seems lighter, perhaps, where the rich and broken outline of the city gates is lifted against the little quiet churchyard, where the happy inmates sleep under crosses of white shells. Shall we too ever, *ever* sleep as quietly?

The drizzle is a storm now, and the people have put up their wooden shutters and all the street is dark. One little girl has forgotten to put up her shutters. She is braiding palmetto; everybody braids palmetto in St. Augustine; she thinks it is the fault of the man in New York city, somehow, that the braid

brings but ten cents this winter, and that by hard labor she can twist only two braids a day. The pine knot in her fireplace is just lighted, and all the little barren room is hung with cloth of gold. She sits in the wooden rocking-chair, and rocks violently to and fro. As I stop to look in at her she breaks into a flat, strung voice, and braiding, rocking, sings, —

"There's no place like home,
Sweet home!"

And now sets in the freezing life of the Terrible Winter. It looms over the country like a Titanic iceberg; even fair Florida sits shivering in the shadow of its chill.

At least, Floridians shiver. We are only cross. There is no suspicion of a frost; and on the hotel bill of fare, tucked among the roses and red pinks, the thermometer is reported for the day as smiling at forty degrees. But the splendid sun has withdrawn the light of his countenance from us; and from that dreadful river, where St. Augustine is so happy that it does not live, we hear wild rumors of dank and deadly fogs in which the Northern invalids sit ghastly, comparing notes of their diseases, about the hotel parlors.

Of course we thank Heaven, as is quite proper, that we are not upon the river. But nevertheless, and notwithstanding, we are cross. Our invalids pale down, and are sure that it was a great mistake to come to Florida. We count the weeks till we may safely venture to Aiken, Charleston, Philadelphia, home, —

"Anywhere, anywhere, out of the world"

over which St. Augustine penitently presides. We put on warm dresses and overcoats. Heraclitus renews his woodpile. We sail no more to beach the Elizabeth among the bruised and vivid shells. We keep much in-doors, and are astonished to discover how tired people may get of one another when they are there and cannot help themselves.

It is now that I will become wise, and scour St. Augustine for some new thing. I visit the old convent, where ten sisters sit making lace at two prices,

the Catholic price and the Protestant; the barracks where the company is stationed (I never to this day have found out what for), and whence every evening, at the hour of the signal gun, floats over the city the same unsparing little dancing-tune; the colored Sunday-school where The Disciple is omnipotent; the obscure houses of the sombre Spanish Catholic natives, where That Other Disciple (though a heretic) is known and loved.

One day I wander into the cathedral to matins. Here a serene old bishop sits in purple velvet, among tissue-paper roses and unlimited gilt paper. Here are those rare specimens of art which all good Northerners flock to see; they are painted by the architect, we are proudly told. Critical expression fails me before these pictures. It is necessary to go to St. Augustine to appreciate them. Here the colored brethren, welcomed through the front door, sit in goodly numbers. Here, calm above the altar, rises the effigy of the city's patron saint, and golden are the letters in which is spanned above his head the prayer which I slip out repeating reverentially, —

"*Sancte Augustine! Ora pro nobis!*"

Now, moved by that instinct which leads us to grow wise as we grow sad, I begin to search for useful information, in a fitful and depressing manner.

One day I ask my ingenious native dress-maker, who can put many a Northern "fit" to shame with her shrewd shears, if she has ever traveled towards the North.

Traveled? She has never been to Jacksonville; has never visited Tocoi; has never seen the *St. John's River*. Why, nobody does in Augustine. Folks can't afford it. Most of them never have been out of the city. They just stay around, and live — and die.

One day, again, I waylay a small boy in the streets, and ask him what the people live on, around here. Unhesitating is that small boy's reply, —

"Fish, and strangers!"

And once I propound to a dusky friend of mine a few antislavery conundrums, the first that I have ventured

upon since I walked beneath the shadow of the Confederate monument, which bears the holy words, Our Dead. Perhaps I never understood, before, that *they* have *their* dead too — God help us all!

"Florida, have you always lived here?"

"Yes, ma'am" (no "missus" now; scarcely a relic of the old dialect left), "I lived with my owner till peace. Me and my husband had different owners."

"Were they good to you?"

"Good as most of 'em — yes; I've got nothing special to complain of. I learned my trade with 'em — got so much out of 'em; I an't left to shift and starve like some is."

"Where is your husband now?"

"He's in Georgia. He was owned in Georgia. He used to come and see me twice a year. I s'pose he thought I'd foller him after peace, but I was n't going running after *him*! I s'pose he'd got settled there, and it's a good ways off; but" — the woman's heart breaks through the woman's pride — "but after peace *he might have come*!"

A Good Samaritan takes me one day to see Aunt Patty. Aunt Patty sits at the door of the neat little shanty whence she will be carried in due time to that good Old Woman's Home which St. Augustine is delighted to honor. She is very, very old.

"That," says the Samaritan, "was once one of my goods and chattels. Aunt Patty, Aunt Patty! do you know me?"

But Aunt Patty winks and blinks blindly up. She does not know him. She is so near, now, the borders of that calm country in which they need neither wars nor rumors of wars to break the shackles of immortal souls, that she has forgotten that she was ever "owned." Aunt Patty does not recall the kindly smile or the gentle tone which once were law to her. She does not remember, cannot tell. She only wonders, — who is the lady? and the lady leaves her wondering still.

One week, two, three, and still we sit sunless and unamiable. People se-

lect these days to die in, apparently. One morning I am summoned to the window to see the queerest little negro funeral. The most famished of marsh ponies drags the old wagon in which the coffin rests. The immediate mourner boasts a crape veil and a white pocket-handkerchief. The more distant sufferers file by, just in from "the country," in country simplicity: the women wear men's hats or white turbans; the men sport exhausted stove-pipes, and stare importantly around. Nobody cries, and the whole thing is like a Fourth of July procession of the Antiques and Horribles.

Another day I hear sudden music, and looking over into the dull street — ah me! the funeral of a soldier from the little garrison: only a private, what great matter? He lies in an open express-wagon. Apparently there is no coffin, though I may be wrong; he is wrapped in the true flag, and as they turn the corner towards the burial-ground, the truant sun struggles through the gray atmosphere and lights the grand old colors up. But his comrades, as they follow him, play that little dancing-tune; I suppose it is the only one they know. The wagon jogs to it grotesquely, yet sadly, somehow, too. I shut the window and get away. I think it even sadder than a dirge.

These are the days in which the Florida wilderness grows so great, so suffocating, so sad a matter. I see in it the beauty of desolation, the dreariness of peace. Beyond the pale colors of the San Sebastian River it stretches calm, purple, eternal; miles of waste wherein, I fancy, —

"No man is nor hath been since the making of the world."

Depths of poison, pitfalls, death, yet how beautiful with the shades of orange and of cypress and of pine; how calm with the consciousness of health in hidden lakes and springs; how grand the sweep of its gray hairs above its lofty head! Plainly, the Florida wilderness comes of an "old Southern family." No such gray heads in your Yankee forests, you may be sure.

But I am weary to the heart of it. In the sleepless hours when "that dog" in which the South abounds makes night perpetually hideous, and when the St. Augustine rooster crows *every* time the dog barks, I pace my room and love not the mellow Southern moon for revealing the horizon's uncanny outlines. Rather would I meet the clear eye of Anastasia, beneath which the restless waters of the harbor are now at peace. All night these two — the Great Desert and the Great Light — confront one another across the unconscious city. Perhaps they *must* be grave, these sleepless hours, for again there come to me certain solemn words, which slip confusedly together: *The voice of one crying in the wilderness: I am the light of the world.*

Twenty-one, twenty-three, twenty-five days without the sun! Now, fair and terrible as an army with banners he breaks at last upon us. The light of day has a new meaning, a fresh depth, clear to the core, burning and transparent as topaz, blessed as a late and unexpected joy. The dear old fire-places whose golden hearts we have almost won, we think, by long study and loving in the twilights of the clouded days, are deserted now without a pang; pale with neglect, their ardent faces shrink away, and we remember them no more, for joy of the eternal passion of the holy sun. Now the pretty toilettes at the hotel dinner are of white again. Now the Minorcan children bask again from dawn to dark upon the sand, and amuse me by flinging the expression, "Oh, you Spaniard!" as a term of reproach across their quarrels. Now the young girl, my neighbor with the voice, awakes me every shining morning with the same confident assertion, —

"Oh how happy we might be!"

And how I wish that somebody would give her a cottage by the sea, and let her try it; yet I like the trustful little song, somehow, and should miss it if she left the birds to sing alone. The mocking-bird is abroad now, and he takes up the same refrain. Let the birds and girls believe it, say I, as long as they can! One can half believe it one's self, listen-

ing, half awake and half asleep, as over the budding grape and blossoming violet, and through the mingled perfumes of the white and yellow jasmines which fill the room, the serene young words persist in floating up, —

"Oh how happy, oh how happy we might be!"

And now the orange-buds throw off their long reserve and cast themselves wildly, for very love, beneath the feet of the pure-souled sunbeams, which, "without fear and without reproach," have patiently bided their time. Now the very edges of the orange-leaves glitter like fine arrows, and the scarlet pomegranate muses of a bud. Now the tear-roses of blush and amber, perfect like none other, clamber in riotous exuberance over the garden where grow four hundred varieties of the flower; and the famous tree, *der einige* the country over, fourteen feet in height, and thick across the trunk like a cypress, flames with blossoms. Now, over the walled garden of the good Protestant priest the cloth-of-gold roses nod to me like stars; and the priestess for love of the stranger without her gates will not pluck the stars from her floral heaven; they shall fall and "die silently of their own glory."

And now we are in no hurry to go home; we are not so tired of one another as we thought we were. We will stay and see the Colored Homes, and see the Colored School (everything is so sharply prismatic in St. Augustine), and see where the priests were murdered once; and sail the North River after scallop shells; and make the promised speeches in the Sunday-school, which for cleanliness and conduct puts to shame any Northern mission-school I ever saw; and sit at the feet of the father of the city to learn all good things both of the soul and of the body of St. Augustine, and grow statistical and happy.

And now it is impossible to believe that at home the East River is frozen stiff; that people are perishing in snow-slides; that the thermometer in Indiana runs to forty-two degrees below; that the world is dying of pneumonia. This is the wildest of fiction, and all owing somehow to the fact that the New

York Times is four days old when it gets to us.

And now I will jaunt it down the river for a glimpse at the beautiful Mandarin home which the good heart of a great woman has made famous. Swift, fair hours in the little cottage, perched like a bird's-nest so near the heart of the live-oaks that the leaves drift in upon me as I sleep—rare hours!—you are not the world's, but mine.

But still I think I like not the St. John's River, and come back to the Ancient City with something of the thrill of those to the manor born. And now, like broken dreams the last weeks stir and fade.

Those nine thousand visitors whom St. Augustine, a little city of two thousand souls, contrives by the modern miracle of the loaves and fishes to keep fed and happy during "the season," slip away imperceptibly like melting ice. In the curiosity shops, where the beautiful Southern birds—gorgeous sacrifices consumed on the altar of Northern feminine vanity—drop their glorious plumage, the crowds dwindle from evening to evening; the rarest duck and the whitest heron, the bluest jay, the most dazzling red-bird, and the purest of the royal rose-curlwews have been "selected" away; the rage for orange-wood canes is abating; and the man who keeps one hundred baby-alligators alive in boxes smiles upon a fast-decreasing stock in hand. We are told that we can send these creatures North by mail. But righteous fear of Mr. Bergh constrains us.

We find in Florida a time-honored proverb: "Carry *one* live alligator North, you'll never carry another;" so we content ourselves by estimating, on the more simple principles of political economy, the amount saved in the matter of board-bills by being an alligator and not eating anything from January till March. I have my reserved doubts upon this latter point, I plainly confess. I observe that there are two kinds of alligators: the kind that wriggles, and the kind that does n't; and I maintain that that superior sunniness of temper-

ament which admits of wriggling under such circumstances would not decline a bit of fresh meat or a drop of water. Most of the alligators, however, suffer under great depression of spirits, and have the air of people in recent affliction, to whom it were a sort of insult to suppose that they could have an appetite. On the whole, I like the alligator better when he has passed through that process of dental surgery which results in savage gold-tipped jewelry, and the unearthly whistle with which the small boy delights to yelp about the hotel piazzas.

But still we linger. One by one the hotel tables are folded up, but we do not start. The gentlemanly landlord regretfully gives us notice that he must close the house next week; but still we stay. Was there not a snow-storm but yesterday in Savannah? And how bewitching is the little city with her grave and quiet face. We stroll about the deserted streets, enchanted, with their calm. One day we wander over the shops and riotously exhaust the morning in the selection of a single cane. Another day we are inspired, and will buy gray moss enough at twenty-five cents a bushel to stuff a mattress with at home; for you'll never be romantic about that moss again, when once you've found out what mattresses it makes. And still another day we will wait, to drive across the beach of the San Sebastian, where there ought to be alligators in the mud, and musingly away over flats of the Spanish bayonet into the purple, poison heart of the beautiful swamps. And oh, for one more golden moon beneath which to see the breakers on the north shore throw up their bewildered arms in half-lights, like one of Turner's gray pictures! in which to stand mute upon the unbroken beach, within the rockless shore, before the even sea, against the low, unclouded sky, —

"Till where earth ends and heaven begins,
The soul shall hardly know."

It is in these days that it begins to be whispered about that "the schooner has n't come." For once a month from New York city there steals out a little schooner

which provides the St. Augustine harbor with supplies, and but for that schooner St. Augustine would fold her hands and starve. The St. Augustine grocer is half a day's journey from Jacksonville, but he deals with the schooner; and for that schooner he will pause, if he must pause, till the problem of future punishment is settled. Indeed, the schooner may play him false and go to the bottom of the Atlantic; but for her with a confidence worthy of so glorious a cause is the St. Augustine grocer found.

"Waiting—waiting still."

Twice in succession the schooner has been wrecked this year. But what of that? St. Augustine can trust. The luxuries, not to say the comforts, of life gradually disappear from the market, and the necessities acquire enormous prices, but still the veritable St. Augustinian is calm.

Brown sugar appears upon our generous hotel table: "The schooner has n't come." One wishes a lemon to make hot lemonade for the invalids, or to sweeten one's temper upon the homœopathic law: "The schooner is n't in." You ask for a glass of ice-water: "The schooner is expected next week." At your peril, break a kerosene lamp chimney, or recklessly strike two matches at a time,—till the schooner comes.

In our morning walks we come upon groups of men, whispering with awe-stricken faces at corners: "Thought they'd sighted her last night, but it was a mistake. She has n't come."

A wild rumor runs through the town that the last cracker was sold yesterday for ten cents. I appeal to my grocer. It is true, there are no crackers—the schooner has n't arrived.

There are no sweet potatoes—the schooner is delayed. Milk goes up to the Northerner's price, twenty-five cents per quart, on account of the schooner. And now, ghastly lips take up the report before which even St. Augustine shivers: there is no hominy! The very hominy comes from New York city, and the schooner—

The town is in a state of siege. The grocers close their shops and take their

families on picnics to the North Shore. There is nothing to sell.

Life comes to a pause. The pleasures of slow starvation assume vivid colors to the imaginative mind. We seek the acquaintance of that enterprising man who is currently reported to have salted down three billions of the pretty little wise, red Southern ants for beef-steak in the hotels next winter, and converse with the alligator man as to the feasibility of getting out of the city by mail, in little boxes with a hole to let the air in.

One afternoon it is breathlessly whispered that "some apples have come to town from Jacksonville." I rush to the apple store and pay a price which it would ruin my reputation for veracity to relate, for a dozen little russets; and we are safe for one day more.

Merle has but just suggested that we telegraph North for means of transporting the bodies home, as it would be impossible to procure a coffin in the city should one require it before the schooner were in, when the cry, "A sail!—a sail!" is echoed from street-corner to street-corner, and St. Augustine, peaceful, triumphant, gaunt, and satisfied, swells and surges to the old sea-wall to be fed.

The schooner has come!

And now at last we will surely sadly turn our faces northwards. It grows too warm for anybody but the fiddlers. Ma Dame takes fond farewell of her tear-roses, and I wander alone for the last time to commune with Anastasia on the darkening beach. I see that we pack our trunks in bitterness of soul, and are fain to stay forever where we are. I see that we regretfully take leave of the kindly strangers whom one short winter seems to have converted into time-worn friends.

And while my thought turns swiftly from this hospitable face to that, he from whom no crying need of this little world was ever turned away unsatisfied, he on whom it leaned for counsel, and whose memory it will arise to bless, the father of his city, a thousand miles from her loving heart, lies dead.

And now I see that the sun, hot and red, has set for the last time for us, upon the Florida wilderness. Too tired to be sentimental over it, too warm to watch it, we think only that it will rise to-morrow — and that, after all, the world is wide.

Perplexedly we rise to-morrow with the dawn. We check our baggage at the door for Boston. We check our tears up-stairs in self-defense. But I see the sweet face which has made home for us strangers in a strange land a little blindly, and scarcely know whether Ma Dame speaks to me or not, or who they are who wave good-by to us from here

and there, or who it was that from the roadside has put white roses into my hand through the omnibus window, as we ride away.

The ancient Spanish monument upon the plaza dims from sight; the warm, bright sea beyond grows pale; the orange groves waver, and all the familiar outlines flit. We rattle over Maria Sanchez — who is a river — so prosaically hard that we forget to look our last at the cathedral tower, beneath which blazes the city's faithful prayer, day and night which heart and lips go out from her repeating: "*Sancte Augustine! Ora pro nobis!*"

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

UNDER MOON AND STARS.

FROM the house of desolation,
 From the doors of lamentation,
 I went forth into the midnight and the vistas of the moon;
 Where through aisles high-arched and shady
 Paced the pale and spectral lady,
 And with silver footprints spangled the deep velvet turf of June.

In the liquid hush and coolness
 Of the slumbering earth, the fullness
 Of my aching soul was solaced; till my senses, grown intense,
 Caught the evanescent twinkle,
 Caught the fairy-footed tinkle,
 Of the dewfall raining softly on the leafage cool and dense.

The sad cries, the unavailing
 Orphans' tears and woman's wailing,
 In the shuttered house were buried, and the pale face of the dead;
 From the chambers closed and gloomy
 Neither sight nor sound came to me,
 But great silence was about me, and the great sky overhead.

As a mighty angel leaneth
 His calm visage from the zenith,
 Gazed the moon: my thoughts flew upward, through the pallid atmosphere,
 To the planets in their places,
 To the infinite starry spaces,
 Till despair and death grew distant, and eternal Peace drew near.

Then the faith that oft had failed me,
And the mad doubts that assailed me,
Like two armies that had struggled for some fortress long and well,
Both as by a breath were banished;
Friend and foe together vanished,
And my soul sat high and lonely in her solemn citadel.

Peace! and from her starry station
Came white-pinioned Contemplation,
White and mystical and silent as the moonlight's sheeted wraith;
Through my utter melancholy
Stole a rapture still and holy,
Something deeper than all doubting, something greater than all faith.

And I pondered: "Change is written
Over all the blue, star-litten
Universe; the moon on high there, once a palpitating sphere,
Now is seamed with ghastly scissures,
Chilled and shrunken, cloven with fissures,
Sepulchres of frozen oceans and a perished atmosphere.

"Doubtless mid yon burning clusters
Ancient suns have paled their lustres,
Worlds are lost with all their wonders, glorious forms of life and thought,
Arts and altars, lore of sages,
Monuments of mighty ages,
All that joyous nature lavished, all that toil and genius wrought.

"So this dear, warm earth, and yonder
Sister worlds that with her wander
Round the parent light, shall perish; on through darkening cycles run,
Whirling through their vast ellipses
Evermore in cold eclipses,
Orphaned planets roaming blindly round a cold and darkened sun!

"This bright haze and exhalation,
Starry cloud we call creation,
Glittering mist of orbs and systems, shall like mist dissolve and fall,—
Seek the sea whence all ascendeth,
Meet the ocean where all endeth:
Thou alone art everlasting, O thou inmost soul of all!

"Veiled in manifold illusion,
Seeming discord and confusion,
Life's harmonious scheme is builded: earth is but the outer stair,
Is but scaffold-beam and stanchion
In the rearing of the mansion.
Dust enfolds a finer substance, and the air, diviner air.

"All about the world and near it
Lies the luminous realm of spirit,
Sometimes touching upturned foreheads with a strange, unearthly sheen;

Through the deep ethereal regions
Through invisible bright legions,
And unspeakable great glory flows around our lives unseen;

“ Round our ignorance and anguish,
Round the darkness where we languish,
As the sunlight round the dim earth's midnight tower of shadow pours,
Streaming past the dim, wide portals,
Viewless to the eyes of mortals
Till it flood the moon's pale islet or the morning's golden shores.

“ O'er the world of sense forever
Rolls the bright, celestial river:
Of its presence, of its passing, streaks of faint prophetic light
Give the mind mysterious warning,
Gild its clouds with gleams of morning,
Or some shining soul reflects it to our feeble inner sight.”

So by sheen and shade I wandered;
And the mighty theme I pondered
(Vague and boundless as the midnight wrapping world and life and man)
Stooped with dewy whispers to me,
Breathed unuttered meanings through me,
Of man's petty pains and passions, of the grandeur of God's plan !

And I said, “ Thou one all-seeing,
Perfect, omnipresent Being,
Sparkling in the nearest dewdrop, throbbing in the farthest star;
By the pulsing of whose power
Suns are sown and systems flower;
Who hast called my soul from chaos and my faltering feet thus far!

“ What am I to make suggestion?
What is man to doubt and question
Ways too wondrous for his searching, which no science can reveal?
Perfect and secure my trust is
In thy mercy and thy justice,
Though I perish as an insect by thine awful chariot-wheel!

“ Lo! the shapes of ill and error,
Lo! the forms of death and terror,
Are but light-obstructing phantoms, which shall vanish late or soon,
Like this sudden, vast, appalling
Gloom on field and woodland falling
From the wingèd, black cloud-dragon that is flying by the moon!”

Downward wheeled the dragon, driven
Like a falling fiend from heaven;
And the silhouettes of the lindens, on the peaceful esplanade,
Lay once more like quiet islands
In the moonlight and the silence;
And by softly silvered alleys, leafy mazes, still I strayed,

Till, through boughs of sombre maples,
 With the pale gleam on its gables,
 Lo! the house of desolation, like a ghost amid the gloom!
 Then the thought of present sorrow,
 Of the palled, funereal morrow,
 Filled anew my heart with anguish and the horror of the tomb.

And I cried, "Is God above us?
 Are there Powers that guard and love us,
 Pilots to the blissful havens? Do they hear the tones of woe,
 Death and pain and separation,
 Wailing through the wide creation?
 Will the high heavens heed or help us; do they, can they feel and know?"

Ah! the heart is very human;
 Still the world of man and woman,
 Love and loss, throbs in and through us! For the radiant hour is rare,
 When the soul from heights of vision
 Views the shining plains Elysian,
 And in after-times of trouble we forget what peace is there.

J. T. Trowbridge.

MANMATHA.

ONE day the breeze was talking of grand and simple things in the pines that look across the lower bay at Sandy Hook. The great water spaces were a delicious blue, dotted with the white tops of crushed waves; to the left, Coney Island lay mapped out in bleached surfaces, while beyond and seaward, from the purple sleeve formed by the hills of the Navesink, the Hook ran a brown finger eastward. A hawk which nests among the steep inclines of Todt Hill shot out from a neighboring ravine and hung motionless, but never quiet, in the middle distance.

Birds and beasts will make closer approach to a person clothed in garments of a dun color; therefore it was not odd that the hawk should not notice my presence on the pine needles near the crest of the hill. After steering without visible rustle of a feather through the lake of air before me, he stooped all at once, grasped a hedge-sparrow that had been shaking the top of a bush

far down the slope, and, rising, bore it to the low branch of a pine not far from my resting-place.

The sun had fallen in a Titanic tragedy of color beyond Prince's Bay. The fierce bird, leisurely occupied in tearing to pieces the little twitterer, was a suitable accompaniment to the bloody drama in the clouds. Watching keenly, I gradually began to picture to myself the sensation of walking unseen to the murderous fowl and suddenly clasping his smooth back with both hands. How startled he would be! But in truth the thought was only a continuation of another that had been floating through my mind while the hawk was wheeling. Unconsciously I had been mumbling to myself from the Nibelungen, —

"About the tameless dwarf-kin I have heard it said,
 They dwell in hollow mountains; for safety are
 arrayed

In what is termed a tarn-kap, of wondrous quality;
 Who hath it on his body preserved is said to be
 From cuttings and from thrustings; of him is none
 aware

When he therein is clothed. Both see can he, and hear
According as he wishes, yet no one him perceives "

The magic cloak, the tarn-kap, I reasoned, with my eyes on the cruel bird, was only a symbol after all, something physical to make real what we cannot readily conceive! But suddenly—could my wish have been felt?—the hawk gave a hoarse croak of fright, dropped his prey, and, springing heavily into the air, was gone.

He had not looked at me, he had not seen or heard me, nor could I see, far or near, the slightest cause for his terror. But—I heard! Sh-sh-sh—I was aware of a light step in the needles under the tree he had left. Straining my eyes to watch the ground, surely, surely, in a line passing close to my couch, the needles and thin grass were pressed down, as if by a weight applied at even distances! I had remained motionless as a figure of stone, but when a tuft of hepatica, blooming late where the shade was deepest, fell crushed near my hand, I reached out. Unluckily I was too conscious, too much ashamed at my own folly to act decisively. I did not grasp, I reached out—and touched a living thing.

On such occasions there arises at first an exuberance of joy; then comes doubt. I had long debated the possibility of invisibles. As far back as I can remember, elfin tales produced an awful wonderment upon my youthful imagination. On long May nights have I not often stolen from the house to watch for elves? A moon after a rain was to my thinking the best for such mysterious beings, when everything was hazy with an imperceptible mist, when the dogwoods had flooded the landscape with sheets of reflected white, and some one was drawing one veil after another slowly past a golden shield in the sky. On such nights, more than once, a boy might have been seen creeping on tiptoe through the open woods, over the great clearing, to the hill-top, where, if anywhere, brownies must play; but none did he espy, nor did the chance-flung cap ever fall upon his eager, outstretched hands.

And if in later years the subject still fascinated me, it made me feel what the grown man realizes always more clearly, that fables and fairy tales rest on a solid groundwork of fact. Why, when so many other legends have been verified, should this universal tradition of vanishers and invisibles prove entirely false?

It occurs to one very soon that animal life does exist of so transparent a texture that to all intents and purposes it is invisible. The spawn of frogs, the larvæ of certain fresh-water insects, many marine animals, are so clear of texture that they are seen with difficulty. In the tropics a particular inhabitant of smooth seas is as invisible as a piece of glass, and can be detected only by the color mingled in its eyes. At first reflection a thousand instances arise of assimilation of animal life to their surroundings, of mimicry of nature with a view to safety. Why, then, by survival of the most transparent, should not some invisible life hold a secure position on the earth?

Pondering thus, I had been startled not a little by coming now and again on facts that seemed to bear this out. Strange tracks through untrodden grass suggested footsteps of the unseen. Flattened spaces of peculiar shape in the standing rye, where human beings could not have intruded, looked marvelously like human visitation. Or I lay concealed and watched the crows in a roadside field. What was it caused them to look up suddenly, and flap away on sooty fringed wings? No bird, beast, or man came. Then the rats scampering about under a dock, like so many gaunt Virginia swine: all at once came a flurry of whisking tails, and they were off! Yet I had not stirred, nor did anything move on the dock above. Nevertheless all seemed to realize a common danger, a noise of some kind,—perhaps a step? Again, you sit like a block while a snake basks unconscious in the sun, and may watch many hours without event; but sometimes it happens that he raises his head, quivers for an instant his double tongue, and slides off

the stump into a bush. At such times put your ear to the earth. Do you not distinguish—or is it all imagination—a sound, a brushing?

It availed me little, then, that I should have considered the subject, or have even gone the length of debating how a man might attain invisibility. Now that I had a tangible proof of the existence of such beings, I was crushed by misgivings. Like many a man before the supposed impossible, I questioned my own sanity. As to the impression, however, the object I had touched or fancied I had touched was at once hard and soft, smooth and rough; I recalled it as each of these in turn, for it was moving, and at the moment of contact bounded away as if at the shock of a galvanic current. To my excited mind the dusky woods were becoming oppressive, and so, like the hawk, but slowly and pondering, I betook myself home.

Who that has walked or run through autumn woods at night has not sometimes looked curiously over his shoulder at the sound of following steps? It always proves to be dry leaves whirled after you in your rapid course; but this evening my gait was slow, and the leaves of last year were hard to find; nor could I account, except on the ground of nervous illusion, for the pattering that followed in my rear. Yet there it was, albeit so gentle that had I not stretched every sense to the utmost I am confident no sound would have penetrated to my consciousness. And it was evident that I was thoroughly imposed upon by it, for when the small, irregular pond was reached, which, with a cypress-scattered hillock, occupies the highest point of the main hill to the westward, I stopped a moment to consider. How, thought I, will this unseen attendant cross a piece of water? Throwing off my shoes I waded over a shallow arm of the pond, and sat down to watch. Presently in the twilight two wedges of ruffled water were discerned advancing swiftly across the surface,—just such tracks as serpents make in swimming,—a light touch was heard on the bank, and all was still. But then a sudden disgust, unreasoning

and childish, mastered me completely; a wave of doubt greater than before filled me with disdain of my own imbecility, and I hastened through the orchard to my home, and flung myself into an arm-chair near the window.

The place I had selected long ago as a quiet refuge was a low veranda farmhouse, hidden away from north winds under the crest of a hill, and crept over by many rods of honeysuckle. Events had so affected me that I considered nothing left in life but an alternation of hard work and of utter retreat from humanity, and had predisposed me in favor of the ancient apple orchard, and the meagre vegetable and flower garden, which alone remained of a former farm. The barns, the plowed lands, and the fences had disappeared. Only a heavy stone wall with flagged top, which protected the garden from the road, reminded one of a former powerful owner. From the veranda no house was visible; the eye had to travel many miles across the flat lower country to the bay before the distant ships recalled a busy world.

Here, beside myself, lived no one save Rachel, a woman whose Indian origin made it impossible to guess her age. Although she claimed for herself the purest descent from an Indian tribe of a region a hundred miles to the eastward, and although her features were not without strong marks of her claim, yet in strict truth she was so much mixed with African blood that with most persons she would pass for a negress. Rachel had a talent for cooking breakfasts and suppers from little apparent supply; she was taciturn to speechlessness, hence our intercourse was never marred by discord; and while her box was kept supplied with strong tobacco, a slender meal of some kind was never wanting, which was served in silence.

For two years Rachel and I had lived in this silent, limited partnership. My home was cool and soundless as the grave, a place in which the mind could stretch its shriveled wings, where everything could be done mechanically and without fear of a sudden jar into disa-

greeable reality. When of an afternoon I stepped from the hurrying world into the first quiet woods on the way to my home, a great door swung to behind me and another life began, in which not even Rachel's figure and swarthy, heavy-featured face broke my meditation.

This night, however, before the meal was served, the kitchen door opened and my housekeeper's inscrutable dull eyes rolled around the walls of the room; then it closed. What had happened? Why on this night had Rachel noticed my arrival? At supper I broke our unspoken compact and addressed her.

"Rachel, what made you look in just now? Has anything happened?"

The woman made no reply, yet there was evidence in her manner that she was groping for an answer. Presently to a second demand she made a reply that startled me:—

"Heard two of you."

So another ear had detected the steps as well as my own! Then the being, whatever it was, must be in the room, possibly at my elbow; or, seated perchance on that chair before me, was regarding me steadfastly! Except for the excitement bred of a new sensation, it was not a pleasant thought; nevertheless, I pulled a second chair to the table and filled a second plate with food; then, with my eyes fixed on the plate, continued the meal. It was all in vain. Nothing further was seen or heard.

This was my first definite encounter with that unseen which I would have called a spirit had I been a spiritualist. But I could not force myself to the gross materialism of calling this invisible existence a spirit, for tangibility was a quality I could not associate with pure spirit, and I had touched it.

Having once followed me, it seemed thenceforth to take up quarters in my house, at least for the evening and morning hours of the day, and strange as it was I soon learned to regard the presence of a third person as an established fact; indeed, I came to believe that in some instances a faint breathing might be detected. Nevertheless I would

not leave anything to the possibilities of imagination, but was always experimenting, with a view to prove still more clearly that there was no illusion possible. To this end a brass and steel rod, fitted between the floor and a projection from the wall, was connected with an indicator which moved in a large arc when the slightest touch shook the floor. By this means my ears were reinforced by sight.

I also began systematically to conceal from the unknown guest the fact that I suspected its presence; but at last the point was reached where, to protect my own reason, it must be settled whether it was all a series of illusions or a sober truth.

For by dint of thought a scheme had been perfected, and on a Sunday morning, when as usual Rachel had disappeared, no man has ever known whither, when, according to its custom, the strange visitant had also, to all appearance, withdrawn,—on a Sunday morning I hastened to put my plan in action. On the main floor in the rear of the house was a chamber, into which the sounds had sometimes intruded, which was small, bare, and lighted by one deep window looking directly out on the orchard. This window I had grated strongly with heavy wire on the outside, where the orchard hill rose steeply from the house; and over against the window, in the wall between chamber and dining-room, was a high closet, in which I had stored a strong net, such as fishermen use for their seines. Fastening stout wires to the ceiling from one end of the room to the other, to be used for slides, and rigging several small blocks above the window and near the floor, I stretched the necessary ropes from closet to blocks and back again, laid everything ready for instant use, cleared the room of furniture, and awaited events.

There was no fear of interruption from Rachel, for during the years we had lived together I had never seen her on a Sabbath. Every Monday she was at her post, although laboring under some excitement, which showed itself in mutterings and a certain wild gesture that I

had learned to attach no importance to. There was no fear that I should not have the invisible to myself.

Evening came to close a sultry day with growls of distant thunder and sudden flares of light behind Navesink Hills; the bushes drooped languidly; only the tree-toads were clamorous, and their jubilee was a mournful one on every side. I was sitting by the west window with my head on my breast, and, now that the crisis had come, almost apathetic to the presence itself, when its approach took place. It seemed to stop near my chair, as if it regarded me closely. I had been before in singular predicaments, but it seemed to me this was the most trying. I felt that I must look very pale, but with an affectation of indifference I arose, walked across the room, and entered the bed-chamber. In a moment I understood that the unseen had likewise passed the sill and had entered the room; then I slammed the door, locked it, and put the key in my pocket.

Everything had been made ready to cope with a material and not a supernatural being; still it was purely a venture, and at no previous time had there seemed so little hope of success. Nevertheless not a moment was lost in hauling out the net, and placing it in position across the room so that it hung straight, filling the space between wall and wall, and ceiling and floor. Then I began to draw it down the room by means of the ropes, and on the axis of the chamber, so that its edges passed smoothly along ceiling, walls, and floor. The anxious moment was at hand.

All the running gear had to be worked evenly; at the same time every nerve was strained in order to detect the slightest bulge in the upright net, should it come in contact with a tangible body.

Until three quarters of the room had been sifted nothing occurred. Then I saw the edge against the left-hand wall carefully drawn aside; to spring forward and close the opening was the instinctive work of a second. Terror combining with a fierce delight lent me an extraordinary force; I drew with convulsive power on the ropes. Every moment an

invisible hand seemed to lift the net at some point, but each attempt was luckily frustrated. At last the movements ceased, and I drew the net flat against the farther wall. With feverish haste my hand traveled over its entire surface; the net was scanned in profile for the impression of a body, but there was none. The game had escaped or lay withdrawn in the deep window-seat.

Now came a moment for breath, and for reflection. Again the cynical cloud of doubt folded me in. Dupe of my own morbid imagination, I should stand convicted of monomania in the eyes of any reasonable being who should see my actions. Then it was best, was it not, to tear the net away; or should I deliberately pursue to the utmost a plan begun? Never before had I so clearly felt a dual existence urging to opposite courses of action, as if the body's instinct commanded an advance, while the mind assailed the whole proceeding with ridicule. But for all that it was a good sign that I began to feel a slight awe at the near possibility of a discovery. For I retreated to the door, unlocked it, and stood irresolute; then returned again to the window, without strength to come to a decision.

But while I pondered, a low, chuckling noise startled me, and Rachel stood by my side, erect and with features full of energy, her dull eyes blazing, and her short, straight hair tossed about; in her hand she brandished with exultation a carved rod hung with bright claws, and shells, with lappets of fur and hair; and at her and it I gazed with speechless amazement. Had she too gone mad? She took a few steps, as if in a rude dance, and shook the stick, and while her eyes glared into mine she nodded her head to the time.

"Bad, spirit!" she muttered. "I have known, I have heard. But this is strong Wabuno."

As she shook the talisman, which clinked and rattled like the toy of a devil, I snatched the medicine stick from her hand and motioned her to the door. Thither she retreated, muttering words of an unknown tongue, and when it

closed upon her I flung the stick angrily on the floor. But hope had come, and decision as well, although from a despised quarter; I was resolved to finish the undertaking at all hazards.

The wild flames of the distant storm still lighted everything at intervals with now greater and now less intensity. When the sheet lightning flashed strong, the square cage formed by the wire outside the window-seat and the fish-net within stood out clear against the northern sky. With dilated pupils I began to examine the inclosed cube of air. During one particularly long and vivid flash, — there, in that corner, was there not a heap, a translucent shape indistinguishable in quality or form? It was enough. Swiftly as wild beasts when they spring, I raised the net, leaped into the window, and grasped toward the corner where I thought I saw the mass.

A thrill runs through the nerves of an entomologist when he puts his hand on a specimen unknown, undescribed. The hunter trembles when he espies in the thicket the royal hart whose existence has been called a fable. My emotion was all of this, intensified; nearer, perhaps, to the feeling of the elected mortal who has discovered a new continent. For I had discovered a new world.

Had I not cause for exultation? I sat on the window-seat in the alternate light and darkness, with one hand clenched, the other arm curved in the air; my left held fast a slender wrist, while my right was cast about a pair of delicate shoulders; the invisible but tangible figure was crouched away in the smallest corner of the window.

With awe I now realized that my captive was a woman. The delicate molding of the shoulders and hand was proof enough, but I also felt on my arm a light flood of the silkiest hair. This was a shock to one who had lived apart from women for several years, who had good cause to expect nothing but disaster from their influence. For a moment the impulse was strong to release the captive; luckily reason prevailed, and I tightened my grip on the frail prize, whose frame was shaken with sobs and

whose bearing denoted the most abject despair. I gave many timid reassurances by word and hand before the sobs came slower and fear began to loose its hold. As she raised her head I took occasion to pass my right hand lightly over her face. Rendered sensitive by strong excitement, my palm read her features as the blind read the raised print of their books, and of this at least I was sure: the features were human, straight, the eyes large; a full chin and a mouth of unspeakable fineness were divined rather than felt by my flying touch, but I found no trace of tears.

After this I do not know how long we sat. It seemed peaceful and homelike, so that I wondered how it was possible to forget wonder so quickly. A protective warmth toward the creature whose soft breathing came and went slower and slower near my face took a quiet hold on all my senses. At last the gentle head drooped like a tired child's, the delicate shoulders heaved in a long, peaceful sigh, and to my amazement the strange captive fell asleep in my arms.

So while she slept I sat motionless and thinking, thinking. Who was she? whence and of what order of beings? What was her language; how and how long did she live? Was she really alive in our sense of the word, that is, human with the exception of her transparency? and was her shape like that of ordinary mortals, or did she end in some monstrosity like a mermaid? Such were the questions agitating me when interruption came with a knock at the door. My captive awoke and instinctively started away, at the same time giving a low, articulate cry; but I held her firmly, and called to Rachel to bring me a certain relic of slavery which had been brought from the South. I had profited by the discovery my prisoner's awakening had furnished: the invisible, I argued, could articulate, then why should she not understand and speak the language of the people among whom she was found? Accordingly a few rapid questions were put to her, which were unanswered. Then I bethought me of a

proof that at any rate she understood my words.

"My dear child, it is mere perverseness in you to refuse an answer. I am sure you understand. You are in my power for good or evil, and if you refuse to speak I must consider you worthy of the following treatment: you shall be made an example to the crowd of the reality of invisible life."

Under cruel treatment of this kind, conjecture became certainty; I felt her shudder at the idea, and she laid her hand appealingly on mine. This was all I wanted; speech was now a mere affair of time.

Rachel entered with the rusty handcuffs and handed them to me as if she were conscious and acquiescent in what I did. Not a feature moved, only her eyes shone with inner excitement, in a way I had seen before, while I clasped one link about the unseen wrist.

"Pardon," I whispered, "I do not know you yet. I cannot trust you."

My daily work ceased. To the few inquiries from the great city Rachel had evasive answers ready; they were soon over, and I was left to experience the fascination of a beautiful woman whom I had never seen nor could hope ever to see. To be sure, in certain lights and under certain angles of reflection an indistinct outline of a medium-sized girl, which told of pure contours, could be made out, but this was like following the glassy bells that pulsate far down in the waves of northern seas, or the endeavor to catch the real surface of a mirror. Moreover, the slim captive herself resented any attempt to gain acquaintance with her through the eyes. But by degrees the reserve which had taken the place of her terror melted away before gentle and respectful management, and from her own lips I learned much concerning her marvelous race, before the love which presently overwhelmed us put an end to the cooler interests of reason. Thus she astonished me by speaking of her race as widely spread through almost every inhabited land. They never work or educate their children; their food, which is chiefly in liquid form, is taken

from the stores laid up by human beings, and their education is gained by continual contact with mortals. While their passions would seem to be calm, their only laws relate to the observance of secrecy as to their presence on the earth. To secure this end they meet at stated periods and renew their solemn vows, keep a watch upon each other, and disperse again to a settled or wandering life, but one always dependent on the labors of other beings. This alone would explain the paramount importance attaching to secrecy. And as it is impossible always to keep all hint of their existence from human beings, the penalties for disclosure in the latest days have increased to far greater severity than were used in simpler ages; Manmat'ha could not be brought to tell me the fate which awaited her should it be discovered that she had revealed the great secret of her nation, and the very quiet with which she gave me to understand how vast the danger was impressed me more than the most violent words.

It must have been the pain that the thought of any harm befalling her produced in me, which opened my eyes to the strength of my passion. The time for questions had passed, and the days were long only that we might love. One day glided after another unheeded, while we strolled about the neighboring woody hills to catch a broad glimpse of the sea from this point, or to examine in that swampy valley the minute wonders of life in plants and insects. At an early stage of our intimacy I had begged to free her wrist from the hand-cuffs, but she had implored me to continue at least the appearance of slavery, to serve, in case of need, as a partial excuse for violation of her vows. This did not prevent her daily disappearance during the middle hours when the sun was strongest; but these absences only served to give a time for reflection on her beauties and to involve me deeper in the love which now mastered all my thoughts. There was one subject which was long in broaching, but when the necessary courage was summoned, found in Manmat'ha neither objection nor response.

She did not comprehend its force. The subject was our marriage.

I had resolved on legal marriage, even if it were necessary to be content with only one witness to the ceremony; that witness could be no one except Rachel. My housekeeper had regarded my preparations and subsequent conduct with a consistent interest and without the least shadow of surprise, and once I remarked that she had caught sight in the twilight of a cup raised without hands; yet no hint fell from her lips to make me feel she was intruding in my affairs. The old blur was in her eyes; the only change in manner was her treatment of me: she regarded me with a kind of awe. And after it had proved abortive to tell her something and not all, because the pleasure of unbosoming myself of so much love was too great to restrain, I found Rachel not only full of faith, but even surpassing me. She looked upon Manmat'ha as a supernatural being, and plainly invested me with reflected holiness. Some sort of worship she thought due to Manmat'ha, while I, as high priest and mortal consort, was entitled to a share; and indeed it was with some difficulty that I persuaded her not to show her faith by uncouth rites. It was as if her life had been a preparation for some such affair as this, and found her enthusiastic, but not astonished.

Our favorite resort was the couch of pine needles looking south from the hillside where we first met. The same hawk, to me the most blessed of birds, would often sail as before in the middle distance, or night-hawks would cut their strange curves in the evening sky. Far out beyond, sea-gulls, mere specks of white, would wheel and plunge into the bay, and at our backs the woodcock, shy enough in any other presence, would whirl fantastically through the woods. All nature was the same, but I was no longer its solitary admirer, for I held in my arms a gentle framework of delight such as no other man before or since has known. She was finer than the finest silk, smoother than the smoothest glass, as if the rays of light, falling on

the amazing texture of her skin, found no inequalities from which to reflect.

One evening we had been drawing in long breaths of that delight of which the woods and the great bowl of landscape before us were so full, and I had been trying to convince Manmat'ha of the importance of the marriage ceremony. "What," I asked with some trouble in my heart, "what will they do to you in case members of your nation discover your position? I do not mean to ask you what you would not tell me before, but what would be their first step?"

"They would imprison me somewhere under a guard," said Manmat'ha. "It would be many months before a tribunal could be collected together, and still longer before I should be judged. What my fate would be then, it is not well to say."

Had I desired, there is little doubt that I could have compelled Manmat'ha to tell me all she knew, for I had found that my will was much the stronger. But what was curiosity to the delight of warming her into responsive love? When I now covered her delicious lips with kisses, she returned the pressure instead of merely suffering me, as at first, with a mild surprise.

"My first love and my last!" I whispered. "They shall not get you from me while I am alive, if they will only give us warning; but if they rob me of you, I shall follow your trace and rescue you, if it be to the bottom of the sea!"

Manmat'ha laughed a pleased laugh. We both started at an echo, a moment after, which seemed to come from the lower hill, below where we sat. There was no echo possible in that direction.

"Manmat'ha!" I whispered, "tell me quickly! Is some one coming?"

She sat apparently unable to speak, but trembling and cold to the touch. I had enough presence of mind to take her up and place her on the other side of the pine, on the ground, and throw my coat carelessly over her. As once before I heard passing steps, but now my more practiced ear caught them distinctly. They came lightly up the steep

hill and stopped a moment at a little distance from the tree. With eyes fixed on the ocean I waited in an agony of suspense, assuming the most unconscious air of which I was capable. The steps hesitated only a moment; then they passed lower and lower into the upper wood. For half an hour neither of us moved; at last, taking heart, we stole home.

The event set me thinking. If at any moment we were liable to be discovered and separated, the marriage must take place at once. A consumptive hastens his wedding, a wounded tree is quick to bear, and the fright we had experienced taught me how slight was the thread on which my happiness hung; but Manmat'ha was calm with a maidenly content with little, which I was ready to call indifference in my hasty resentment at even a suspicion of opposition to my plan.

When we entered I could tell by the unflinching sign of Rachel's eye that she was agitated. Later in the evening I heard her chanting in a discordant undertone an ancient formula of her savage ancestors, and therefore it was with some misgivings that I called and informed her that to-night she was to be the sole witness, by touch, if not by sight, of the lawful ceremony of wedlock between Manmat'ha and me. She listened in an awestruck silence, and left the room abruptly. As no calling was of any avail, we were compelled to wait her pleasure, which I did with great impatience; and when at last she did return, it was in a shape grotesque almost beyond recognition. Her face and arms were painted white and red in broad bands of coarse pigments; an old embroidered robe fastened over one shoulder, with a close-fitting skirt of buckskin, formed her whole attire. She had put feathers in her hair, and with flaming eyes shook her favorite talisman, the medicine-stick. At one bound she had returned to her ancient state of savagery.

Finding Manmat'ha regarding her with interest, I did not oppose the fur-

ther proceedings. It struck me that it was not displeasing to my invisible love to receive divine honors even in this wild rite, so I held my peace.

The moon had risen, and gave light to the room through window and open door; flooded by its rays, Rachel moved slowly across the room, uttering in guttural tones a broken chant whose meaning I might have once interpreted, but could not now. On a different occasion I might not have been an entirely unsympathetic observer of the singular sight, but here passion had overcome curiosity. I was an impatient lover. With my arm about Manmat'ha, and filled with earnest emotions, I could not help a feeling of disgust at the monotonous discord and frantic gestures of the last of a superstitious race.

"This must end, Manmat'ha," I groaned. "I can wait no longer."

As I spoke, the Indian woman grew ungovernable in wild excitement.

"They are on you! They are here!" she screamed.

I felt Manmat'ha stiffen in my arms with deadly terror. Resistless hands dragged us apart and held me absolutely motionless in spite of the deadly agony which filled me, while Manmat'ha's stifled shriek arose from midway across the room.

"Rachel!" I cried. "For God's sake, Rachel, bar the door!"

My cry roused the woman from a stupor; she sprang to the door. I heard the noise of many light feet, the sound of a blow, a heavy fall; then a deep silence came.

Bounding from the spot to which unseen hands up to that moment had pressed me, I sprang from the room and followed into the night. The earth reeled past me in my swift flight, until I suddenly stopped myself to ask where I was going. Where, indeed? As well follow the wind. Wild as was the hope that moved me to return, I hurried back again to the house: Rachel, alone, clad in her poor Indian finery, the medicine-stick broken by her side, lay stretched out dead in the moonlight!

Charles A. De Kay.

PHIDIAS TO PERICLES.

So the old crew are at their work again,
Spitting their venom-froth of calumny,
And Menon's is the voice that now gives cry, —
A poor weak tool for those who lurk behind,
Hid in the dark to prick him to their work;
For who so blind as not to recognize
The hand of Cleon, the coarse demagogue,
Who rails at all to gain a place himself;
And scurrilous Hermippus, and the rest
Of that mean pack we know so well of old?

'Tis sorry work, for which high-minded men
Must feel contempt, or pity at the least.
Menon I hoped at first would merely prove
An honest tool, bewrayed to a false charge
But honest in his purpose, though too free
In quick aspersion, taking little heed
To seek for truth, and careless where he struck
And whom he wounded; but since still he clings
To his foul calumny, and stoops to pick
Even from the gutter aught that serves his turn,
I give him up. Let him go with the rest.

Yet those who urge him on I rather scorn;
And for this charge now boldly cried at last
Into the public ear, I give him thanks.
So long as scandal, like a slimy snake,
Crawled on the grass, and hissed, and darted out
Its poisonous fangs in ambush, none could tell
Where it was creeping; now it shows its head,
And we may crush it like a noisome thing.

High as man stands when at his godlike heights
Of valor, honor, justice, and large thought,
The noblest shape the gods have ever made,
He in his lowest vices is more low
Than any wretched reptile on the earth.
We do dumb creatures wrong to liken them
To some mean talking creatures, who spit forth
Their envious venom, and with poisonous tongue
Of foul detraction sting their fellow-man.
Beasts have not these mean vices — only men.

You, Pericles, and I, do what we will,
Are guilty, both of us, of one offense
That envious natures never can forgive —
The great crime of success. If we were low
They would not heed us; but the praise of men

Lavished on us in Athens, right or wrong,
Rouses their anger. They must pull us down.
What can we hope for better than the fate
Of Anaxagoras, Miltiades,
Themistocles, or any, in a word,
Of those who in our Athens here have stood
In lofty places? It was crime enough
For Aristides to be called "The Just."

And yet some consolation lies in this:
'T is the tall poppies that men's sticks strike down;
'T is at fruit-bearing trees that all throw stones.

There are some natures so perverse, they feed
And batten upon offal; unto them
Nothing is pure or noble, nothing clean,
On which they do not seek to cast a stain.
They, like the beetle, burrowing in the dark,
Gather 'mid mold and rot their noisome food,
And issuing into sunlight roll their ball
Of filth before them, deeming it the world;
Honor and truth, fair dealing, upright aims,
Bare honesty, to them are only shams,
Professions, catch-words, that a man may use
To gull the world with, not realities.
Is there a tree that lifts into the air
Its glad green foliage: there like cankered pests
These vermin crawl and bite. Is there a fruit
That glows and ripens in the summer sun:
There speed these wasps to buzz and sting and stain.
Whence come into their minds these hints and taunts
Of fraudulent and evil practices
They cast at other men with such free hands?
Are they not germs spontaneously bred
Of their own natures—germs of evil thoughts,
Of possibilities, if not of facts,
That in themselves might ripen into deeds?
In the clean nature no such growth is bred;
What is repulsive to our inner sense
We deem impossibilities to all.

Let me not be unjust: this paltry few
Who in our Athens do their dirty work
Are bad exceptions to the better rule
Of honest and high-minded men, who scorn
Such arts to rise, ungoaded by the spur
Of envy, deeming the world wide enough
For all like brothers heartily to work.
And I would fain believe that even they
Who use these arts and spread these calumnies
Are troubled by remorse in better hours,
And feel the sting of conscience, and abjure
These lies that come like curses home to roost.

Because we will not strike our hands in theirs,
 Drink with them, haunt with them the market-place,
 Use their low practices to court the rich,
 Hint falsehoods, that we dare not frankly say,
 Flatter and fawn for favors, sneer at all —
 Even those we publicly profess our friends —
 We are aristocrats forsooth; we lift
 Our heads too high, we are too proud; a thing
 Which is a shame for one in Athens born.
 We should be hand and glove with every one.
 Well! let us own we are too proud, at least,
 To court low company; too proud to rise
 By any step that treads a brother down;
 Too proud to stoop to defamating arts;
 Too proud to sneer, to crawl, to cringe, to lie!
 And if in Athens we select our friends,
 Is this forbidden to a freeman here?

So, not content with throwing stones at you,
 My noble Pericles, they cast at me
 Their evil scandals. 'Twas impiety
 Because I wrought your figure and mine own
 Upon Athena's shield; then, worse than this,
 Our fair Aspasia they aspersed; and slurred
 My honor and your own, as well as hers.
 Now, since these shafts have struck not to the white,
 A grosser scandal, hoping that at last
 Some mud will stick if but enough be thrown;
 So Menon cries, "This sculptor whom you praise
 Has stolen for his private use the gold
 The state confided to him, to encrust
 This statue of Athena." 'Tis a lie!
 An evil, wicked lie; as well you know,
 My Pericles. I see it in your smile.
 Yet, were it not that, with small faith in men
 Like those that watch us with an evil eye,
 I feared some accusation like to this
 (And you yourself forewarned me of the same);
 I had perchance been reft of all clear proof
 Against this libel. As it is, I smile.
 Each dram and scruple of the gold was weighed.
 'Tis movable; and in response I say,
 Let it be taken off and weighed again.
 If in the balance it be changed a hair,
 The fault be on my head. It will not change!

Thus far, O Pericles, well though I knew
 Such calumnies were whispered secretly,
 I would not stoop to answer them, secure
 In my own honor, scornful of the crew
 That uttered them, and holding it a loss
 Of simple dignity to make response.
 One does not stride forth in the market-place

To vaunt one's honesty, or cry aloud
"I do not lie and steal, though curs do bark."

But here's a public charge of theft urged home,
With show of false facts and pretended proof,
And so I speak; I ask for trial now,
Lest to the ignorant, who know me not,
Mere silence wear the false mask of consent.

But what avails it? Baffled in their aim,
They will retire a moment, to return
With some new scandal, which will creep and crawl
At first in whispers, dark and vague, and then
Take shape, grow stronger, and at last lift up
Its public hissing head. These cunning lies
Will serve their purpose, save to honest men;
The noble and the just will stand by me;
The envious rabble cherish still the lie.
Yes; for a lie will hurry to the bound
Of twilight, scattering its noisome seed,
Ere tardy Truth can lace its sandals on
To start in chase. Besides, great Truth is proud
And confident, disdainful to pursue
Through its vile drains and slums the eager lie
That loves a whispered word, a foul surmise,
And in reply to Truth's calm honest voice
Winks, hints, and shrugs its shoulders with a laugh.
Ten thousand ears will hear the audacious lie,
One thousand to the refutation list,
Ten of ten thousand will believe stern Truth.

True, the last ten outweigh, as gold does dross,
The other thousands; but one does not like
One's clean robes to be smirched by dirt and mud,
Even though the mud brush off. Posterity
Will do us justice? Yes, perhaps, or no.
So long as men are men 't will be the same,
Or now, or thousands of long years from now.
And it is *now* we live. Our honest fame,
To be enjoyed, must compass us about
Like ambient air we breathe—pure, without taint.

What matters it, when I am turned to dust,
When all emotions, joys, loves, passions, hopes,
Are vanished like a breeze that dies away,
And all that I am now,—these hands, this heart,
This spirit,—nay, the very friends I own,
And all that lent this life its perfect charm,
Are past and over; ah! what matters it
What in the future men may say or do?
Whether, disputing o'er my grave, at last
They call me good or bad, honest or vile?

What joy can any verdict give me then,
 When I myself, and all who love me now,
 And all who hate or envy me as well,
 Will be but mute insensate dust, whose ear
 No word of blame can reach, no word of praise?
 And yet, even then, although it matters not,
 Truth, standing by my grave, I trust, will say,
 Honest he was, and faithful to the last,
 Above low frauds, striving for lofty ends,
 Friend of the gods, and also friend of man,
 Doing his work with earnest faith and will;
 Not vaunting what he did, but knowing well
 Perfection is impossible in Art;
 Receiving with humility the praise
 The world accorded, wishing well to all,
 And never envious of his brother's fame.

There stands Athena, she whom Menon says
 I did not make, being helped by better men,
 Whose fame I thus defraud of their just rights
 By claiming it as mine. What can one say
 To such a paltry charge of petty fraud?
 I scorn to answer it; nay, even they
 Who make it know 't is false as 't is absurd.

Speak! my Athena; answer thou for me!
 She will not answer, yet her silence speaks
 More eloquent than any words of mine.
 Look, Pericles! how calm and all unmoved
 She stands and gazes at us; a half-scorn :
 On those still lips at these poor jealousies,
 These foolish bickerings and strifes of men.
 What mean you, that you make this wicked noise"
 (She seems to say), "you creatures of an hour?
 Why do you wrangle thus your life away
 With your sharp lies and envious vanities,
 Buzzing and stinging a brief moment's space
 In Time's thin stretch across the Infinite,
 Whose awful silences shall gulf you all? —
 Faint fire-balls shooting forth an instant's flash
 Across the untroubled patience of the night,
 And the still, far, unalterable stars.
 Ye boasters! what is all your vaunted work
 That with such pride ye build, save that the gods
 Smile on you and assist you? 'Tis not yours,
 If any good be in it. Bend your hearts
 Before the Powers august. Strive not to rob
 Your fellow-mortal of the gift the gods
 Bestow upon him. Humbly do the work
 That is appointed, and in confidence
 Await the end, secure of Nemesis."

JACQUES JASMIN'S FRANCONETTE.

I MUST beg leave to remark in passing that I have constantly recurring doubts about the fitness for English verse, especially in earnest and impassioned narrative, of the Alexandrine or iambic hexameter, which forms the basis of all Jasmin's longer poems. It is, however, difficult to find a substitute for it. The iambic pentameter, our natural narrative metre, is one foot shorter, and the Gascon of Jasmin is not easily condensed. Moreover, the pentameter does not lend itself readily to rhythmic variations and caprices, and so I am fain, though diffidently, still to follow the movement of the original.

In a preface dated July 4, 1840, Jasmin dedicated the poem of *Françonette* to the city of Toulouse, thereby expressing his gratitude for a banquet given him in 1836 by the leading citizens of that place, at which the president of the day had given the toast, "Jasmin, the adopted son of Toulouse." The action of the poem begins during the persecutions of the French Protestants in the sixteenth century. Blaise de Montluc, Marshal of France, after putting men, women, and children of the Huguenots indiscriminately to the sword, had shut himself up in the Château d'Estillac, and was understood to be devoting himself to religious exercises; "taking the sacrament while dripping with fraternal blood," says the poet.

Now the shepherds in those days, and every shepherd
lass,
At the bare name of Huguenot would shiver with
affright
Amid their loves and laughter. So then it came to
pass
In a hamlet nestling underneath a castled height,
On the day of Roquefort fête, while Sunday bells
outrang,
The jocund youth danced all together,
And, to a fife, the praises sang
Of Saint James and the August weather,—
That bounteous month which year by year,
Through dew-fall of the even clear
And fire of tropic noons, doth bring
Both grapes and figs to ripening.

'T was the very finest fête that eyes had ever seen
In the shadow of the vast and leafy parasol

Where aye the country-folk convene.
O'erflowing were the spaces all;
Down cliff, up dale, from every home
In Montagnac or Saint Colombe,
Still they come,
Too many far to number;
More and more, more and more, while flames the
sunshine o'er.
But there's room for all, their coming will not
cumber;
For the fields will be their inn, and the little hil-
locks green
The couches of their slumber.

Among them came *Françonette*, the
belle of the country-side, concerning
whom we are besought to allow the poet
just two words.

Never you fancy, gentles, howe'er it seem to you,
This was a soft and pensive creature,
Lily-fair in every feature,
With tender eyes and languishing, half-shut and
heaven blue;
With light and slender shape in languor ever sway-
ing,
Like a weeping willow with a limpid fountain play-
ing;
Not so, my masters; *Françonette*
Had vivid, flashing orbs, like the stars in heaven
set;
And the laughing cheeks were round, whereon a
lover might
Gather in handfuls roses bright.
Brown locks and curly decked her head,
Her lips were as the cherry red,
Whiter than snow her teeth, her feet
How softly molded, small and fleet!
How light her limbs! Ah, welladay!
What if the whole at once I say?
Hers was the very head ideal
Grafted on woman of this earth, most fair and real!

Such a miracle the poet says may be
wrought in any rank or race, to the
envy of maidens and the despair of men.
All the swains in a wide region about
Roquefort admired *Françonette*, and the
girl knew it, and it made her beauty
shine the brighter. Yet she felt her
triumph to be incomplete, until Pascal,
the handsomest of them all, and incom-
parably the best singer, who hitherto
had held somewhat aloof, should fairly
acknowledge her sway. Her good old
grandmother, with whom she lived (for
her mother was dead, and her father
had disappeared in her own infancy and
his fate was unknown), detected her co-
quettish manœuvres and reproved them:

"Child, child," she used to frown,
 "A meadow 's not a parlor, and the country 's not
 the town!
 And thou knowest that we promised thee lang-syne
 To the soldier-lad, Marcel, who is lover true of
 thine.
 So curb thy flights, thou giddy one,
 For the maid who covets all, in the end, mayhap,
 hath none."
 "Nay, nay," replied the tricky fay,
 With swift caress and laughter gay
 Darting upon the dame, "there 's another saw well
 known,
 Time enough, granny dear, to love some later day!
 Meanwhile, *she who hath only one hath none.*"

Now such a course, you may divine,
 Made hosts of melancholy swains,
 Who sighed and suffered jealous pains,
 Yet never sang reproachful strains
 Like learned lovers when they pine;
 Who, ere they go away to die, their woes write care-
 fully
 On willow or on poplar tree.
 Good lack! these could not shape a letter,
 And the silly souls, though lovesick, to death did
 not incline,
 Deeming to live and suffer on were better!
 But tools were handled clumsily,
 And vine-sprays blew abroad at will,
 And trees were pruned exceeding ill,
 And many a furrow drawn awry.

Methinks you know her now, this fair and foolish
 girl;
 Watch while she treads one measure, then! See,
 see her dip and twirl!
 Young Étienne holds her hand by chance,
 'T is the first rigadoun they dance;
 With parted lips, right thirstily
 Each rustic tracks them where they fly,
 And the damsel sly
 Feels every eye,
 And lighter moves for each adoring glance.
 Holy cross, what a sight! when the madcap rears
 aright
 Her shining lizard's head, and her Spanish foot falls
 light,
 And when the wasp-like figure sways
 And swims and whirls and springs again,
 And the wind with a corner of the blue kerchief
 plays,
 One and all smack their lips, and the cheeks where-
 on they gaze
 Would fain salute with kisses twain.
 And some one shall; for here the ancient custom is
 Who tires his partner out may leave her with a
 kiss;
 Now girls turn weary when they will, always and
 everywhere.
 Wherefore already Jean and Paul,
 Louis, Guillaume, Pierre,
 Have breathless yielded up their place
 Without the coveted embrace.

It is now the turn of Marcel, the big,
 blustering soldier, comely enough in
 feature, "straight as an I," boastful and
 vain, who makes a claim to the hand of
 Françonette, which the village belle has
 never allowed. He has tried all man-

ner of clumsy stratagems to entrap her
 into a formal acceptance. He has os-
 tentatiously paraded every smile which
 he has won from any other damsel in the
 vain hope of exciting her jealousy, and
 now, having witnessed the discomfiture
 of so many of his rivals, strides forward
 and takes her hand with an air of in-
 tense confidence and satisfaction. The
 dance begins anew, and is watched with
 breathless interest. On they go for an
 incredible while, and Françonette ap-
 parently grows fresher with every fig-
 ure, but the herculean soldier is tired
 out at last, turns giddy, and reels:—

Then darted forth Pascal into the soldier's place.
 Two steps they take, one change they make, and
 Françonette,
 Weary at last, with laughing grace
 Her foot stayed and upraised her face;
 Tarried Pascal that kiss to set?
 Not he, be sure! and all the crowd
 His victory hailed with plaudits loud.
 The clapping of their palms like battledores re-
 sounded,
 While Pascal stood among them as confounded.
 How then Marcel, who truly loved the wayward
 fair?
 Him the kiss maddened. Springing, measuring
 with his eye,
 "Pascal," he thundered forth, "beware!
 Not so fast, churl!" and therewith brutally let fly
 With aim unerring one fierce blow
 Straight in the other's eyes, doubling the insult so.

A shadow as of a thunder-cloud fell
 on the merry fête. "A man need not
 be a *monsieur*," says Jasmin, to resent
 an insult, and the fiery Pascal returned
 the blow with interest. Directly, with
 a zest which would appear to be pe-
 culiarly Gascon, the two engaged on
 the spot in a terrific duel. They fought
 for a long time without decided advan-
 tage on either side, the sympathies of
 the on-lookers being mostly with Pascal,
 until suddenly there appeared among
 them a "gentleman all gleaming with
 gold," no other than the lord of the
 manor, the Baron of Roquefort himself,
 who sternly separated the combatants.
 The young shepherds cheered the wound-
 ed Pascal to his dwelling, while Marcel
 turned silently away vowing vengeance
 on them all, and swearing that Fran-
 çonette should marry no man but him.

The next canto opens in mid-winter,
 when notice is carried round by Jean
 the tambourinist, among the country-

folk, now secluded upon their comparatively silent farms, of a grand *busking*,¹ followed by a dance, to take place on Friday, the last night of the year : —

But when the Friday came, a frozen dew was raining,

And by a fireless forge a mother sat complaining ;
And to her son, who stood thereby,
Spoke out at last entreatingly :

"Hast forgot the summer day, my boy, when thou didst come

All bleeding from the fray to the sound of music home ?

Ah, go not forth, Pascal ! I have dreamed of flowers again,

And what means that but tears and pain ? "

"Now art thou craven, mother ! and seest life all black.

But wherefore tremble, since Marcel is gone and comes not back ? "

"Oh yet, my son, take heed, I pray,

For the Wizard of the Black Wood is roaming round this way, —

The same who wrought such harm a year ago.

And they tell me there was seen coming from his cave at dawn,

But two days past, a soldier. Now

What if that were Marcel ? Oh, child, take care, take care !

The mothers all give charms unto their sons : do thou

Take mine, but, I beseech, go not forth anywhere ! "

"Just for one hour mine eyes to set

On friend Thomas ! No more, my mother."

"Thy friend, indeed ! Nay, nay ! Thou meanest on Françonette.

Dreamest I cannot see thou lovest no other ?

Go to ! I read it in thine eyes.

Though thou singest and art gay, thy secret bravely keeping,

That I may not be sad, yet all alone thou'rt weeping.

My heart aches for thy miseries ;

Yet leave her, for thy good, Pascal !

She would so scorn a smith like thee,

With sire grown old in penury :

For poor we are ; thou knowest all —

How we have sold and sold till barely a scythe remains.

Oh, dark the days this house hath seen,

Pascal, since thou hast ailing been ?

Now thou art well, arouse thee ! do something for our gains !

Or rest thee if thou wilt ; we can suffer, we can fight.

But for God's love go thou not forth to-night ! "

After a short struggle with himself Pascal yielded, and turned away to his forge in silent dejection, and soon the anvil was ringing and the sparks were flying, while away down in the village the busking went merrily on. "If the prettiest were always the most capable,"

says the sensible poet, "how much my Françonette would have accomplished ;" but instead she flitted from place to place, idle and gay, jesting, singing, and, as usual, bewitching all. At last Thomas, the friend of whom Pascal had spoken to his mother, asked leave to sing a song, and fixing his keen eyes upon the coquette, he began in tones of lute-like sweetness, —

THE SIREN WITH THE HEART OF ICE.

Thou whom the swains environ,
O maid of wayward will,

O icy-hearted siren,

The hour we all desire when

Thou too, thou too shalt feel !

Thy gay wings thou dost flutter,

Thy airy nothings utter,

While the crowd can only mutter

In ecstasy complete

At thy feet.

Yet hark to one who proves thee

Thy victories are vain,

Until a heart that loves thee

Thou hast learned to love again !

Sunshine the heavens adorning

We welcome with delight ;

But thy sweet face returning,

With every Sunday morning,

Is yet a rarer sight.

We love thy haughty graces,

Thy swallow-like, swift paces

Thy song the soul upraises,

Thy lips, thine eyes, thy hair,

All are fair,

Yet hark to one who proves thee, etc.

Thy going from them widows

All places utterly ;

The hedgerows and the meadows

Turn scentless ; gloomy shadows

Discolor the blue sky.

Then, when thou comest again,

Farewell fatigue and pain !

Life glows in every vein ;

O'er every slender finger

We would linger,

Yet hark to one who proves thee, etc.

Thy pet dove in his flitting

Doth warn thee, lady fair !

Thee, in the wood forgetting,

Brighter for his dim setting

He shines, for love is there !

Love is the life of all,

Oh answer thou his call,

Lest the flower of thy days fall,

And the grace whereof we wot

Be forgot !

For till great love shall move thee

Thy victories are vain.

'Tis little men should love thee,

Learn thou to love again !

¹ The *buscon* or *busking* was a kind of *bee*, at which the young people assembled, bringing the thread of their late spinning, which was divided into skeins of the proper size by a broad, thin plate

of steel or whalebone called a *busc*. The same thing under precisely the same name figured in the toilets of our grandmothers, and hence, probably, the Scotch use of the verb to *busk* or *attire*.

There arose a clamor of approbation and cries for the name of the composer, which Thomas gave without hesitation, Pascal. Françonette was unwontedly touched, and yet more when, in reply to some inquiry about his absence that night, she heard Thomas explaining that his friend had been six months ill from the severe wound which he received in defense of Françonette, and that the family, dependent on his labor, had sunk into extreme poverty. But she concealed her emotion sedulously, and was in the midst of a game of *sarro coutelou*, *cache couteau*, or hunt the slipper, and the life of it, when a sudden misfortune interrupted their sport. Amid her struggles to free herself from Laurent, who had caught her and was claiming the customary forfeit, Françonette caused him to slip on the floor, and it presently appeared that his arm was broken. Precisely at this unlucky moment a sombre apparition dawned on the assembly:—

A grim old man above them peered,
With girdle swept by flowing beard;
'Twas the Black Forest Wizard! All knew him
and all feared.

"Wretches," he said, "I am come from my gloomy
rocks up yonder

To open your eyes, being filled with ruth for you
and wonder!

You all adore this Françonette;
Learn who she is, infatuate!
Her sire, a poor man and an evil,
While yet the babe in cradle sate
Went over to the Huguenots, and sold her to the
Devil!

Her mother is dead of grief and shame,
And thus the demon plays his game.
Full closely doth he guard his slave,
Unseen he tracks her high and low.
See Laurent and Pascal! Did both not come to woe
Just for one light embrace she gave?
Be warned in time! For whose dares this maid to
wed,

Amid the brief delight of his first nuptial night
Suddenly hears a dreadful thunder-peal o'erhead!
The Demon cometh in his might
To snatch the bride away in flight
And leave the ill-starred bridegroom—dead."

The wizard spake no more, but angry, fiery rays,
From the scars his visage bore, seemed suddenly to
blaze.

Four times he turned his heel upon,
Then bade the door stand wide or ever his foot he
stayed.

With one long groan the door obeyed,
And lo, the bearded man was gone!

But left what horror in his wake! None stirred in
all that throng.

Only the stricken maid herself stood brave against
her wrong;

And in the hope forlorn that all might pass for jest,
With tremulous smile, half bright, half pleading,
She swept them with her eyes, and two steps for-
ward pressed;

But when she saw them all reeeding,
And heard them say "Avaunt!" her fate
She knew. Then did her eyes dilate
With speechless terror more and more,
The while her heart beat fast and loud,
Till with a cry her head she bowed,
And sank in swoon upon the floor.

It is very characteristic of Jasmin that he pauses at this crisis of the story earnestly to explain and excuse the dense superstition of his country folk at that period, whereby it came to pass that the once radiant and triumphant Françonette was shunned thenceforward as an accursed thing. These frequent confidences of the poet with his reader are so perfectly unstudied that they add wonderfully to the *vraisemblance* of his tale. The third canto opens with a lovely picture of a cottage by a leafy brookside in Estanquet, one of the hamlets adjacent to Roquefort (and where tradition still identifies the home of Françonette). There, when the next spring opened, the "jealous birds" listened in vain for a girlish voice, the music of which in years gone by had been sweeter than their own. At last the nightingales, more curious than the rest, made their way into the maid's garden, and what did they see? Her straw hat lay on a bench; there was no ribbon about the crown. Her rake and watering-pot were dropped among her neglected jonquils; the branches of her rose-trees ran riot. Peering yet farther, even inside the cottage door, these curious birds discovered an old woman asleep in an arm-chair, and a pale, quiet girl beside her, who, from time to time, let fall a tear upon her little hands. "It is Françonette," says the poet. "You will have guessed that already."

On the terrible New Year's Eve just described, when Françonette had fled for shelter to the arms of her good old grandmother, the latter had soothed her as best she might by solemn assurances that the sorcerer's cruel charge was false. But how could it be proved so save by Françonette's father, whose where-

abouts no one knew, even if he were alive, so long ago had he vanished from the place? For the remainder of the winter the two women lived almost alone, neglected by all their neighbors, and scarce venturing abroad. Only with the return of spring, one sweet gleam of hope had come to Françonette with the rumor that Pascal defended her everywhere, and boldly declared her to be the victim of a brutal plot. She was dreaming of his goodness even now, and it was this which had softened her proud spirit to tears. But her trance was dispelled by a sudden, sharp cry from the aged sleeper:—

Then sprang she to her side and found her open-eyed,

And caught the awesome word, "Is the wall not all aflame?"

And then: "Ah, 't was a dream! Thank God!" the murmur came.

"Dear heart," the girl said softly, "what was this dream of thine?"

"O love, 't was night, and loud, ferocious men, methought,

Were lighting fires all round our cot,
And thou didst cry unto them, daughter mine,
To save me, but didst vainly strive,
And here we two must burn alive!

Oh torment that I bare! How shall I cure my fright?

Come hither, darling, let me hold thee tight!"

Then the white-headed dame in withered arms of love

Long time with yearning tenderness folded the brown-haired girl, who strove

By many a smile and mute caress

To hearten her, until at length

The aged one cried out, for that love gave her strength,

"Sold to the demon? Thou! It is a hideous lie!

Wherefore weep not so patiently

And childlike, but take heart once more,

For thou art lovelier than before,

Take granny's word for that! Arise,

(Go forth! Who hides from envious eyes

The thirst of envy slakes. I have heard so o'er and o'er!

Also I know full well there is one who loves thee yet;

Only a word he waiteth to claim thee for his own.

Thou likest not Marcel? But he could guard thee, pet,

And I am all too feeble grown.

Or stay, my darling, stay! To-morrow's Easter

Day;

Go thou to mass, and pray as ne'er before!

Then take the blessed bread, if so the good God

may

The precious favor of his former smile restore;

¹ A custom formerly prevailed in some parts of France, and was brought thence by emigrants to Canada, where it flourished not long ago, of crowning the sacramental bread by one or more frosted

And, on thy sweet face, clear as day,
Prove thou art numbered with his children evermore."

Then such a light of hope lit the faded face again,
Furrowed so deep with years and pain,
That, falling on her neck the maiden promised well
And once more on the white cot silence fell.

When, therefore, on the morrow, came all the country-side

To list the hallelujahs in the church of Saint-Pierre,

Great was their wonderment who spied

The maiden Françonette silently kneeling there,

Telling her beads with downcast eyes of prayer.

She hath need, poor little thing, Heaven's mercy to implore!

Never a woman's will she win,

For these, beholding her sweet mien,

And Marcel and Pascal, who eyed her fondly o'er,

Smote her with glances black as night;

Then, shrinking back, left her alone,

Midway of a great circle, as they might

Some guilty and condemned one,

Branded upon his brow in sight.

Nor was this all. A man well known,

Warden and uncle to Marcel,

Carried the blessed Easter bread,

And like a councillor did swell,

In long-tailed coat, with pompous tread.

But when the trembling maid, signing the cross, essayed

To take a double portion, as the dear old grandame bade,

Right in the view of every eye
The sacred basket he withdrew, and passed her wholly by.

And so, denied her portion of the bread whereby we live,

She, on glad Easter, doth receive

Dismissal from God's house for aye!

Death-sick with fear, she deemeth all is lost indeed.

But no,—she hath a friend at need.

Pascal hath seen her all the while;

Pascal's young foot is on the aisle;

He is making the quest, and, nothing loath,

In view of uncle and of nephew both,

Quietly doth to her present

Upon a silver plate, with fair flowers blossoming,

The crown-piece¹ of the holy element,

And all the world beholds the thing.

Oh moment full of sweetness! Her blood sprang into fleetness,

Warmth was in all her frame, and her senses thrilled once more,

As the body of God arisen

Out of its deathly prison

Could life unto her own restore.

But wherefore did her brow suddenly rosy grow?

Because the angel of love, I trow,

Did with his glowing breath impart

Life to the flame long smoldering in her wayward heart,

Because a something strange, and passing all desire,

As honey sweet, and quick as fire,

Did her sad soul illuminate

With a new being; and, though late,

or otherwise ornamented cakes, which were reserved for the family of the *Seigneur*, or other communicants of distinction.

She knew the name of her delight,
The fair enigma she could guess.
People and priest vanished from sight,
And she saw in all the church only one man
aright,
He whom she loved at last with utmost grateful-
ness.

Leave we the throng dispersing, and eagerly con-
versing
Of all I here have been rehearsing,
But lose not sight of her at all
Who hath borne the *bread of honor* to the ancient
dame ere this,
And sitteth now alone, shut in her chamber small,
Face to face with her new-found bliss.

First fall of happy dew the parched lands to quick-
en,
First mild sun-ray in winter, ye are less welcome
far
Unto the earth with sorrow stricken
Than these mysterious transports are
To the dazed maiden dreaming there,
Forgetful of her heavy care,
And softly in her spirit moving
To the flame-new delight of loving.

From evil tongues withdrawn, did she
As do we all—sank open-eyed in reverie,
And built, with neither hammer nor stone,
A small, fair castle of her own,
Where shone all things in Pascal's light, and cheer
and rest
Flowed like a living brook. Ah, yes, the sage was
right!

The sorrowing heart aye loveth best.
But when the heart controls us quite,
Quick turns to gall the honey of our delight.
Suddenly she remembers all! Her heaven turns
gray.

A dread thought smites her heavily:
To dream of love? Why, what is she?
Sweet love is not for her! The mighty sorcerer
Hath said she is sold for a price,—a foredoomed
murderer
With a heart of devilish wrath, which whoso dares
to brave,
And lie one night in her arms, therein shall find his
grave.

She to see Pascal perish at her side?
"O my good God, have pity on me!" she cried.

So, rent with cruel agonies,
And weeping very sore,
Fell the poor child upon her knees
Her little shrine before.

"O holy Virgin," sighing, "on thee alone relying
I come. I am all astray! Father and mother too
Are dead lang syne, and I accursed! All tongues
are crying

The hideous tale! yet save, if haply it be true;
Or if they have falsely sworn, be it on my soul
borne

When I shall bring my taper to thy church¹ on
fête-day morn.

Then, blessed mother, let me see
That I am not denied of thee!"

Brief prayer and broken,
If truly spoken,
Doth lightly up to heaven fly.
Sure to have won a gracious ear
The maid her purpose holds, and ponders moment-
ly,
And oftentimes turns sick, and cannot speak for
fear,
But sometimes taketh heart, and sudden hope and
strong
Shines in her soul, as a meteor gleams the night
along.

So ends the third canto, and the fourth
and last begins with the dawn of the
fête-day on which are fixed *Françonette's*
desperate hopes and fears. The inhabit-
ants of half a dozen villages, Puymirol,
Artigues, Astaffort, Lusignan, Cardon-
net, Saint-Cirge, and Roquefort, with
priests and crucifixes, garlands and can-
dles, banners and *angels*,² are mustering
at the church of Notre Dame in Agen,
and somehow, not only is the tale rife
among them of the maiden who has been
sold to the demon, but the rumor cir-
culates that to-day she will publicly en-
treat the blessed virgin to save her. The
strangers are kinder to her than her
more immediate neighbors, and from
many a pitying heart the prayer goes up
that a miracle may be wrought in the
beautiful girl's behalf. She feels their
sympathy and gathers confidence. And
now the special suppliants are passing
up to the altar one by one,—anxious
mothers, disappointed lovers, the or-
phaned, and the childless. They kneel,
they ask for their blessing, they present
their candles for the old surpliced priest
to bless, and they retire:—

Nor did a sign of sorrow on any suppliant fall,
But with lightened hearts of hope their ways went
one and all.

So *Françonette* grew happy too,
And most of all, because Pascal prayed smiling in
her view;

Yea, dared to raise her eyes to the holy father's
own;

For it seemed to her that love and lights and hymns
and incense, too,
Were crying "grace," in sweetest unison.

And she sighed, "Oh, grace divine, and love!—
let these be mine!"

Then straightway lit her taper and followed to the
shrine,

Bearing flowers in her other hand; and every one
Kindly gave place, and bade her forward move,

¹ Notre Dame de bon Encontre, a church in the
suburbs of Agen celebrated for its legend, its mira-
cles, and the numerous pilgrimages which are an-
nually made to it in the month of May.

² The *angels* walked in procession and sang the
Angelus at the appropriate hours.

Then fixed their eyes upon the priest and her,
And scarce a breath was drawn, and not a soul did stir,

While the priest laid the image of redeeming love
Upon the orphan's lips. But ere her kiss was given

Brake a terrific peal, as it would rend the heaven,
Darkening her taper and three altar-lights above!

Oh, what is this? The crashing thunder
The prayer denied, the lights put out.
"Good God, she is sold indeed! All, all is true, no doubt!"

So a long murmur rose of horror and of wonder;
And while the maiden breathlessly,
Covering like a lost soul, their shuddering glances under,
Crept forth, all shrank away and let her pass them by.

Howbeit, that great peal was but the opening blow
Of a wild storm and terrible,
That straightway upon Roquefort fell.
The spire of Saint-Pierre¹ was laid in ruin low,
And, smitten by the sharp scourge of the hail,
In all the region round men could but weep and wail.

The angel-bands who walked that day
In fair procession, hymns to sing;
Turned sorrowing, all save one, away,
Ora pro nobis murmuring.

But in those early times, not yet as now,
Her perilous waves to clear,
To other jealous towns could stately Agen show
Great bridges three, as she a royal city were.
Two simple barges only, by poles propelled slow,
Waited the sacred minstrels to bear them to Roquefort,

To whom came rumors of the wide-spread woe
Ere landing they were ranged for singing on the shore.

And first the tale but half they heed;
But soon they see, in very deed,
Vineyards and happy fields with hopeless ruin smit.
Then each let fall his banner fair,
And lamentations infinite
Rent on all sides the evening air,
Till, o'er the swelling throng rose deadly clear the cry,

"And still we spare this Françonette!" Then suddenly,
As match to powder laid, the word
Set all on fire, and there were heard
Howls of "Ay, ay, the wretch! now let her meet her fate!"

She is the cause of all, 't is plain!
Once hath she made us desolate,
But verily shall not so again."
And ever the press grew, and wilder, angrier, too,
And, "Hunt her off the face of the earth!" shrieked one anew.

"Ay, hunt her to death! 'Tis meet!" a thousand tongues repeat;
And the tempest in the skies cannot with this compete.

Oh, then, to have seen them as they came
With clenched fists and eyes aflame,
You had said, "Hell doth indeed its demons all unchain."

¹ The ancient parish church of Roquefort, whose ruins only now remain.

And while the storm recedes, and the night is growing clear,
Hot poison shoots through every vein
Of the possessed madmen here.

Thus goaded they themselves to crime; but where was she,

Unhappy Françonette? To her own cottage driven
She worshipped her one relic, sadly, dreamily,
And whispered to the withered flowers Pascal had given,

"Dear nosegay, when I saw thee first
Methought thy sweetness was divine,
And I did drink it, heart-athirst;
But now thou art not sweet as erst,
Because these wicked thoughts of mine
Have blasted all thy beauty rare.

I am sold to the powers of ill, and Heaven hath spurned my prayer!

My love is deadly love! No hope on earth have I!
So, treasure of my heart, flowers of the meadow fair,

Because I love the hand that gathered you, goodbye!

Pascal must not love such as I!
He must the accursed maid forswear,
Who yet to God for him doth cry.

In wanton merriment last year
Even at love laughed Françonette;
Now is my condemnation clear.

Now whom I love, I must forget.
Sold to the demon at my birth—

My God, how can it be? Have I not faith in thee?
O blessed blossoms of the earth,
Let me drive with my cross the evil one from me!
And thou, my mother, in the starry skies above,
And thou, my guardian, Mother of God,
Pity! I love Pascal! Must part from him I love!
Pity the maid accursed, by the rod
Sore smitten, to the earth down-trod;
Help me the heart divine to move!"

"Françonette, little one, what means thy plaintive moan?"

So spake the hoary dame. "Didst thou not smiling say

Our lady did receive thy offering to-day?
But sure, no happy heart e'er made so sad a moan!
Thou hast deceived me! Some new ill," she said,
"Hath fallen upon us!" "Nay, not so. Be comforted;

I—I—am happy." "So, my deary,
God grant some respite we may have,
For sorrow of thine doth dig my grave,
And this hath been a lonesome, fearsome day, and weary—

That cruel dream of the fire I had a while ago,
However I strove, did haunt me so!
And then, thou knowest the storm; anew I was terrified,

So that to-night, meseems, I shudder at nought!" —

What sudden roar is this outside?

"Fire! Fire! Let us burn them in their cot!"
Shine all the cracks in the old shutter gaping wide
And Françonette springs to the doorway tremblingly,

And, gracious Heaven! what doth she see?
By the light of the burning rick
An angry people huddled thick;
She hears them shout, "Now, to your fate!
Spare neither the young one, nor the old,
Both work us ruin manifold

Off with thee, child of wrath ! or we will roast thee,
straight ! ”

Then cried the girl on her knees to 'the cruel popu-
lace,

“ You will slay my granny with your very words ! ”
and prayed for grace.

But when, in their infuriate blindness, heed they
take

Of the poor pleader in her unbound hair,
They only think they see her, then and there,

Torn by the rage demoniac,

And all the fiercer cry, “ *Avaunt !* ”

While the more savage forward spring,

And their feet on the threshold plant,
Fragments of blazing cord in their arms brandish-
ing.

“ Hold, I command you, hold ! ” cried one before
unheard ;

And a man leaped into the crowd like lightning with
the word, —

One whom we know, — and over all

His voice uplifted thus Pascal :

“ What, will ye murder women, then ?

Children of God, and you, the same ;

Or are ye tigers, and not men ?

And after all they have suffered ! Shame !

Fall back, fall back, I say ! The walls are growing
hot ! ”

“ Then let them quit for aye our shore !

They are Huguenots — knowest thou not ? — long
since by the demon bought ;

God smites because we drave them not before.”

“ Quick, bring the other forth, or living she will
burn !

Ye dogs, who moved you to this crime ?

It was the wroth Marcel ! See where he comes in
time ! ”

“ Thou liest ! ” the soldier thundered in his turn,

“ I love her, boaster, more than thou ! ”

“ How wilt thou prove thy love, thou of the tender
heart ? ”

“ I am come to save her life ! I am come to take
her part.

I am come, if so she will, to marry her, even now ! ”

“ And so am I,” replied Pascal, and steadfastly,

Before his rival's eyes, bound as by some great
spell,

Unto the orphan girl turned he

With worship all unspeakable.

“ Answer us, *Françonette*, and speak the truth
alone !

Thou art followed from place to place, by spite and
scorn, my own ;

Eut we two love thee well, and ready are to brave
Death, ay or hell, thy life to save.

Choose which of us thou wilt ! ” “ Nay,” she la-
mented sore,

“ Dearest, mine is a love that slays.

Be happy then without me ! Forget me ; go thy
ways ! ”

“ Happy without thee, dear ? That can I never
more !

Nay, were it true, as lying rumor says,

An evil spirit ruled thee o'er,

I would rather die with thee than live bereaved
days ! ”

When life is at its bitterest

The voice of love aye rules us best.

Instantly rose the girl above her mortal dread,

And, on the crowd advancing straight,

“ Because I love Pascal, alone I would meet my
fate.

Howbeit, his will is law,” she said,

“ Wherefore together let our souls be sped.”

Then was Pascal in heaven, Marcel in the dust laid
low,

Whom amid all the quaking throng his rival sought,
Crying, “ I am more blessed than thou. Forgive !

Thou art brave, I know ;

Some squire should follow me to death, and wilt
thou not ?

Serve me ! I have no other friend.” Marcel
seemed dreaming,

And now he scowled with wrath, and now his eye
grew kind ;

Terrible was the battle in his mind

Till his eye fell on *Françonette*, serene and beaming,

But with no word for *him*. Then pale but smil-
ingly,

“ Because it is her will,” he said, “ I follow thee.”

Two weeks had passed away, and a strange nuptial
train

Adown the verdant hill wound slowly to the plain.
First came the comely pair we know in all their

bloom,

While, gathered from far and wide, three deep on
either side,

The ever curious rustics bled,

Shuddering at heart o'er Pascal's doom.

Marcel conducts their march, but pleasure's kindly
hue

Glow not on the unmoving face he lifts to view,

And something glances from his eye

Which makes men shudder as they pass him by.

Yet verily his mien triumphant is ; at least

Sole master is he of this feast,

And gives his rival, for *bouquet*,

A supper and a ball to-day.

But, at the dance and at the board

Alike, scarce one essayed a word ;

None sang a song, none raised a jest,

For dark forebodings that oppressed.

And the betrothed, by love's deep rapture fasci-
nated,

Silent on the sheer edge of fate the end awaited.

No sound their dream dispelled, but hand in hand
died press,

And eyes looked ever on a visioned happiness.

And so, at last, the evening fell.

Then one affrighted woman suddenly brake the
spell.

She came. She fell on Pascal's neck.

“ Fly, son ! ” she cried ;

“ I am come from the sorceress even now ! Fly thy
false bride !

For the fatal sieve¹ hath turned ; thy death decree
is spoken !

There's a sulphur fume in the bridal room, by the
same dread token.

Enter it not ! If thou livest, thou art lost,” she
said,

“ And what were life to me if thou wert dead ? ”

Then Pascal felt his eyelids wet,

¹ *Lou sedas*. The *sedas* is a sieve of raw silk
used for sifting flour. It has also a singular use in
necromancy. When one desires to know the name

of the author of an act, — a theft, for instance, —
the sieve is made to revolve, but woe to him whose
name is spoken just as the sieve stops.

And turned away, striving to hide his face; where-
on,

"Ingrate!" the mother shrieked, "but I will save
thee yet;

Thou wilt not dare" — and fell at the feet of her
son —

"Thou shalt pass over my body, sure as thou goest
forth!

A wife, it seems, is all, and a mother nothing worth,
Unhappy that I am!" All wept aloud for woe.

"Marcel," the bridegroom said, "her grief is my
despair,

But love, thou knowest, is stronger yet. 'Tis time
to go!

Only, if I should die, my mother be thy care."

"I can no more! Thy mother hath conquered
here,"

The sturdy soldier said, and he too brushed a tear.

"Prythee take courage, friend of mine!

Thy *Françonette* is good and pure;

Yon tale was told of dark design.

But give thy mother thanks: but for her coming,
sure

This night had seen my death and thine."

"What sayest thou?" "Hush! I will tell thee
all.

Thou knowest I loved this maid, Pascal;

For her, like thee, I would have shed my blood.

And I dreamed I was loved again, — she held me so
in thrall, —

Albeit my prayer was aye withstood.

She knew her elders promised her to me,

And so, when other suitors barred my way, in spite,
Saying, In love as in war one may use strategy,

I gave the wizard gold, my rivals to affright.

Thereafter chance did all; insomuch that I said,

My treasure is already won;

But when, in the same breath, we two our suit
made known,

And when I saw her, without turn of head

Toward my despair, choose thee, it was not to be
borne!

I vowed her death and thine and mine ere morrow
morn!

I had thought to lead you forth to the bridal bower
erelong,

And there, the bed beside, which I had mined with
care,

To say, 'No prince of the power of the air

Is here! I burn you for my wrong.

Ay, cross yourselves,' quoth I, 'for you shall sure-
ly die!'

And the folk had seen us three together fly!

"But thy mother with her tears hath put my venge-
ance out.

I thought of my own, Pascal, who died so long ago.
Care thou for thine! Thou hast nought to fear

from me; I trow

Eden is coming down to earth for thee, no doubt,

But I, whom men henceforth can only hate and
flout,

Will to the wars away! for something in me saith
I may recover from my rout

Better than by a crime! Ay, by a soldier's death!"

¹ The reader will be reminded of William Morris
at the close of his exquisite story of *Psyche*: —

"My lyre is but attuned to tears and pain;

How can I sing the never-ending day?"

² *Lou tourrin*, a highly spiced onion soup, which

Saying, he vanished, and loud cheers broke forth
on every side,

The while with deepening blushes the twain each
other eyed,

As they were suddenly timid grown.

For now the morning stars in the dark heaven
shone —

I lift my pencil here, my breath comes hurriedly;

Colors for strife and pain have I,

But for their perfect rapture — none.¹

And so the morning came with softly dawning
light;

No sound, no stir as yet, inside the cottage white,

Albeit at Estanquet three hamlets gathered were

To wait the waking of the wedded pair.

Marcel had told the whole unhappy truth. Nath-
less

The devil was mighty in those days;

Some fear for the bridegroom yet, and guess

At strange mischance. "In the night wild cries
were heard," one says.

One hath seen shadows dance on the wall in won-
drous ways.

Lives Pascal yet? None dares to dress

The spicy broth² to leave beside the nuptial door,

And so another hour goes o'er.

Then floats a lovely strain of music overhead,

A sweet refrain oft heard before,

'Tis the *aubade*³ offered to the newly-wed.

So the door opes at last, and the young pair are
seen;

And she, though flushing for the folk, with friendly
hand and mien

The fragments of her garter gives,

And every woman two receives.

Then winks and words of ruth from eye and lip are
passed,

And the luck of our Pascal makes envious all at
last;

For the poor lads, whose hearts I ween are healed
but slightly

Of their first passionate pain,

When they see *Françonette*, blossoming rose-like,
brightly,

All dewy-fresh, all sweet and slightly,

Cry, "We will ne'er believe in sorcerers again."

The action of the poem is so rapid
that, in order to give a complete outline
of the plot and some notion of the fine
discrimination of character which it con-
tains, I have been obliged to omit some
descriptive passages of extreme beauty.
M. de Lavergne says truly of *Françonette*
that it is of all Jasmin's works the one
in which he has aimed at being most
entirely popular, and that it is, at the
same time, the most noble and the most
chastened. He might have added the
most chivalrous, also. There is some-
is carried by the wedding guests to the bridegroom
at a late hour of the night.

³ A song of early morning corresponding to the
serenade or evening song.

thing essentially knightly in Pascal's cast of character, and it is singular that at the supreme crisis of his fate he assumes, as if unconsciously, the very phraseology of chivalry: "Some squire (*donzel*) should follow me to death," etc., and we find it altogether natural and becoming in the high-hearted smith. There are many places where Jasmin addresses his readers directly as *Messieurs*; where the context also makes it evident that the word is emphatic, that he is distinctly conscious of addressing those who are above him in rank, and that the proper translation is "gen-

ties" or even "masters," yet no poet ever lived who was less of a sycophant. The rather rude wood-cut likeness prefixed to the popular edition of the Gascon's works represents a face so widely unlike all well-known modern types that one feels sure it must be like the original. Once seen in living reality, it must have haunted the memory forever. It is broad and massive in feature, shrewd and yet sweet in expression, homely and serenely unconscious. It is "*vilain et très vilain*" in every line, but the head is carried high, with something more than a courtier's dignity.

Harriet W. Preston.

TO-MORROW.

I sit and muse beside the faded coals,
While night and silence hold their mystic sway,
And while the world, with all its freight of souls,
Wheels on through darkness to another day!

Across my spirit ghostly fancies creep: . . .
Who shall dare prophesy to-morrow's light?
What if uncounted thousands, while they sleep,
Are trembling on eternity to-night?

And still they haunt my heart, these dreams forlorn,
Vague bats of fear that sunshine would dismay;
Though myriads of to-morrows have been born,
What if the last had perished with to-day?

But no! the ancient ordinance yet reigns. . . .
Hours afterward, while seated wakeful here,
I dimly see, along my casement panes,
The first pale dubious glimmerings appear.

Once more the old fated ways of earth begin:
Some glad girl somewhere will soon wake and say,
While blushing, from chaste forehead to sweet chin,
One lovely rose, "It is my wedding-day!"

And in some prison-cell, perchance even now,
Some haggard captive from his sleep is drawn,
To hear them, while cold sweat-drops bead his brow,
Nailing a scaffold in the ghastly dawn!

Edgar Fawcett.

A LITERARY NIGHTMARE.

WILL the reader please to cast his eye over the following verses, and see if he can discover anything harmful in them?

"Conductor, when you receive a fare,
Punch in the presence of the passenjare!
A blue trip slip for an eight-cent fare,
A buff trip slip for a six-cent fare,
A pink trip slip for a three-cent fare,
Punch in the presence of the passenjare!"

CHORUS.

Punch, brothers! punch with care!
Punch in the presence of the passenjare!"

I came across these jingling rhymes in a newspaper, a little while ago, and read them a couple of times. They took instant and entire possession of me. All through breakfast they went waltzing through my brain; and when, at last, I rolled up my napkin, I could not tell whether I had eaten anything or not. I had carefully laid out my day's work the day before — a thrilling tragedy in the novel which I am writing. I went to my den to begin my deed of blood. I took up my pen, but all I could get it to say was, "Punch in the presence of the passenjare." I fought hard for an hour, but it was useless. My head kept humming, "A blue trip slip for an eight-cent fare, a buff trip slip for a six-cent fare," and so on and so on, without peace or respite. The day's work was ruined — I could see that plainly enough. I gave up and drifted down town, and presently discovered that my feet were keeping time to that relentless jingle. When I could stand it no longer I altered my step. But it did no good; those rhymes accommodated themselves to the new step and went on harassing me just as before. I returned home, and suffered all the afternoon; suffered all through an unconscious and unrefreshing dinner; suffered, and cried, and jingled all through the evening; went to bed and rolled, tossed, and jingled right along, the same as ever; got up at midnight frantic, and tried to read; but there was nothing visible upon the whirling page except

"Punch! punch in the presence of the passenjare." By sunrise I was out of my mind, and everybody marveled and was distressed at the idiotic burden of my ravings, — "Punch! oh, punch! punch in the presence of the passenjare!"

Two days later, on Saturday morning, I arose, a tottering wreck, and went forth to fulfill an engagement with a valued friend, the Rev. Mr. —, to walk to the Talcott Tower, ten miles distant. He stared at me, but asked no questions. We started. Mr. — talked, talked, talked — as is his wont. I said nothing; I heard nothing. At the end of a mile, Mr. — said, —

"Mark, are you sick? I never saw a man look so haggard and worn and absent-minded. Say something; do!"

Drearily, without enthusiasm, I said: "Punch, brothers, punch with care! Punch in the presence of the passenjare!"

My friend eyed me blankly, looked perplexed, then said, —

"I do not think I get your drift, Mark. There does not seem to be any relevancy in what you have said, certainly nothing sad; and yet — maybe it was the way you *said* the words — I never heard anything that sounded so pathetic. What is?" —

But I heard no more. I was already far away with my pitiless, heart-breaking "blue trip slip for an eight-cent fare, buff trip slip for a six-cent fare, pink trip slip for a three-cent fare; punch in the presence of the passenjare." I do not know what occurred during the other nine miles. However, all of a sudden Mr. — laid his hand on my shoulder and shouted, —

"Oh, wake up! wake up! wake up! Don't sleep all day! Here we are at the Tower, man! I have talked myself deaf and dumb and blind, and never got a response. Just look at this magnificent autumn landscape! Look at it!

look at it! Feast your eyes on it! You have traveled; you have seen boasted landscapes elsewhere. Come, now, deliver an honest opinion. What do you say to this?"

I sighed wearily, and murmured, —

"A buff trip slip for a six-cent fare, a pink trip slip for a three-cent fare, punch in the presence of the *passenjare*."

Rev. Mr. — stood there, very grave, full of concern, apparently, and looked long at me; then he said, —

"Mark, there is something about this that I cannot understand. Those are about the same words you said before; there does not seem to be anything in them, and yet they nearly break my heart when you say them. Punch in the — how is it they go?"

I began at the beginning and repeated all the lines. My friend's face lighted with interest. He said, —

"Why, what a captivating jingle it is! It is almost music. It flows along so nicely. I have nearly caught the rhymes myself. Say them over just once more, and then I'll have them, sure."

I said them over. Then Mr. — said them. He made one little mistake, which I corrected. The next time and the next he got them right. Now a great burden seemed to tumble from my shoulders. That torturing jingle departed out of my brain, and a grateful sense of rest and peace descended upon me. I was light-hearted enough to sing; and I did sing for half an hour, straight along, as we went jogging homeward. Then my freed tongue found blessed speech again, and the pent talk of many a weary hour began to gush and flow. It flowed on and on, joyously, jubilantly, until the fountain was empty and dry. As I wrung my friend's hand at parting, I said, —

"Have n't we had a royal good time! But now I remember, you have n't said a word for two hours. Come, come, out with something!"

The Rev. Mr. — turned a lack-lustre eye upon me, drew a deep sigh, and said, without animation, without apparent consciousness, —

"Punch, brothers, punch with care! Punch in the presence of the *passenjare*!"

A pang shot through me as I said to myself, "Poor fellow, poor fellow! he has got it, now."

I did not see Mr. — for two or three days after that. Then, on Tuesday evening, he staggered into my presence and sank dejectedly into a seat. He was pale, worn; he was a wreck. He lifted his faded eyes to my face and said, —

"Ah, Mark, it was a ruinous investment that I made in those heartless rhymes. They have ridden me like a nightmare, day and night, hour after hour, to this very moment. Since I saw you I have suffered the torments of the lost. Saturday evening I had a sudden call, by telegraph, and took the night train for Boston. The occasion was the death of a valued old friend who had requested that I should preach his funeral sermon. I took my seat in the cars and set myself to framing the discourse. But I never got beyond the opening paragraph; for then the train started and the car-wheels began their 'clack-clack-clack-clack! clack-clack-clack-clack!' and right away those odious rhymes fitted themselves to that accompaniment. For an hour I sat there and set a syllable of those rhymes to every separate and distinct clack the car-wheels made. Why, I was as fagged out, then, as if I had been chopping wood all day. My skull was splitting with headache. It seemed to me that I must go mad if I sat there any longer; so I undressed and went to bed. I stretched myself out in my berth, and — well, you know what the result was. The thing went right along, just the same. 'Clack-clack-clack, a blue trip slip, clack-clack-clack, for an eight-cent fare; clack-clack-clack, a bluff trip slip, clack-clack-clack, for a six-cent fare, and so on, and so on, and so on — *punch*, in the presence of the *passenjare*!' Sleep? Not a single wink! I was almost a lunatic when I got to Boston. Don't ask me about the funeral. I did the best I could, but every solemn individual sentence was

meshed and tangled and woven in and out with 'Punch, brothers, punch with care, punch in the presence of the pas-senjare.' And the most distressing thing was that my *delivery* dropped into the undulating rhythm of those pulsing rhymes, and I could actually catch absent-minded people nodding *time* to the swing of it with their stupid heads. And, Mark, you may believe it or not, but before I got through, the entire assemblage were placidly bobbing their heads in solemn unison, mourners, undertaker, and all. The moment I had finished, I fled to the anteroom in a state bordering on frenzy. Of course it would be my luck to find a sorrowing and aged maiden aunt of the deceased there, who had arrived from Springfield too late to get into the church. She began to sob, and said, —

"'Oh, oh, he is gone, he is gone, and I did n't see him before he died!'

"'Yes!' I said, 'he *is* gone, he *is* gone, he *is* gone — oh, *will* this suffering never cease!'

"'You loved him, then! Oh, you too loved him!'

"'Loved him! Loved *who*?'

"'Why, my poor George! my poor nephew!'

"'Oh — *him*! Yes — oh, yes, yes. Certainly — certainly. Punch — punch — oh, this misery will kill *mé*!'

"'Bless you! bless you, sir, for these sweet words! *I*, too, suffer in this dear loss. Were you present during his last moments?'

"'Yes! I — *whose* last moments?'

"'His. The dear departed's.'

"'Yes! Oh, yes — yes — *yes*! I suppose so, I think so, *I* don't know! Oh, certainly — I was there — *I* was there!'

"'Oh, what a privilege! what a precious privilege! And his last words —

oh, tell me, tell me his last words! What did he say?'

"'He said — he said — oh, my head, my head, my head! He said — he said — he never said *anything* but Punch, punch, *punch* in the presence of the pas-senjare! Oh, leave me, madam! In the name of all that is generous, leave me to my madness, my misery, my despair! — a buff trip slip for a six-cent fare, a pink trip slip for a three-cent fare — endu-rance *can* no fur-ther go! — PUNCH in the presence of the pas-senjare!''

My friend's hopeless eyes rested upon mine a pregnant minute, and then he said impressively, —

"Mark, you do not say anything. You do not offer me any hope. But, ah me, it is just as well — it is just as well. You could not do me any good. The time has long gone by when words could comfort me. Something tells me that my tongue is doomed to wag forever to the jigger of that remorseless jingle. There — there it is coming on me again: a blue trip slip for an eight-cent fare, a buff trip slip for a" —

Thus murmuring faint and fainter, my friend sank into a peaceful trance and forgot his sufferings in a blessed respite.

How did I finally save him from the asylum? I took him to a neighboring university and made him discharge the burden of his persecuting rhymes into the eager ears of the poor, unthinking students. How is it with *them*, now? The result is too sad to tell. Why did I write this article? It was for a worthy, even a noble, purpose. It was to warn you, reader, if you should come across those merciless rhymes, to avoid them — avoid them as you would a pestilence!

Mark Twain.

THE UNSEEN WORLD.

I.

"WHO are you, where did you come from, and whither are you bound?" — the question which from Homer's days has been put to the wayfarer in strange lands — is likewise the all-absorbing question which man is ever asking of the universe of which he is himself so tiny yet so wondrous a part. From the earliest times the ultimate purpose of all scientific research has been to elicit fragmentary or partial responses to this question, and philosophy has ever busied itself in piecing together these several bits of information, according to the best methods at its disposal, in order to make up something like a satisfactory answer. In old times the best methods which philosophy had at its disposal for this purpose were such as now seem very crude, and accordingly ancient philosophers bungled considerably in their task, though now and then they came surprisingly near what would to-day be called the truth. It was natural that their methods should be crude, for scientific inquiry had as yet supplied but scanty materials for them to work with, and it was only after a very long course of speculation and criticism that men could find out what ways of going to work are likely to prove successful and what are not. The earliest thinkers, indeed, were further hindered from accomplishing much by the imperfections of the language by the aid of which their thinking was done; for science and philosophy have had to make a serviceable terminology by dint of long and arduous trial and practice, and linguistic processes fit for expressing general or abstract notions accurately grew up only through numberless failures and at the expense of much inaccurate thinking and loose talking. As in most of nature's processes, there was a great waste of energy before a good result could be secured. Accordingly

primitive men were very wide of the mark in their views of nature. To them the world was a sort of enchanted ground, peopled with sprites and goblins; the quaint notions with which we now amuse our children in fairy-tales represent a style of thinking which once was current among grown men and women, and which is still current wherever men remain in a savage condition. The theories of the world wrought out by early priest-philosophers were in great part made up of such grotesque notions; and having become variously implicated with ethical opinions as to the nature and consequences of right and wrong behavior, they acquired a kind of sanctity, so that any thinker who in the light of a wider experience ventured to alter or amend the primitive theory was likely to be vituperated as an irreligious man or atheist. This sort of inference has not yet been wholly abandoned, even in civilized communities. Even to-day books are written about "the conflict between religion and science," and other books are written with intent to reconcile the two presumed antagonists. But when we look beneath the surface of things, we see that in reality there has never been any conflict between religion and science, nor is any reconciliation called for where harmony has always existed. The real historical conflict, which has been thus curiously misnamed, has been the conflict between the more-crude opinions belonging to the science of an earlier age and the less-crude opinions belonging to the science of a later age. In the course of this contest the more-crude opinions have usually been defended in the name of religion, and the less-crude opinions have invariably won the victory; but religion itself, which is not concerned with opinion, but with the aspiration which leads us to strive after a purer and holier life, has seldom or never been attacked. On the contrary,

the scientific men who have conducted the battle on behalf of the less-crude opinions have generally been influenced by this religious aspiration quite as strongly as the apologists of the more-crude opinions, and so far from religious feeling having been weakened by their perennial series of victories, it has apparently been growing deeper and stronger all the time. The religious sense is as yet too feebly developed in most of us; but certainly in no preceding age have men taken up the work of life with more earnestness or with more real faith in the unseen than at the present day, when so much of what was once deemed all-important knowledge has been consigned to the limbo of mythology.

The more-crude theories of early times are to be chiefly distinguished from the less-crude theories of to-day as being largely the products of random guess-work. Hypothesis, or guess-work, indeed, lies at the foundation of all scientific knowledge. The riddle of the universe, like less important riddles, is unraveled only by approximative trials, and the most brilliant discoverers have usually been the bravest guessers. Kepler's laws were the result of indefatigable guessing, and so, in a somewhat different sense, was the wave-theory of light. But the guess-work of scientific inquirers is very different now from what it was in older times. In the first place, we have slowly learned that a guess must be verified before it can be accepted as a sound theory; and secondly, so many truths have been established beyond contravention, that the latitude for hypothesis is much less than it once was. Nine tenths of the guesses which might have occurred to a mediæval philosopher would now be ruled out as inadmissible, because they would not harmonize with the knowledge which has been acquired since the Middle Ages. There is one direction especially in which this continuous limitation of guess-work by ever-accumulating experience has manifested itself. From first to last, all our speculative successes and failures have agreed in teaching us that the most gen-

eral principles of action which prevail to-day, and in our own corner of the universe, have always prevailed throughout as much of the universe as is accessible to our research. They have taught us that for the deciphering of the past and the predicting of the future, no hypotheses are admissible which are not based upon the actual behavior of things in the present. Once there was unlimited facility for guessing as to how the solar system might have come into existence; now the origin of the sun and planets is adequately explained when we have unfolded all that is implied in the processes which are still going on in the solar system. Formerly appeals were made to all manner of violent agencies to account for the changes which the earth's surface has undergone since our planet began its independent career; now it is seen that the same slow working of rain and tide, of wind and wave and frost, of secular contraction and of earthquake pulse, which is visible to-day, will account for the whole. It is not long since it was supposed that a species of animals or plants could be swept away only by some unusual catastrophe, while for the origination of new species something called an act of "special creation" was necessary; and as to the nature of such extraordinary events there was endless room for guess-work; but the discovery of natural selection was the discovery of a process, going on perpetually under our very eyes, which must inevitably of itself extinguish some species and bring new ones into being. In these and countless other ways we have learned that all the rich variety of nature is pervaded by unity of action, such as we might expect to find if nature is the manifestation of an infinite God who is without variableness or shadow of turning, but quite incompatible with the fitful behavior of the anthropomorphic deities of the old mythologies. By thus abstaining from all appeal to agencies that are extra-cosmic, or not involved in the orderly system of events that we see occurring around us, we have at last succeeded in eliminating from philosophic speculation the

character of random guess-work which at first of necessity belonged to it. Modern scientific hypothesis is so far from being a hap-hazard mental proceeding that it is perhaps hardly fair to classify it with guesses. It is lifted out of the plane of guess-work, in so far as it has acquired the character of inevitable inference from that which now is to that which has been or will be. Instead of the innumerable particular assumptions which were once admitted into cosmic philosophy, we are now reduced to the one universal assumption which has been variously described as the "principle of continuity," the "uniformity of nature," the "persistence of force," or the "law of causation," and which has been variously explained as a necessary datum for scientific thinking or as a net result of all induction. I am not unwilling, however, to adopt the language of a book which has furnished the occasion for the present discussion, and to say that this grand assumption is a supreme act of faith, the definite expression of a trust that the infinite Sustainer of the universe "will not put us to permanent intellectual confusion." For in this mode of statement the harmony between the scientific and the religious points of view is well brought out. It is as affording the only outlet from permanent intellectual confusion that inquirers have been driven to appeal to the principle of continuity; and it is by unswerving reliance upon this principle that we have obtained such insight into the past, present, and future of the world as we now possess.

The work just mentioned¹ is especially interesting as an attempt to bring the probable destiny of the human soul into connection with the modern theories which explain the past and future career of the physical universe in accordance with the principle of continuity. Its authorship is as yet unknown, but it is believed to be the joint production of two of the most eminent physicists in

Great Britain; and certainly the accurate knowledge and the ingenuity and subtlety of thought displayed in it are such as to lend great probability to this conjecture. Some account of the argument it contains may well precede the suggestions presently to be set forth concerning the Unseen World; and we shall find it most convenient to begin, like our authors, with a brief statement of what the principle of continuity teaches as to the proximate beginning and end of the *visible* universe. I shall in the main set down only results, having elsewhere² given a simple exposition of the arguments upon which these results are founded.

The first great cosmological speculation which has been raised quite above the plane of guess-work by making no other assumption than that of the uniformity of nature is the well-known Nebular Hypothesis. Every astronomer knows that the earth, like all other cosmical bodies which are flattened at the poles, was formerly a mass of fluid, and consequently filled a much larger space than at present. It is further agreed, on all hands, that the sun is a contracting body, since there is no other possible way of accounting for the enormous quantity of heat which it generates. The so-called primeval nebula follows as a necessary inference from these facts. There was once a time when the earth was distended on all sides away out to the moon and beyond it, so that the matter now contained in the moon was then a part of our equatorial zone. And at a still remoter date in the past, the mass of the sun was diffused in every direction beyond the orbit of Neptune, and no planet had an individual existence, for all were indistinguishable parts of the solar mass. When the great mass of the sun, increased by the relatively small mass of all the planets put together, was spread out in this way, it was a rare vapor or gas. At the period where the question is taken up in Laplace's treat-

¹ The Unseen Universe; or, Physical Speculations on a Future State. [Attributed to Professors Tait and Balfour Stewart.] New York: Macmillan & Co. 1875.

² Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy, based on the Doctrine of Evolution. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

ment of the nebular theory, the shape of this mass is regarded as spheroidal; but at an earlier period its shape may well have been as irregular as that of any of the nebulae which we now see in distant parts of the heavens, for, whatever its primitive shape, the equalization of its rotation would in time make it spheroidal. That the *quantity* of rotation was the same then as now is unquestionable; for no system of particles, great or small, can acquire or lose rotation by any action going on within itself, any more than a man could pick himself up by his waist-band and lift himself over a stone wall. So that the primitive rotating spheroidal solar nebula is not a matter of assumption, but is just what must once have existed, provided there has been no breach of continuity in nature's operations. Now proceeding to reason back from the past to the present, it has been shown that the abandonment of successive equatorial belts by the contracting solar mass must have ensued in accordance with known mechanical laws; and in similar wise, under ordinary circumstances, each belt must have parted into fragments, and the fragments, chasing each other around the same orbit, must have at last coalesced into a spheroidal planet. Not only this, but it has also been shown that as the result of such a process the relative sizes of the planets would be likely to take the order which they now follow; that the ring immediately succeeding that of Jupiter would be likely to abort and produce a great number of tiny planets instead of one good-sized one; that the outer planets would be likely to have many moons, and that Saturn, besides having the greatest number of moons, would be likely to retain some of his inner rings unbroken; that the earth would be likely to have a long day and Jupiter a short one; that the extreme outer planets would be not unlikely to rotate in a retrograde direction; and so on, through a long list of interesting and striking details. Not only, therefore, are we driven to the inference that our solar system was once a vaporous nebula, but we find that the mere contraction of such a nebula, under the influence of the enormous

mutual gravitation of its particles, carries with it the explanation of both the more general and the more particular features of the present system. So that we may fairly regard this stupendous process as veritable matter of history, while we proceed to study it under some further aspects and to consider what consequences are likely to follow.

Our attention should first be directed to the enormous waste of energy which has accompanied this contraction of the solar nebula. The first result of such a contraction is the generation of a great quantity of heat, and when the heat thus generated has been lost by radiation into surrounding space it becomes possible for the contraction to continue. Thus, as concentration goes on, heat is incessantly generated and incessantly dissipated. How long this process is to endure depends chiefly on the size of the contracting mass, as small bodies radiate heat much faster than large ones. The moon seems to be already thoroughly refrigerated, while Jupiter and Saturn are very much hotter than the earth, as is shown by the tremendous atmospheric phenomena which occur on their surfaces. The sun, again, generates heat so rapidly, owing to its great energy of contraction, and loses it so slowly, owing to its great size, that its surface is always kept in a state of incandescence. Its surface-temperature is estimated at some three million degrees of Fahrenheit, and a diminution of its diameter far too small to be detected by the finest existing instruments would suffice to maintain the present supply of heat for more than fifty centuries. These facts point to a very long future during which the sun will continue to warm the earth and its companion planets, but at the same time they carry on their face the story of inevitable ultimate doom. If things continue to go on as they have all along gone on, the sun must by and by grow black and cold, and all life whatever throughout the solar system must come to an end. Long before this consummation, however, life will probably have become extinct through the refrigeration of each of the planets into a state like

the present state of the moon, in which the atmosphere and oceans have disappeared from the surface. No doubt the sun will continue to give out heat a long time after heat has ceased to be needed for the support of living organisms. For the final refrigeration of the sun will long be postponed by the fate of the planets themselves. The separation of the planets from their parent solar mass seems to be after all but a temporary separation. So nicely balanced are they now in their orbits that they may well seem capable of rolling on in their present courses forever. But this is not the case. Two sets of circumstances are all the while striving, the one to drive the planets farther away from the sun, the other to draw them all into it. On the one hand, every body in our system which contains fluid matter has tides raised upon its surface by the attraction of neighboring bodies. All the planets raise tides upon the surface of the sun, and the periodicity of sun-spots (or solar cyclones) depends upon this fact. These tidal waves act as a drag or brake upon the rotation of the sun, somewhat diminishing its rapidity. But, in conformity with a principle of mechanics well known to astronomers though not familiar to the general reader, all the motion of rotation thus lost by the sun is added to the planets in the shape of annual motion of revolution, and thus their orbits all tend to enlarge,—they all tend to recede somewhat from the sun. But this state of things, though long-enduring enough, is after all only temporary, and will at any rate come to an end when the sun and planets have become solid. Meanwhile another set of circumstances is all the time tending to bring the planets nearer to the sun, and in the long run must gain the mastery. The space through which the planets move is filled with a kind of matter which serves as a medium for the transmission of heat and light, and this kind of matter, though different in some respects from ordinary ponderable matter, is yet like it in exerting friction. This friction is almost infinitely little, yet it has a well-nigh in-

finite length of time to work in, and during all this well-nigh infinite length of time it is slowly eating up the momentum of the planets and diminishing their ability to maintain their distances from the sun. Hence in course of time the planets will all fall into the sun, one after another, so that the solar system will end, as it began, by consisting of a single mass of matter.

But this is by no means the end of the story. When two bodies rush together, each parts with some of its energy of motion, and this lost energy of motion reappears as heat. In the concussion of two cosmical bodies, like the sun and the earth, an enormous quantity of motion is thus converted into heat. Now heat, when not allowed to radiate, or when generated faster than it can be radiated, is transformed into motion of expansion. Hence the shock of sun and planet would at once result in the vaporization of both bodies; and there can be no doubt that by the time the sun has absorbed the outermost of his attendant planets, he will have resumed something like his original nebulous condition. He will have been dilated into a huge mass of vapor, and will have become fit for a new process of contraction and for a new production of life-bearing planets.

We are now, however, confronted by an interesting but difficult question. Throughout all this grand past and future career of the solar system which we have just briefly traced, we have been witnessing a most prodigal dissipation of energy in the shape of radiant heat. At the outset we had an enormous quantity of what is called "energy of position," that is, the outer parts of our primitive nebula had a very long distance through which to travel towards one another in the slow process of concentration; and this distance was the measure of the quantity of work possible to our system. As the particles of our nebula drew nearer and nearer together, the energy of position continually lost reappeared continually as heat, of which the greater part was radiated off, but of which a certain amount was retained. All the gigantic amount of work achieved

in the geologic development of our earth and its companion planets, and in the development of life wherever life may exist in our system, has been the product of this retained heat. At the present day the same wasteful process is going on. Each moment the sun's particles are losing energy of position as they draw closer and closer together, and the heat into which this lost energy is metamorphosed is poured out most prodigally in every direction. Let us consider for a moment how little of it gets used in our system. The earth's orbit is a nearly circular figure more than five hundred million miles in circumference, while only eight thousand miles of this path are at any one time occupied by the earth's mass. Through these eight thousand miles the sun's radiated energy is doing work, but through the remainder of the five hundred million it is idle and wasted. But the case is far more striking when we reflect that it is not in the plane of the earth's orbit only that the sun's radiance is being poured out. It is not an affair of a circle, but of a sphere. In order to utilize all the solar rays, we should need to have an immense number of earths arranged so as to touch each other, forming a hollow sphere around the sun, with the present radius of the earth's orbit. We may well believe Professor Tyndall, therefore, when he tells us that all the solar radiance we receive is less than a two-billionth part of what is sent flying through the desert regions of space. Some of the immense residue of course hits other planets stationed in the way of it, and is utilized upon their surfaces; but the planets, all put together, stop so little of the total quantity that our startling illustration is not materially altered by taking them into the account. Now this two-billionth part of the solar radiance poured out from moment to moment suffices to blow every wind, to raise every cloud, to drive every engine, to build up the tissue of every plant, to sustain the activity of every animal, including man, upon the surface of our vast and stately globe. Considering the wondrous richness and variety of the terrestrial life wrought out

by the few sunbeams which we catch in our career through space, we may well pause overwhelmed and stupefied at the thought of the incalculable possibilities of existence which are thrown away with the potent actinism that darts unceasingly into the unfathomed abysses of immensity. Where it goes to, or what becomes of it, no one of us can surmise.

Now when, in the remote future, our sun is reduced to vapor by the impact of the several planets upon his surface, the resulting nebulous mass must be a very insignificant affair compared with the nebulous mass with which we started. In order to make a second nebula equal in size and potential energy to the first one, all the energy of position at first existing should have been retained in some form or other. But nearly all of it has been lost, and only an insignificant fraction remains with which to endow a new system. In order to reproduce, in future ages, anything like that cosmical development which is now going on in the solar system, aid must be sought from without. We must endeavor to frame some valid hypothesis as to the relation of our solar system to other systems.

Thus far our view has been confined to the career of a single star, — our sun, — with the tiny, easily-cooling balls which it has cast off in the course of its development. Thus far, too, our inferences have been very secure, for we have been dealing with a circumscribed group of phenomena, the beginning and end of which have been brought pretty well within the compass of our imagination. It is quite another thing to deal with the actual or probable career of the stars in general, inasmuch as we do not even know how many stars there are which form parts of a common system, or what are their precise dynamic relations to one another. Nevertheless we have knowledge of a few facts which may support some cautious inferences. All the stars which we can see are undoubtedly bound together by relations of gravitation. No doubt our sun attracts all the other stars within our ken, and is reciprocally attracted by them.

The stars, too, lie mostly in or around one great plane, as is the case with the members of the solar system. Moreover, the stars are shown by the spectroscope to consist of chemical elements identical with those which are found in the solar system. Such facts as these make it probable that the career of other stars, when adequately inquired into, would be found to be like that of our own sun. Observation daily enhances this probability, for our study of the sidereal universe is continually showing us stars in all stages of development. We find irregular nebulae, for example; we find spiral and spheroidal nebulae; we find stars which have got beyond the nebulous stage, but are still at a whiter heat than our sun; and we also find many stars which yield the same sort of spectrum as our sun. The inference seems forced upon us that the same process of concentration which has gone on in the case of our solar nebula has been going on in the case of other nebulae. The history of the sun is but a type of the history of stars in general. And when we consider that all other visible stars and nebulae are cooling and contracting bodies, like our sun, to what other conclusion could we very well come? When we look at Sirius, for instance, we do not see him surrounded by planets, for at such a distance no planet could be visible, even Sirius himself, though fourteen times larger than our sun, appearing only as a "twinkling little star." But a comparative survey of the heavens assures us that Sirius can hardly have arrived at his present stage of concentration without detaching planet-forming rings, for there is no reason for supposing that mechanical laws out there are at all different from what they are in our own system. And the same kind of inference must apply to all the matured stars which we see in the heavens.

When we duly take all these things into the account, the case of our solar system will appear as only one of a thousand cases of evolution and dissolution with which the heavens furnish us. Other stars, like our sun, have un-

doubtedly started as vaporous masses, and have thrown off planets in contracting. The inference may seem a bold one, but it after all involves no other assumption than that of the continuity of natural phenomena. It is not likely, therefore, that the solar system will forever be left to itself. Stars which strongly gravitate toward each other, while moving through a perennially resisting medium, must in time be drawn together. The collision of our extinct sun with one of the Pleiades, after this manner, would very likely suffice to generate even a grander nebula than the one with which we started. Possibly the entire galactic system may, in an inconceivably remote future, remodel itself in this way; and possibly the nebula from which our own group of planets has been formed may have owed its origin to the disintegration of systems which had accomplished their career in the depths of the bygone eternity.

When the problem is extended to these huge dimensions, the prospect of an ultimate cessation of cosmical work is indefinitely postponed, but at the same time it becomes impossible for us to deal very securely with the questions we have raised. The magnitudes and periods we have introduced are so nearly infinite as to baffle speculation itself. One point, however, we seem dimly to discern. Supposing the stellar universe not to be absolutely infinite in extent, we may hold that the day of doom, so often postponed, must come at last. The concentration of matter and dissipation of energy, so often checked, must in the end prevail, so that, as the final outcome of things, the entire universe will be reduced to a single enormous ball, dead and frozen, solid and black, its potential energy of motion having been all transformed into heat and radiated away. Such a conclusion has been suggested by Sir William Thomson, and it is quite forcibly stated by the authors of *The Unseen Universe*. They remind us that "if there be any one form of energy less readily or less completely transformable than the others, and if transformations constantly go on, more

and more of the whole energy of the universe will inevitably sink into this lower grade as time advances." Now radiant heat, as we have seen, is such a lower grade of energy. "At each transformation of heat-energy into work, a large portion is degraded, while only a small portion is transformed into work. So that while it is very easy to change all of our mechanical or useful energy into heat, it is only possible to transform a portion of this heat-energy back again into work. After each change, too, the heat becomes more and more dissipated or degraded, and less and less available for any future transformation. In other words," our authors continue, "the tendency of heat is towards equalization; heat is *par excellence* the communist of our universe, and it will no doubt ultimately bring the system to an end. . . . It is absolutely certain that life, so far as it is physical, depends essentially upon transformations of energy; it is also absolutely certain that age after age the possibility of such transformations is becoming less and less; and, so far as we yet know, the final state of the present universe must be an aggregation (into one mass) of all the matter it contains, *i. e.*, the potential energy gone, and a practically useless state of kinetic energy, *i. e.*, uniform temperature throughout that mass." Thus our authors conclude that the visible universe began in time and will in time come to an end; and they add that under the physical conditions of such a universe "immortality is impossible."

Concerning the latter inference we shall by and by have something to say. Meanwhile this whole speculation as to the final cessation of cosmical work seems to me — as it does to my friend, Professor Clifford¹ — by no means trustworthy. The conditions of the problem so far transcend our grasp that any such speculation must remain an unverifiable guess. I do not go with Professor Clifford in doubting whether the laws of mechanics are absolutely the same throughout eternity; I cannot quite reconcile such a doubt with faith in the principle

of continuity. But it does seem to me needful, before we conclude that radiated energy is absolutely and forever wasted, that we should find out what becomes of it. What we call radiant heat is simply transverse wave-motion, propagated with enormous velocity through an ocean of subtle, ethereal matter which bathes the atoms of all visible or palpable bodies and fills the whole of space, extending beyond the remotest star which the telescope can reach. Whether there are any bounds at all to this ethereal ocean, or whether it is as infinite as space itself, we cannot surmise. If it be limited, the possible dispersion of radiant energy is limited by its extent. Heat and light cannot travel through emptiness. If the ether is bounded by surrounding emptiness, then a ray of heat, on arriving at this limiting emptiness, would be reflected back as surely as a ball is sent back when thrown against a solid wall. If this be the case, it will not affect our conclusions concerning such a tiny region of space as is occupied by the solar system, but it will seriously modify Sir William Thomson's suggestion as to the fate of the universe as a whole. The radiance thrown away by the sun is indeed lost so far as the future of our system is concerned, but not a single unit of it is lost from the universe. Sooner or later, reflected back in all directions, it must do work in one quarter or another, so that ultimate stagnation becomes impossible. It is true that no such return of radiant energy has been detected in our corner of the world; but we have not yet so far disentangled all the force-relations of the universe that we are entitled to regard such a return as impossible. This is one way of escape from the consummation of things depicted by our authors. Another way of escape is equally available, if we suppose that while the ether is without bounds the stellar universe also extends to infinity. For in this case the reproduction of nebulous masses fit for generating new systems of worlds must go on through space that is endless, and consequently the process can never come

¹ Fortnightly Review, April, 1875.

to an end and can never have had a beginning. We have, therefore, three alternatives: either the visible universe is finite, while the ether is infinite; or both are finite; or both are infinite. Only on the first supposition, I think, do we get a universe which began in time and must end in time. Between such stupendous alternatives we have no grounds for choosing. But it would seem that the third, whether strictly true or not, best represents the state of the case relatively to our feeble capacity of comprehension. Whether absolutely infinite or not, the dimensions of the universe must be taken as practically infinite, so far as human thought is concerned. They immeasurably transcend the capabilities of any gauge we can bring to bear on them. Accordingly, all that we are really entitled to hold, as the outcome of sound speculation, is the conception of innumerable systems of worlds concentrating out of nebulous masses, and then rushing together and dissolving into similar masses, as bubbles unite and break up—now here, now there—in their play on the surface of a pool, and to this tremendous series of events we can assign neither a beginning nor an end.

We must now make some more explicit mention of the ether which carries through space the rays of heat and light. In closest connection with the visible stellar universe, the vicissitudes of which we have briefly traced, the all-pervading ether constitutes a sort of unseen world remarkable enough from any point of view, but to which the theory of our authors ascribes capacities hitherto unsuspected by science. The very existence of an ocean of ether enveloping the molecules of material bodies has been doubted or denied by many eminent physicists, though of course none have called in question the necessity for some interstellar medium for the transmission of thermal and luminous vibrations. This skepticism has been, I think, partially justified by the many difficulties encompassing the conception, into which,

however, we need not here enter. That light and heat cannot be conveyed by any of the ordinary sensible forms of matter is unquestionable. None of the forms of sensible matter can be imagined sufficiently elastic to propagate wave-motion at the rate of one hundred and eighty-eight thousand miles per second. Yet a ray of light is a series of waves, and implies some substance in which the waves occur. The substance required is one which seems to possess strangely contradictory properties. It is commonly regarded as an "ether" or infinitely rare substance; but, as Professor Jevons observes, we might as well regard it as an infinitely solid "adamant." "Sir John Herschel has calculated the amount of force which may be supposed, according to the undulatory theory of light, to be exerted at each point in space, and finds it to be 1,148,000,000,000 times the elastic force of ordinary air at the earth's surface, so that the pressure of the ether upon a square inch of surface must be about 17,000,000,000,000, or seventeen billions of pounds."¹ Yet at the same time the resistance offered by the ether to the planetary motions is too minute to be appreciable. "All our ordinary notions," says Professor Jevons, "must be laid aside in contemplating such an hypothesis; yet [it is] no more than the observed phenomena of light and heat force us to accept. We cannot deny even the strange suggestion of Dr. Young, that there may be independent worlds, some possibly existing in different parts of space, but others perhaps pervading each other, unseen and unknown, in the same space. For if we are bound to admit the conception of this adamantine firmament, it is equally easy to admit a plurality of such."

The ether, therefore, is unlike any of the forms of matter which we can weigh and measure. In some respects it resembles a fluid, in some respects a solid. It is both hard and elastic to an almost inconceivable degree. It fills all material bodies like a sea in which the atoms of the material bodies are as islands, and

¹ Jevons' *Principles of Science*, II. 145. The figures, which in the English system of numeration

read as seventeen billions, would in the American system read as seventeen trillions.

it occupies the whole of what we call empty space. It is so sensitive that a disturbance in any part of it causes a "tremor which is felt on the surface of countless worlds." Our old experiences of matter give us no account of any substance like this; yet the undulatory theory of light obliges us to admit such a substance, and that theory is as well established as the theory of gravitation. Obviously we have here an enlargement of our experience of matter. The analysis of the phenomena of light and radiant heat has brought us into mental relations with matter in a different state from any in which we previously knew it. For the supposition that the ether may be something essentially different from matter is contradicted by all the terms we have used in describing it. Strange and contradictory as its properties may seem, are they any more strange than the properties of a gas would seem if we were for the first time to discover a gas after heretofore knowing nothing but solids and liquids? I think not; and the conclusion, implied by our authors, seems to me eminently probable, that in the so-called ether we have simply a state of matter more primitive than what we know as the gaseous state. Indeed, the conceptions of matter now current, and inherited from barbarous ages, are likely enough to be crude in the extreme. It is not strange that the study of such subtle agencies as heat and light should oblige us to modify them; and it will not be strange if the study of electricity should entail still further revision of our ideas.

We are now brought to one of the profoundest speculations of modern times, the vortex-atom theory of Helmholtz and Thomson, in which the evolution of ordinary matter from ether is plainly indicated. The reader first needs to know what vortex-motion is; and this has been so beautifully explained by Professor Clifford, that I quote his description entire: "Imagine a ring of india-rubber, made by joining together the ends of a cylindrical piece (like a lead-pencil before it is cut), to be put upon a round stick which it will just fit with a little

stretching. Let the stick be now pulled through the ring while the latter is kept in its place by being pulled the other way on the outside. The india-rubber has then what is called *vortex-motion*. Before the ends were joined together, while it was straight, it might have been made to turn around without changing position, by rolling it between the hands. Just the same motion of rotation it has on the stick, only that the ends are now joined together. All the inside surface of the ring is going one way, namely, the way the stick is pulled; and all the outside is going the other way. Such a vortex-ring is made by the smoker who purses his lips into a round hole and sends out a puff of smoke. The outside of the ring is kept back by the friction of his lips while the inside is going forwards; thus a rotation is set up all round the smoke-ring as it travels out into the air." In these cases, and in others as we commonly find it, vortex-motion owes its origin to friction, and is after a while brought to an end by friction. But in 1858 the equations of motion of an incompressible frictionless fluid were first successfully solved by Helmholtz, and among other things he proved that, though vortex-motion could not be originated in such a fluid, yet supposing it once to exist, it would exist to all eternity and could not be diminished by any mechanical action whatever. A vortex-ring, for example, in such a fluid, would forever preserve its own rotation, and would thus forever retain its peculiar individuality, being, as it were, marked off from its neighbor vortex-rings. Upon this mechanical truth Sir William Thomson based his wonderfully suggestive theory of the constitution of matter. That which is permanent or indestructible in matter is the ultimate homogeneous atom; and this is probably all that is permanent, since chemists now almost unanimously hold that so-called elementary molecules are not really simple, but owe their sensible differences to the various groupings of an ultimate atom which is alike for all. Relatively to our powers of comprehension the atom endures eternally; that is, it retains for-

ever unalterable its definite mass and its definite rate of vibration. Now this is just what a vortex-ring would do in an incompressible frictionless fluid. Thus the startling question is suggested, Why may not the ultimate atoms of matter be vortex-rings forever existing in such a frictionless fluid filling the whole of space? Such a hypothesis is not less brilliant than Huyghens's conjectured identification of light with undulatory motion; and it is moreover a legitimate hypothesis, since it can be brought to the test of verification. Sir William Thomson has shown that it explains a great many of the physical properties of matter; it remains to be seen whether it can explain them all.

Of course the ether which conveys thermal and luminous undulations is not the frictionless fluid postulated by Sir William Thomson. The most conspicuous property of the ether is its enormous elasticity, a property which we should not find in a frictionless fluid. "To account for such elasticity," says Professor Clifford (whose exposition of the subject is still more lucid than that of our authors), "it has to be supposed that even where there are no material molecules the universal fluid is full of vortex-motion, but that the vortices are smaller and more closely packed than those of [ordinary] matter, forming altogether a more finely grained structure. So that the difference between matter and ether is reduced to a mere difference in the size and arrangement of the component vortex-rings. Now, whatever may turn out to be the ultimate nature of the ether and of molecules, we know that to some extent at least they obey the same dynamic laws, and that they act upon one another in accordance with these laws. Until, therefore, it is absolutely disproved, it must remain the simplest and most probable assumption that they are finally made of the same stuff, that the material molecule is some kind of knot or coagulation of ether."¹

Another interesting consequence of Sir William Thomson's pregnant hy-

pothesis is that the absolute hardness which has been attributed to material atoms from the time of Lucretius downward may be dispensed with. Something in the same way that a loosely suspended chain becomes rigid with rapid rotation, the hardness and elasticity of the vortex-atom are explained as due to the swift rotary motion of a soft and yielding fluid. So that the vortex-atom is really indivisible, not by reason of its hardness or solidity, but by reason of the indestructibility of its motion.

Supposing, now, that we adopt provisionally the vortex theory, — the great power of which is well shown by the consideration just mentioned, — we must not forget that it is absolutely essential to the indestructibility of the material atom that the universal fluid in which it has an existence as a vortex-ring should be entirely destitute of friction. Once admit even the most infinitesimal amount of friction, while retaining the conception of vortex-motion in a universal fluid, and the whole case is so far altered that the material atom can no longer be regarded as absolutely indestructible, but only as indefinitely enduring. It may have been generated, in bygone eternity, by a natural process of evolution, and in future eternity may come to an end. Relatively to our powers of comprehension the practical difference is perhaps not great. Scientifically speaking, Helmholtz and Thomson are as well entitled to reason upon the assumption of a perfectly frictionless fluid as geometers in general are entitled to assume perfect lines without breadth and perfect surfaces without thickness. Perfect lines and surfaces do not exist within the region of our experience; yet the conclusions of geometry are none the less true ideally, though in any particular concrete instance they are only approximately realized. Just so with the conception of a frictionless fluid. So far as experience goes, such a thing has no more real existence than a line without breadth; and hence an atomic theory based upon such an assumption may be as true ideally as

¹ *Fortnightly Review*, June, 1875, p. 784.

any of the theorems of Euclid, but it can give only an approximatively true account of the actual universe. These considerations do not at all affect the scientific value of the theory; but they will modify the tenor of such transcendental inferences as may be drawn from it regarding the probable origin and destiny of the universe.

The conclusions reached in the first part of this paper, while we were dealing only with gross visible matter, may have seemed bold enough; but they are far surpassed by the inference which our authors draw from the vortex theory as they interpret it. They exhibit various reasons, more or less sound, for attributing to the primordial fluid some slight amount of friction; and in support of this view they adduce Le Sage's explanation of gravitation as a differential result of pressure, and Struve's theory of the partial absorption of light-rays by the ether, — questions with which our present purpose does not require us to meddle. Apart from such questions it is every way probable that the primary assumption of Helmholtz and Thomson is only an approximation to the truth. But if we accredit the primordial fluid with even an infinitesimal amount of friction, then we are required to conceive of the visible universe as developed from the invisible and as destined to return into the invisible. The vortex-atom, produced by infinitesimal friction operating through well-nigh infinite time, is to be ultimately abolished by the agency which produced it. In the words of our authors, "If the visible universe be developed from an invisible which is not a perfect fluid, then the argument deduced by Sir William Thomson in favor of the eternity of ordinary matter disappears, since this eternity depends upon the perfect fluidity of the invisible. In fine, if we suppose the material universe to be composed of a series of vortex-rings developed from an invisible uni-

verse which is not a perfect fluid, it will be ephemeral, just as the smoke-ring which we develop from air, or that which we develop from water, is ephemeral, the only difference being in duration, these lasting only for a few seconds, and the others it may be for billions of years." Thus, as these writers suppose that "the available energy of the visible universe will ultimately be appropriated by the invisible," they go on to imagine, "at least as a possibility, that the separate existence of the visible universe will share the same fate, so that we shall have no huge, useless, inert mass existing in after ages to remind the passer-by of a form of energy and a species of matter that is long since out of date and functionally effete. Why should not the universe bury its dead out of sight?"

In one respect perhaps no more stupendous subject of contemplation than this has ever been offered to the mind of man. In comparison with the length of time thus required to efface the tiny individual atom, the entire cosmical career of our solar system, or even that of the whole starry galaxy, shrinks into utter nothingness. Whether we shall adopt the conclusion suggested must depend on the extent of our speculative audacity. We have seen wherein its probability consists, but in reasoning upon such a scale we may fitly be cautious and modest in accepting inferences, and our authors, we may be sure, would be the first to recommend such modesty and caution. Even at the dimensions to which our theorizing has here grown, we may for instance discern the possible alternative of a simultaneous or rhythmically successive generation and destruction of vortex-atoms which would go far to modify the conclusion just suggested. But here we must pause, reserving for a second paper the weightier thoughts as to futurity which our authors have sought to enwrap in these sublime physical speculations.

John Fiske.

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

VIII.

AT the best, love is fatal to friendship; the most that friendship can do is to listen to love's talk of itself and be the confidant of its rapturous joys, its transports of despair. The lover fancies himself all the fonder of his friend because of his passion for his mistress, but in reality he has no longer any need of the old comrade. They cannot talk sanely and frankly together any more; there is something now that they cannot share; even if the lover desired to maintain the old affectionate relation, the mistress could not suffer it. The spectre of friendship is sometimes invited to haunt the home of the lovers after marriage; but when their happiness has been flaunted in its face, when it has been shown the new house, the new china, the new carpets, the new garden, it is tacitly exorcised, and is not always called back again except to be shown the new baby. The young spouses are ever so willing to have the poor ghost remain; the wife learns whether it takes two or three lumps of sugar in its tea; the husband bids it smoke anywhere it likes, and the wife smiles a menacing acquiescence; but all the same, they turn it out-of-doors. They praise it when it is gone, and they feel so much more comfortable to be alone.

Mrs. Farrell had only hastened a natural result from Easton's passion for her, which now declared itself without any of the conventional reserves. It was the degree of passion which is called a perfect infatuation by the tranquil spectator, but which probably appears a reasonable enough condition both to the subject and the object of it. In fact, there is no just cause why every woman should not reduce some man to it; it is a hardship that she cannot; in a better state of things no doubt she could.

Easton found in Mrs. Farrell's presence a relief from thoughts that troubled

him when away from her; when he beheld her, or heard her speak, his bliss was so great that his heart could not harbor self-reproach; but at other times it upbraided him that he was making Gilbert wait for the explanation that was his instant due. His love had revealed to him a whole new world of rights and duties which seemed at war with those of the world he had always lived in before. This new passion claimed reverence for an ideal as exacting as that of the old friendship; and perfect loyalty to both seemed beyond him.

Gilbert neither shunned nor sought him; and it was Easton's constraint under his friend's patience that made their being together intolerable. When they met they never spoke of Mrs. Farrell, or indeed of anything but passing trifles; and Easton avoided his friend as much as he could until the inspired moment should come to do him justice; the moment which seemed to retreat farther and farther from him the more he tasted the supreme bliss which life now held to his lip. Their affairs had come to this pass when, on Friday, Gilbert abruptly announced that he had arranged with one of the men at the hotel to spend a few days in camp on the northern side of the mountain, where the brooks were less accessible and less fished than those of West Pekin. He made no pretense of asking Easton to go with him; and he parted from him with a nod when his wagon with the camping outfit in it drove up to the door. They had often parted as carelessly, but with a difference. Easton watched the wagon out of sight, and then started toward Woodward farm with a sigh of sad relief.

He was seen coming every morning by the ladies on watch, who had made so careful a study of his face that they knew by its change from desperate courage and endurance to all-forgetting ecstasy the very moment when he caught

sight of Mrs. Farrell; and they could not help rejoicing in the perfect abandon of his loverhood. It was indeed a devotion not less than heroic, which none but a primitive soul, nurtured in high and pure ideals, could have been capable of; it was so unlike the languid dangle which they had been used to call attentions, that they could not help regarding it with a tender admiration; they were all half in love with a man who could be so wholly in love, and they began to respect the woman who could inspire such a passion. They even liked the unsparing directness with which he made it appear that he came to see Mrs. Farrell and no one else; that he cared to speak to no other, to look at none but her; they sweetly bore, they even approved, the almost savage frankness with which he went away when she was absent. He made no pretenses of any sort; he did not bring a book as excuse for coming to see her; he had no scruple about asking her before half a piazza full of people to walk or drive with him; when he sat down beside her, in whatever presence, he always seemed to be alone with her.

She would perhaps have been satisfied with a less perfect surrender; it looked sometimes as if his worship alarmed and puzzled her; but for the most she received it in good part; and if she ever found it necessary to administer a snub, he took it with heroic patience; it plainly hurt him to his heart's core, but plainly it did not daunt him; the next day he wooed as ardently, and he never dreamed of resenting it.

They walked a good deal, the following week, to the wood where they had sat on the first Sunday among the ferns, and there he read to her, or talked to her in the freedom of a heart never opened to a woman before. Love baptizes us with a new youth whenever it comes; the talk of all lovers is like the babble of childhood, and a heavenly simplicity inspires it. This is so, whatever the number of the passion; it is true in even greater degree if first love comes when the lover is well toward his thirties. Easton was one of the most single-

hearted of men, but pride had kept him one of the most reserved. Now love came, and, taking away his pride toward her he loved, seemed to leave him no reserve. He told her what his life had been, what his theories of life were; his likes, his dislikes; things that had happened to him as a boy at school; about his uncle who had brought him up and left him his money; that he looked like this uncle; he even told of curious dreams that he had dreamt. A load lay on his heart all the time: it was the thought of Gilbert, whom alone he would not speak of, though the talk seemed to be always drifting toward him.

They were sitting in the old place on the Saturday afternoon of the week after Gilbert's departure. Gilbert was staying longer than his sister-in-law had expected, and there had begun to be a vague wonder, not yet deepened to anxiety, at his prolonged absence, which Easton inwardly shared. He began to speak now, with the intention of talking of Gilbert, as if it would be some sort of reparation to praise him to Mrs. Farrell.

"Do you remember," he asked, "being surprised that afternoon when I told you what an idler in the world I was?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Farrell, "we were both rather foolish that afternoon," and she looked at him demurely from under her fallen lashes.

Easton laughed a flattered lover's laugh. "But you have forgiven me."

"And you me. So sweet to be forgiven!"

They both laughed, and she went on. "How funny it seems, after such a very unpromising start, that you should be sitting here with me again, and really quite tolerating me."

"Yes," he said in a hoarse undertone, "very droll;" but he was thinking in a rapturous absence how far her word was from painting his attitude toward her. In the same sense one might tolerate the hope of heaven. Mrs. Farrell laughed again, and he smiled his happiness.

"You seem to like being laughed at better than you did at first, Mr. Easton," she said gravely. "Why?"

"Oh, I don't know; perhaps it's practice. It would be a pity if we learnt nothing from experience."

"Very true, very true indeed. I've no doubt you could learn a great many useful things. For instance, now you like being laughed at before your face, perhaps you will come to like being laughed at behind your back."

"I think that would be more difficult."

"Well, let us try: I laughed at you to the Woodwards that morning when you mended our broken holdback with your handkerchief. It seemed such a wanton waste of handkerchief; and you did it with the air of laying down your life, of shedding your last drop of blood, for our sakes. It was too ridiculous! There; how do you like that?"

"I don't mind it—much."

"Well, you're really getting on. Shall I tell you now how I made fun of you to Mr. Gilbert?"

The name gave Easton a shock. Gilbert had gone wholly out of his mind; but that was not the worst. He grew pale, and remained silently frowning.

"Oh dear! now I've done it, again," cried Mrs. Farrell. "I wonder which cord of your high-strung friendship I've snapped this time. I wish you'd never brought it near a plain, every-day person like me. I can weep for my crime, if that will do any good." She drew out a handkerchief, and began to make a conspicuous pretense of drying her tears. Then she dropped it, and as Easton made a movement to restore it to her he suddenly arrested himself.

"Why, this is my handkerchief," he said.

"Excuse me, Mr. Easton," retorted Mrs. Farrell with exaggerated *hauteur*, "the handkerchief is mine. Will you give it back, or shall I scream for help? This wood is inhabited, and a lady does n't cry out in vain. Come, sir; my property!"

She reached forward for it, and Easton withheld it. "How came it yours?" he asked.

"Ben Woodward found it on the buggy-harness two weeks ago, and brought

it to me. I washed it and ironed it nicely with my own hands. 'That handkerchief did an Egyptian to my mother give. She was a charmer, and could almost read the thoughts of people. There's magic in the web of it. A sibyl, that had numbered in the world the sun to course two hundred compasses, in her prophetic fury sewed the work.' " Mrs. Farrell declaimed the words with fire, and at the last caught quickly at the handkerchief, which Easton still held beyond her reach. Then she made a fascinating pretense of taking up a point of her overskirt in her left hand to wipe her eyes with it as with an apron.

"What will you give me in exchange for it?"

"Nothing," she said coldly. "Why should I wish to buy your handkerchief of you? I have enough of my own;" and while Easton looked in unguarded embarrassment at her face, to see if she were really offended or not, she caught the handkerchief from him and ran it swiftly into that fold of her dress where her pocket lurked. "Now!" she said, and looked at him with beautiful mocking.

He gave a laugh of confusion and pleasure, and, "Oh, you carry it off very well," said Mrs. Farrell.

"Where did you study Shakespeare?" he asked.

"At school, where he was n't in the course. Look here, Mr. Easton: I think you ought to be punished, instead of rewarded, for your attempt on my handkerchief. But I am so forgiving that I can't be harsh with the basest offenders. So I am really going to let you have something in exchange for this handkerchief, and I hope you'll read it often and often." She drew her hand from her pocket and offered him a little book. "Don't you remember the book you picked up for me in the meadow. Here it is. You won't mind my name in it?" She put up her hand to waive his thanks, and added hastily, "Spare your gratitude. I want to get rid of the book. It's a constant reproach to me, and a constant reminder of my very bold behavior that day. But I could n't help

it. Oh, Mr. Easton! You *know* I left that book there, so that I could come back and get a better look at you two, don't you?"

"Yes, I know that."

"And could you really pardon such a shameless trick?"

"I rather liked to have you look at me."

"Don't prevaricate! Do you approve of such actions?"

"You did it."

"Oh, but that's personal. Why, you're actually shuffling! Now, tell me whether you don't think it was very unladylike and unbecoming."

"I saw no harm in it."

"Well, you are large-minded. If I had been in your place I should certainly have suspected some ulterior motive."

"Like what?"

"Like what? Why, like my wanting you to see me!"

Easton merely laughed. "I had n't thought of that," he said. Her daring was delicious; he wanted her to talk on so forever. But she sat looking at him a full minute before she spoke.

"Well," she said at last, "I don't know what to make of such mercifulness. I'm not used to it. I think I might have been different if I had n't always been so sharply judged. What I do is n't so very bad, that I can see, but people seem to think it is awful. The only people I've ever seen who could make any allowance for me are the Woodwards. I suppose it must seem very odd to you, my being with them so much, and so little with the other boarders. But you go where you find sympathy. It seems to me I've always been alone," she said with passionate self-pity that dimmed her eyes. She dried them with Easton's handkerchief, and turned her face away.

He could not have spoken now without pouring out his whole heart, and to speak of love to her in this mood would be like seizing an advantage which his fantastic notions of justice forbade him to take.

"You don't know what good people they are," she resumed, with her face

still averted. "When I was sick with a fever here, two summers ago, they cared for me as if I were their own child. And there is n't anything I would n't do for them — anything! I was very sick indeed," she went on, turning her eyes upon him now, and speaking very solemnly, "and I suppose that I could not have lived without their nursing. It was in their busiest time, and they sent people away so that they could have a chance to care for me. Mr. Easton," she cried, as if fired with a generous inspiration, "you must get better acquainted with Rachel Woodward. She and you are just of a piece. She's quite as large-minded as you are, and as unsuspicious and — good. Yes, I know you're good; you need n't try to deceive me. I'm not. I'm full of vanity and vexation of spirit. I don't know what I want; I'm restless, and perturbed, and horrid. But there's nothing of that kind about Rachel Woodward; she's a born saint, and goes round accepting self-sacrifice as if it were her birthright. For all she's got such a genius for drawing, I suppose she'd settle down into a common country drudge without a murmur, if she found it in the line of duty. Duty! what is duty? It's the greatest imposition of the age, *I think*." Mrs. Farrell had now quite emerged from her clouds, and was able to share Easton's joy in her nonsense. "I know Mr. Gilbert did n't think so kindly of my coming back after that book," she said, as if this were the natural sequence of what had gone before, and had been in her mind all the time.

Easton's embarrassment appeared in his face, but he said nothing.

"Oh well, never mind," said Mrs. Farrell, rising, "he's welcome to hate me if he likes; and I suppose he'll end by making you hate me too. I'm sure it's very good of you to respite me so long." She gave the faintest sigh, and began to arrange her dress for walking away, looking first over one shoulder, and then over the other, at her skirt behind.

Neither of them said anything, as they quitted the place where they had been

sitting, by a path that led homeward through a rocky dell, farther around than that they usually came and went by. In this dell there was a shade of maples thicker than elsewhere in the woods, and the heavy granite boulders started from the soil in fantastic and threatening shapes, very different from the sterile repose that they kept in the neighboring fields and woods. Something of the old, elemental strife lingered there yet; the aspect of the place was wild, almost fierce; the trout-brook, that stole so still through the flat meadows on either side of the dell, quarreled along its rocky course in this narrow solitude, and filled it with a harsh din of waters. But the soil in the crevices and little spaces between the granite masses was richer than anywhere else on the farm. Earlier in the season, wherever the sun could look through the maple-boughs it saw a host of wild flowers, and in its turn the shade detained the spring, and there were still violets here in July, and the shy water-plants unfolded their bloom at every point along the margin of the fretted brook where they could find foothold. No maples yielded a more bounteous sweet than these in the shrewish April weather, when the Woodward boys came and tapped their gnarled trunks; and in the lower end of the valley stood the sugar-house, with its rusty iron pans and kettles, and its half-ruinous brick oven and chimney, where they boiled the sap. Because the brook perhaps ran cooler here than in the meadows, the cattle from the neighboring pastures came to drink at the pool which its waters gathered into at one place, just before it took the final fray with the rocks and broke out into the open sunlight beyond, where it lulled itself among the grassy levels. An oriole had made its nest in the boughs that overhung this pool; and higher up in the same tree lived a family of red squirrels, some member of which was pretty sure to challenge every passer. In the bushes that thickened about the meadow-border in sight of the farmhouse, lived thrushes and cat-birds; and in the very heart of the dell, a rain-

crow often voiced his lugubrious foreboding.

Mrs. Farrell entered by the vagrant path that the cattle's hoofs had made, and midway of the hollow she paused, and resting her arm on a tall boulder looked round the place with a certain joy in her face, as of kindred wildness. Her rich eyes glowed, her bosom rose, and her breaths were full and deep. If she could indeed have been some wild, sylvan thing, with no amenability to our criterions, one could not have asked more of her than to be as she was; but behind her came a man who loved her as a woman, and whose heart was building from its hopes of her that image of possession and of home which love bids the most hapless passion cherish. When he came up with her, he looked into her face, and said, as if no silence had followed her last speech, his thoughts had been so voluble to him, "Why do you talk to me about hating you?"

"Why?" she echoed with a look of alarm, and signs of that inward trepidation which every woman must feel at such a moment. "Oh," she added with a weak effort to jest fate aside, "I suppose that I thought you ought to hate me."

"No," said Easton with a passionate force that nothing could have stayed, "you know I love you!"

Her dark bloom went, but in an instant came again, with what swiftly blended emotions no man may guess and possibly no woman could tell, and "How can you say such a thing to me?" she demanded with the imperiousness of fear. "You—you hardly know me—it's hardly a week since we met."

"A week? What does it matter? I have never loved any other woman; I know that you are free to love me, if you can; I don't care for any other knowledge of you. Oh, don't answer me yet! Listen: I don't ask you to love me now; what right have I to do that? But only let me love you! I can wait. I can be silent, if you say so. You are my whole life, and my whole life is yours, if you choose to make me wait so long. How could it be better spent?"

She sank down upon a shelf of rock beside that she had leant upon, and he fell at her feet, and then with the unsparingness of love which claims nothing and takes all, "Oh, my darling!" he murmured, and stretched his arms towards her.

She stayed him with a little electric touch. "Don't!" she whispered, and after a look at him she hid her face.

He did not move; his attitude did change, but still expressed his headlong hope, as if a sculptor had caught it in immutable stone; but when she drew out his handkerchief, and, pressing it to her eyes, handed it to him and said with trembling lips, "Take it; give me my book," a terrible despair blanched his face.

"Oh!" he moaned.

"Yes," she said, "I must be free. I can't think if I'm not free;" and she put the book, which he mechanically surrendered, into her pocket.

"You shall be as free of me as you will," he answered. "I ask nothing of you — only leave to love you. I will go away, if you say it. I must be to blame for speaking, if it gives you so much pain. I would rather have died than hurt you."

An imploring humility, an ineffable tenderness evoked by her trouble, shook his voice. She did not answer at once, but, "You are not to blame; I should be very ungrateful and very cruel to suffer it," she said, after a while, "but, oh, I'm afraid that I must have been behaving very badly, very boldly, to make you talk so to me, so soon. I'm afraid," she said, bowing her head, "that you don't respect me — that you think I was trying to make you care for me."

"Respect you!" he echoed. "I love you."

"Yes, yes, I know that. But it is n't the same thing!"

He stood bewildered, where he had risen from her feet, and looked down into her face, which she now lifted toward him. "If I had been another kind of woman, you would n't have said it to me!"

"No; if you had been other than you

are, I should not have loved you," said the young man, gravely.

"Oh, I don't mean that. I mean — Oh, Mr. Easton, what is it you find to love in me? What did I ever do or say that you ought to love me? Why do you love me?"

"I don't know. Because — you are — you are my love."

"Is it my looks you care for?"

"Your looks? Yes, you are beautiful. I had n't thought of that."

"But if I was n't, you would never have cared for me."

"How can I tell? I have no reasons. You are the one human creature in all the world whose being or doing I can't question. You are what I love, whatever you are."

"Is it true? How strange!" said Mrs. Farrell. "And if I had always been very cold and reserved and stiff with you, and not come back after that book, and not let you take a hair-pin out of my chignon, and not made mischief between you and your friend, and not been so ready to walk and ride with you in season and out of season, and not rather — well! — *cut up* with you to-day about that handkerchief, would you have loved me all the same?"

She was still looking very seriously into his face, so very seriously that he could not help the smile that the contrast of her words and mien brought to his lips.

"Don't! Don't laugh!" she pleaded piteously. "I'm trying to get at something."

"But there is nothing, nothing for you to get at!" he cried out. "If I tried forever, I could only say at last that I love you."

"Yes, but you ought n't to," said Mrs. Farrell, with a sigh. "You don't know anything about me. You don't know who or what I am." She restrained a movement of impatience on his part. "I'm not at all like other people. My father was nothing but a ship's captain, and he had been a common sailor; and he ran off with my mother, I've heard, and they were married against her parents' will. I can

remember how handsome he was, with blue eyes and a yellow beard, and how he used to swear at the men — I went a voyage with him once after my mother died. I was brought up at a convent school in Canada, along with the half-sisters of Mr. Farrell, who owned my father's ship; and when I came out he married me. I did n't love him; no, I never pretended to; he was too old. But I married him, and I would have been a good enough wife, I believe, but he died; he died very soon after we were married. I never said so, but I was sorry that he should die, for he was very good to me; and yet I was glad to be free again. There, Mr. Easton, that's all about me."

Apparently this history had not given his passion the pause of a single pulse. She was all that she had been to him, or more; his face showed that.

"Well?" she asked, triumphantly.

"Then you don't forbid me to love you?" he questioned in turn.

"Oh, I ought to! You are too generous and too good for me! No, no, you must n't love me. I should be sure to bring harm upon you. It was all true about Mr. Farrell, but it was n't about my father. In his last years he joined the church, and he used to pray in the cabin to be forgiven for swearing on deck. So I'm not so bad as I said, but I'm not good enough for you to love."

"Won't you let me judge of that?" asked Easton; with a smile, too happy to do else, whatever name she had given herself. He crouched again at her feet, near the base of the flat rock on which she had sunk, and while he spoke she looked beamingly upon him. "I could parade a few defects of my own," he said, "but just now, I am anxious to have you think all the good of me that you can; I shall be infinitely far from good enough."

"No, no; don't do that. I want you to tell me something very disgraceful of yourself. If you don't make yourself out the blackest kind of character, I shall not let you care for me."

"Another time; not now."

"Yes, now. Come."

Easton laughed. "I can't think of anything heinous enough for your purpose on such short notice."

"Oh, Mr. Easton! Do you mean to say that you have never done anything to be ashamed of? Have you nothing on your conscience? What was that thing you said you ought n't to have done to Mr. Gilbert?"

The shadow of his lurking remorse fell over the bliss of the lover's face, and he gave a sigh like those we heave when we wake from the forgetfulness of care to the remembrance of it. "Do you really want to know?"

"Yes, I do," answered Mrs. Farrell. "If you'd been guilty of something really shabby, I should have felt more at home with you; but no matter, even if it is n't strictly disgraceful. Go on."

Easton did not laugh. "Yes, I will tell you," he said; nevertheless he did not tell her at once; he fell into a moody, unhappy silence, from which he suddenly started.

"I told you once before," he began, "when I did n't mean to tell you anything, that Gilbert and I were in the army together. I knew nothing of the business, and I chose to enter the ranks, where I should at least do no harm to the cause I wanted to serve. Gilbert was my captain; we had not known each other before; but he had known of me, and he made a point of finding me out among those poor fellows, and in spite of the gulf fixed between officers and men, he made himself my friend at once; we were younger than we are now" —

"How interesting!" said Mrs. Farrell; "it's quite like a love-affair."

"And after our first engagement he urgently recommended me and I got a lieutenant's commission in another company of our regiment. The next battle vacated the captaincy above me."

"Do you mean that the officer above you was killed?"

"That's the way most promotions are got."

"Well, it's shocking! I don't see how you could accept it. To profit by the death of others!"

Easton winced. "Oh," he said, bitterly, "I did worse than that. Our general was killed, and the colonel who took his place as brigade commandant had an old feud with Gilbert — something that had begun before the war. I don't know whether he planned to strike him with my hand, when he saw what friends we were, or whether it was a sudden, infernal inspiration. But just as we were going into action, he detached Gilbert for staff duty; we were fighting on towards the end of the war by that time, and there had been many changes and losses, so that I now stood next to him in seniority, and took his place in the regiment. The colonel and the lieutenant-colonel were killed, and I brought the remnant of the regiment out as well as I could. The colonel commanding had been a truckling politician at home, and he never took his hands off the wires that work office-holders."

Easton stopped, and it seemed as if he did not mean to go on, the absence which he fell into was so long. He stared at her with a look of pain, when recalled by an eager "Well?" from Mrs. Farrell.

"It all fell out with such malignant fatality that I don't think that part of it could have been planned. But one day Gilbert and I sat talking before his tent, and an orderly came up with an official letter for me. Gilbert made a joke of pretending to open it; I told him to go on, and then he opened it and looked at what was in it. He handed me the inclosure without a word: it was my commission as colonel; I had been advanced two steps over his head."

Mrs. Farrell broke out, with a pitiless frankness that seemed to strike Easton like a blow, "I don't see how he could forgive you!"

Easton passed his hand over his face. "It was a great deal to forgive; if it had n't seemed to make us closer friends, I should say it was too much to forgive; that such a thing ought to have separated us at once and forever."

"Well," said Mrs. Farrell, "I don't understand how you got over it. What did you do? What did you say?"

"I hardly know," answered Easton gloomily, "what I did or said. I wanted to tear the commission to pieces and leave the service. But Gilbert said I had n't any right to refuse the promotion, I had n't any right to leave the army; and he added things about my fitness for the place, and my duty. If I declined this commission, he should not get it; but if he could get it, what sort of face could he carry it off with? What we must do was not to let it make bad blood between us. There was a great deal more talk, but it all came to that in the end. He might often have had promotion after that in many ways — in other regiments recruiting or reorganizing — but he refused everything; he even refused the brevet that was offered him after the war; he said he had some doubts about this, for he knew what I had done to have his case made known and justice done him. But if I did n't mind, he said, he would rather stay what he was. He did n't go into the army for glory."

"How grand!" said Mrs. Farrell.

"Yes," returned Easton, sadly, "it was grand enough."

"But after all," she said, "I don't know why you should n't be at peace about it now. It's all over and done with, long ago. Besides, you thought you did right, did n't you?"

"Yes. But in such a case, one ought to do wrong," said Easton, sadly.

Mrs. Farrell laughed. "Oh, well," said she, "you did wrong to let me surprise the weak place in your friendship, and that makes it just right. Why, Mr. Easton!" she exclaimed "are you actually worried about that silly business?"

Easton did not answer.

"You're rather too sensitive, I think."

"Excuse me," said Easton. "A man need n't be very sensitive to dislike to exploit himself at the expense of a friend who has already forgiven him too much."

"But why don't you tell him you did n't?" demanded Mrs. Farrell in amazement. "Why don't you tell him that I got it out of you — what little you said

—before you knew what you were talking about?”

“Why? How could I do that?” asked Easton in as great amaze.

“Easily!” retorted Mrs. Farrell, with enthusiasm. “Don’t mind me! Why, if such a man as that had liked me, and I had offended him, there is n’t any one I would n’t sacrifice, there is n’t anything so shabby I would n’t do, to get into his good graces again. Why, he’s sublime, don’t you know. Who would ever have thought he was that sort of man?”

Easton fell into a sombre reverie from which even her presence could not save him; for the wretched moment he forgot her presence, and her voice seemed to be coming from a long way off as she bent down her face and peered into his with a sidelong, mock-serious glance.

“Don’t let me intrude upon your thoughts, Mr. Easton. I can wait till you’re quite at leisure for my answer.”

“Your answer?”

“Yes. Or no, it was *you* who wanted an answer—about something, was n’t it? Oh, Mr. Easton!

‘Was ever woman in such humor wooed?’

‘Was ever woman in such humor won?’

It’s a good thing I’m not proud. Come, begin over again. I’m quite ready to be persuaded that you’re still perishing of unrequited affection for me.”

Easton gave a sigh of torment. She dropped her mocking manner and said with an earnest air, “You are thinking of the matter too morbidly. It is n’t any such hopeless affair. You must speak to Mr. Gilbert and show him that no wrong was meant, and if you sacrifice yourself from any foolish idea of sparing me, I shall never forgive you. He won’t care for what I’ve done to make trouble; he hates me, any way; and then you can both go away as good as new—and forget me.”

“I shall never go away,” said Easton, “till you send me, and I shall never forget you while I live.”

“No? I thought you had forgotten me just now. Well, you had better go away; I don’t send you, but you had better go; and you had better forget me.

Your fortnight is just up to-day: better go to-day. Come, here are both my hands for good-by. When you’ve put two hundred miles between us, perhaps you can think more clearly about it all.”

He took her hands, which she held out to him, smiling, and bowed his lips upon them in the utter surrender of his love.

“Why, you are really in my hands,” she murmured. A light of triumph burned in her dark eyes, but one could not have said that as a woman she had not a right to the few and fleeting triumphs that love gives her sex, on which it lays so many heavy burdens. “Then,” she said, “you must do as I bid you. Come, let me go, now;” and she withdrew her hands and rose to her feet, and flung her shawl over her arm. “You must not talk of liking me, any more, till you are friends with Gilbert again. You may make up with him how and when you will, but you must not speak to me till you tell me you are reconciled. I can’t forgive myself till I know that you’ve made up at my expense. Tell him that it piqued and irritated me to see you such friends, and that I could not rest till I had got a clew to your secret; that I did n’t really mean any harm; but that I was altogether to blame. Will you obey?”

“No!” said Easton, so fiercely that Mrs. Farrell started with a sudden shock of panic that left no trace of persiflage in her tone, while she walked humbly before him with downcast head. How could he be angry with her? His whole heart yearned upon her as they moved on through the hollow, and came from its gloom at last upon the open meadow. “I did n’t mean to offend you,” she added, then. “I was only trying to show you how much in earnest I was about having you and Gilbert friends again; I could n’t be happy if I thought I had hurt your feelings.”

“I will obey you,” said Easton, sadly.

“You will make up with him?” she asked.

“If he will let me. God knows I want to do it.”

"Then you may spare me all you like. You're not angry now?"

"Only with myself."

"And you're going to be real patient with me, about—about that little answer?"

"As patient as you can ask."

"Because," she explained, "we have scarcely the advantage of each other's acquaintance as yet;" and added, "I would rather you would n't go back to the farm with me, to-day. I'm afraid," she said, glancing at him, "that you'll look as if you had been saying something. Those women have got such sharp eyes! Should you care if you left me at the corner of the lane, and let me walk to the house alone? Should n't you really? And you don't think it's asking too much?"

"It would be too much if any one else asked me to leave you sooner than I must. But it's for you to command."

"I don't command," said Mrs. Farrell. Just then they came upon a rise in the meadow, which showed the road and Rachel Woodward walking down toward the red school-house. "Oh, how lucky," cried Mrs. Farrell. "Rachel, Rachel!" she called, "wait!" and Rachel stopped till they joined her. "I want to go with you to the school-house. May Mr. Easton come too?" she asked, with a glance at him.

"I won't put Miss Woodward to the pain of refusing. I think I shall find my friend Gilbert at the hotel, about this time, and I want to see him."

Mrs. Farrell rewarded his surprising duplicity with a brave, strong clasp of the hand, said heartily, "Good-by," and turned away with Rachel, while he walked slowly, with his head down, in the other direction. She had not gone far when she stopped and looked back at him over her shoulder, holding her dress out of the dust with one hand; but he did not turn to look at her, and presently a downward slope of the road hid him.

"He's handsome enough, I should hope," said Mrs. Farrell, only half to Rachel, who made no comment, and Mrs. Farrell asked, "What have you

been doing, all the week? I've scarcely had a chance to speak to you."

"No," said Rachel. "I don't like walking in the woods so much as you do, and I have n't time for it."

"Rachel!" cried Mrs. Farrell, with affected sternness, "do you mean anything personal? I won't have it, ma'am. Withdraw those vile insinuations. Do you wish to imply that I have gone walking in the woods with Mr. Easton? How very unkind of you, Rachel! But I forgive you; this sarcastic habit of yours is one of the eccentricities of genius. Here we are at the little sanctuary itself. How nicely it will read in the newspapers when you exhibit your first cattle-piece in Boston: *During the summer, the fair artist, having dismissed her little flock of pupils, consecrated the red school-house at the corner of the road to the labors of her genius, devoting to them such moments as she could steal from household cares and the demands of her mother's boarders, who little dreamt with what visions of beauty and fame she glorified the dim old farm-house kitchen, albeit she was familiarly known among them as the Rosa Bonheur of West Pekin, and they duly revered her God-given talent.* There!" triumphed Mrs. Farrell, falling into her natural tone from that in which she had seemed to read these sentences aloud, "that's from 'a lady correspondent,' and anybody could tell that Mrs. Stevenson wrote it. Now, will you say anything about my walking with Mr. Easton? Rachel!" she exclaimed, as the girl answered nothing, "have I trodden on some of your outlying sensibilities? Oh, I'm ever so sorry!" and she fell upon her like a remorseful wolf, and devoured her with kisses. "There, I forgive you again. I've got my hand in—been forgiving Mr. Easton the whole afternoon."

Rachel made no response, but when Mrs. Farrell had sufficiently wreaked her regret upon her, she felt in her pocket for the school-house key. "Why, I've come without it!" she exclaimed in dismay.

"Splendid!" returned Mrs. Farrell; "that will oblige us to break in, and

I've always had an ungratified taste for burglary. It won't do for us to be seen getting in at the *front* window; it would n't be professional; we must go round to the back," she said, leading the way, while Rachel followed.

"It's fastened with a stick from the frame to the top of the lower sash, and it's no use trying to get in," said the girl.

"Oh, is n't it!" retorted Mrs. Farrell. "Have you brought your knife?"

She took the knife, and half opened the blade, when it snapped to again, and she flung it away with a shriek and looked to see if it had cut her finger. "I'm still in one piece, I'm thankful to say," she said presently; "but you open the knife, Rachel." She took it again, and, sliding the blade vertically between the upper and lower sash, sent the fastening flying out upon the floor. "That's a little trick I read of, once," she said, handing the open knife back to Rachel, and throwing up the sash.

The next moment she gave her two strong arms to Rachel, and helped her in; and then she went straight to the teacher's desk, took out a portfolio, and pinned about the walls the sketches that she found in it, Rachel making no resistance.

"Why it is — quite like a studio, Rachel," she said, and made a show of conscientiously examining each of the sketches in turn.

At last she came to one from which she abruptly turned with the tragic appeal of "Rachel!" It was the first of a series of three, and it represented Mrs. Farrell seated at the foot of a rock and turning an anxious face to confront Blossom's visage thrust through the birch-trees, with a mildly humorous gleam in her great calm eyes, as if she relished the notion of having been mistaken for a man. The next represented Blossom driven from her shelter, and at a few paces distant indignantly regarding Gilbert and Easton, who had just appeared, while Mrs. Farrell and Rachel were shown sailing down the meadow with extravagant swiftness. The third was Mrs. Farrell confronting Easton,

to whom she had returned to claim her book; Blossom looked on with grave surprise. The cow's supposed thoughts and feelings were alone suggested; the figures of the men were caricatures, and the fashionableness and characteristic beauty of Mrs. Farrell were extremely burlesqued.

"Oh, this is how you spend your time, is it?" she asked.

"I thought I would have something ready to exhibit if I went to Boston this winter," said Rachel, very demurely. "Do you like the subjects?"

"This circumscribes me, fearfully," said Mrs. Farrell, not heeding the question. "I can never snub you any more, Rachel. From this moment I'm afraid of you: I'm not hurt or angry; I'm frightened. Are n't they splendid?" she asked joyously, of Rachel, as if they were two indifferent connoisseurs of the work. "You've got me exactly; and Blossom, why, she looks perfectly shocked. Anybody can see what an unsophisticated cow *she* is; you're a country cow, Blossom, or you would n't be astonished at such an innocent little manoeuvre as that.

Your men are not so good as your cows and women, Rachel. Mr. Easton is n't such a stick as that, you know he is n't. Oh, Rachel," said Mrs. Farrell, sinking upon a seat behind a school desk and leaning her elbow on it, chin in hand, while she brooded on the last sketch with effective eyes, "how awfully embarrassing men are! Here is Mr. Easton, for example, who has known me a week, — a week but barely two, — and guess what he's been saying to me this afternoon!" She changed her posture and sat with her hands in her lap, regarding Rachel as one does the person whom one has posed with a conundrum.

"Why, I don't know," said Rachel, in a voice as faint as the blush on her cheek.

"Not," resumed Mrs. Farrell, "that he seems to consider it at all precipitate! I've had to fight it off ever since last Sunday; I've no doubt he thinks he's waited a proper time, as they say of widowers. Why, Rachel, he's been making love to me, that's what."

Rachel hung down her head a little, as if the confidence scared her, and played with a corner of some paper on the desk before her, but she did not say anything. She was not apparently surprised, but silenced.

"Well," said Mrs. Farrell, after a while, "have n't you any observations to offer, Rachel? What should you do to him if you were in my place? Come!"

"I should think you would know;" faltered the girl, "if you liked him."

"Like him? Oh, *don't* I like a blonde, regular - featured young man of good mind and independent property, and no more pretense than — well, say *pie*, for instance! But that is n't the question. The question is whether I ought to marry such a man. Yes, I really think I have a scruple or two, on this point. I *do* love him — sort of. But oh dear me! I don't suppose I love him rightly, or enough of it. I could imagine myself doing it. I can see myself," said Mrs. Farrell, half-closing her eyes as if to examine the scene critically, "in some moods that I could love him with unutterable devotion in. But I should have to have something tremendous to draw me out; a ten-horse power calamity; and then, perhaps I should n't *stay* drawn out. It brings the tears into my eyes to think how, if he had lost the use of his limbs, say, and we were dreadfully poor, I would slave myself to the bone for his sake — for about ten minutes! But a saint, a hero in perfect repair, with plenty of money, it's quite another thing."

"If you were ever in earnest, Mrs. Farrell," said Rachel, sternly, "you ought to be afraid to talk as you do."

"Why, so I am, aunty, — so I am," retorted Mrs. Farrell, incorrigibly. "It sends the cold chills over me to talk as I do, but I can't help it. Don't you suppose I know how nice Mr. Easton is? I do. He is the very soul of truth and honor and all uprightness. He is the noblest and best man in the world. But what could I do with him, or he with me? No, ma'am, it is n't such a simple affair as liking or not liking. This is a case of conscience, I'd have you to

know, such as does n't often turn up in West Pekin."

Mrs. Farrell rose, and made some tragic paces across the school-room floor to where the girl sat, and fell on her knees before her, having with a great show of neatness arranged a bit of paper to kneel upon. She took Rachel's hands in her own, and with uplifted face implored, "Advise me, my friend," which rendered the girl helpless with laughter.

"Oh, for shame, for shame, Mrs. Farrell!" she said, when she could get breath, "you make fun of everything."

"No, no, Rachel, I don't! I never made fun of Mr. Easton. Would you like to know how he behaved when he made love to me? No? Well, you shall. Now, you are the fatally beautiful Mrs. Farrell, and you're sitting on a rock in the hollow near the sugar-house. Your head is slightly downcast, so, — yes, very good, — and you are twiddling the handle of your sun-umbrella and poking the point of it into the dirt. Mr. Easton is standing before you with his arms folded thus, — ahem! — waiting life or death at your hands." She folded her arms, and gave that intensely feminine interpretation of a man's port and style which is always so delicious. "Oh, Mr. Easton, you are faltering, 'I am afraid that you have deceived yourself in me, I am indeed. I am not at all the party you think you love. I was — listen! — I was changed at nurse. She whom you love, the real Mrs. Farrell, is my twin sister, and the world knows her as — Rachel Woodward!'"

Rachel had been struggling to release herself from a position so scandalous; but Mrs. Farrell, who had never risen from her knees, had securely hemmed her in. At the climax of the burlesque, the girl flung herself back and gave way to a rush of sobs and tears. Mrs. Farrell attempted to throw her arms about her, and console her, but Rachel shrank resolutely aside. "Don't touch me!" she cried, when she could speak. "It's horrible! You have no pity; you have no heart! You have no peace of yourself, and you are never at rest unless

you are tormenting some one else. I wish you would go away from our house, and never come back again!"

Mrs. Farrell rose from her knees, all her jesting washed away, for that moment at least, by this torrent of feeling from a source habitually locked under an icy discipline.

"Rachel," she said, "do you really hate me?"

"No," said the girl, fiercely. "If I hated you I could bear it! Nothing is sacred to you. You only care for yourself and your own pleasure, and you don't care how you make others suffer, so you please yourself."

"Yes, I do, Rachel," said Mrs. Farrell, humbly. "I know I'm selfish. But I do care for you, and I'm very, very sorry that I've wounded you. You need n't forgive me; I don't deserve it, but I'm sorry all the same."

The afternoon was waning when they came into the school-house, and now a level ray of the setting sun struck across Rachel's head, fallen on the desk before her, and illumined Mrs. Farrell's stricken beauty. They sat there till after the sunset had faded away. Then Mrs. Farrell went softly about the room, taking down the sketches, which she brought and laid before Rachel. The girl lifted her head and took out the three sketches in which Mrs. Farrell figured, and, tearing them in pieces, thrust them into the stove which stood, red with rust, in the middle of the room. She would not let Mrs. Farrell help her out of the window, and that lady followed her meekly homeward when they left the school-house.

Before she slept, she came and knocked at Mrs. Farrell's door, and entered in response to her cheerful "Come in, come in!"

"I'm awfully glad to see you, Rachel," said Mrs. Farrell, who was lying on her lounge, reading Shakespeare. "Do sit down and visit;" and she shut her book and rose upon her elbow.

"No," said Rachel, stiffly, "as she stood shading with one hand the kerosene lamp she held in the other, "I have come to say that I think I have treated

you badly; for whatever you did, I had no right to say the things to you that I said. I" —

"Oh, never mind about that," said Mrs. Farrell. "You're all right. I dare say it was all true enough. But what I can't understand is this, Rachel: when I've been doing anything wrong, I'm as sorry as can be, and I have no rest till I go off and make a glib apology. That's as it should be, of course, but it is n't like your repentance. You've been abusing me, frightfully, and you come here and fire your regrets into the air, so to speak; you don't seem to care whether they hit me or not; you discharge 'em, and there you are all nicely, with a perfectly clean conscience. Well now, you know, when I apologize to any one, I like to see the apology hit them; I like to see them writhe and quiver under it, and go down before it, and I feel a good deal wickeder after I've repented than I did before: what do you suppose is the reason?"

Rachel made no reply, and Mrs. Farrell seemed not to have expected any. She went on: "Well, now, I'll tell you what I think it is; I think it's sense of duty. I'm sorry when I'm sorry because it's so very uncomfortable to think of people suffering; it's like stepping on something that squirms; but when *you're* sorry, it's because you've done wrong. There! Now I'm going to keep that distinction clearly in mind, and go in for a sense of duty — at the earliest opportunity."

Mrs. Farrell fell back upon her lounge with an air of refreshment and relief, which nobody could resist, and Rachel laughed a reluctant, protesting laugh, while the other kept a serious face.

"Crimps, I suppose," she mused aloud, "would be very unbecoming to a person who was going in for a sense of duty, and I must give them up. I ought to have my hair brushed perfectly flat in front, and I shall come down with it so to breakfast. I wonder how I shall look?" She went to the bureau, took a brush, and smoothed down the loose hair above her forehead; then holding it on either side with her hands to

keep it down she glanced into the mirror. "Oh, oh, oh!" she cried out with a great laugh, "I look slyer than anything in the world! No! A sense of duty will never do for me. I must chance it with unregenerate nature. But you can't say after this that I did n't *try* to be good can you, Rachel?" She put

her hand on Rachel's cheek and pressed the girl's head against her breast, while she looked down into her clear eyes. "I do love you, Rachel, and I'm glad you felt sorry for having flown out at me. I did n't mean anything—I did n't indeed;" and she tenderly kissed Rachel good night.

William D. Howells.

BOSTON.

Sicut patribus, sit Deus nobis.

THE rocky nook with hill-tops three
Looked eastward from the farms,
And twice each day the flowing sea
Took Boston in its arms;
The men of yore were stout and poor,
And sailed for bread to every shore.

And where they went on trade intent
They did what freemen can,
Their dauntless ways did all men praise,
The merchant was a man.
The world was made for honest trade, —
To plant and eat be none afraid.

The waves that rocked them on the deep
To them their secret told;
Said the winds that sung the lads to sleep,
"Like us, be free and bold!"
The honest waves refuse to slaves
The empire of the ocean caves.

Old Europe groans with palaces,
Has lords enough, and more; —
We plant and build by foaming seas
A city of the poor;
For day by day could Boston Bay
Their honest labor overpay.

The noble craftsman we promote,
Disown the knave and fool;
Each honest man shall have his vote,
Each child shall have his school.
For what avail the plow or sail,
Or land, or life, if freedom fail?

We grant no dukedoms to the few,
 We hold like rights, and shall, —
 Equal on Sunday in the pew,
 On Monday in the mall.

The wild rose and the barberry thorn
 Hung out their summer pride
 Where now on heated pavements worn
 The feet of millions stride.

Fair rose the planted hills behind
 The good town on the bay;
 And where the western hills declined
 The prairie stretched away.

What rival towers majestic soar
 Along the stormy coast, —
 Penn's town, New York, and Baltimore, —
 If Boston knew the most!

They laughed to know the world so wide;
 The mountains said, "Good day!
 We greet you well, you Saxon men,
 Up with your towns, and stay!"
 The world was made for honest trade, —
 To plant and eat be none afraid.

"For you," they said, "no barriers be,
 For you no sluggish rest;
 Each street leads downward to the sea,
 Or landward to the West."

O happy town beside the sea,
 Whose roads lead everywhere to all;
 Than thine no deeper moat can be,
 No steeper fence, no better wall!

Bad news from George on the English throne:
 "You are thriving well," said he,
 "Now by these presents be it known,
 You shall pay us a tax on tea;
 'T is very small, — no load at all, —
 Honor enough that we send the call."

"Not so," said Boston; "good my lord,
 We pay your governors here
 Abundant for their bed and board,
 Six thousand pounds a year.
 (Your Highness knows our homely word,)
Millions for self-government,
But for tribute never a cent."

The cargo came! and who could blame
If Indians seized the tea,
And, chest by chest, let down the same
Into the laughing sea?
For what avail the plow or sail,
Or land, or life, if freedom fail?

The townsmen braved the English king,
Found friendship in the French,
And Honor joined the patriot ring
Low on their wooden bench.

O bounteous seas that never fail!
O day remembered yet!
O happy port that spied the sail
Which wafted Lafayette!
Pole-star of light in Europe's night,
That never faltered from the right.

Kings shook with fear, old empires crave
The secret force to find
Which fired the little state to save
The rights of all mankind.

But right is might through all the world;
Province to province faithful clung,
Through good and ill the war-bolt hurled,
Till Freedom cheered and the joy-bells rung.

The sea returning day by day
Restores the world-wide mart;
So let each dweller on the Bay
Fold Boston in his heart,
Till these echoes be choked with snows,
Or over the town blue ocean flows.

Let the blood of her hundred thousands
Throb in each manly vein;
And the wit of all her wisest
Make sunshine in her brain.
For you can teach the lightning speech,
And round the globe your voices reach.

And each shall care for other,
And each to each shall bend,
To the poor a noble brother,
To the good an equal friend.

A blessing through the ages thus
Shield all thy roofs and towers!
God with the fathers, so with us,
Thou darling town of ours!

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

OLD WOMAN'S GOSSIP.

VII.

THE success of the English theatre in Paris was quite satisfactory; and all the most eminent members of the profession, — Kean, Young, Macready, and my father, — went over in turn to exhibit to the Parisian public Shakespeare the Barbarian, illustrated by his barbarian fellow-countrymen. I do not remember hearing of any very eminent actress joining in that worthy enterprise; but a Miss Smithson, a young lady with a figure and face of Hibernian beauty, whose superfluous native accent was no drawback to her merits in the esteem of her French audience, represented to them the heroines of the English tragic drama; the incidents of which, infinitely more startling than any they were used to, invested their fair victim with an amazing power over her foreign critics, and she received from them, in consequence, a rather disproportionate share of admiration, — due, perhaps, more to the astonishing circumstances in which she appeared before them than to the excellence of her acting under them. The bride snatched from her bier and carried in her shroud to the front of the stage by her lover, already staggering under the draught of death in which his despair has pledged her; the wife smothered in her bed and sobbing from beneath its pillows; the strangled cries for mercy, and piteous farewells to life and love, were very different objects of compassion to the stately mesdames of the French tragedies, withdrawing in the midst of the very torrent, tempest, and whirlwind of their pathos and passion, to stab themselves and die in decent privacy behind the scenes.

One of the most enthusiastic admirers of the English representations said to my father, "Ah! parlez moi d'Othello! voilà, voilà la passion, la tragédie. Dieu! que j'aime cette pièce! il y a tant de *remue-ménage*." And, taking that

rather peculiar expression in a literal sense, it is no doubt painfully true of poor Othello's domestic affairs.

A few rash and superficial criticisms were hardly to be avoided; but in general, my father has often said, in spite of the difficulty of the foreign language, and the strangeness of the foreign form of thought and feeling and combination of incident, his Parisian audience never appeared to him to miss the finer touches or more delicate and refined shades of his acting; and in this respect he thought them superior to his own countrymen. Lamartine and Victor Hugo had already proclaimed the enfranchisement of French poetical thought from the rigid rule of classical authority; and all the enthusiastic believers in the future glories of the "Muse Romantique" went to the English theatre to be amazed if not daunted by the breadth of horizon and height of empyrean which her wings might sweep, and into which she might soar, "puisque Shakespeare l'a bien osé."

ST. JAMES STREET, BUCKINGHAM GATE, }
October 11, 1827. }

MY DEAREST H——: I do not think you would have been surprised at my delay in answering your last, when I told you that on arriving here I found that all my goods and chattels had been (according to my own desire) only removed hither, and that their arrangement and bestowal still remained to be effected by myself; and when I tell you that I have settled all these matters, and moreover *finished my play*, I think you will excuse my not having answered you sooner. Last Monday, having in the morning achieved the termination of the fourth act, and finding that my father did not act on Tuesday, I resolved, if possible, to get it finished in order to read it to him on Tuesday evening. So on Monday evening at six o'clock I sat down to begin my fifth act, and by half past eleven had completed my task;

I am thus minute because I know you will not think these details tiresome, and also because, even if it succeeds and is praised and admired, I shall never feel so happy as when my father greeted my entrance into the drawing-room with "Is it done, my love? I shall be the happiest man alive if it succeeds!"

On Tuesday evening I read it to them, and I was so encouraged by the delighted looks my father and mother were continually exchanging that I believe I read it with more effect than they either of them had thought me capable of. When it was done I was most richly rewarded, for they all seemed so pleased with me and so proud of me that the most inordinate author's vanity would have been satisfied. And my dear mother, oh, how she looked at me!—forgive me, dear, and grant some little indulgence to my exultation. I thought I deserved some praise, but thrice my deserts were showered upon me by those I love above everything in the world.

When commendation and congratulation had a little given way to reflection, my mother and John entreated my father not to let the play be acted, or, if he did, to have it published first; for they said (and their opinion has been sanctioned by several literary men) that the work as a literary production (I repeat what they say, mind) has merit enough to make it desirable that the public should judge of it as a poetical composition before it is submitted to the mangling necessary for the stage, and the additional unnecessary mangling which poetry not seldom receives there.

Of course, my task being finished, I have nothing more to do with it; nor do I care whether it is published first or after, provided only it may be acted: though I dare say that process may not prove entirely satisfactory to me either; for though Mr. Young and my father would thoroughly embody my conception of the parts intended for them, yet there is a woman's part which, considering the materials history has furnished, ought to be a very fine one—Louisa of Savoy; and it must be cut down to the capacity of a second-rate actress. The

character would have been the sort of one for Mrs. Siddons; how I wish she was yet in a situation to afford it the high preferment of her acceptance! And now, dearest H——, let me talk of something else, for you must be sick of my play. My father has obtained a most unequivocal success in Paris, the more flattering as it was rather doubtful, and the excellent Parisians not only received him very well, but forthwith threw themselves into a headlong *furor* for Shakespeare and Charles Kemble, which, although they might not improbably do the same to-morrow for two dancing-dogs, we are quite willing to attribute to the merits of the poet and his interpreter. The French papers have been profuse in their praises of both, and some of our own have quoted their commendations. My mother is, I think, recovering, though slowly, from her long illness. She is less deaf and rather less blind. These two shocking inconveniences she will soon, I trust, be entirely rid of; but for the general state of her health, time, and time alone, will, I am sure, restore it entirely. I have just seen the dress that my father had made abroad for his part in my play: a bright amber-colored *velours épinglé*, with a border of rich silver embroidery; this, together with a cloak of violet velvet trimmed with imitation sable. The fashion is what you see in all the pictures and prints of Francis I. I wonder if this interests you at all now. My father is very anxious, I think, to act the play; my mother, to have it published before it is acted; and I sit and hear it discussed and praised and criticised, only longing (like a "silly wench," as my mother calls me when I confess as much to her) to see my father in his lovely dress and hear the *alarums of my fifth act*.

I am a little mad, I suppose, and my letter a little tipsy, I dare say, but I am ever your most affectionate

FANNY.

P. S. I have not seen my uncle John's monument yet, though we are not five minutes from the abbey; but every report I have heard of it has been unfavorable.

16 ST. JAMES STREET, BUCKINGHAM }
GATE, WESTMINSTER, October 21, 1827. }

MY DEAR H—: Your letter was short and sweet, but none the sweeter for being short. I should have thought no one could have been worse provided than myself with news or letter chitchat, and yet I think my letters are generally longer than yours; brevity, in you, is a fault; do not be guilty of it again: “*car du reste*,” as Madame de Sévigné says, “*votre style est parfait*.” John returned to Cambridge on Thursday night. He is a great loss to me, for though I have seen but little of him since our return to town, that little is too much to lose of one we love. He is an excellent fellow in every way, and in the way of abilities he is particularly to my mind. We all miss him very much; however, his absence will be broken now by visits to London, in order to keep his term [about this time my brother was entered at the Inner Temple, I think], so that we shall occasionally enjoy his company for a day or two. I should like to tell you something about my play, but unfortunately have nothing to tell; everything about it is as undecided as when last I wrote to you. It is in the hands of the copyist of Covent Garden, but what its ultimate fate is to be I know not. If it is decided that it is to be brought out on the stage before publication, that will not take place at present, because this is a very unfavorable time of year. If I can send it to Ireland, tell me how I can get it conveyed to you, and I will endeavor to do so. I should like you to read it, but oh, *how* I should like to go and see it acted with you! I am now full of thoughts of writing a comedy, and have drawn out the plan of one—plot, acts, and scenes in due order—already; and I mean to make it Italian and mediæval, for the sake of having one of those bewitching creatures, a jester, in it; I have an historical one in my play, Triboulet, whom I have tried to make an interesting as well as an amusing personage.

My mother, by the aid of a blister and *my play*, is, I think, recovering, though slowly, from her illness; she is

still, though, in a state of great suffering, which is by no means alleviated by being unable to write, read, work, or occupy herself in any manner.

We have been to the play pretty regularly twice a week for the last three weeks, and shall continue to do so during the whole winter; which is a plan I much approve of. I am very fond of going to the play, and Kean, Young, and my father make one of Shakespeare's plays something well worth seeing. I saw the Merchant of Venice, the other evening, for the first time, and returned home a violent *Keanite*. That man is an extraordinary creature! Some of the things he did appeared, on reflection, questionable to my judgment and open to criticism; but while under the influence of his amazing power of passion it is impossible to reason, analyze, or do anything but surrender one's self to his forcible appeals to one's emotions. He entirely divested Shylock of all poetry or elevation, but invested it with a concentrated ferocity that made one's blood curdle. He seemed to me to combine the supernatural malice of a fiend with the base reality of the meanest humanity. His passion is prosaic, but all the more intensely terrible for that very reason. I am to see him to-morrow in Richard III., and, though I never saw the play before, am afraid I shall be disappointed, because Richard III. is a Plantagenet prince, and should be a royal villain, and I am afraid Mr. Kean will not have the innate *majesty* which I think belongs to the part; however, we shall see, and when next I write I will tell you how it impressed me.

You deserve that I should bestow all my tediousness upon you for loving me as well as you do. Mrs. Harry Siddons and her daughter are here for two or three days, on their return from their tour through Switzerland. Mrs. Harry is all that is excellent, though she does not strike me as particularly clever; and Lizzy is a very pretty, very good, very sweet, very amiable girl. Her brother, my cousin, the midshipman, is here too, having come up from Portsmouth to meet his mother and sister, so that

the house is full. Think of that happy girl having traveled all through Switzerland, seen the Jungfrau, — Manfred's mountain, — been in two violent storms at night on the lakes, and telling me placidly that "she liked it all very well." Oh dear, oh dear! how queerly Heaven does distribute privileges! Good-by, dear. Yours ever,

FANNY.

16 ST. JAMES STREET, BUCKINGHAM }
GATE, December, 1827. }

MY DEAREST H—: My heart is full of joy, and I write that you may rejoice with me; our dear John has distinguished himself greatly, but lest my words should seem sisterly and exaggerated, I will repeat what Mr. Peacock, his tutor, wrote to my father: "He has covered himself with glory. Such an oration as his has not been heard for many years in Cambridge, and it was as tastefully and modestly delivered as it was well written." This has made us all *very, very* happy, and though the first news of it overcame my poor mother, whose nerves are far from firm, she soon recovered, and we are impatiently expecting his return from college. I dare say, dearest H—, you have been fancying me in all the bustle, importance, and self-absorption of full-blown authorship; but my play is at present only being pruned by my father, and will therefore not occupy my thoughts again till it comes out, which I hope will be at Easter. I did not write sooner because I had nothing to say, but now that this joy about my brother has come to me, *je te l'envoie*. Since last you heard from me I have seen the great West India Dock and the Thames Tunnel. Oh, H—, "*que c'est une jolie chose que l'homme!*" Annihilated by any one of the elements if singly opposed to its power, he by his genius yet brings their united forces into bondage, and compels obedience from all their manifold combined strength. We penetrate the earth, we turn the course of rivers, we exalt the valleys and bow down the mountains; and we die and return to our dust, and they remain and

remember us no more. The man whose genius and perseverance have completed in this tunnel one of the most extraordinary of human achievements will, perhaps even before his conception is perfected in its outward execution, be gone from the face of the earth, while his work will remain to be wondered at by future ages who will know nothing of him but his name, if even that. Often enough, indeed, the names of great inventors and projectors have been overshadowed or effaced by mere finishers of their work or adapters of their idea, who have reaped the honor and emolument due to an obscure originator, who passes away from the world, his rightful claim to its admiration and gratitude unknown or unacknowledged. But these obey the law of their being; they cannot but do the work God's inspiration calls them to.

But I must tell you what this tunnel is like, or at least try to do so. You enter, by flights of stairs, the first door, and find yourself on a circular platform which surrounds the top of a well or shaft, of about two hundred feet in circumference and five hundred in depth. This well is an immense iron frame of cylindrical form, filled in with bricks; it was constructed on level ground, and then, by some wonderful mechanical process, sunk into the earth. In the midst of this is a steam engine, and above, or below, as far as your eye can see, huge arms are working up and down, while the creaking, crashing, whirring noises, and the swift whirling of innumerable wheels all round you, make you feel for the first few minutes as if you were going distracted. I should have liked to look much longer at all these beautiful, wise, working creatures, but was obliged to follow the rest of the party through all the machinery, down little wooden stairs and along tottering planks, to the bottom of the well. On turning round at the foot of the last flight of steps through an immense dark arch, as far as sight could reach stretched a vaulted passage, smooth earth under foot, the white arches of the roof beyond one another lengthening on and on in prolonged

vista, the whole lighted by a line of gas lamps and as bright, almost, as if it were broad day. It was more like one of the long avenues of light that lead to the abodes of the genii, in fairy tales, than anything I had ever beheld. The profound stillness of the place, which was first broken by my father's voice, to which the vaulted roof gave extraordinary and startling volume of tone, the indescribable feeling of subterranean vastness, the amazement and delight I experienced, quite overcame me, and I was obliged to turn from the friend who was explaining everything to me, to cry and ponder in silence. How I wish you had been with us, dear H——! Our name is always worth something to us: Mr. Brunel, who was superintending some of the works, came to my father and offered to conduct us to where the workmen were employed,—an unusual favor, which of course delighted us all. So we left our broad, smooth path of light, and got into dark passages where we stumbled among coils of ropes and heaps of pipes and piles of planks, and where ground springs were welling up and flowing about in every direction, all which was very strange. As you may have heard, the tunnel caved in once, and let the Thames in through the roof; and in order that, should such an accident occur again, no lives may be lost, an iron frame has been constructed,—a sort of cage, divided into many compartments, in each of which a man with his lantern and his tools is placed,—and as they clear the earth away this iron frame is moved onward and advances into new ground. All this was wonderful and curious beyond measure, but the appearance of the workmen themselves, all begrimed, with their brawny arms and legs bare, some standing in black water up to their knees, others laboriously shoveling the black earth in their cages (while they sturdily sung at their task), with the red, murky light of links and lanterns flashing and flickering about them, made up the most striking picture you can conceive. As we returned I remained at the bottom of the stairs last of all to look back at the beautiful road

to Hades, wishing I might be left behind, and then we reascended through wheels, pulleys, and engines, to the upper day. After this we rowed down the river to the docks, lunched on board a splendid East Indiaman, and came home again. I think it is better for me, however, to look at the trees, and the sun, moon, and stars, than at tunnels and docks; they make me too *humanity proud*.

I am reading Vivian Grey. Have you read it? It is very clever. Ever your most affectionate
FANNY.

16 ST. JAMES STREET, BUCKINGHAM }
GATE, January, 1828. }

DEAREST H——: I jumped, in despite of a horrid headache, when I saw your letter. Indeed, if you knew how the sight of your handwriting delights me, you would not talk of lack of matter; for what have I to tell you of more interest for you, than the health and proceedings of those you love must be to me?

Dear John is come home with his trophy. He is really a highly gifted creature; but I sometimes fear that the passionate eagerness with which he *pursues his pursuit*, the sort of frenzy he has about politics, and his constant excitement about political questions, may actually injure his health, and the vehemence with which he speaks and writes in support of his peculiar views will perhaps endanger his future prospects.

He is neither tory nor whig, but a radical, a utilitarian, an adorer of Bentham, a worshiper of Mill, an advocate for vote by ballot, an opponent of hereditary aristocracy, the church establishment, the army and navy, which he deems sources of unnecessary national expense; though who is to take care of our souls and bodies, if the three last-named institutions are done away with, I do not quite see. Morning, noon, and night he is writing whole volumes of arguments against them, full of a good deal of careful study and reading, and in a close, concise, forcible style, which is excellent in itself, and the essays are creditable to his laborious industry; but they

will not teach him mathematics, or give him a scholarship or his degree. That he will distinguish himself hereafter I have no doubt; but at present he is engrossed by a passion (for it seems to me nothing less) which occupies his mind and time to the detriment, if not the exclusion, of all other studies.

I feel almost ashamed of saying anything about myself, after the two or three scoldings you have sent me of late. Perhaps while my blue devils found vent in ridiculous verses, they did not much matter; but their having prompted me lately to throw between seven and eight hundred pages (about a year's work) into the fire seems to me now rather deplorable. You perhaps will say that the fire is no bad place for seven or eight hundred pages of my manuscript; but I had spent time and pains on them, and I think they should not have been thrown away in a foolish fit of despondency. I am at present not very well. I do not mean that I have any specific illness, but head-aches and side-aches, so that I am one moment in a state of feverish excitement and the next nervous and low-spirited; this is not a good account, but a true one.

This is the new year. I should be loath to be out of the fashion of the season, so I wish you many happy years, with all my heart; and before many of them pass away I wish I may see you again. I cannot copy out my play for you, but if you will desire Mr. S—— to be kind enough to let me know when he sends to you, I will send you the original copy, which I beg you will approve of, if you can read it. My dislike to the society of my fellow-beings does not, as you observe, prevent my admiring their works. I was always a great admirer of that ingenious and splendid building, pandemonium, and thought it both wonderful and beautiful, though devised by devils. It seems to me that funds are just now wanting for all sorts of enterprises. Not only is the construction of the Thames Tunnel in danger of being stopped, but I doubt if the new palace which is building two doors off from us will be finished for some time, in conse-

quence of the want of money, which material want will probably, for a considerable time, protect us from being built out of the park which lies before our windows across the street, without any intervening houses.

I have no "new friends," dearest H——; perhaps because my dislike to society makes me stupid and disagreeable when I am in it. I have made one acquaintance, which might perhaps grow to a friendship were it not that distance and its attendant inconveniences have hitherto prevented my becoming more intimate with the lady I refer to. She is a married woman; her name is Jameson. She is an Irishwoman, and the authoress of the *Diary of an Ennuyée*. I like her very much; she is extremely clever; I wish I knew her better. I have been to one dance and one or two dinners lately, but to tell you the truth, dear H——, the old people naturally treat me after my years, as a young person, and the young people (perhaps from my self-conceit) seem to me stupid and uninteresting, and so, you see, I do not like society. Cecilia Siddons is out of town at present, and I have not seen her for some time. You may have heard that the theatre has gained a law-suit against Sinclair, the celebrated singer, by a reversal of the former verdict in the case. We were not even aware that such a process was going on, and when my father came home and said, "We have won our cause," my mother and myself started up, supposing he meant *the* chancery suit. That, unfortunately, is still pending, pending, like the sword of Damocles, over our heads, banishing all security for the present or hope for the future. The theatre is, I believe, doing very well just now, and we go pretty often to the play, which I like. I have lately been seeing my father play Falstaff several times, and I think it is an excellent piece of acting; he gives all the humor without too much coarseness, or *charging*, and through the whole, according to the fat knight's own expression, he is "Sir John to all the world," with a certain courtly deportment which prevents him from degenerating into the

mere gross buffoon. They are in sad want of a woman at both the theatres. I've half a mind to give Covent Garden one. Don't be surprised. I have something to say to you on this subject, but have not room for it in this letter. My father is just now acting in the north of England. We expect him back in a fortnight. God bless you, dear H——.

Yours ever, FANNY.

The vehement passion of political interest which absorbed my brother at this time was in truth affecting the whole of English society almost as passionately. In a letter written in 1827, the Duke of Wellington, after speaking of the strong partisan sentiment which was agitating the country, added, "The ladies and all the youth are with us;" that is, with the tory party, which, under his leadership, was still an active power of obstruction to the imminent changes to which both he and his party were presently to succumb. His ministry was a period of the stormiest excitement in the political world, and the importance of the questions at issue — Catholic emancipation and parliamentary reform — powerfully affected men's minds in the ranks of life least allied to the governing class. Even in a home so obscure and so devoted to other pursuits and interests as ours, the spirit of the times made its way, and our own peculiar occupations became less interesting to us than the intense national importance of the public questions which were beginning to convulse the country from end to end. About this time I met with a book which produced a great and not altogether favorable effect upon my mind (the blame resting entirely with me, I think, and not with what I read). I had become moody and fantastical for want of solid, wholesome mental occupation, and the excess of imaginative stimulus in my life, and was possessed with a wild desire for an existence of lonely independence, which seemed to my exaggerated notions the only one fitted to the intellectual development in which alone I conceived happiness to consist. Mrs. Jameson's *Diary of an Ennuyée*, which I now read for

the first time, added to this desire for isolation and independence such a passionate longing to go to Italy, that my brain was literally filled with chimerical projects of settling in the south of Europe, and there leading a solitary life of literary labor, which, together with the fame I hoped to achieve by it, seemed to me the only worthy purpose of existence. While under the immediate spell of her fascinating book, it was of course very delightful to me to make Mrs. Jameson's acquaintance, which I did at the house of our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Basil Montagu. They were the friends of Coleridge, Hazlitt, Charles Lamb, Procter (Barry Cornwall, who married Mrs. Montagu's daughter), and were themselves individually as remarkable, if not as celebrated, as many of their more famous friends. Basil Montagu was the son of the Earl of Sandwich and the beautiful Miss Ray, whose German lover murdered her at the theatre by shooting her in her private box, and then blew his own brains out. Mr. Montagu inherited ability, eccentricity, and personal beauty, from his parents. His only literary productions that I am acquainted with were a notice of Bacon and his works, which he published in a small pamphlet volume, and another volume of extracts from some of the fine prose writers of the seventeenth century. I have a general impression that his personal intercourse gave a far better idea of his intellectual ability than anything that he achieved either in his profession or in letters.

His conversation was extremely vivid and sparkling, and the quaint eccentricity of his manner added to the impression of originality which he produced upon one. Very unlike the common run of people as he was, however, he was far less so than his wife, who certainly was one of the most striking and remarkable persons I have known. Her appearance was extraordinary; she was much above middle height, with a beautiful figure and face, the outline of which was of classical purity and severity, while her whole carriage and appearance was dignified and majestic to the highest de-

gree. I knew her for upwards of thirty years, and never saw her depart from a peculiar style of dress, which she had adopted with the finest instinct of what was personally becoming as well as graceful and beautiful in itself. She was so superior in this point to her sex generally, that, having found that which was undoubtedly her own proper individual costume, she never changed the fashion of it. Her dress deserved to be called (what all dress should be) a lesser fine art, and seemed the proper expression in clothes of her personality, and really a part of herself. It was a long, open robe over an underskirt of the same material and color (always moonlight silver gray, amethyst purple, or black silk or satin of the richest quality), trimmed with broad velvet facings of the same color, the sleeves plain and tight-fitting from shoulder to wrist, and the bosom covered with a fine lace half-body, which came, like the wimple of old mediæval portraits, up round her throat, and seemed to belong in material and fashion to the clear chin-stay which followed the noble contour of her face, and the picturesque cap which covered, without concealing, her auburn hair and the beautiful proportions of her exquisite head.

This lady knew no language but her own, and to that ignorance (which one is tempted in these days occasionally to think desirable) she probably owed the remarkable power and purity with which she used her mother tongue. Her conversation and her letters were perfect models of spoken and written English. Her marriage with Mr. Montagu was attended with some singular circumstances, the knowledge of which I owe to herself. She was a Yorkshire widow lady, of the name of Skepper, and came with her only child (a little girl) to visit some friends in London, with whom Basil Montagu was intimate. Mrs. Skepper had probably occasionally been the subject of conversation between him and her hosts, when they were expecting her; for one evening soon after her arrival, as she was sitting partly concealed by one of the curtains in the drawing-room, Basil Montagu came rapidly into the

room, exclaiming (evidently not perceiving her), "Come, where is your wonderful Mrs. Skepper? I want to see her." During the whole evening he engrossed her attention and talked to her, and the next morning at breakfast she laughingly complained to her hosts that he had not been content with that, but had tormented her in dreams all night. "For," said she, "I dreamt I was going to be married to him, and the day before the wedding he came to me with a couple of boxes, and said solemnly, 'My dear Anne, I want to confide these relics to your keeping; in this casket are contained the bones of my dear first wife, and in this those of my dear second wife; do me the favor to take charge of them for me.' " The odd circumstance was that Basil Montagu had been married twice, and that when he made his third matrimonial venture and was accepted by Mrs. Skepper, he appeared before her one day and with much solemnity begged her to take charge of two caskets, in which were respectively treasured, not the bones, but the letters of her two predecessors. It is quite possible that he might have heard of her dream on the first night of their acquaintance, and amused himself with carrying it out when he was about to marry her; but when Mrs. Montagu told me the story I do not think she suggested any such rationalistic solution of the mystery. Her daughter, Anne Skepper (afterwards Mrs. Procter), who has been all my life a kind and excellent friend to me, inherited her remarkable mother's mental gifts and special mastery over her own language; but she added to these, as part of her own individuality, a power of sarcasm that made the tongue she spoke in and the tongue she spoke with two of the most formidable weapons any woman was ever armed with. She was an exceedingly kind-hearted person, perpetually occupied in good offices to the poor, the afflicted, her friends, and all whom she could in any way serve; nevertheless, such was her severity of speech, not unfrequently exercised on those she appeared to like best, that Thackeray, Browning, and Kinglake, who were all

her friendly intimates, sometimes designated her as "Our Lady of Bitterness," and she is alluded to by that title in the opening chapter of *Eothen*. A daily volume of wit and wisdom might have been gathered from her familiar talk, which was *crisp* with suggestions of thought in the liveliest and highest form. Somebody asking her how she and a certain acrid critic of her acquaintance got on together, she replied, "Oh, very well; we sharpen each other like two knives." Being congratulated on the restoration of cordiality between herself and a friend with whom she had had some difference, "Oh, yes," said she, "the cracked cup is mended, but it will never hold water again." Both these ladies, mother and daughter, had a most extraordinary habit of crediting their friends with their own wise and witty sayings; thus Mrs. Montagu and Mrs. Procter would say, "Ah yes, you know, as you once said," and then would follow something so sparkling, profound, concise, incisive, and brilliant that you remained, eyes and mouth open, gasping in speechless astonishment at the merit of the saying you never said (and could not have said if your life had depended on it), and the magnificence of the gift its author was making you. The princes in the *Arabian Nights* who only gave you a ring worth thousands of sequins were shabby fellows compared with these ladies who declared that the diamonds and rubies of their own uttering had fallen from your lips. Persons who lay claim to the good things of others are not rare; those who not only disclaim their own but even credit others with them are among the very rarest. In all my intercourse with the inhabitants of *two* worlds, I have known no similar instance of self-denial; and reflecting upon it, I have finally concluded that it was too superhuman to be a real virtue, and could proceed only from an exorbitant superabundance of natural gift, which made its possessors reckless, extravagant, and even unprincipled in the use of their wealth; they had wit enough for themselves, and to spare for all their friends, and these were many. At an evening

party at Mrs. Montagu's, in Bedford Square, in 1828, I first saw Mrs. Jameson. The *Ennuyée*, one is given to understand, dies; and it was a little vexatious to behold her sitting on a sofa, in a very becoming state of blooming *plumpitude*; but it was some compensation to be introduced to her. And so began a close and friendly intimacy which lasted for many years, between myself and this very accomplished woman. She was the daughter of an Irish miniature-painter of the name of Murphy, and began life as a governess, in which capacity she educated the daughters of Lord Hatherton, and went to Italy with the family of Mrs. Rose. When I first knew her she had not long been married to Mr. Robert Jameson, a union so ill-assorted that it restored Mrs. Jameson to the bosom of her own family, to whom her conjugal ill-fortune proved a blessing, for never did daughter and sister discharge with more loving fidelity the duties of those relationships. Her life was devoted to her parents while they lived, and after their death to her sisters and a young niece whom she adopted. Her various and numerous gifts and acquirements were exercised, developed, and constantly increased by a life of the most indefatigable literary study, research, and labor. Her reading was very extensive; her information, without being profound, was general; she was an excellent modern linguist, and perfectly well-versed in the literature of her own country and of France, Germany, and Italy. She had an uncommon taste and talent for art, and, as she added to her knowledge of the theory and history of painting familiar acquaintance with most of the fine public and private galleries in Europe, a keen sensibility to beauty, and considerable critical judgment, her works upon painting, and especially the exceedingly interesting volumes she published on the Sacred and Legendary Art of the Romish Church, are at once delightful and interesting sources of information, and useful and accurate works of reference, to which considerable value is added by her own spirited and graceful etchings.

The literary works of hers in which I have a direct personal interest are a charming book of essays on Shakespeare's female characters, entitled *Characteristics of Women*, which she did me the honor to dedicate to me; some pages of letterpress written to accompany a series of sketches John Hayter made of me in the character of Juliet; and a notice of my sister's principal operatic performances after she came out on the stage. Mrs. Jameson at one time contemplated writing a life of my aunt Siddons, not thinking Boaden's biography of her satisfactory; in this purpose, however, she

was effectually opposed by Campbell, who had undertaken the work, and, though he exhibited neither interest nor zeal in the fulfillment of his task, doggedly (in the manner) refused to relinquish it to her. Certainly, had Mrs. Jameson carried out her intention, Mrs. Siddons would have had a monument dedicated to her memory better calculated to preserve it than those which the above-named gentlemen bestowed on her. It would have been written in a spirit of far higher artistic discrimination, and with infinitely more sympathy both with the woman and with the actress.

Frances Anne Kemble.

THE RAILROAD DEATH-RATE.

As the Queen of Belgium was one day going from Verviers to Brussels by rail, in May, 1847, the train in which she was journeying came into collision with another train going in the opposite direction. There was naturally something of a panic, and, as royalty is not accustomed to being knocked about with railroad equality, some of her suite urged the queen to leave the train and to finish her journey by carriage. The contemporaneous court reporter then went on to say, in that language which is so peculiarly his own, "But her Majesty, as courageously as discreetly, declined to set that example of timidity, and she proceeded to Brussels by the railway." In those days a very exaggerated idea — which, by the way, the world has by no means outgrown — was universally entertained of the great danger incident to travel by rail. Even then, however, had her Majesty, who as the daughter of Louis Philippe of France and the wife of Leopold of Belgium was doubtless a very sensible woman, happened to be familiar with the statistics of injuries received by those traveling respectively by rail and by carriage, she certainly never on any plea of danger would

have been induced to abandon her railroad train in order to trust herself behind horse-flesh. It is not, however, likely that she was addicted to the study of dry statistics, so doubtless both she herself and those who surrounded her would have been greatly surprised to learn that, by pursuing the course urged upon her, the queen would have multiplied her chances of accident some sixty-fold. Strange as the statement sounds even now, such would seem to have been the fact. In proportion to the whole number carried, the accidents to passengers in "the good old days of stage-coaches" were, as compared to the present time of the railroad dispensation, about as sixty to one. This result, it is true, cannot be verified in the experience either of England or of this country, for neither the English nor we possess any statistics in relation to the earlier period; but they have such statistics in France, and very reliable they are also, stretching over a period of more than forty years. If these French statistics held true of New England, — and considering the character of our roads, conveyances, and climate, their showing is more likely to be in our favor than

against us, — if they simply held true, leaving us to assume that stage-coach traveling was not less safe in Massachusetts than in France, then it would follow that to make the dangers of the rail of the present day equal to those of the highway of half a century back, some eighty passengers should annually be killed and some eleven hundred injured within the limits of Massachusetts alone. These figures, however, represent rather more than fifty times the actual average, and from them it would seem to be not unfair to conclude that, notwithstanding the great increase of population and the yet greater increase in travel during the last half-century, there were literally more persons killed and injured each year in Massachusetts fifty years ago through accidents to stage-coaches than there are now through accidents to railroad trains.

The first impression of nine out of ten persons in no way connected with the operation of railroads would probably be found to be the exact opposite to this. A vague but deeply rooted conviction commonly prevails that the railroad has created a new danger: that because of it the average human being's hold on life is more precarious than it was. The first point-blank, bald statement to the contrary would accordingly strike most people in the light not only of a paradox, but of a somewhat foolish one. Investigation, nevertheless, bears it out. The fact is that when a great railroad accident comes, it is apt to come in such a way as to leave no doubt whatever in relation to it. It is heralded like a battle or an earthquake; it fills columns of the daily press with the largest capitals and the most harrowing details, and thus it makes a deep and lasting impression on the minds of many people. When a multitude of persons, traveling as almost every man now daily travels, himself meet death in such sudden and such awful shape, the event smites the imagination. People seeing it and thinking of it and hearing and reading of it, and of it only, forget of how infrequent occurrence it is. It was not so in the olden time. Every one rode behind horses, —

if not in public then in private conveyances, — and when disaster came it involved but few persons and was rarely accompanied by circumstances which either struck the imagination or attracted any great public notice. In the first place, the modern newspaper, with its perfect machinery for sensational exaggeration, did not then exist, having itself only recently come in the train of the locomotive; and in the next place, the circle of those included in the consequences of any disaster was necessarily small. It is far otherwise now. For weeks and months the vast machinery moves along, doing its work quietly, swiftly, safely; no one pays any attention to it, while millions daily make use of it, as much a necessity of their lives as the food they eat or the air they breathe. Suddenly, somehow, and somewhere, — at Versailles, at Norwalk, at Abergyle, at New Hamburg, or at Revere, at some hitherto unfamiliar point upon an insignificant thread of the intricate iron web, — an obstruction is encountered, a jar, as it were, is felt, and instantly, with time for hardly an ejaculation or a thought, a multitude of human beings are hurled into eternity. It is no cause for surprise that such an event makes the community in which it happens catch its breath; neither is it unnatural that people should think more of the few who are killed, of whom they hear so much, than of the myriads who are carried in safety and of whom they hear nothing. Yet it is well to bear in mind that there are two sides to this question also, and in no way could this fact be more forcibly brought to our notice than by the assertion, borne out by all the statistics we possess, that, irrespective of the vast increase in the number of those who travel, a greater number of passengers in stage-coaches were formerly each year killed or injured by accidents to which they in no way contributed through their own carelessness, than are now killed under the same conditions in our railroad cars. In other words, the introduction of the modern railroad, so far from proportionately increasing the dangers of traveling, has absolutely dimin-

ished them. It is not, after all, the dangers but the safety of the modern railroad which should excite our special wonder.

What is the average length of the railroad journey resulting in death by accident to a prudent traveler? What is the average length of one resulting in some personal injury to him? These are two questions which interest every one. Few persons, probably, start upon any considerable journey, implying days and nights on the rail, without almost unconsciously taking into some consideration the risks of accident. Visions of collision, derailment, plunging through bridges, will rise unbidden. Even the old traveler who has enjoyed a long immunity is apt at times, with some little apprehension, to call to mind the musty adage of the pitcher and the well, and to ask himself how much longer it will be safe for him to rely on his good luck. A hundred thousand miles, perhaps, and no accident yet! Surely, on every doctrine of chances, he now owes to fate an arm or a leg; perhaps even a life. The statistics of a long series of years enable us, however, to approximate with a tolerable degree of precision to an answer to these questions, and the answer is simply astounding; so astounding, in fact, that before undertaking to give it, the question itself ought to be stated with all possible precision. It is this: Taking all persons who as passengers travel by rail, — and this includes all who dwell in civilized countries, — what number of journeys of the average length are safely accomplished, to each one which results in the death or injury of a passenger from some cause over which he had no control? The cases of death or injury must be confined to passengers, and to those of them only who expose themselves to no unnecessary risk.

When approaching a question of this sort, statisticians are apt to assume for their answers an appearance of mathematical accuracy. It is needless to say that this is a mere affectation. The best results which can be arrived at are, after all, mere approximations, and they also vary greatly year by year. The body

of facts from which conclusions are to be deduced must cover not only a definite area of space, but also a considerable lapse of time. Even Great Britain, with its 17,000 miles of track and its hundreds of millions of annual passenger journeys, shows results which vary strangely, one year with another. For instance, during the four years anterior to 1874, but one passenger was killed, upon an average, to each 11,000,000 carried; while in 1874 the proportion, under the influence of a succession of disasters, suddenly doubled, rising to one in every 5,500,000. If such is the case in Great Britain, the annual fluctuations in the narrower field of a single State in this country might well seem at first glance to set all computation at defiance. During the ten years, for example, between 1861 and 1870, about 200,000,000 passengers were returned as carried on the Massachusetts roads, with 135 cases of injury to individuals. Then came the year of the Revere disaster, and out of 26,000,000 carried, no less than 115 were killed or injured. Four years of comparative immunity then ensued, during which, out of 130,000,000 carried, but one was killed and forty-five injured. In other words, through a period of ten years the casualties were approximately as one to 1,500,000; then during a single year they rose to one in 225,000, or a sevenfold increase; and then through a period of four years they diminished to one in 3,400,000, a decrease of about ninety per cent.

Taking, however, the very worst of years, — the year of the Revere disaster, which stands unparalleled in the annals of Massachusetts, — it will yet be found that the answer to the question as to the length of the average railroad journey resulting in death or in injury will be expressed, not in thousands nor in hundreds of thousands of miles, but in millions. During that year some twenty-six million passenger journeys were made within the limits of the State, and each journey averaged a distance of about thirteen miles. It would seem, therefore, that even in that year the average journey resulting in death was

11,000,000 miles, while that resulting either in death or in personal injury was not less than 3,300,000.

The year 1871, however, represented by no means a fair average. On the contrary, it indicated what may fairly be considered an excessive degree of danger, exciting nervous apprehensions in the breasts of those even who were not constitutionally timid. Let us take, therefore, the whole period, the fifteen years, from 1861 to 1874 inclusive, and from them deduce an average. The number of passengers carried within the limits of the State during that period was in the neighborhood of 350,000,000. Of these, 39 were killed and 250 injured from causes wholly beyond their own control, or less than one passenger in each 8,900,000 killed, and about one in each 1,400,000 injured. Through a period of fifteen years, therefore, the average journey in Massachusetts resulting in death was about 115,000,000 miles, and that resulting in either death or injury, over 18,000,000.

The Revere disaster, however, brought about many and important changes in the methods of operating the railroads of Massachusetts. Among others, it introduced into general use the train-brake and Miller's method of car construction. Consequently the danger incident to railroad traveling was materially reduced; and in the next four years (1872-75) 130,000,000 passenger journeys were made within the limits of the State, and, while only forty-two persons were in any way injured, but a single one was killed. During these years, therefore, the average journey resulting in any description of injury to a passenger was close upon 40,000,000 miles, while an aggregate journey of 1,700,000,000 miles or thereabouts was accomplished with the loss of but a single life.

But it may fairly be asked, What, after all, do these figures mean? They are, indeed, so large as to exceed comprehension; for, after certain comparatively narrow limits are passed, the practical infinite is approached, and the mere adding of a few more ciphers after a numeral conveys no new idea. On the

contrary, the piling up of figures rather tends to weaken than to strengthen a statement, for to many it suggests an idea of ridiculous exaggeration. Indeed, when a few years ago a somewhat similar statement to that just made was advanced in an official report, a critic undertook to expose the fallacy of it in the columns of a daily paper by referring to a case within the writer's own observation, in which a family of three persons had been killed by an accident on their very first journey in a railroad car. It is not, of course, necessary to waste time over such a criticism as this. Railroad accidents continually take place and in consequence of them people are killed and injured, and of these there may well be some who are, then making their first journey by rail; but in estimating the dangers of railroad traveling the much larger number who are not killed or injured at all must likewise be taken into consideration. Any reader of this paper in a railroad car may be killed or injured through some accident even while his eye is glancing over the figures which show how infinitesimal his danger is; but the chances are none the less as a million to one that any particular reader will go down to his grave uninjured by any accident on the rail, unless it be occasioned by his or her own carelessness.

Admitting, therefore, that ill luck or hard fortune must fall to the lot of certain unascertainable persons, yet the chances of incurring that ill fortune are so small that they are not materially increased by any amount of traveling which can be accomplished within the limits of a human life. So far from exhausting a fair average immunity from accident by constant traveling, the statistics of Massachusetts during the last four years would seem to indicate that if any given person were born upon a railroad car and remained upon it, traveling five hundred miles a day all his life, he would, with average good fortune, be about two hundred and twenty years old before he would be involved in any accident resulting in his death or personal injury. Even supposing that the most exceptional

average of the "Revere" year became usual, a man who was killed in an accident at seventy years of age should, unless he were fairly to be accounted unfortunate, have accomplished a journey of some four hundred and forty miles every day of his life, Sundays included, from the time of his birth to that of his death; while even to have brought him within the fair liability of any injury at all, his daily journey should have been some one hundred and twenty miles.

In this connection it is not without interest to examine the vital statistics of some considerable city, for they show clearly enough what a large degree of literal truth there was in the half jocose proposition attributed to John Bright, that the safest place in which a man could put himself was inside a first-class railroad carriage of a train in full motion. Take the statistics of Boston, for instance, for the year 1874. During that year, it will be remembered, a single passenger only was killed on the railroads of the State in consequence of an accident to which he by his own carelessness in no way contributed. That year, too, was a disastrous one for travelers, as compared either with that which preceded or with that which followed it. Yet during the year 1874, excluding all cases of mere injury of which no account was made, not less than fifteen persons came to their deaths in Boston from falling down-stairs, and twelve from falling out of windows; fourteen were burned to death, and seventeen were killed by being run over by teams in the streets, while the pastime of coasting was carried on at the cost of ten lives more. There were eight deaths that year in Boston from those forms of violence which are classified under the head of homicide; and, indeed, there is small risk in venturing the assertion that during the last sixteen years there have been more persons — probably at least twice as many — murdered in the city of Boston alone than have lost their lives through the negligence of all the railroad corporations in the whole State of Massachusetts. Neither are the comparative results here stated in any re-

spect novel or peculiar to Massachusetts. Years ago it was officially announced in France that people were less safe in their own houses than while traveling on the railroads; and in support of this somewhat startling proposition statistics were produced showing fourteen cases of death of persons remaining at home and there falling over carpets, or, in the case of females, having their garments catch fire, to ten deaths on the rail. Even the game of cricket counted eight victims to the railroad's ten.

It will not, of course, be inferred that the cases of death or injury to passengers from causes beyond their control include by any means all the casualties involved in the operation of the railroad system. On the contrary, they include but a very small portion of them. The experience of the Massachusetts roads during the four years between September 30, 1871, and September 30, 1875, may again be cited in reference to this point. During that time there were but forty-two cases of injury to passengers from causes over which they had no control, but in connection with the entire working of the railroad system no less than 1120 cases of injury were reported, of which 600 were fatal; an average of 150 deaths a year. Of these cases, naturally, a large proportion were employés, whose occupation not only involves much necessary risk, but whose familiarity with risk causes them always to incur it even in the most unnecessary and foolhardy manner. During the four years, 192 of them were killed and 220 were reported as injured. Nor is it supposed that this list included by any means all the cases of injury which occurred. More than half of the accidents to employés are occasioned by their falling from the trains when in motion, usually from freight trains and in cold weather, and from being crushed between cars while engaged in coupling them together. From this last cause alone an average of thirty casualties are annually reported. One fact, however, will sufficiently illustrate how very difficult it is to protect this class of men from danger, or rather from themselves. As is well

known, on freight trains they are obliged to ride on the tops of the cars; but these are built so high that their roofs come dangerously near the bottoms of the highway bridges, which cross the tracks sometimes in close proximity to each other. Accordingly many unfortunate brakemen were killed by being knocked off the trains as they passed under these bridges. With a view to affording the utmost possible protection against this form of accident, a statute was passed by the Massachusetts legislature compelling the corporations to erect guards at a suitable distance from every overhead bridge which was less than eighteen feet in the clear above the track. These guards were so arranged as to swing lightly across the tops of the cars, giving any one standing upon them a sharp rap, warning him of the danger he was in. This warning rap, however, so annoyed the brakemen that the guards were on a number of the roads systematically destroyed as often as they were put up; so that at last another law had to be passed, making their destruction a criminal offense. The brakemen themselves resisted the attempt to divest their perilous occupation of one of its most insidious dangers.

In this respect, however, brakemen differ in no degree from the rest of the community. On all hands railroad accidents seem to be systematically encouraged, and the wonder is that the list of casualties is not larger. In Massachusetts, for instance, even in the most crowded portions of the largest cities and towns, not only do the railroads cross the highways at grade, but whenever new thoroughfares are laid out, the people of the neighborhood almost invariably insist upon their crossing the railroads at grade and not otherwise. Not but that upon theory and in the abstract every one is opposed to grade-crossings; but those most directly concerned almost always claim that every new case is exceptional in character. In vain do corporations protest and public officials argue; when the concrete case arises, all neighborhoods become alike, and strenuously insist on their

right to incur everlasting danger rather than to have the level of their streets broken. During the last four years, in Massachusetts, eighty-seven persons have been injured, and forty-four of them fatally injured, at these crossings, and it is as certain as fate that the number is destined to annually increase. What the result in a remote future will be, it is not now easy to forecast. One thing only would seem certain: the time will come when the two classes of traffic now so recklessly made to cross each other will at many points have to be separated, no matter at what cost to the community which now challenges the danger it will then find itself compelled to avoid.

The heaviest and most regular cause of death and injury involved in the operation of the railroad system yet remains to be referred to, and again it is recklessness which is at the root of it, and this time recklessness in direct violation of law. The railroad tracks are everywhere favorite promenades, and apparently even resting-places, especially for those who are more or less drunk. In Great Britain physical demolition by a railroad train is also a somewhat favorite method of committing suicide, and that, too, in the most deliberate and cold-blooded manner. Cases have not been uncommon in which persons have been seen to coolly lay themselves down in front of an advancing train, and, placing their necks across the rail, in this way to effect very neatly their own decapitation. In England alone, during the last three years, there have been no less than eighty-eight railroad suicides. In America these cases are not returned in a class by themselves. Under the general head of accidents to trespassers, however, that is, accidents to men, women, and children, especially the latter, illegally lying, walking, or playing on the tracks or riding upon the cars, — under this head are regularly classified more than one third of all the casualties incident to working the Massachusetts railroads. During the last four years these have amounted to an aggregate of 393 cases of injury, no less

than 280 of which were fatal. Of course very many other cases of this description, which were not fatal, were never reported. And here again the recklessness of the public has received further illustration, and this time in a very unpleasant way. Certain corporations operating roads terminating in Boston endeavored at one time to diminish this slaughter by enforcing the laws against walking on railroad tracks. A few trespassers were arrested and fined, and then the resentment of those whose wonted privileges were thus interfered with began to make itself felt. Obstructions were found placed in the way of night trains. The mere attempt to keep people from risking their lives by getting in the way of locomotives placed whole trains full of passengers in imminent jeopardy. So throughout: in order to guard men against danger in connection with railroads, the crying need is to guard them against themselves.

Meanwhile, taken even in its largest aggregate, the loss of life incident to the working of the railroad system is not excessive, nor is it out of proportion to what might reasonably be expected. It is to be constantly borne in mind, not only that the railroad performs a great function in modern life, but that it also and of necessity performs it in a very dangerous way. A practically irresistible force crashing through the busy hive of modern civilization at a wild rate of speed, going hither and thither, across highways and by-ways and along a path which is in itself a thoroughfare,—such an agency cannot be expected to work incessantly and yet never to come in contact with the human frame. Naturally, however, it might be a very car of Juggernaut. Is it so in fact? To demonstrate that it is not, it is but necessary again to recur to the comparison between the statistics of railroad accidents and those which necessarily occur in the experience of all considerable cities. Take again those of Boston and of the railroad system of Massachusetts. These for the purposes of illustration are as good as any, and in their results would only be confirmed in the expe-

rience of Paris as compared with the railroad system of France, or in that of London as compared with the railroad system of Great Britain. During the four years between September 30, 1870, and September 30, 1874, the entire railroad system of Massachusetts was operated at a cost of 635 lives, apart from all cases of injury which did not prove fatal. The returns in this respect also may be accepted as reasonably accurate, as the deaths were all returned, though the cases of merely personal injury probably were not. During that same period, 1050 cases of accidental death were recorded as having taken place in the city of Boston. In other words, the annual average of deaths by accident in the city of Boston alone exceeds that consequent on running all the railroads of the State by sixty-four per cent. Unless, therefore, the railroad system is to be considered as an exception to all other functions of modern life, and as such is to be expected to do its work without injury to life or limb, this showing does not constitute a very heavy indictment against it.

Up to this point, the statistics and experience of Massachusetts only have been referred to. This is owing to the fact that the railroad returns of that State are more carefully prepared and tabulated than are those of most of the States, and afford, therefore, more satisfactory data from which to draw conclusions. The territorial area from which the statistics are in this case derived is very limited, and it yet remains to compare the results deduced from them with those derived from the similar experience of other communities. This, however, is not an easy thing to do; and, while it is difficult enough as respects Europe, it is even more difficult as respects America taken as a whole. This last fact is especially unfortunate in view of the circumstance that, in regard to railroad accidents, the United States, whether deservedly or not, enjoy a most undesirable reputation. Foreign authorities have a way of referring to our "well-known national disregard of human life," with a sort of *de haut*

en bas complacency which is the reverse of pleasing. Judging by the tone of their comments, the natural inference would be that railroad disasters of the worst description were in America matters of such frequent occurrence as to excite scarcely any remark. As will presently be made very apparent, this impression, for it is only an impression, can, so far as the country as a whole is concerned, neither be proved nor disproved, from the absence of sufficient data upon which to argue. As respects Massachusetts, however, and the same statement may perhaps be made of the whole belt of States north of the Potomac and the Ohio, there is no basis for it. There is no reason to suppose that railroad traveling is throughout that region accompanied by any peculiar or unusual degree of danger; and, indeed, there is reason for concluding that it is essentially safer there than it is in Great Britain.

The great difficulty just referred to, of comparing the results deduced from equally complete statistics of different countries, lies in the variety of the arbitrary rules under which the computations in making them up are effected. As an example in point, take the railroad returns of Great Britain and those of Massachusetts. They are in each case prepared with a great deal of care, and the results deduced from them may fairly be accepted as approximately correct. As respects accidents, the number of cases of death and of personal injury are annually reported, and with tolerable completeness, though in the latter respect there is probably in both cases room for improvement. The whole comparison turns, however, on the way in which the entire number of passengers annually carried is computed. In Great Britain, for instance, in 1874, these were returned, using round numbers only, at 480,000,000, and in Massachusetts at 33,000,000. By dividing these totals by the number of cases of death and injury reported as occurring to passengers from causes beyond their control, and in this respect the returns are probably in each case almost certain-

ly correct, we shall arrive apparently at a fair comparative showing as to the relative safety of railroad traveling in the two communities. The result for that particular year would have been that while in Great Britain one passenger in each 5,600,000 was killed and one in each 300,000 injured from causes beyond their control, in Massachusetts none were killed and only one in each 6,600,000 were in any way injured. Unfortunately, however, a closer examination reveals a very grave error in the computation, affecting every comparative result drawn from it. In the English returns no allowance whatever is made for the very large number of journeys made by season-ticket or commutation passengers, while in Massachusetts, on the contrary, each person of this class enters into the grand total as making two trips each day, 156 trips on each quarterly ticket, and 626 trips during the year. Now in 1874 no less than 493,957 holders of season tickets were returned by the roads of Great Britain. How many of these were quarterly and how many were annual travelers does not appear. If they were all annual travelers, no less than 210,000,000 journeys should be added to the 480,000,000 in the returns, in order to arrive at an equal basis for a comparison between the foreign and the American roads: this method, however, would be manifestly inaccurate, so it only remains, in the absence of all reliable data, and for the purposes of comparison solely, to strike out from the Massachusetts returns the 6,752,540 season-ticket passages, which at once reduces by over 1,400,000 the number of journeys to each case of injury. As season-ticket passengers do travel and are exposed to danger in the same degree as trip-ticket passengers, no result is approximately accurate which leaves them out of the computation. At present, however, the question relates not to the positive danger or safety of traveling by rail, but to its relative danger in different communities.

Making allowance, however, for this discrepancy, and reducing the figures of the Massachusetts returns to the English

basis, it will be found that during the sixteen years between 1860 and 1875, about 260,000,000 passenger journeys were made within the limits of the State, or one passenger in each 6,600,000 carried was killed, and one in each million was injured, from causes beyond their control. The doings of these sixteen years on the Massachusetts roads represent, however, after all, but little more than the doings of six months on the roads of Great Britain. In order to effect a comparison, therefore, it is not necessary to go back over so long a period of the English returns; four years are ample. Taking, then, the last four (1871-74), it is found that during that period about 1,735,000,000 passenger journeys were made over the roads of Great Britain, and these resulted in 5377 cases of injury to passengers in the cars, of which number 162 were fatal; or in round numbers one case of injury to each 333,000 persons carried, and a case of death to each 10,700,000. In other words, while owing to the terribly fatal accident at Revere in 1871, with its 29 deaths at once, the average of fatal injuries has been in Massachusetts about twice that of Great Britain, yet as respects the total of casualties the proportion is decidedly in favor of Massachusetts, her returns showing but one case in 900,000 while the English returns indicate one in about 330,000. When the question reverts, however, to the general cost of life and limb to the entire communities at which the railroad systems are worked and the railroad traffic is carried on, the comparison is less favorable to Massachusetts. Taking the four years of 1871-74, the English returns included 12,450 cases of injury, and 4345 of death; while those of Massachusetts for the same years included 635 deaths, with only 523 cases of injury; in the one case a total of 16,795 casualties, as compared with 1158 in the other. It will, however, be noticed that while in the English returns the cases of injury are nearly threefold those of death, in the Massachusetts returns the deaths exceed the cases of injury. This fact cannot but throw grave suspicion on the

completeness of the latter returns. As a matter of practical experience it is well known that cases of injury almost invariably exceed those of death, and those returns in which the disproportion is greatest are probably the most full and reliable. Taking, therefore, the deaths in the two cases as the better basis for comparison, it will be found that the roads of Great Britain in the grand result accomplished seventeen-fold the work of those of Massachusetts with less than seven times as many casualties; had the proportion between the results accomplished and the fatal injuries inflicted been maintained, but 255 deaths instead of 635 would have appeared in the Massachusetts returns. The reason of this difference in result is worth looking for, and fortunately the statistical tables are in both cases carried sufficiently into detail to make an analysis possible; and this analysis, when made, seems to indicate very clearly that while for those directly connected with the railroads, either as passengers or as employes, the Massachusetts system in its working involves relatively a less degree of danger than that of Great Britain, yet for the outside community it involves very much more. Take, for instance, the two heads of accidents at grade-crossings and accidents to trespassers, which have already been referred to. In Great Britain highway grade-crossings are discouraged. In Massachusetts they are practically insisted upon. The results of the policy pursued may in each case be read with sufficient distinctness in the bills of mortality. During the years 1872-74, of 878 casualties to persons on the railroads of Massachusetts, 106 occurred at highway grade-crossings. Had the accidents of this description in Great Britain been equally numerous in proportion to the larger volume of the traffic of that country, they would have resulted in 1600 cases of death or personal injury; they did in fact result in 289 such cases. In Massachusetts, again, to walk at will on any part of a railroad track is looked upon as a sort of prescriptive and inalienable right of every member of the community, irrespective of age, sex, color,

or previous condition of servitude. Accordingly, during the three years referred to, this right was exercised at the cost of life or limb to 290 persons, — one in three of all the casualties which occurred in connection with the railroad system. In Great Britain the custom of using the tracks of railroads as a foot-path seems to exist, but, so far from being regarded as a right, it is practiced in perpetual terror of the law. Accordingly, instead of some 5000 cases of death or injury from this cause during these three years, which would have been the proportion under like conditions in Massachusetts, the returns showed only 1266. These two are among the most constant and fruitful causes of accident in connection with the railroad system of America. In Great Britain their proportion to the whole number of casualties which take place is scarcely a fifth part what it is with us in Massachusetts: here they constitute very nearly fifty per cent. of all the accidents which occur; there they constitute barely ten per cent.

When we pass from Great Britain to the continental countries of Europe, the difficulties in the way of any fair comparison of results become greater and greater. The statistics do not enter sufficiently into detail, nor is the basis of computation apparent. It is generally conceded that, where a due degree of caution is exercised, railroad traveling in continental countries is attended with a much less degree of danger than in England. When we come to the returns, however, they hardly bear out this conclusion; at least to the degree commonly supposed. Take France, for example. Nowhere is human life more carefully guarded than in that country, yet their returns show that of 866,000,000 passengers transported on the French railroads during the eleven years 1859-69, no less than 65 were killed and 1285 injured from causes beyond their control; or one in each 13,000,000 killed as compared with one in 10,700,000 in Great Britain; and one in every 674,000 injured as compared with one in each 330,000 in the other country, or one in 900,000 in Massachusetts. During the single

year 1869, about 111,000,000 passengers were carried on the French lines, at a general cost to the community of 2416 casualties, of which 295 were fatal. In Massachusetts, during the four years 1871-74, about 95,000,000 passengers were carried, at a reported cost of 1158 casualties. This showing might well be considered favorable to Massachusetts did not the single fact that her returns included more than twice as many deaths as the French, with only a quarter as many injuries, make it at once apparent that the statistics were at fault. Under these circumstances comparison could only be made between the numbers of deaths reported; which would indicate that, in proportion to the work done, the railroad operations of Massachusetts involved about twice and a half more cases of injury to life and limb than those of the French service. As respects Great Britain the comparison is much more favorable, the returns showing an almost exactly equal general death-rate in the two countries in proportion to their volumes of traffic; the volume of Great Britain being about four times that of France, while its death-rate by railroad accidents was as 1100 to 295.

With the exception of Belgium, however, in which country the returns cover only the lines operated by the state, the basis hardly exists for a useful comparison between the dangers of injury from accident on the continental railroads and on those of Great Britain and America. The several systems are operated on wholly different principles, to meet the needs of communities between whose modes of life and thought little similarity exists. The continental trains are far less crowded than either the English or the American, and when accidents occur fewer persons are involved in them. They are apt also to move under much stricter regulation and at lower rates of speed, so that there is a grain of truth in the English sarcasm that on a German railway "it almost seems as if beer-drinking at the stations were the principal business, and traveling a mere accessory."

Limiting, therefore, the comparison to

the railroads of Great Britain, it remains to be seen whether the evil reputation of the American roads as respects accidents is wholly deserved. Is it indeed true that the danger to a passenger's life and limbs is so much greater in this country than elsewhere? Locally, and so far as Massachusetts at least is concerned, it certainly is not. How is it with the country taken as a whole? The lack of all reliable statistics as respects this wide field of inquiry has already been referred to. We have no trustworthy data. We do not know with accuracy even the number of miles of road operated; much less the number of passengers annually carried. As respects accidents, and the deaths and injuries resulting from them, some information may be gathered from a careful and very valuable, because the only, record which has been preserved during the last three years in the columns of the *Railroad Gazette*. From the very nature of the case, however, this record cannot be complete, nor does it pretend to anything like official accuracy. It is, however, the only guide we have. During the years 1873-74 the *Gazette* recorded 2294 train-accidents as occurring on the railroads of this country, resulting in 503 deaths and 2002 cases of personal injury. During the same years 2703 train-accidents were officially reported in Great Britain, resulting in 195 deaths and 3612 cases of injury. The English returns covered with accuracy the operations of some 17,000 miles of road; the American record embraced something like 72,000. Far more trains were run, however, and more passengers carried, on the 17,000 miles than on the 72,000. Indeed, excluding all those traveling on season or commutation tickets, no less than 480,000,000 passengers were carried over the roads of Great Britain in 1874; while the returns for that year of fifteen of the principal railroad States of this country, including all New England, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Illinois, representing considerably more than half of our whole railroad mileage, aggregate only 134,000,000 passengers. Allowing for the mileage of the remaining States

in the same proportion, — manifestly an overestimate, — the number of passengers now annually carried on all the railroads in the country would but little exceed 240,000,000. In reality, it is probably less than 200,000,000. Conceding, however, that the larger number is approximately accurate, and accepting as equally accurate the record of the *Gazette*, we yet find that in carrying exactly half as many passengers as the roads of Great Britain, the American roads met with three quarters as many accidents, resulting in twice the number of deaths and half as many cases of injury. Under the most favorable showing, therefore, it would seem that in America, taken as a whole, the dangers incident to railroad traveling are indeed materially greater than in any country of Europe. How much greater is a question wholly impossible to answer. So that when a statistical writer undertakes to show, as one eminent European authority has done, that 'in a given year on the American roads one passenger in every 286,179 was killed, and one in every 90,737 was injured, it is charitable to suppose that in regard to America only is he indebted to his imagination for his figures.

Neither is it possible to analyze with any satisfactory degree of precision the nature of the accidents in the two countries, with a view to drawing inferences from them. But without attempting to enter into details, the record reveals one salient fact: out of 661 English accidents, no less than 492 came under the head of collisions, — whether head collisions, rear collisions, or collisions on sidings or at junctions. In other words, to collisions of some sort between trains were due three out of four accidents which took place in Great Britain, while only 63, or less than ten per cent. of the whole, were due to derailments from all causes. In America, on the other hand, these figures were nearly reversed; for, while of the 3311 accidents recorded, but 835, or less than one fourth part, were due to collisions, no less than 2076, or sixty per cent., were classed under the head of derailments. These figures cu-

iously illustrate the different manner in which the railroads of the two countries have been constructed, and the different circumstances under which they are operated. The English collisions are distinctly traceable to the constant overcrowding of their lines; the American derailments to the inferior construction of our road-beds.

Finally, what of late years has been done to diminish the dangers of the rail? What more can be done? Few persons realize what a tremendous pressure in this respect is constantly bearing down upon those whose business it is to operate railroads. A great accident is not only a terrible blow to the pride and prestige of a corporation, not only does it practically ruin the unfortunate officials involved in it, but it entails also portentous financial consequences. Juries proverbially have little mercy for railroad corporations, and when a disaster comes, these have practically no choice but to follow the scriptural injunction to settle with their adversaries quickly. The Revere catastrophe, for instance, cost the railroad company liable on account of it over half a million of dollars; and a few years ago in England a jury awarded a sum of \$65,000 for damages sustained through the death of a single individual. During the five years 1867-71, the railroad corporations of Great Britain paid out over \$11,000,000 in compensation for damages occasioned by accidents. In view of such money consequences of disaster, alone, it would be most unnatural did not each new accident lead to the adoption of better appliances to prevent its recurrence.

Four of these appliances of comparatively recent origin are so important, and have so greatly diminished the dangers of the rail, that they are deserving of more than a passing notice. Two of them are of English origin, and two of American; all of them have naturally been called into existence and developed to meet the peculiar requirements of the country in which they originated. These four appliances are the block system, the interlocking of points and signals system, the continuous train-brake,

and the Miller car construction. The first two were gradually developed under the tremendous pressure of traffic which is a peculiarity of the English lines; the last two are American inventions, designed the one to prevent accidents, the other to protect the passengers when accidents do occur. The limits of this paper do not admit of doing justice to these triumphs of railroad mechanism; yet they should be much more popularly appreciated than they are by those who almost daily owe their safety to them. At present they can only be alluded to; in a future paper they will be described at length.

To return, however, to the subject of railroad accidents, and the final conclusion to be drawn from the statistics which have been presented. That conclusion briefly stated is that the charges of recklessness and indifference so generally and so widely advanced against those managing the railroads cannot for an instant be sustained. After all, as was said in the beginning of this paper, it is not the danger but the safety of the railroad which should excite our wonder. If any one doubts this, it is very easy to satisfy himself of the fact, — that is, if by nature he is gifted with the slightest spark of imagination. It is but necessary to stand once on the platform of a way-station and to look at an express train dashing by. There are few sights finer; few better calculated to quicken the pulses. It is most striking at night. The glare of the head-light, the rush and throb of the locomotive, the connecting rod and driving-wheels of which seem instinct with nervous life, the flashing lamps in the cars, and the final whirl of dust in which the red tail-lights vanish almost as soon as they are seen, — all this is well calculated to excite our wonder; but the special and unending cause for wonder is how, in case of accident, anything whatever is left of the train. It would seem to be inevitable that something must happen, and that, whatever it may be, it must necessarily involve both the train and every one in it in utter and irremediable destruction. Here is a body weighing in the neigh-

borhood of two hundred tons, moving over the face of the earth at a speed of sixty feet a second and held to its course only by two slender lines of iron rails, and yet it is safe. Half a century ago, when the possibility of something remotely like this was first discussed, a writer in *The British Quarterly* earned for himself a lasting fame by using this expression, which has since become one of the familiar passages of literature: "We should as soon expect people to suffer themselves to be fired off upon one of Congreve's *ricochet* rockets, as trust themselves to the mercy of such a machine, going at such a rate; their property, perhaps, they may trust." At the time he wrote, the chances were ninety-nine in a hundred that the critic was right, and yet, because reality, not for the first nor the last time, saw fit to outstrip the wildest flights of imagination, he blundered, by being prudent, into an immortality of ridicule. The thing, however, is still none the less a miracle because it is with us matter of daily observation. That, indeed, is the most

miraculous part of it. At all hours of the day and of the night, during every season of the year, this movement is going on. It never wholly stops. It depends for its even action on every conceivable contingency, from the disciplined vigilance of thousands of employes to the condition of the atmosphere, the heat of an axle, or the strength of a nail. The vast machine is kept in constant motion, and the derangement of any one of a myriad of conditions may at any moment occasion one of those inequalities of movement which are known as accidents. Yet at the end of the year, of the hundreds of millions of passengers, fewer have lost their lives through these accidents than have been murdered in cold blood. Not without reason, therefore, has it been asserted that, viewing at once the speed, the certainty, and the safety with which the intricate movement of modern life is carried on, there is no more creditable monument to human care, human skill, and human foresight, than the statistics of railroad accidents.

Charles Francis Adams, Jr.

THE CURRENCY CONFLICT.

IN the autumn of 1862 I spent several weeks with Secretary Chase, and was permitted to share his studies of the financial questions which were then engrossing his attention. He was preparing to submit to Congress his matured plans for a system of banking and currency to meet the necessities of the war, and this subject formed the chief theme of his conversation. He was specially anxious to work out in his own mind the probable relations of greenbacks to gold, to the five-twenty bonds, to the proposed national bank-notes, and to the business of the country.

One evening the conversation turned on some question relating to the laws of motion, and Mr. Chase asked for a defi-

nition of motion. Some one answered, "Matter is inert; spirit alone can move; therefore motion is the spirit of God made manifest in matter." The secretary said: "If that is a good definition, then legal-tender notes must be the devil made manifest in paper; for no man can foresee what mischief they may do when they are once let loose." He gravely doubted whether that war-born spirit, summoned to serve us in a dreadful emergency, would be mustered out of service with honor when the conflict should end, or, at the return of peace, would capture public opinion and enslave the nation it had served. To what extent his fears were well founded may be ascertained by comparing the

present state of the public mind in regard to the principles of monetary science with that which prevailed when our existing financial machinery was set up.

More than a million votes will be cast at the next presidential election by men who were school-boys in their primers when the great financial measures of 1862 were adopted; and they do not realize how fast or how far the public mind has drifted. The log-book of this extraordinary voyage cannot be read too often. Let it be constantly borne in mind that fourteen years ago the American people considered themselves well instructed in the leading doctrines of monetary science. They had enjoyed, or rather suffered, an extraordinary experience. There was hardly an experiment in banking and currency that they or their fathers had not fully tested.

THE CURRENCY DOCTRINES OF 1862.

The statesmen of that period, the leaders of public thought, and the people of all political parties were substantially unanimous in the opinion that the only safe instrument of exchange known among men was standard coin, or paper convertible into coin at the will of the holder.

I will not affirm that this opinion was absolutely unanimous; for doubtless there was here and there a dreamer who looked upon paper money as a sort of fetich, and was ready to crown it as a god. There are always a few who believe in the quadrature of the circle and the perpetual motion. I recently met a cultivated American who is a firm believer in Buddha, and rejoices in the hope of attaining Nirvâna beyond the grave. The gods of Greece were dis-crowned and disowned by the civilized world a thousand years ago; yet within the last generation an eminent English scholar attested his love for classical learning and his devotion to the Greek mythology by actually sacrificing a bull to Jupiter, in the back parlor of his house in London. So, in 1862, there

may have been followers of William Lowndes and of John Law among our people, and here and there a philosopher who dreamed of an ideal standard of value stripped of all the grossness of so coarse and vulgar a substance as gold. But they dwelt apart in silence, and their opinions made scarce a ripple on the current of public thought.

No one can read the history of that year without observing the great reluctance, the apprehension, the positive dread, with which the statesmen and people of that day ventured upon the experiment of making treasury notes a legal tender for private debts. They did it under the pressure of an overmastering necessity, to meet the immediate demands of the war, and with a most determined purpose to return to the old standard at the earliest possible moment. Indeed, the very act that made the greenbacks a legal tender provided the effective means for retiring them.

Distressing as was the crisis, urgent as was the need, a large number of the best and most patriotic men in Congress voted against the act. The ground of their opposition was well expressed by Owen Lovejoy, of Illinois, who, after acknowledging the unparalleled difficulties and dangers of the situation, said, "There is no precipice, there is no chasm, there is no possible bottomless, yawning gulf before the nation so appalling, so ruinous, as this same bill that is before us."

Of those who supported the measure, not one defended it as a permanent policy. All declared that they did not abate a jot of their faith in the soundness of the old doctrines.

Thaddeus Stevens said, "This bill is a measure of necessity, not of choice. No one would willingly issue paper currency not redeemable on demand, and make it a legal tender. It is never desirable to depart from the circulating medium which, by the common consent of civilized nations, forms the standard of value."

In the Senate the legal-tender clause was adopted by only five majority: The senators who supported it were keenly

alive to its dangerous character. Mr. Fessenden, chairman of the committee on finance, said of the bill, "It proposes something utterly unknown in this government from its foundation: a resort to a measure of doubtful constitutionality, to say the least of it, which has always been denounced as ruinous to the credit of any government which has recourse to it; . . . a measure which, when it has been tried by other countries, as it often has been, has always proved a disastrous failure."

With extreme reluctance he supported the bill, but said the committee was bound "that an assurance should be given to the country that it was to be resorted to only as a *policy*; that it was what it professed to be, but a *temporary measure*. I have not heard any man express a contrary opinion, or, at least, any man who has spoken on the subject in Congress. . . . All the gentlemen who have written on the subject, except some wild speculators on currency, have declared that as a policy it would be ruinous to any people; *and it has been defended, as I have stated, simply and solely upon the ground that it is to be a single measure standing alone, and not to be repeated*. . . . It is put upon the ground of *absolute, overwhelming necessity*."

Mr. Sumner, who supported the bill, said, "Surely we must all be against paper money, we must insist upon maintaining the integrity of the government, and we must all set our faces against any proposition like the present except as a temporary expedient, rendered imperative by the exigency of the hour. . . . A remedy which at another moment you would reject is now proposed. Whatever may be the national resources, they are not now in reach except by summary process. Reluctantly, painfully, I consent that the process should issue. And yet I cannot give such a vote without warning the government against the dangers from such an experiment. The medicine of the constitution must not become its daily bread."

Such was the unanimous sentiment which animated Congress in making its solemn pledge to return to the old path

as soon as the immediate danger should pass.

The close of the war revealed some change of opinion, but the purpose of 1862 was still maintained. December 14, 1865, the House of Representatives resolved, —

"That the House cordially concurs in the views of the Secretary of the Treasury in relation to the necessity of a contraction of the currency with a view to as early a resumption of specie payments as the business interest of the country will permit; and we hereby pledge coöperative action to this end as speedily as practicable."

This resolution was adopted on a call of the ayes and noes, by the decisive vote of one hundred and forty-four to six.

The last ten years have witnessed such a change of sentiment as seldom occurs in one generation. During that time, we have had a Babel of conflicting theories. Every exploded financial dogma of the last two hundred years has been revived and advocated. Congresses and political parties have been agitated and convulsed by the discussion of old and new schemes to escape from the control of the universal laws of value, and to reach prosperity and wealth without treading the time-worn path of honest industry and solid values. All this recalls Mr. Chase's definition of irredeemable paper money.

The great conflict of opinion resulting from this change of sentiment finds expression in the cries of "hard money" and "soft money" which have been so constantly echoed from State to State during the last six months. Following these as rallying-cries, the people are assembled in hostile political camps, from which they will soon march out to fight the presidential battle of 1876.

The recently invented term "soft money" does not convey a very precise notion of the doctrine it is intended to describe. In fact, it is applied to the doctrines of several distinct groups of theorists, who differ widely among themselves, but who all agree in opposing a return to specie as the basis of our monetary system.

The scope of these opinions will be seen in the declarations which recent public discussions have brought forth.

(1.) Most of the advocates of soft money deny that political economy is a universal science. They insist that each nation should have a political economy of its own. In pursuance of this opinion, they affirm that our country should have a standard of value peculiar to itself, and a circulating medium which other nations will not use; in short, a non-exportable currency.

"Beyond the sea, in foreign lands, it [our greenback currency] fortunately is not money; but, sir, when have we had such an unbroken career of prosperity in business as since we adopted this non-exportable currency?" (Hon. W. D. Kelley.)

"Money should be a thing of or belonging to a country, not of the world. An exportable commodity is not fitted to be money." (Quoted as a motto by Henry Carey Baird.)

"I desire the dollar to be made of such material that it shall never be exported or desirable to carry it out of the country." (Hon. B. F. Butler, Cooper Institute, October 15, 1875.)

The venerable Henry C. Carey, under date of August 15, 1875, addressed a long letter to the chairman of the Detroit Greenback Convention, in which he argues that this country ought to "maintain permanently a non-exportable circulation." He says, "This important idea was first promulgated by Mr. Rauget, thirty-six years ago."

I will quote one other financial authority, which shows that the honor of this discovery does not belong to Rauget, nor to the present century. In his work entitled *Money and Trade considered: with a Proposal for Supplying the Nation with Money*, published at Edinburgh, 1705, John Law says:—

"If a money be established that has no intrinsic value, and its extrinsic value be such as it will not be exported, nor will not be less than the demand for it within the country, wealth and power will be attained, and will be less precarious. . . . The paper money herein

proposed being always equal in quantity to the demand, the people will be employed, the country improved, manufacture advanced, trade—domestic and foreign—carried on, and wealth and power attained; and [it] not being liable to be exported, the people will not be set idle, etc., and wealth and power will be less precarious."

The subsequent experiments of Law are fitting commentaries.

(2.) They propose to abandon altogether the use of gold and silver as standards of value or instruments of exchange, and hold that the stamp of the government, not the value of the material on which it is impressed, constitutes money.

"I want the dollar stamped on some convenient and cheap material, of the least possible intrinsic value, . . . and I desire that the dollar so issued shall never be redeemed." (Hon. B. F. Butler, Cooper Institute.)

"A piece of pig-metal is just as much money as a piece of gold, until the public authority has stamped it, and said that it shall be taken for so much. . . . Suppose, then, that instead of taking a bar of silver or a bar of pig-metal, the government of the United States takes a piece of paper, called a greenback, and says that this shall pass for a legal tender in the receipt and expenditure of government dues, and in all the transactions of the people. Suppose this government to be a government of good standing, of sound credit, and responsible for its paper. This dollar thus stamped, instead of a piece of metal being stamped, is to all intents and purposes equivalent to a silver dollar when it has been made such by the government of the United States." (Campaign speech of Governor Allen, Gallipolis, Ohio, July 21, 1875.)

"The use of gold or other merchandise as money is a barbarism unworthy of the age." (Wallace P. Groom, New York.)

"The pretense of redemption in gold and silver is of necessity a delusion and an absurdity." (Britton A. Hill, Missouri.)

"The government can make money of any material and of any shape and value it pleases." (Hon. O. S. Halsted, New Jersey.)

(3.) They are not agreed among themselves as to what this new soft money shall be. They do agree, however, that the national banking system shall be abolished, and that whatever currency may be adopted shall be issued directly from the treasury, as the only money of the nation. Three forms are proposed:—

First. The legal tenders we now have, their volume to be increased and their redemption indefinitely postponed. The advocates of this form are the inflationists proper, who care more for the volume than the character of the currency.

Second. "Absolute money;" that is, printed pieces of paper, called dollars, to be the only standard of value, the only legal tender for all debts, public and private, the only circulating medium. The advocates of this kind of "money," though few in numbers, claim the highest place as philosophers.

The ablest defense of this doctrine will be found in a *brochure* of one hundred and eighteen pages, by Britton A. Hill, published in St. Louis during the present year and entitled *Absolute Money*. The author says (page 53),—

"If such national legal-tender money is not of itself sovereign and absolute, but must be convertible into some other substance or thing, before it can command universal circulation, what matters it whether that other substance or thing be interest-bearing bonds or gold or silver coin? . . . The coin despotism cannot be broken by substituting in its place the despotism of interest-bearing bonds."

Third. A legal-tender note not redeemable, but exchangeable, at the will of the holder, for a bond of the United States bearing 3.65 per cent. interest, which bond shall in turn be exchangeable, at the will of the holder, for legal-tender notes. In order that this currency shall be wholly emancipated from the tyranny and barbarism of gold and silver, most of its advocates insist that

the interest on the bonds shall be paid in the proposed paper money. This financial perpetual-motion is regarded as the great discovery of our era, and there are numerous claimants for the honor of being the first to discover it.

Mr. Wallace P. Groom, of New York, has characterized this currency in a paragraph which has been so frequently quoted, that it may be fairly called their creed. It is in these words:—

"In the interchangeability (at the option of the holder) of *national paper money* with government bonds bearing a fixed rate of interest, there is a subtle principle that will regulate the movements of finance and commerce as accurately as the motion of the steam-engine is regulated by its governor. Such PAPER MONEY TOKENS would be much nearer perfect measures of value than gold or silver ever have been or ever can be. The use of gold or other merchandise as money is a barbarism unworthy of the age."

(4.) The paper-money men are unanimous in the opinion that the financial crisis of 1873 was caused by an insufficient supply of currency, and that a large increase will stimulate industry, restore prosperity, and largely augment the wealth of this country.

Hon. Alexander Campbell, of Illinois, a leading writer of the soft-money school, thinks there should now be in circulation not less than \$1,290,000,000 of legal-tender notes. (*North-Western Review*, November, 1873, page 152.)

John G. Drew, another prominent writer, insists that "as England is an old and settled country, and we are just building ours," we ought to have at least \$60 *per capita*, or an aggregate of \$2,500,000,000. (*Our Currency*: What it is, and what it should be.)

No doubt the very large vote in Ohio and Pennsylvania in favor of soft money resulted, in great measure, from the depressed state of industry and trade, and a vague hope that the adoption of these doctrines would bring relief. The discussion in both States was able; and, toward the close of the campaign, it was manifest that sound principles were

every day gaining ground. Important as was the victory in those States, it is a great mistake to suppose that the struggle is ended. The advocates of soft money are determined and aggressive, and they confidently believe they will be able to triumph in 1876.

It ought to be observed, as an interesting fact of current history, that the soft-money men are making and collecting a literature which cannot fail to delight the antiquarian and the reader of curiosities of literature. They are ransacking old libraries to find any

" quaint and curious
Volume of forgotten lore "

which may give support to their opinions. In a recent pamphlet, Henry Carey Baird refers to Andrew Yarranton as "the father of English political economy." The forgotten treatise which is now enrolled among the patristic books of the new school was published in London in 1677, and is entitled "England's Improvement by Sea and Land. To outdo the Dutch without Fighting, to pay Debts without Monneys, and to set at work all the Poor of England with the Growth of our own Lands."

The author proposes a public bank, based on the registered value of houses and lands, "the credit whereof making paper go in trade equal with ready money, yea better, in many parts of the world, than money." He was perhaps the first Englishman who suggested a currency based on land. On pages 30-33 of his book may be found his draft of a proposed law, which provides "that all bonds or bills issued on such registered houses may be transferable, and shall pass and be good from man to man in the nature of bills of exchange."

The writings of John Law are also finding vigorous defenders. Britton A. Hill, in the pamphlet already quoted, devotes a chapter to his memory, compares him favorably with Leibnitz and Newton, and says, "John Law is justly regarded as one of the most profound thinkers of his age, in that he originated the first fundamental principle of this proposed absolute money." The ad-

mirers of "father" Yarranton should see to it that the outdoer of the Dutch is not robbed of his honors by the great Scotsman.

English history is being hunted through to find some comfort for the new doctrines in the writings of that small minority who resisted the Bullion Report of 1810 and the resumption of cash payments in 1819, and continued to denounce them afterwards. History must be rewritten. We must learn that Mathias Attwood (who?), not Lord Liverpool, Huskisson, or Peel, was the fountain of financial wisdom. Doubleday, whom no English writer has thought it worth while to answer, is much quoted by the new school, and they have lately come to feel the profoundest respect for Sir Archibald Alison, because of his extravagant assault upon the Resumption Act of 1819. Alison holds a place in English literature chiefly because he wrote a work which fills a gap in English history not otherwise filled.

In 1845 he wrote a pamphlet entitled "England in 1815 and 1845; or, a Sufficient and a Contracted Currency," which the subsequent financial and commercial events in his country have so fully refuted that it has slept for a generation in the limbo of things forgotten. It is now unearthed, and finds an honored place in the new literature.

As a specimen of Alison's financial wisdom, we quote the following (pages 2, 3): "The eighteen years of war between 1797 and 1815 were, as all the world knows, the most glorious and, taken as a whole, the most prosperous that Great Britain has ever known. . . . Never has a prosperity so universal and unheard-of pervaded every department of the empire." He then enumerates the evidences of this prosperity, and prominent among them is this: "While the revenue raised by taxation was but £21,000,000 in 1796, it had reached £72,000,000 in 1815; and the total expenditures from taxes and loans had reached £117,000,000 in 1815." Happy people, whose burdens of taxation were quadrupled in eighteen years, and whose expenses, consumed in war, exceeded

their revenues by the sum of \$225,000,000 in gold!

The inflationists have not been so fortunate in augmenting their literary store from the writings and speeches of our early American statesmen. Still, they have made vigorous efforts to draft into their service any isolated paragraph that can be made useful for their purpose. So far as I have seen, they have found no comfort in this search except in very short extracts from three of the great leaders of public thought. The first is from a juvenile essay in defense of paper money, written by Benjamin Franklin in 1729, when he was twenty-two years of age. This has been frequently quoted during the last four years. They are not so fond of quoting Franklin the statesman and philosopher, who after a lifelong experience wrote, in 1783, these memorable words:—

“I lament with you the many mischiefs, the injustice, the corruption of manners, etc., that attend a depreciated currency. It is some consolation to me that I washed my hands of that evil by predicting it in Congress, and proposing means that would have been effectual to prevent it if they had been adopted. Subsequent operations that I have executed demonstrate that my plan was practicable; but it was unfortunately rejected.” (Works, x. 9.)

A serious attempt has been made to capture Thomas Jefferson and bring him into the service. The following passage from one of his letters to John W. Eppes (Works, vi. 140) has been paraded through this discussion with all the emphasis of italics, thus:—

“*Bank paper must be suppressed, and the circulating medium must be restored to the nation, to whom it belongs.* It is the only fund on which they can rely for loans; it is the only resource which can never fail them, and it is an abundant one for every necessary purpose. *Treasury bills bottomed on taxes, bearing or not bearing interest, as may be found necessary, thrown into circulation, will take the place of so much gold or silver, which last, when crowded, will find an efflux*

into other countries, and thus keep the quantum of medium at its salutary level.”

This passage was quoted as a strong point for the soft-money men in their campaign documents in Ohio, last fall. They did not find it convenient to quote the great Virginian more fully. When this letter was written, the United States was at war with England, with no friendly nation from whom to obtain loans. The demand for revenue was urgent, and the treasury was empty. Mr. Jefferson had long been opposed to the state banks, and he saw that by suppressing them and issuing treasury notes, with or without interest, the government could accomplish two things: destroy state bank currency, and obtain a forced loan, in the form of circulating notes. In enforcing this view, he wrote from Monticello to Mr. Eppes, June 24, 1813: “I am sorry to see our loans begin at so exorbitant an interest. And yet, even at that, you will soon be at the bottom of the loan-bag. Ours is an agricultural nation. . . . In such a nation there is one and only one resource for loans, sufficient to carry them through the expense of a war; and that will always be sufficient, and in the power of an honest government, punctual in the preservation of its faith. The fund I mean is *the mass of circulating coin*. Every one knows that, although not literally, it is nearly true that every paper dollar emitted banishes a silver one from the circulation. A nation, therefore, making its purchases and payments with bills fitted for circulation, thrusts an equal sum of coin out of circulation. This is equivalent to borrowing that sum; and yet the vendor, receiving payment in a medium as effectual as coin for his purchases or payments, has no claim to interest. . . . In this way I am not without a hope that this great, this sole resource for loans in an agricultural country might yet be recovered for the use of the nation during war; and, if obtained *in perpetuum*, it would always be sufficient to carry us through any war, provided that in the interval between war and war all the outstand-

ing paper should be called in, coin be permitted to flow in again, and to hold the field of circulation until another war should require its yielding place again to the national medium."

From this it appears that Jefferson favored the issue of treasury notes to help us through a war: but he insisted that they should be wholly retired on the return of peace. His three long letters to Eppes are full of powerful and eloquent denunciations of paper money. The soft-money men appeal to Jefferson. We answer them in his own words: "The truth is that capital may be produced by industry, and accumulated by economy; but jugglers only will propose to create it by legerdemain tricks of paper money." (Letter to Eppes, Works, vi. 239.)

Their third attempt to elect some eminent statesman as an honorary member of the new school affords a striking illustration of a method too often adopted in our politics. It was very confidently stated by several advocates of soft money that John C. Calhoun had suggested that a paper money, issued directly by the government and made receivable for all public dues, would be as good a currency as gold and silver. Mr. Hill finally claimed Calhoun's authority in support of his absolute money, and printed on pages 56, 57 of his pamphlet a passage from a speech of Calhoun's. This extract was used in the Ohio campaign with much effect, until it was shown that there had been omitted from the passage quoted these important words: "*leaving its creditors to take it [treasury note circulation] or gold and silver at their option.*" After this exposure, the great nullifier was left out of the canvass.

Thus far we have attempted no more than to exhibit the state of public opinion in regard to the currency in 1861-62, the changes that have since occurred, and the leading doctrines now held by the soft-money men.

Most of these dogmas are old, and have long ago been exploded. All are directly opposed to principles as well established as the theorems of Euclid.

THE DOCTRINE OF HARD MONEY.

Believing that this generation of Americans is not willing to ignore all past experience, and to decide so great an issue as though it were now raised for the first time, we shall attempt to state, in brief compass, the grounds on which the doctrine of hard money rests.

Hard money is not to be understood as implying a currency consisting of coin alone (though many have held, with Benton, that no other is safe), but that coin of ascertained weight and fineness, duly stamped and authenticated by the government, is the only safe standard of money; and that no form of credit-currency is safe unless it be convertible into coin at the will of the holder.

MONEY AS AN INSTRUMENT OF EXCHANGE.

As preliminary to this discussion, it is necessary to determine the functions which money performs as an instrument of exchange. As barter was the oldest form of exchange, so it was and still is the ultimate object and result of all exchanges. For example: I wish to exchange my commodities or services for commodities or services of a different kind. I find no one at hand who has what I want, and wants what I have. I therefore exchange, or, as we say, sell, my commodities for money, which I hold until I find some one who wishes to sell what I want to buy. I then make the purchase. The two transactions have, in fact, resulted in a barter. It amounts to the same thing as though, at the start, I had found a man who wanted my commodities, and was willing to give me in exchange the commodities I desired. By a sale and a purchase I have accomplished my object. Money was the instrument by which the transactions were made. The great French economist, J. B. Say, has justly described a sale as half a barter, for we see, in the case above stated, that two sales were equivalent, in effect, to one act of simple bar-

ter. But some time may elapse between my sale and the subsequent purchase. How are my rights of property secured during the interval? That which I sold carried its value in itself as an exchangeable commodity; when I had exchanged it for money, and was waiting to make my purchase, the security for my property rested wholly in the money resulting from the sale. If that money be a perfect instrument of exchange, it must not only be the lawful measure of that which I sold, but it must, of itself, be the actual *equivalent* in value. If its value depends upon the arbitrary acts of government or of individuals, the results of my transaction depend not upon the value of that which I sold nor of that which I bought, nor upon my prudence and skill, but upon an element wholly beyond my control — a medium of exchange which varies in value from day to day.

Such being the nature of exchanges, we should expect to find that so soon as man begins to emerge from the most primitive condition of society and the narrowest circle of family life, he will seek a measure and an instrument of exchange among his first necessities. And in fact it is a matter of history that in the hunting state skins were used as money, because they were the product of chief value. In the pastoral state — the next advance in civilization — sheep and cattle, being the most valuable and negotiable form of property, were used as money. This appears in the earliest literature. In the Homeric poems oxen are repeatedly mentioned as the standard by which wealth was measured. The arms of Diomed were declared to be worth nine oxen, as compared with those of Glaucos, worth one hundred. A tripod, the first prize for wrestlers, in the twenty-third book of the Iliad was valued at twelve oxen, and a female captive, skilled in industry, at four.¹

In many languages the name for money is identical with that for some kind of cattle. Even our word "fee" is said to be the Anglo-Saxon "feoh,"

meaning both money and cattle. Sir H. S. Maine, speaking of the primitive state of society, says, "Being counted by the head, the kine was called *capitale*, whence the economic term *capital*, the law term *chattel*, and our common name *cattle*."

In the agricultural and manufacturing stage of civilization, many forms of vegetable and manufactured products were used as money, such as corn, wheat, tobacco, cacao nuts, cubes of tea, colored feathers, shells, nails, etc.

All these species of wealth were made instruments of exchange because they were easily transferable, and their value was the best known and least fluctuating. But the use of each as money was not universal; in fact, was but little known beyond the bounds of a single nation. Most of them were non-exportable; and though that fact would have commended them to the favor of some of our modern economists, yet the mass of mankind have entertained a different opinion, and have sought to find a medium whose value and fitness to be used as money would be universally acknowledged.

It is not possible to ascertain when and by whom the precious metals were first adopted as money; but for more than three thousand years they have been acknowledged as the forms of material wealth best fitted to be the measure and instrument of exchange. Each nation and tribe, as it has emerged from barbarism, has abandoned its local, non-exportable medium, and adopted what is justly called "the money of the world."

Coinage was a later device, employed for the sole purpose of fashioning into a convenient shape the metal to be used as money, and of ascertaining and certifying officially the weight and fineness of each piece.

And here has arisen the chief error in reference to the nature of money. Because the government coins it, names its denomination, and declares its value, many have been led to imagine that the government creates it, that its value is a gift of the law.

¹ Jevons's Money and the Mechanism of Exchange, page 21.

The analogy of other standards will aid us at this point. Our constitution empowers Congress to fix the standard of weights and measures, as well as of values. But Congress cannot create extension, or weight, or value. It can measure that which has extension; it can weigh that which is ponderable; it can declare and subdivide and name a standard; but it cannot make length of that which has no length; it cannot make weight of that which is imponderable; it cannot make value of that which has no value. *Ex nihilo nihil fit*. The power of Congress to make anything it pleases receivable for taxes is a matter wholly distinct from the subject now under discussion. Legislation cannot make that a measure of value which neither possesses nor represents any definitely ascertained value.

COIN AN INSTRUMENT OF UNIVERSAL CREDIT.

Now apply to the operations of exchange a given coin, whose weight and fineness are certified by public authority. We cannot do this better than by borrowing the language of Frederic Bastiat, found in his treatise entitled *Mandit Argent*. He says, —

“You have a crown. . . What does it signify in your hands? It is the testimony and the proof that you have at some time performed a work; and, instead of profiting by it yourself, you have allowed the community to enjoy it, in the person of your client. This crown is the evidence that you have rendered a service to society; and it states the value of that service. Moreover, it is the evidence that you have not drawn from the community the real equivalent, as was your right. In order to enable you to exercise that right when and as you please, society, by the hand of your client, has given you a *recognition, a title, a bond of the commonwealth, a token, in short a crown*, which differs from other fiduciary titles only in this, that it carries its value in itself; and if you can read with the eyes of the mind

the inscription which it bears, you will distinctly decipher these words: ‘*Render to the bearer a service equivalent to that which he has rendered to society; a value received, stated, proved, and measured by that which is in me.*’ . . . If you now give that crown to me as the price of a service, this is the result: your account with society for real services is found regular, is balanced and closed, . . . and I am justly in the position where you were before.”

Edmund Burke expressed the same opinion when he said, “Gold and silver are the two great, recognized species that represent the lasting, conventional credit of mankind.”

Three thousand years of experience have proved that the precious metals are the best materials of which to make the standard of value, the instrument of exchange. They are themselves a store of value; they are durable, divisible, easily transported, and more constant in value than any other known substances. In the form of dust and bars, as merchandise, their value is precisely equal to their declared value as money, less the very small cost of coinage. Coin made of these metals measures wealth, because it represents wealth in itself, just as the yard-stick measures length, and the standard pound measures weight, because each has, in itself, that which it represents.

Again, the precious metals are products of labor, and their value, like that of all other merchandise, depends upon the cost of production. A coin represents and measures the labor required to produce it; it may be called an embodiment of labor. Of course this statement refers to the average cost of production throughout the world, and that average has varied but little for many centuries. It is a flat absurdity to assert that such a reality as labor can be measured and really represented by that which costs little or no labor. For these reasons the precious metals have been adopted by the common law of the world as the best materials in which to embody the unit of money.

STATUTES CANNOT REPEAL THE LAWS
OF VALUE.

The oldest and perhaps the most dangerous delusion in reference to money is the notion that it is a creation of law; that its value can be fixed and maintained by authority. Yet no error has been more frequently refuted by experience. Every debasement of the coin, and every attempt to force its circulation at a higher rate than the market value of the metal it contains, has been punished by the inevitable disasters that always follow the violation of economic laws.

The great parliamentary debate of 1695, on the recoinage of English money, affords an absolute demonstration of the truth that legislatures cannot repeal the laws of value. Mr. Lowndes, the secretary of the treasury, though he held that a debasement of the coinage should be rejected as "dangerous and dishonorable," really believed, as did a large number of members of Parliament, that if, by law, they raised the name of the coin, they would raise its value as money. As Macaulay puts it, "He was not in the least aware that a piece of metal with the king's head on it was a commodity of which the price was governed by the same law which governs the price of a piece of metal fashioned into a spoon or a buckle; and that it was no more in the power of Parliament to make the kingdom richer by calling a crown a pound than to make the kingdom larger by calling a furlong a mile. He seriously believed, incredible as it may seem, that if the ounce of silver were divided into seven shillings instead of five, foreign nations would sell us their wines and their silks for a smaller number of ounces. He had a considerable following, composed partly of dull men who really believed what he told them, and partly of shrewd men who were perfectly willing to be authorized by law to pay a hundred pounds with eighty." (History of England, chapter xxi.)

It was this debate that called forth those masterly essays of John Locke

on the nature of money and coin, which still remain as a monument to his genius and an unanswerable demonstration that money obeys the laws of value and is not the creature of arbitrary edicts. At the same time, Sir Isaac Newton was called from those sublime discoveries in science which made his name immortal, to aid the king and Parliament in ascertaining the true basis of money. After the most thorough examination, this great thinker reached the same conclusions. The genius of these two men, aided by the enlightened statesmanship of Montague and Somers, gave the victory to honest money, and preserved the commercial honor of England for a century.

PAPER MONEY AN INSTRUMENT OF
CREDIT.

In discussing the use of paper as a representative of actual money, we enter a new branch of political science, namely, the general theory of credit. We shall go astray at once if we fail to perceive the character of this element. Credit is not capital. It is the permission given to one man to use the capital of another. It is not an increase of capital; for the same property cannot be used as capital by both the owner and the borrower of it, at the same time. But credit, if not abused, is a great and beneficent power. By its use the productiveness of capital is greatly increased. A large amount of capital is owned by people who do not desire to employ it in the actual production of wealth. There are many others who are ready and willing to engage in productive enterprise, but have not the necessary capital. Now, if the owners of unemployed capital have confidence in the honesty and skill of the latter class, they lend their capital at a fair rate of interest, and thus the production of wealth will be greatly increased. Frequently, however, the capital loaned is not actually transferred to the borrower, but a written evidence of his title to it is given instead. If this title is transferable it may be used as a substitute for money; for, within cer-

tain limits, it has the same purchasing power. When these evidences of credit are in the form of checks and drafts, bills of exchange and promissory notes, they are largely used as substitutes for money, and very greatly facilitate exchanges. But all are based upon confidence, upon the belief that they represent truly what they profess to represent — actual capital, measured by real money, to be delivered on demand.

These evidences of credit have become, in modern times, the chief instruments of exchange. The bank has become as indispensable to the exchange of values as the railroad is to the transportation of merchandise. It is the institution of credit by means of which these various substitutes for money are made available. It has been shown that not less than ninety per cent. of all the exchanges in the United States are accomplished by means of bank credits. The per cent. in England is not less than ninety-five. Money is now the small change of commerce. It is perhaps owing to this fact that many are so dazzled by the brilliant achievements of credit as to forget that it is the shadow of capital, not its substance; that it is the sign, the brilliant sign, but not the thing signified. Let it be constantly borne in mind that the check, the draft, the bill of exchange, the promissory note, are all evidences of debt, of money to be paid. If not, they are fictitious and fraudulent. If the real capital on which they are based be destroyed, they fall with it, and become utterly worthless. If confidence in their prompt payment be impaired, they immediately depreciate in proportion to the distrust.

We have mentioned among these instruments of credit the promissory note. Its character as an evidence of debt is not changed when it comes to us illuminated by the art and mystery of plate-printing. Name it national bank-note, greenback, Bank of England note, or what you will; let it be signed by banker, president, or king, it is none the less an evidence of debt, a promise to pay. It is not money, and no power on earth can make it money. But it is a title to

money, a deed for money, and can be made equal to money only when the debtor performs the promise — delivers the property which the deed calls for, pays the debt. When that is done, and when the community knows, by actual test, that it will continue to be done, then, and not till then, this credit-currency will in fact be the honest equivalent of money. Then it will, in large measure, be used in preference to coin, because of its greater convenience, and because the cost of issuing new notes in place of those which are worn and mutilated is much less than the loss which the community suffers by abrasion of the coin. To the extent, therefore, that paper will circulate in place of coin, as a substitute and an equivalent, such circulation is safe, convenient, and economical. And what is the limit of such safe circulation? Economic science has demonstrated, and the uniform experience of nations has proved, that the term which marks that limit, the sole and supreme test of safety, is the exchangeability of such paper for coin, dollar for dollar, at the will of the holder. The smallest increase in volume beyond that limit produces depreciation in the value of each paper dollar. It then requires more of such depreciated dollars to purchase a given quantity of gold or of merchandise than it did before depreciation began. In other words, prices rise in comparison with such currency. The fact that it is made a legal tender for taxes and private debts does not free it from the inexorable law that increase of volume decreases the value of every part.

It is equally true that an increase of the precious metals, coined or uncoined, decreases their value in comparison with other commodities; but these metals are of such universal currency, on account of their intrinsic value, that they flow to all parts of the civilized world, and the increase is so widely distributed that it produces but a small increase of prices in any one country. Not so with an inconvertible paper money. It is not of universal currency. It is national, not international. It is non-exportable. The

whole effect of its depreciation is felt at home. The level of Salt Lake has risen ten feet during the last thirty years, because it has no outlet. But all the floods of the world have made no perceptible change in the general level of the sea.

The character of inconvertible paper money, the relation of its quantity to its value, and its inevitable depreciation by an increase of volume were demonstrated in the Bullion Report of 1810 by facts and arguments whose force and conclusiveness have never been shaken. In the great debate that followed, in Parliament and through the press, may be found the counterpart of almost every doctrine and argument which has been advanced in our own country since the suspension of specie payments. Then, as now, there were statesmen, doctrinaires, and business men who insisted that the bank-notes were not depreciated, but that gold had risen in value; who denied that gold coin was any longer the standard of value, and declared that a bank-note was "abstract currency." Castlereagh announced in the House of Commons that the money standard was "*a sense of value, in reference to currency as compared with commodities.*" Another soft-money man of that day said: "The standard is neither gold nor silver, but *something set up in the imagination, to be regulated by public opinion.*" Though the doctrines of the Bullion Report were at first voted down in Parliament, they could not be suppressed. With the dogged persistency which characterizes our British neighbors, the debate was kept up for ten years. Every proposition and counter proposition was sifted, the intelligence and conscience of the nation were invoked; the soft-money men were driven from every position they occupied in 1811, and at last the ancient standard was restored. When the bank redeemed its notes, the difference between the mint price and the market price of bullion disappeared, and the volume of paper money was reduced in the ratio of its former depreciation. During the last half century few Englishmen have risked their reputation

for intelligence by denying the doctrines thus established.

These lessons of history cannot be wholly forgotten. It is too late to set up again the doctrines of Lowndes and Vansittart. They may disturb and distract public opinion, but can never again triumph before an intelligent tribunal. I commend to the soft-money men of our time the study of this great debate and that of 1695. When they have overturned the doctrines of Locke and Newton and of the Bullion Report, it will be time for them to invite us to follow their new theories.

But we need not go abroad to obtain illustrations of the truth that the only cure for depreciation of the currency is convertibility into coin. Our American colonies, our Continental Congress, and our state and national governments have demonstrated its truth by repeated and calamitous experiments. The fathers who drafted our constitution believed they had "shut and bolted the door against irredeemable paper money;" and, since then, no president, no secretary of the treasury, has proposed or sanctioned a paper currency, in time of peace, not redeemable in coin at the will of the holder. Search our records from 1787 to 1861, and select from any decade twenty of our most illustrious statesmen, and it will be found that not less than nineteen of them have left on record, in the most energetic language, their solemn protest and warning against the very doctrines we are opposing.

The limits of this article will allow only the briefest statement of the evils that flow from a depreciated currency, evils both to the government and to the people, which overbalance, a thousand to one, all its real or supposed benefits. The word "dollar" is the substantive word, the fundamental condition, of every contract, of every sale, of every payment, whether at the treasury or at the stand of the apple-woman in the street. The dollar is the gauge that measures every blow of the hammer, every article of merchandise, every exchange of property. Forced by the necessities of war, we substituted for this dollar the printed prom-

ise of the government to pay a dollar. That promise we have not kept. We have suspended payment, and have compelled the citizen to receive dishonored paper in place of money. The representative value of that paper has passed, by thousands of fluctuations, from one hundred cents down to thirty-eight, and back again to ninety. At every change, millions of men have suffered loss. In the midst of war, with rising prices and enormous gains, these losses were tolerable. But now when we are slowly and painfully making our way back to the level of peace, now when the pressure of hard times is upon us, and industry and trade depend for their gains upon small margins of profit, the uncertainty is an intolerable evil. That uncertainty is increased by doubts as to what Congress will do. Men hesitate to invest their capital in business, when a vote in Congress may shrink it by half its value. Still more striking are the evils of such a currency in its effects upon international commerce. Our purchases from and sales to foreign nations amount in the aggregate to one billion two hundred million dollars per annum, every dollar of which is measured in coin. These who export our products buy with paper and sell for gold. Our importers buy with gold and sell for paper. Thus the aggregate value of our international exchanges is measured, successively, by the two standards. The loss occasioned by the fluctuation of these currencies in reference to each other falls wholly on us. We, alone, use paper as a standard. And who, among us, bears the loss? The importer, knowing the risk he runs, adds to his prices a sufficient per cent. to insure himself against loss. This addition is charged over from importer to jobber, from jobber to retailer, until its dead weight falls, at last, upon the laborer who consumes the goods. In the same way, the exporter insures himself against loss by marking down the prices he will pay for products to be sent abroad. In all such transactions capital is usually able to take care of itself. The laborer has but one commodity for sale, his day's

work. It is his sole reliance. He must sell it to-day or it is lost forever. What he buys must be bought to-day. He cannot wait till prices fall. He is at the mercy of the market. Buying or selling, the waves of its fluctuations beat against him. Daniel Webster never uttered a more striking truth than when he said: "Of all the contrivances for cheating the laboring classes of mankind, none has been more effectual than that which deludes them with paper money. This is the most effectual of inventions to fertilize the rich man's field by the sweat of the poor man's face."

But here we are met by the interconvertible-bond-and-currency men, who offer to emancipate us from the tyranny of gold and secure a more perfect standard than coin has ever been. Let us see. Our five per cent. bonds are now on a par with gold. Any actuary will testify that in the same market a 3.65 bond, payable, principal and interest, in gold, and having the same time to run, is worth but seventy-five cents in gold; that is, thirteen cents less than the present greenback. How much less the bond will be worth if its interest be made payable in the proposed interconvertible currency, no mortal can calculate. It is proposed, then, to make the new currency equivalent to a bond which, at its birth, is thirteen cents below the greenback of to-day. We are to take a long leap downward at the first bound. But "interconvertibility" is the charm, the "subtle principle," the great "regulator of finance" which will adjust everything. The alternate ebb and flow of bond into paper dollar, and paper dollar into bond, will preserve an equilibrium, an equipoise; and this level of equipoise is the base line that will measure the new standard of value. The lad who sold his two-dollar dog for fifty dollars, and took his pay in pups at ten dollars each, never doubted that he had made a profit of forty-eight dollars until he found how small a sum the whole litter would sell for in the market.

Undoubtedly the beam will lie level that is weighted with the bond at one end and the paper money at the other. But

what will be the relation of that level to the level of real values? Both the bond and the currency are instruments of credit, evidences of debt. They cannot escape the dominion of those universal laws that regulate prices. If made by law the only legal tender, such a currency would doubtless occupy the field. But what would be the result? To a certain extent the bonds themselves would be used as currency. The clearing-house banks of New York would doubtless be glad to get interest-bearing bonds instead of the government certificates of indebtedness, bearing no interest, which, for convenience, they now use in the settlement of their balances. The reserves of public and private banks, which now amount to more than two hundred million dollars, would largely be held in these interest-bearing bonds. Thus the first step would result in compelling the government to pay interest on a large portion of the reserves of all the banks, public and private. It will hardly be claimed, however, that anybody will part with his property for bonds of this description, to hold as a permanent investment. Capital in this country is worth more than 3.65 per cent. How then will the new currency be set afloat? The treasury can pay it out only in exchange for the new bonds or in payment of public dues. Shall we violate public faith by paying the gold bonds already outstanding in this new and greatly depreciated paper? Or shall we, as some of the soft-money men have proposed, enter upon a vast system of public works in order to put the new currency in circulation? No doubt means would be found to push it into circulation, so long as enterprise or speculation should offer a hope of greater profits than 3.65 per cent. Once out, it would inevitably prove a repetition of the old story: an artificial stimulation of business and of speculation; large issues of currency; inflation of prices, depreciation of paper, delirium, prostration; "up like a rocket, then down like a stick." They tell us that this cannot happen, because as the volume of paper increases, the rate of interest will fall, and when it reaches 3.65 per cent. the currency will be ex-

changed for bonds. But all experience is against them. Inflation has never brought down the rate of interest. In fact, the rate is always highest in countries afflicted with irredeemable paper money. For all practical purposes, the proposed currency would be unredeemed and irredeemable; and this is what its advocates desire. General Butler sees "no more reason for redeeming the measure of value than for redeeming the yard-stick or the quart pot." This shows the utmost confusion of ideas. We do not *redeem* the yard-stick or the quart pot. They are, in reality, what they profess to be. There is nothing better for measuring yards than a yard-stick. But, in regard to the yard-stick, we do what is strictly analogous to redemption when applied to currency. We preserve our yard-stick undiminished and unchanged; and, by the solemn sanction of penal law, we require that it shall be applied to the purchase and sale of all commodities that can be measured by the standard of length. The citizen who buys by a longer yard-stick or sells by a shorter one than our standard, is punished as a felon. Common honesty requires that we restore, and with equal care preserve from diminution or change, our standard of value.

It has been already shown that the soft-money men desire a vast increase of currency above the present volume. The assumed necessity for such an increase was a leading topic in the debates that preceded the late elections.

The argument, often repeated, ran substantially thus:—

"Fellow-citizens! You are in great distress. The smoke of your furnaces no longer ascends to the sky; the clang of your mills and workshops is no longer heard. Your workers in metal and miners in coal are out of employment. Stagnation of trade, depression of business, and public distress are seen on every hand. What has caused these disasters? Manifestly, a lack of money. Is there any man among you who has money enough? If there be, let him stand forth and declare it. Is there one who does not need more money to carry

on his business? [Cries of No! No!] The hard-money men have brought you to this distress, by contracting the volume of the currency, by destroying the people's money, your money. And they propose to complete your ruin by forcing the country to resume specie payments. We come to save you from this ruin. We insist that you shall have more money, not less. We are resolved to make and keep the volume of currency 'equal to the wants of trade.'"

These assumptions were answered by undeniable facts. It was shown that our large volume of paper currency had helped to bring on the crisis of 1873, and had greatly aggravated its effects; but that the main cause was speculation, over-trading, and, in some branches of business, an over-production beyond the demands of the market.

A striking illustration of the effect of over-production was drawn from the history of one of the interior counties of Northern Ohio. In the midst of a wilderness, far away from the centres of trade, the pioneers commenced the settlement of the county at the beginning of the present century. Year by year their number was augmented. Each new settler was compelled to buy provisions for his family until he could raise his first crop. For several years this demand afforded a ready market, at good prices, for all the products of the farm. But in 1818, the supply greatly exceeded the demand. The wheat market was so glutted that twenty bushels were frequently offered for one pound of tea, and often refused, because tea could be bought only for money, and wheat could hardly be sold at all.

If the soft-money men of our time had been among those farmers, they would have insisted that more money would raise the price of their wheat and set the plowboys at work. But the pioneers knew that until the stock on hand was reduced, the production of another bushel to be sold would be labor wasted. The cry for more currency shows that soft-money men have confounded credit with capital, and vaguely imagine that if more paper dollars

were printed they could be borrowed without security.

In whatever form the new currency be proposed, whether in the so-called absolute money or in the "interconvertible paper money tokens," as a relief from distress it is a delusion and a snare. All these schemes are reckless attempts to cut loose from real money, — the money known and recognized throughout the world, — and to adopt for our standard that which a great gold gambler of Wall Street aptly called "phantom gold." Their authors propose a radical and dangerous innovation in our political system. They desire to make the National Treasury a bank of issue, and to place in the control of Congress the vast money power of the nation, to be handled as the whim, the caprice, the necessities, of political parties may dictate. Federalist as Hamilton was, he held that such a power was too great to be centralized in the hands of one body. This goes a hundred leagues beyond any measure of centralization that has yet been adopted or suggested.

In view of the doctrines herein advocated, what shall be said of the present condition of our currency? It is depreciated. Its purchasing power is less than that of real money, by about fourteen per cent. Our notes are at a discount; not because the ability of the nation to redeem them is questioned, but partly because its good faith is doubted, and partly because the volume of these notes is too great to circulate at par. What that volume ought to be, no man can tell. Convertibility into coin is a perfect test, and is the only test.

NECESSITY OF RESUMPTION.

The duty of the government to make its currency equal to real money is undeniable and imperative. First, because the public faith is most solemnly pledged, and this alone is a conclusive and unanswerable reason why it should be done. The perfidy of one man, or of a million men, is as nothing compared with the perfidy of a nation. The public faith was the talisman that

brought to the treasury thirty-five hundred million dollars in loans, to save the life of the nation, which was not worth saving if its honor be not also saved. The public faith is our only hope of safety from the dangers that may assail us in the future. The public faith was pledged to redeem these notes in the very act which created them, and the pledge was repeated when each additional issue was ordered. It was again repeated in the act of 1869, known as the "act to strengthen the public credit," and yet again in the act of 1875, promising redemption in 1879.

Second. The government should make its currency equal to gold because the material prosperity of its people demands it. Honest dealing between man and man requires it. Just and equal legislation for the people, safety in trade, domestic and foreign, security in business, just distribution of the rewards of labor, — none of these are possible until the present false and uncertain standard of value, has given place to the real, the certain, the universal standard. Its restoration will hasten the revival of commercial confidence, which is the basis of all sound credit.

Third. Public morality demands the reestablishment of our ancient standard. The fever of speculation which our fluctuating currency has engendered cannot be allayed till its cause is destroyed. A majority of all the crimes relating to money, that have been committed in public and private life since the war, have grown out of the innumerable opportunities for sudden and inordinate gains which this fluctuation has offered.

The gold panic of 1869, which overwhelmed thousands of business men in ruin, and the desperate gambling in gold which is to-day absorbing so many millions of capital that ought to be employed in producing wealth, were made possible only by the difference between paper and gold. Resumption will destroy all that at a blow. It will enable all men to see the real situation of their affairs, and will do much toward dissipating those unreal and fas-

cinating visions of wealth to be won without industry, which have broken the fortunes and ruined the morals of so many active and brilliant citizens.

My limits will not allow a discussion of the hardship and evils which it is feared will accompany the restoration of the old standard. Whatever they may be, they will be light and transient in comparison with those we shall endure if the doctrines of soft money prevail. I am not able to see why the approach to specie may not be made so gradual that the fluctuation in any one month will be less than that which we have suffered from month to month since 1869. We have traveled more than half the distance which then separated us from the gold standard.

A scale of appreciation like that by which England resumed in 1821 would greatly mitigate the hardships arising from the movement. Those who believe that the volume of our currency is but little above its normal level need not fear that there will be much contraction; for, with free banking, they may be sure that all the paper which can be an actual substitute for money will remain in circulation. No other ought to circulate.

The advocates of soft money are loud in their denunciation of the English resumption act of 1819, and parade the distorted views of that small and malignant minority of English writers who have arraigned the act as the cause of the agricultural distress of 1822, and the financial crash which followed, in 1825. The charge is absolutely unjust and unfounded. In 1822 a committee of the House of Commons, having investigated the causes of the agricultural distress of that and the preceding year, found that it was due to the operation of the corn laws, and to the enormous wheat crops of the two preceding seasons. Their report makes no reference to the resumption act as a cause of the distress. In both that and the following year, a few of the old opponents of hard money offered resolutions in the House of Commons, declaring that the resumption act was one of the causes of the public distress. The resolution of 1822 was de-

feated by a vote of one hundred and forty-one to twenty-seven, and that of 1823 was defeated by the still more decisive vote of one hundred and ninety-two to thirty. An overwhelming majority of intelligent Englishmen look back with pride and satisfaction upon the act of resumption as a just and beneficent measure.

But methods and details of management are of slight importance in comparison with the central purpose so often expressed by the nation. From that purpose there should be no retreat. To postpone its fulfillment beyond the day already fixed is both dangerous and useless. It will make the task harder than ever. Resumption could have been accomplished in 1867 with less difficulty than it can be in 1879. It can be accomplished more easily in 1879 than at any later date. It is said that we ought to wait until the vast mass of private debts can be adjusted. But when will that be done? Horace has told us of a rustic traveler who stood on the bank of a river, waiting for its waters to flow by, that he might cross over in safety. "*At ille labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.*" The succession of debts and debtors will be as perpetual as the flow of the river.

We ought to be inspired by the recent brilliant example of France. Suffering unparalleled disasters, she was compelled to issue a vast volume of legal-tender

notes in order to meet her obligations. But so soon as the great indemnity was paid, she addressed herself resolutely to the work of bringing her currency up to the standard of gold. During the last two years she has reduced her paper currency nearly seven hundred and fifty million francs; and now it is substantially at par.

Amidst all her disasters she has kept her financial credit untarnished. And this has been her strength and her safety. To meet the great indemnity, she asked her people for a loan of three billion francs; and twelve and a half times the amount was subscribed. In August, 1874, the American Minister at Paris said, in one of his dispatches, "Though immense amounts were taken abroad, yet it seems they are all coming back to France, and are now being absorbed in small sums by the common people. The result will be, in the end, that almost the entire loan will be held in France. Every person in the whole country is wishing to invest a few hundred francs in the new loan, and it has reached a premium of four and one half to five per cent."

Our public faith is the symbol of our honor and the pledge of our future safety. By every consideration of national honor, of public justice, and of sound policy, let us stand fast in the resolution to restore our currency to the standard of gold.

James A. Garfield.

RECENT LITERATURE.

IN re-reading Mr. James's novel,¹ we have been curiously impressed with the after-wave of strongly agreeable sensation which must inevitably follow the study of such a story, when it has suffered the delays of serial issue and attained its normal identity as a volume. We think that even those who most admired the work while it was appearing in *The Atlantic* will be surprised to find how much still remains in its pages to impress, attract, and satisfy them; how much also which deserves renewed and careful consideration. It is of course precisely this quality of endurance in a book, this possibility of often-recurring pleasure in it, which determines the position of an author; and in classing Mr. James — as we must now naturally begin to do — this alone allows us to accord him a high place among the keenest literary artists in English and American fields; indeed, it is difficult to see how so excellent a piece of writing should fail to attract the attention of the better reading public for many years to come. The texture of Mr. James's language has a certain indestructibility about it, a clear sparkle which betokens crystalline organization. He gives us the large outlines and broad surfaces of a fresco, along with a finish which we discover to be that of a mosaic: there is no mere illusion of style, but a given space is filled with a given number of polished and colored words that have their full effect. Yet there is one reason, as it seems to us, why Roderick Hudson will not keep so firm a hold on the memory of readers as we could wish for it; and this is its manifest and at times even offensive want of compression.

The plot of the book is one which would easily have admitted of greater conciseness; and this, by the way, is one of the reasons why the novel gains so much by being read in book form. But grant Mr. James his chosen area, and it must be admitted that he conducts the movement of his narrative with great discretion and skill. There is no obvious mystery, no ostentatious covering up of tracks, yet the suspense excited is extremely acute and continues up to the catastrophe, which after all comes upon

us with no strain, and appears the most natural thing in the world. At first the reader is led to suspect that Rowland's sentiment for Cecilia is to prove an important element; but this is thrown aside as soon as it has served its purpose of masking the affair of Roderick with Mary Garland. The next important supposition is that Christina is to unseat Miss Garland from her place in the young sculptor's heart, and that Roderick and she are somehow to come out of the *mêlée* hand in hand; but this in turn is lightly abandoned just as we have seen our way most clearly to the outcome, and the theme of Rowland's bravely subdued attachment to Mary, which has up to this point been carried along in the bass, rises to a controlling position, and forms the closing strain of the whole. All this is very simple but excellent art. And we must also give unqualified praise to the boldly broken ending of the story, which so completely lends it the air of a detached piece of life, without injuring its individual completeness.

Undoubtedly the main triumph of the book, so far as the representation of persons is concerned, is in the picture of Christina Light — whose name, it should be said in passing, is an inspiration of aptness in its application to the character, and of curious suggestiveness in general. Her total avoidance of conventional demeanor is carried out with remarkable grace, and she is everywhere the prism from which the other persons get their most brilliant refraction. Very fine is the indication of those internal struggles of her singular nature, throughout, and to our mind nothing in the book is more moving than her scene with Rowland, in the tenth chapter. Rowland, although in his passive position an equal interest would be out of place, has struck us as on the whole needlessly monotonous. But on the other hand Roderick is perhaps the most abundantly vigorous creature Mr. James has yet introduced to us. We have before spoken² of the sometimes undue violence of his characters, and it would seem that in the case of Roderick the author had chosen to wreak his utmost

¹ *Roderick Hudson*. By HENRY JAMES, JR. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1876.

² *Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1874, page 493.

impulse toward this sort of thing. Roderick is an epitome of emotional extravagance in certain directions. But the result is very picturesque, and frequently highly entertaining. Nothing more appropriately eccentric could have been devised, either, than his conduct on hearing that Christina has broken her engagement with Prince Casamassima, when in the extremity of his delight he writes to his mother and his *fiancée* that they are not to see him for a week, and then arranges himself in a white dressing-gown on his divan, with roses and violets scattered about the floor of his studio and a white rose in his hand, to give himself up to his rapture. The final circumstance of Roderick's death, too, is managed with much fitness. "He had fallen from a great height, but he was singularly little disfigured. The rain had spent its torrents upon him, and his clothes and hair were as wet as if the billows of the ocean had flung him upon the strand. An attempt to move him would show some hideous fracture, some horrible physical dishonor; but what Rowland saw on first looking at him was only a strangely serene expression of life. The eyes were dead, but in a short time, when Rowland had closed them, the whole face seemed to awake. The rain had washed away all blood; it was as if Violence, having done her work, had stolen away in shame. Roderick's face might have shamed her; it looked admirably handsome." Yet it is noticeable how little this result plays upon one's sympathies. There is a certain chilliness in the æsthetic perfection of the event which represses any grief the reader might feel at its sombreness. Possibly it is desirable to have it so in such a case; but to us it seems not desirable, and we may here suggest that this coldness is probably connected with the excessive activity alluded to above, which is a thing in some danger of becoming a substitute for deeper imaginings, more truly effective by reason of their repose. There is the same want of pathos about Mary Garland, however, who is the acme of quietude, and for the rest an admirable study upon which Mr. James is to be congratulated.

One great merit remains always prominent in reading this novel, and that is its singularly perfect evenness of execution. There are no bare spots. All the details are treated with an equal dignity and completeness. Some of the portraits of persons

in a few words are exceptionally good, as this of the Cavaliere: "He was a grotesque-looking personage and might have passed for a gentleman of the old school, reduced by adversity to playing cicerone to foreigners of distinction. . . . He had a little black eye, which glittered like a diamond and rolled about like a ball of quicksilver, and a white mustache cut short and stiff, like a worn-out brush." Furthermore, the book is noteworthy as a success in giving general interest to a theme which at first seems to require too much detail, namely, the history of a developing genius. Though it is largely by virtue of his affinity with the French school of fiction that Mr. James has been able to do this, the circumstance is so much in his favor; for he still amply justifies his position as a unique and versatile writer of acute power and great brilliancy in performance.

—It is an unpleasant problem which Mr. De Forest has undertaken to deal with, in his latest novel,¹ — that of an adventurous and captivating widow who goes to Washington to engineer a disreputable claim for a barn burned in 1812, and already paid for. But he grapples with it bravely, and compensates the critic, at least, by the thorough work which he has put into his pages. The way in which Mrs. Josephine Murray "plays" her different congressmen is very distinctly and adroitly shown, and some of her repartee is exceedingly bright. Her adventures with the Hon. Mr. Hollowbread, in a lost hack during a rain-storm, in the opening chapters, are laughable in the last degree, and it is really an uncommon piece of exaggerative imagination which we find in the description of this old beau's elaborate costume, with its pads, straps, strings, and pulleys, and of his appearance when encased in it: "It seemed horribly possible that, if he should cough or sneeze violently, or swell his molecules by going too near a hot fire, he might suddenly split open and quadruple in size, like a popped grain of Indian corn." There is another singularly good touch of the author's *grotesquerie* in this, of General Bangs: "He beamed and strutted; one might say that his face was on the top of his head." And the broad comedy of that scene between Senator Pickens Rigdon and Hollowbread at the country tavern is very amusing. There is much in the book, however, that is downright disagreeable, and we have some doubts as to from Secession to Loyalty, etc. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1876.

¹ *Playing the Mischief*. A Novel. By J. W. DE FOREST, author of *Miss Ravenel's Conversion*

the ultimate truth of a picture taking in so much of Washington society and yet showing so little of such refinement or real attraction as it may possess. Perhaps Mr. De Forest will answer us that this was the only course consistent with his aim; and in that case we can only say that we suspect him to have exposed himself to what must long remain a serious danger for the American novelist, when dealing with the vulgar phases of society in this country. These phases cover such a wide area, and there is something so shameless, defiant, and unpicturesque about them, that they must be treated cautiously, — in glimpses only; or, if broadly exhibited, they should be accompanied by redress in the form of pictures of something better. This is certainly essential to an artistic result, and probably it is so to the moral effect as well. But Mr. De Forest's intention in entering the field of social and political satire, with *Honest John Vane* and *Playing the Mischief*, is thoroughly good; and his bold rebukes are sustained, moreover, by acute and various insight into character, as well as by his habitual literary skill.

— Madame Craven's novel¹ is told in the form of an autobiography of a young Sicilian girl of rare and radiant beauty, who marries a graceful and elegant duke, Lorenzo by name. This Lorenzo is wealthy, a wonderful artist, brilliant and accomplished, but with a moral nature less lofty than that of his wife. Indeed, he is so sinful as to gamble away all his money and hers, and to conduct himself indecorously with other women. His wife, who "had not, however, the least inclination to attend" masked balls, because "the very thought of wearing a mask was repugnant to" her, and because she "never could understand what pleasure was to be found in a mystery of this kind, which always seemed childish and trivial, if not culpable and dangerous," finally let herself be persuaded to go to one; her husband, mistaking her for another woman, "spoke — yes, at once, and with vehemence, with passion! . . . But . . . it was not to me! . . . No, it was to her he expected to meet." At this time Gilbert de Kerzy, the man of intelligence whom she had already met in Paris in her husband's gambling days, comes to Naples, the scene of these darker doings, and takes the occasion of a visit to Mount Vesuvius in

eruption, to declare his love to the injured wife. She rebuffs him, and he marries her most intimate friend. When Lorenzo has run through his property, he supports his wife by hard work, and becomes an exemplary husband. The Italian war breaks out, and he is killed in the first battle. His widow is happy, — "happier than I ever imagined I could be on earth; and if life sometimes seems long, I have never found it sad." This is a rude synopsis of the incidents of the novel, which is in fact a tract with worldly scenes, in praise of the church of Rome. One chapter is devoted to an ardent description of confession and the receiving of absolution, which must make certain cooler heads of the church regret the fervor of this literary preacher of the faith, and no chance is let go by without its being put to use in this fashion. The reader is more impressed by the writer's fire than by any profound respect for her abilities as a writer. His feelings for the translator are likely to be even cooler; a few extracts will illustrate this: "I am not using the language of a religious, but simply that of truth and common sense;" "I had corresponded to this grace it is true;" "It is useless to say that I went to church alone, as on the preceding Sunday, but I was not as calm and recollected as I was then." The attentive reader will find similar awkward translations "in their plenitude," to borrow one of the phrases peculiar to the book.

— What especial need there was of raking up Mr. Henry Kingsley's *Stretton*² from its easily-won obscurity, it would be hard to say. A few years ago this novel appeared, was read, and then disappeared; and now that a new edition is sent into the world, there is but little chance of altering the verdict it received before. Mr. Kingsley's heroes are a scuffling, ill-mannered, rowdy set of youths, with heads resembling those of different members of the brute creation, whose perpetual horse-play is lugged in by the author as if it were delightful wit. That they are a set of unlicked cubs, and grossly impolite, in spite of all the praise Mr. Kingsley gives them, and as unattractive as possible, is only too plain. "Going Berserk" is the author's notion of what is gentlemanly on the part of the young, and these Berserkers stamp on one another's feet, and kick, and pinch, and fall madly in

¹ *Jettatrice; or The Veil Withdrawn*. By MADAME AUGUSTUS CRAVEN, author of *A Sister's Story*, *Fleurange*, etc. Boston: Estes and Lauriat. 1875.

² *Stretton*. By HENRY KINGSLEY, author of *Ravenhoe*, *Geoffrey Hamlyn*, *Hetty*, etc. With Illustrations. Boston: Estes and Lauriat. 1875.

love, and never get over their rude ways, in a fashion that would have made them famous among their ancestors. Besides their frivolities, we find space devoted to the account of the not unsimilar doings of their elders. A certain aunt Eleanor and her long since rejected lover are brought in for our admiration, but they are not very unlike the others. Perhaps the following extract will serve as well as another to show the tone of the book. A colonel is talking to Roland, a leading Berserk, and says, "We have not got a single snob in the regiment, which is a great thing. . . . You see we have a way of getting rid of snobs; we all get so thundering polite and genteel (not gentlemanlike, we are always that) that they can't stand us, and exchange."

Another person who appears in the story a great deal more than is required by the exigencies of the task he has set himself, is Mr. Henry Kingsley, whose innocent pride in the creation of his brain is one of the most melancholy things in the book.

— Mr. Miller's new volume,¹ with its publishers' collection of critical plums at the end of the pudding, calls up anew the curious reflection that the English notice-writers have found nothing more searching to say of Mr. Miller's previous poetry than that, with all his faults, the writer has undeniable poetic power, or is a true poet. A French critic is now also quoted as saying much the same thing. It seems not to have occurred to these persons that being truly possessed of poetic faculty is not the same as being "a true poet." They use the phrases as synonymous. It will perhaps sound harsh, but we are much inclined to distinguish Mr. Miller as in some ways a very untrue poet, though truly gifted. We mean to say that he is constantly and most discouragingly untrue to the higher possibilities of his genius. What may be the reason of this we cannot here attempt to determine. It would appear that he has devoted himself with some assiduity to the study of certain models, in the hope of acquiring a better art; but this has too often resulted in reflections of Swinburne, Morris, and Byron. He has not absorbed principles and then reproduced them in an art of his own, but has caught mainly the mannerisms of others. Still Mr. Miller has a rude, instinctive effectiveness of his own,

which, when he is thoroughly possessed by his theme, is very powerful; as for example, in the opening of his poem, where he makes several beginnings and breaks off abruptly after each with "Away, the tale is not of these," or "Nay, nay, the tale is not of that;" thus, by a sort of poetical aporia, nearing his theme with a fine air of mystery. His pictures in this introductory portion are extraordinarily vivid. At last, an Indian hunter brings to camp a plate of gold from the lost ship in the desert,

"And walls of warriors sat that night
In black, nor streak of battle red,
Around against the red camp light,
And told such wondrous tales as these
Of wealth within their dried-up seas.

"And one, girl well in tiger's skin,
Who stood, like Saul, above the rest,
With dangling claws about his breast,
A belt without, a blade within,
A warrior with a painted face
And lines that shadowed stern and grim,
Stood pointing east from his high place,
And hurling thought like cannon shot,
Stood high with visage flushed and hot."

Then comes a passage about some miners "by Arizona's sea of sand," who, delving

"the level salt-white sands
For gold, with bold and horned hands,"

come upon fragments of the ship; and so, finally, we are ushered into the story proper. All this, with the exception of some characteristic affectations, is really done with power; that image, "walls of warriors," is admirable; and there is much also that is large and effective about the romance which follows. But it is on the score of the carrying out of the plot that we find fault with Mr. Miller. The tale is weird and sad, though simple. An old man, Morgan, carries off the lady Ina from her Spanish lover, who pursues. Then there is a flight across country which takes in about a third of the continent; pursued and pursuers arrive at the desert. The description of the desert, and the ruin and wreck of "sea things" long since left there by returning oceans, is extremely strong; though how much of this is memory and observation and how much real imagination we do not know. There, near the ship, at night occurs the final encounter, when all who have not previously died of heat perish in fight, except the lonely old man and Ina. These two find an oasis, where they remain; and the sadness of Ina's solitary life there, bereft of love, is very feelingly described. Yet we doubt whether many readers would be able to make out, from a first reading, what the

¹ *The Ship in the Desert*. By JOAQUIN MILLER, author of *Songs of the Sierras*, and *Songs of the Sun-Lands*. Boston: Robert Brothers. 1875.

poem is about. Mr. Miller affects indistinctness, and his persons have no individuality; we are left to solace ourselves with the simple poetry which we find by the way. There is a startling want of directness and of proportion in the narrative, and a very irritating interlude about Venice is inopportunately thrown in, at one point. All this is quite destructive of good poetical design. We have also to complain that Mr. Miller frequently mars his best passages with foolish repetition of some favorite line, a device adding greatly to the reigning confusion, and that there are a vast number of verses in the poem which neither bear directly or indirectly on the story nor have any merit in themselves.

On some accounts, *The Ship in the Desert* is perhaps the best of Mr. Miller's works, thus far, and there is a great deal of enjoyment to be got out of it. The author, in his preface, seems to think that he has been badly treated by his countrymen; his ground for this is probably that American critics are less easily astounded by American products than the English critics are. But even at the risk of increasing this misunderstanding, we must urge that Mr. Miller's merits are no excuse for his shortcomings, which are often grievous; and that, although without his poetry we should lack one of the most curious literary results of the period, there can be no danger, if Mr. Miller desires the immortality that has been somewhat lavishly promised him, in his giving his work a more perfect and enduring structure.

—Mr. William Morris's version of the *Æneid*¹ has been looked for with great interest. The warm admirers of Jason and The Earthly Paradise have been apt to be also those who cherish peculiarly fond recollections of their Virgilian days, and to such it naturally seemed that the forthcoming translation of the Roman epic must be satisfying and ultimate. And there was reason in this faith. Nobody, it may be, supposes at present that the *Æneid* is a very great poem; but the impatient modern critic who pronounces it a very bad one, with no merit whatever except the exceeding melody of its Latin verse, and therefore unfit for translation, is certainly at fault. The *Æneid* is a poem with a charm; a charm which in the first six books is almost continuous, and which reappears at

intervals throughout the more tedious latter half of the work. It is not the charm of form alone, for it is felt by many who have never fully fathomed, and never will fully fathom, the structure of the original verse. It is not the charm of great deeds and fine character, for of these the poem contains but little. Dido indeed is original and tragically interesting,—the prototype, perhaps, of the modern heroine of romance; but we care not a straw for any of the rest of the *dramatis personæ*, unless it be old Evander and his son. It is a charm very rare, if not unique, in the works of antiquity, of *sentiment*, of pathos under polish, of an ever ready melancholy repressed beneath an ever vigilant and dignified urbanity; the languor which, when a civilization has attained its height, always attacks sensitive spirits a little in advance of the beginnings of its decay, *seu mollis violæ seu languentis hyacinthi*. Virgil was a Roman courtier, and he knew perfectly well how to give a polite little turn at intervals to the long story of his nation's tempestuous youth. He was a thorough artist and an experienced man of letters, and he knew when to use harsh words and when coarse words and when antiquated words,—and he used the former kinds with unflinching propriety and the latter very seldom,—but the *heart of him*, as Mr. Morris would say, was essentially refined and tender. The verses whose “dying fall” seizes the memory in school-days and haunts it ever after, “*volucris simillima somno*,” “*ripæ ulterioris amore*,” “*in ventos vita recessit*,” and the like, are affecting not merely by the music of their syllables, but because this is allied with a true and keen pathos of meaning.

Now who might have been supposed so fit to render all this into an alien tongue as the “idle singer of an empty day,” who entreats that he may sing of “days remembered,” and “build a little isle of bliss midst the beating of a stormy sea,” for the confessed reason that he feels unequal to coping with the “ravening monsters” of his own time? It also seemed that he, if any one, might properly determine the form of such a translation. The beauties of the Virgilian hexameter are wonderful, but is it certain that they are absolutely inimitable in English verse? May there not be found an equivalent for them, if not a parallel? For what are those beauties? Chiefly, a sweet and surging monotony, fluctuant and untiring to the reader as the monotony of the sea itself to the beholder; and especially a con-

¹ *The Æneids of Virgil*. Done into English Verse. By WILLIAM MORRIS, author of *The Earthly Paradise*. Boston: Robert Brothers.

stant change in the position of the principal pause of the verse; "no consecutive fifths," in short. The blank verse of the laureate answers this description, and the rhymed pentameter of Jason does not fall far short of it. An *Æneid* in rhymed pentameters might have been a trifle longer than the original; and it might not; for the late Professor Conington, whose accurate scholarship at least is indisputable, tells us, in the preface to his own Metrical *Æneid*, that he was surprised to find how often the whole of a hexameter could be put into one of his octosyllabic lines. And at all events, a few lines more or less in a long poem not divided into stanzas are of no real moment.

We therefore awaited Mr. Morris's *Æneid* with enthusiasm, and undoubtedly it has many admirable qualities. It is resolutely and almost exclusively Saxon; a wonderful feat indeed, in this regard. There can hardly be so much as one word of Latin derivation to each of the three hundred and eighty pages. It is full of vigor. It is close and accurate for the most part, and the ingenuity shown in making it correspond, line for line, with the original is very great, and very convenient also, because it makes comparison so easy. You may open the book almost at random, provided you avoid the most famous passages of all, and you will be very likely to light on something fine. Take this, for example, concerning the landing at Delos, from *Æneas's* narrative in the third book, *Inde ubi prima fides pelago*, etc., iii. 69.

"But now when we may trust the sea, and winds
the ocean keep
Unangered, and the South bids on, light-whisper-
ing o'er the deep,
Our fellows crowd the sea-beach o'er, and run
the ships adown;
And from the haven we are borne, and fadeth field
and town.
Amid the sea a land there lies, sweet over every-
thing,
Loved of the Nereids' mother, loved by that *Ægean*
king,
Great Neptune; this, a-wandering once all coasts
and shores around,
The Bow Lord good to Gyarus and high Myconos
bound,
And bade it fixed to cherish folk, nor fear the
winds again.
There come we; and that gentlest isle receives
us weary men."

Here also Mr. Morris comes as near as he ever comes — as near, surely, as may be — to overcoming the inherent vice of his measure, the fixed recurrence of the *casura* between the fourth and fifth feet of the verse.

The meeting of *Æneas* and *Anchises* in *Hades* is also well rendered, though not without a touch of mannerism, *At pater Anchises*, etc., vi. 679.

"But Sire *Anchises* deep adown in green-grown
valley lay,
And on the spirits prisoned there, but soon to
wend to day,
Was gazing with a fond desire: of all his coming
ones
There was he reckoning up the tale, and well-
loved sons of sons;
Their fate, their haps, their ways of life, their
deeds to come to pass.
But when he saw *Æneas* now draw nigh, athwart
the grass,
He stretched forth either palm to him, all eager,
and the tears
Poured o'er his cheeks, and speech withal forth
from his mouth there fares.
'O come at last, and hath the love thy father hoped
for won
O'er the hard way, and may I now look on thy
face, O son,
And give and take with thee in talk, and hear
the words I know?
So verily my mind forebode; I deemed 't was
coming so,
And counted all the days thereto; nor was my
longing vain.
And now I have thee, son, borne o'er what lands,
how many a main!
How tossed about on every side by every peril
still!
Ah, how I feared lest *Libyan* land should bring
thee unto ill!'
Then he: 'O father, thou it was, thine image
saw it was,
That coming o'er and o'er again drove me these
doors to pass;
My ships lie in the *Tyrrhene* salt — ah, give the
hand I lack!
Give it, my father, neither thus from my em-
brace draw back!'
His face was wet with plenteous tears e'en as the
word he spake,
And thrice the neck of him beloved he strove in
arms to take;
And thrice away from out his hands the gathered
image streams,
E'en as the breathing of the wind or winged thing
of dreams."

The games in the fifth book, the picture of *Camilla* at the close of the seventh, the rich portrait of *Ascanius* in his armor in the tenth, and the episode of *Nisus* and *Euryalus* in the ninth, are all passages which we can recall with pleasure in Mr. Morris's version. And yet that version, as a whole, is disappointing, and much of it is positively displeasing. Let us look for the reasons.

In the first place, it is fanatically Saxon and unnecessarily grotesque. Look at the title-page: "The *Æneids* of Virgil, done into English Verse." Why *Æneids*? Why not, indeed, except that the version is for English readers, who hardly recognize the poem by

that name? And surely "done into" is not only a less elegant but a less precise and therefore less expressive phrase than "translated." The use of words is to convey ideas. Their source really matters little, provided they fulfill their end. The Saxon expression "done into" is rude and vague. It represents a wide, and, so to speak, unskilled aim at a meaning which came in the course of years to be much more finely conveyed by a word derived from a more literate tongue. And the same is true of a good many of those brief, blunt Saxon words in which Mr. Morris delights. They are rude and pointless instruments, compared with the Latin words of the first century or the largely Latinized English of the nineteenth. It is true that Virgil writes of a comparatively rude time, but the language in which he writes of it was urbane and modern to him and his hearers. He says *fazero* and *aulat* upon occasion, but only upon occasion, and by way of variety; feeling, probably, what every author of a poem in twelve cantos, in whatever land or language, must have been forced to feel, the need of an extensive chronological range. But Mr. Morris dotes on archaic words, and will have none other where these can be by any means pressed into his service. Where he uses them with a constant significance, as "burg" for *arx*, "bale" for *rogus*, we come soon to understand his dialect and receive his idea; but it is the simple truth that his language is in many passages so studiously quaint and inverted that we have to refer to the original to see what he means. And there is another class of antiquated words of which he seems to be extravagantly fond *per se*, and on these he lays multifarious duty. Take as an example the word "dight." There may be plausible reason for rendering by this once obsolete verb the words *paro* and *apparo*, although in many cases the obvious "provide" or "prepare" would doubtless be quite as exact and more generally intelligible. But he also uses it as follows: *sic volvere Parcas*, "such web the Parcs dight;" *tu das epulis accumbere divom*, "thou givest me to lie with gods when heavenly feast is dight;" *dapibusque futuris*, "feast that was to dight;" *regali luxu instruitur*, "with kingly pomp is dight;" *instaurant epulas*, "feast they dight;" *prefigere puppibus arma*, "dight ships with warlike gear." And these are but specimens which might be almost indefinitely multiplied. Now this immoderate use of a single queer word indicates that the writer has

a theory, not to say a hobby; and a translator should beware of either. His duty is to deny himself and reflect his author.

Again, Mr. Morris is assuredly not happy in the metre which he has selected. Almost all that can be said in favor of this fourteen-syllabled verse is that it is the measure of Chapman's Homer, and that it is a little more suitable for Homer than for Virgil. It seems to have been chosen as the supposed quantitative equivalent of the hexameter; which indeed, at first sight and on a mere count of syllables, it appears to be. But it is longer to the ear, because it has seven accents where the hexameter has six; and it is tiresome where the hexameter is restful, because of the fixed recurrence of a cæsure between the fourth and fifth feet, which Dr. Holmes, in his curious paper on the Physiology of Versification, has shown to be a physical necessity of the iambic heptameter. It is at best a *jogging* measure, and Mr. Morris's passion for Saxon words of one syllable gives it an effect of a jog-trot over cobble-stones, which becomes quite maddening at times, and afflicts one with a vain longing for the "multitudinous sea incarnadine," and "inextricabilis error."

But the long line full of short words works curiously in another way. We are forced to conclude that the English undefiled which Mr. Morris most admires and affects—whether it be Chaucer's or no—is a more concise language than the Latin of Virgil. For, in order to preserve the exact number of his lines, the translator is obliged repeatedly, nay, continually, to fill them in with short words which are actually superfluous. Not only must he say "Troy-town" for *Troja*, "lamb-folk" for *agni*, "yore ago" for *quondam*, and "why thus wise" for *quianam* (why not "thusly" at once? The quantity is far better), but he translates *fatur* by "such words to tell he spoke," *vita* by "life and all," *effeta* by "moldy-dull," *adensu* by "yea-saying," *tempora cingit* by "he did his brows about," and *totum cognovimus annem*, "whereby we knew the river's uplong brim."

And finally, the combined effect of the curt phraseology and the sing-song movement of Mr. Morris's verse is well-nigh to extinguish, in the passages which we all remember best, that pathos which is the most endearing characteristic of the Angustan poet. Sobs and sighs chopped fine by the jolting of a cart lose something of their dignity. The great ghost of Hector arises in the second book in this alliterative fashion:

"Most sorrowful to see he was, and weeping plentiful flood,
And e'en as torn, behind the car, black with the dust and blood,
His feet all swollen with the thong that pierced them through and through.

Woe worth the while for what he was! How changed from him we knew!"

But this is better than Creusa's touching farewell to Æneus, which is rendered thus:

"Sweet husband, wherefore needest thou with such mad sorrow play?

Without the dealing of the gods doth none of this betide,

And they, they will not have thee bear Creusa by thy side,

Nor will Olympus' highest king such fellowship allow;

Long exile is in store for thee, huge plain of sea to plow," etc.

Over the sharp sigh of sympathy, also, with which the fourth book ends,—

"Omnis et una

Dilapsus calor, atque in ventos vita recessit,"

the translator skips as follows:—

"Then failed the life-heat spent,

And forth away into the winds the spirit of her went!"

Quantum mutatus ab illo who sang concerning the death of Paris that simple, poignant strain:—

"Then, as a man who in a failing fight
For a last onset gathers suddenly
All soul and strength, he faced the summer light,
And from his lips broke forth a mighty cry
Of 'Helen, Helen, Helen!' yet the sky
Changed not above his cast-back golden head,
And merry was the world, though he was dead."

As compared with the two other recent translations of the Æneid, that of the lamented Professor Conington in the ballad metre of Sir Walter Scott, and that of our countryman, Mr. Cranch, in blank verse, Mr. Morris's version, if not less scholarly than Professor Conington's, is less agreeable and intelligible reading; while it is both more spirited and more poetic than the conscientious work of Mr. Cranch.

—The last-named poet has lately given us a volume¹ of robust proportions, suitable to the period of time covered by the contents, which in the prefatory sonnet are called—

"The hoarded flasks of many a varying year."

The *ensemble* of the book, so far as the literary impression goes, would probably have been better had the selection been more exclusive; but it is not altogether fair to view it merely from that side. The

collection represents a long term of artistic life, with its successes and half-successes and its various endeavor in search of the ideal. The motive of the first poem, *The Bird and the Bell*, is excellent, being a conflict between the fresh, inspiring voice of a bird heard singing in Florence, and the doleful thoughts called up by the ringing of the Romish church bells. On the whole, however, it seems to us somewhat diffuse, a fault to which others of the meditative poems of Mr. Cranch must plead guilty. But there is resource enough in the book for a variety of tastes, and ground for differing judgments. The *Lay of Thrym*, which was first printed in *The Atlantic*, is perhaps the completest success in the list, being consistent and concise in execution, and in every way excellent. We wish, indeed, that Mr. Cranch had rated it high enough to think it deserving of some companion-pieces. Still, we have here *The Rose of Death*, a spirited ballad of our civil war, which serves very well to support the *Lay*; and *The Bobolinks* is a very lovely poem, full of an airy, musical fancy. The rest of the poems divide and subdivide themselves into various groups, of which the comic and grotesque group—*Cornucopia*, *The Dispute of the Seven Days*, and others similar to these—is more individual and distinctive than the others. Under this falls *My Old Palette*, in which the half-plaintive, half-jocular tone of reminiscence is admirably suited to the subject; it is a very happy reach of fancy which thus seizes the sense of that simple, color-stained bit of board. We cannot help again wondering, as we read the poem entitled *J. R. L. on his Fiftieth Birthday*, whether Mr. Cranch knows how good his best is:—

"At fifty, Time has plucked our thickest locks;
Polished the outer, dulled the inner head;
Filched golden dreams from many a knowledge-box,
And left dry facts instead."

Now in this stanza there is a neatness, an epigrammatic touch, which gives it a high place at once. Why has not the writer tried his tools at some of those dainty fret-work epigrams which in the tough hands of Ben Jonson, or under Goldsmith's deft fingers, used to get a grace that reminds one of Cellini? It is dangerous for the poet nowadays to be too various. The single-minded singer is not only more apt to find a style and a set of subjects peculiar to himself, but also he receives a more whole-souled appreciation than the one who ex-

¹ *The Bird and the Bell, with other Poems.* By CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

presses himself in many moods and ways, and on many topics. So that Mr. Cranch might have won a fuller, success, very likely, in confining himself to the line of epigram or the line of humor, or some one of the several that he moves upon in this volume. There are various poems that seem to us quite mistaken both in theme and in treatment; *Dream Life*, for example; and it would not be difficult to point out some rather exasperating instances of mixed metaphor and ludicrousness of image. But on the whole, Mr. Cranch's poems will stand as good testimony to his attachment for the poetic art, and to his real capacity for it, though he sometimes falls short in achievement.

— In approaching the completion of his arduous task, Mr. Bancroft shows no sign of weariness; he has accumulated his facts with as discreet profusion, and added his few words of useful criticism with as much deliberation, as at the beginning. The preceding volumes have set high the standard by which he is to be judged, and he nowhere falls below it. Every volume gives only new proofs of his untiring energy. In this, the fourth,¹ he gives a summary of all that is known about the antiquities of the lands whose early inhabitants he has already fully described, and by antiquities he means not merely the works of a people either extinct or known only by tradition, but, rather, all the works of aboriginal hands which it may be fair to suppose were executed before native intercourse with Europeans. For a long time reading the memorials of these vanished or vanishing races will be for the most part a matter of guess-work. Hitherto no real advance has been made in clearing away the obscurity which enshrouds so much of the past, but the archæologist, who sees how much has been done in other lands where all seemed dark, possesses his soul in patience and hopes for the best.

In his enumeration of antiquities Mr. Bancroft begins at the south and goes northward; this he does simply from motives of convenience. The first memorials mentioned are the Chiriqué rock-sculptures, a high-sounding name for the carvings which seem to have been modeled on boys' earliest drawings on their slates. Pottery and small gold figures have also been found. Costa Rica has furnished but few things; perhaps the most important is an ax of

green quartz. Coming to Nicaragua we find more relics, including carvings and paintings on cliffs, of a most rudimentary sort. On the adjacent island of Zapatero various interesting idols, of comparative artistic merit, have been found, and are represented in a series of wood-cuts, as well as several found elsewhere in Nicaragua. Of Honduras there is but little to be noted, with the exception of the famous ruins of Copan, with the huge temple and the pyramids and the great number of richly-carved statues. Next comes an account of the antiquities of Guatemala, and following this a long chapter on the rich treasures of Yucatan. Here are "perhaps finer, and certainly more numerous specimens of ancient aboriginal architecture, sculpture, and painting, than have been discovered in any other section of America." Mr. Bancroft gives a full account of the ruins of Uxmal, Labná, Chichen, Tuloom, so far as known, Mérida, etc., condensed from the records of the Comte de Waldeck, — who, it will be remembered, died a few months ago at Paris, in his one hundred and tenth year, — and from Stephens, to whom he gives great praise, Norman, and Charnay. In stating the conclusions based on these observations, Mr. Bancroft says, "It may then be accepted as a fact susceptible of no doubt, that the Yucatan structures were built by the Mayas, the direct ancestors of the people found in the peninsula at the conquest, and of the present native population. Respecting their age we only know the date of their abandonment, that is, the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. . . . The history of the Mayas indicates the building of some of the cities at various dates from the third to the tenth centuries. As I have said before, there is nothing in the buildings to indicate the date of their erection, that they were or were not standing at the commencement of the Christian era. We may see how, abandoned and uncared for, they have resisted the ravages of the elements for three or four centuries. How many centuries they may have stood guarded and kept in repair by the builders and their descendants, we can only conjecture." We next come to a full account of the interesting ruins of Palenque, of which the author says that their resemblance to the ruins in Yucatan shows that they must have been built by a people of the same race and language, "at widely different epochs, or by branches of the Maya race which had long been separated, or by branches which through the influence

¹ *The Native Races of the Pacific States of North America*. By HERBERT HOWE BANCROFT. Volume IV. Antiquities. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1875.

of foreign tribes lived under greatly modified institutions."

The chapters devoted to the memorials of the Nahua nations follow. First among these are the ruins at and near Tehuantepec, while the most important are the palaces at Mitla, with their mosaic patterns. In the province of Vera Cruz a large variety of interesting relics has been discovered. In the central plateaux the most noteworthy antiquity is the pyramid of Cholula. In the valley and in the city of Mexico, very little has been left by the Spaniard. Doubtless, Mr. Bancroft says, thousands of interesting monuments lie buried beneath the town. Some of the idols which have been exhumed are of the most ghastly sort. In the northern states there is not so much that is remarkable. The Casas Grandes of Chihuahua is the most celebrated. In Arizona and New Mexico many relics have been discovered, for many of which Aztec builders are claimed, a supposition which Mr. Bancroft earnestly denounces. Then follows a brief account of what has been found in the rest of his territory. Besides this, we have a chapter devoted to the mound-builders, condensing the information about them, and a final chapter devoted to the antiquities of Peru, which goes to show how very faint is the likelihood of any connection between the Maya and Peruvian peoples.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.¹

A book which concerns itself less with the fate of empires than Madame Geoffrin's letters, which we spoke of last month, is the correspondence of the Countess of Sabran with the Chevalier de Boufflers.² These letters are truly delightful reading. The Countess of Sabran was, at the time the book opens, in 1778, a widow, twenty-seven years old. She had married the Marquis de Sabran, a naval officer fifty years her senior, and by him she had two children, a son, Elzéar, and a daughter who married the Count de Custines in 1787. Of her own marriage she wrote as follows: "I married a feeble old man, and was more truly his nurse than his wife. . . . I then did not foresee the consequences. . . . Loving nothing, everything seemed to me equally

worthy of being loved, and I had for my good old husband the same feeling as for my father and grandfather, a very gentle sentiment which at the time quite satisfied my heart." In 1777 she made the acquaintance of the Chevalier de Boufflers, a colonel, thirty-nine years old. His life had been a singular one. He had been a student at the seminary of St. Sulpice, but he showed himself more suited for the gay world and for the camp than for the life of a priest, and hence it was that he entered the army, and "M. l'Abbé de Boufflers became M. le Chevalier de Boufflers," as Grimm put it in one of his letters. He was renowned for wit and elegance. Though the chevalier and Madame de Sabran were in love with one another, they did not marry for many years. The reason was because the chevalier was unwilling to take a wife until he should be able to support her, and by his marriage he would lose all claim to the property given him when a child by Stanislas, King of Poland, out of regard for his mother. Hence the poor countess led a tolerably unhappy life; she frequently met her lover, to be sure, who had the rights without the responsibilities of a husband, and she felt sure of his attachment for her even if she held him by no legal ties. But then, too, he was ambitious for wealth and an assured position, and it was in search of them that he accepted the office of governor of Senegal in 1785. In the course of the next year he returned for a visit of several months' duration, during which he was admitted to the Academy. He then went back to Africa, returning only immediately before the Revolution, and was elected to the États généraux from Nancy. He soon, however, was obliged to leave France, as was also Madame de Sabran, and not until 1797, at Breslau, twenty years after they had first met, were they married. They returned to Paris in 1800. The marquis received a pension from the emperor and lived until 1815; his widow survived him twelve years, dying in 1827. Such are the bare facts of their lives. The letters, it should perhaps be said, were preserved through the perils of the Revolution, and are now published in accordance with the formal request of the Count Elzéar, into whose hands they finally came.

Her letters are very charming reading.

¹ All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter St., Boston, Mass.

² *Correspondance inédite de la Comtesse de Sabran*

et du Chevalier de Boufflers. (1778-1783.) Recueil lie et publiée par E. DE MAGNIEU et HENRI PRAT. Paris: E. Plon & Cie. 1875.

She had a fascinating, easy style, and whether she is telling the ordinary incidents of the last two or three days, or describing people or the events of her little journeys, or giving good advice to her lover, she has an arch, graceful manner of prattling that is very delightful. Here is part of one, taken almost at random: "Paris is horribly dull; there is really no one here; it is impossible to walk or breathe, even in the Champs Élysées; the dust drives every one away. From all I hear there has never been such a drought. Still, for several days they have been bringing out the reliquary of Sainte Geneviève; but now the saints no longer bring rain and fine weather, their day has gone by; and if they are treated with no more consideration in the other world than in this, I pity them for having taken so much trouble. I went yesterday to Ermenonville, to see the tomb of Jean-Jacques. I must say that if the day of the saints has gone by, that of *beaux esprits* has not. You cannot imagine the enthusiasm he has inspired in every one: Roucher has just written some charming verses in praise of his life and death; Robert has designed his tomb, and Claudion is making a statue of him. All the arts are rivals in paying him homage. I do not know whether you know Ermenonville; it is a charming place." Then she describes the tomb, and says a word about burying the dead, speaking of it unfavorably in comparison with burning them, and adds, "But then, I am lost among the graves and the dead, like poor Young. I am not as sad as he, but I am still sad; there are some dark days when one sees everything *en noir*," etc.

Soon afterwards she takes a little jaunt into Switzerland, and yearns to leave the gay world and live in a little *chalet* with her children, but she fears the place would be too lonely for her lover. Bâle she found even then full of English. She sends him bits of translation, the verses she has written, *bonds rimés* she has composed; in a word, her letters mirror her life with the utmost exactness. It cannot be denied that her earlier letters are the most cheerful ones. As time went on she felt the disadvantages of her position, and without wearying her lover with protestations she never forgets how dependent she is upon his generosity. But it is not often that she is depressed by this feeling. She is generally in good spirits, or, when sad, in such spirits that she is able by a jest to put herself into her nor-

mal state again. Here is another of her letters:—

"I could not read without being touched by what you said on your future blindness. If anything could lessen the grief which I should feel as keenly as you, it would be the fact that then I should be everything to you. I should be until my death your support and your guide, that is to say, your dog and your cane; we should make a community of interest in the two eyes left in the family. I have seen only through yours since I have known you, and then you would do the same for me. I am far from having the slightest disquiet on this subject. . . . The only thing you need do, and which would surely cure you, would be to wear a bandage over your eyes, by night I mean, of course, for your malice might suspect some interest on my part in this wise advice, and fancy that I had some reason for dreading the effect of your little bright eyes. No, my child, I have nothing to do with your illusion; our love has not needed it; it arose without it, and it will endure without it; for certainly it was not the effect of my charms, which had disappeared when you first knew me, that attached you to me; no more is it your manners of a Huron, your distracted air, your keen, true sallies of wit, your huge appetite, and your sound sleep when any one wants to talk to you, which have made me love you to madness. It is a certain indefinable something which unites our souls, a certain sympathy which makes me feel and think like you. For beneath your savage outside you hide the spirit of an angel and the heart of a woman. You combine all the contrasts, and there is no being in heaven or on the earth who is more lovable or more loved than you. Therefore come to see me as soon as possible."

For his part the Chevalier de Boufflers makes a creditable showing. He repined at the stern fate he had himself chosen, which kept him separated from the woman he loved, and yet at times with an air as if he was conscious of her unexpressed impatience at his determination. Unexpressed it may be called, for what she says about their enforced separation is very slight in comparison with what she felt. Here, for instance, is one of her few complaints; she has been speaking of the perplexed condition of Europe, and especially of France, at the time, 1787: "No one knows how it will all end. Some people seem to think that bankruptcy is impending, and my fear at present is that they will take even the

widow's mite. I confess I should mind that, for now that I am growing old I begin to feel as if money were an excellent thing; in spite of that, I would gladly give all I possess to live, grow old, and die with you, sure that you would never leave me again, that I should never have to hear again those cruel farewells which torture both my mind and my body, and every one of which costs me ten years of my life. What are all the goods of this world in comparison with the intimate union of two souls formed for one another, which purify each other in the fire of love, like gold in the crucible? How much strength and courage that gives to oppose to all the ills of life! How easy it is to do without everything when one possesses everything! . . . If you had only been willing to believe me, we should have possessed this treasure; but" — In comparison with

her the chevalier is a very simple character. Even when she is gloomiest, her liveliness bubbles out. He expresses his emotions much more frankly, and it is quite pathetic to read the record of his being becalmed on his way home from Senegal for the second time. His voyage was made double its usual length, and his wrath knew no bounds.

We may urge the reading of this entertaining volume on all persons who care for a very sincere record of the experience of two human beings, graced by the literary charm of a clever woman's wit. These letters, as well as Madame de Geoffrin's, bear testimony to the worldly elegance which was a characteristic of the time, and both books show the best side of it to the student. They may be said to have a sort of usefulness which not all text-books possess.

ART.

"At last on this side of the Atlantic an earnest, wide-spread activity in behalf of popular art education is beginning to manifest itself," says Mr. Stetson, in his energetic and interesting American preface to the translation of Professor Langl's report;¹ and, believing this activity to be not transient and spasmodic but "the beginning of a new era in art education," he throws into the scale a mass of useful information which conclusively shows our commercial and other interests to be seriously concerned in art education. Though manufactures in the United States have greatly advanced, or rather multiplied, in the last half-century, they are still rude in character, *i.e.*, they embody very little of the skill and taste which, by improving the quality of products add to their market value. Our skill has all been expended in labor-saving machinery, in appliances for increasing quantity. What we now need is skill in working up quality, and in raising the value added by manufacture above that of the raw material used. At present, the added value in this country is less than the cost.

of raw material, while in England, for example, manufacturing actually adds to the price of goods considerably *more* than the sum first paid for the materials of those goods. The total cotton manufactures of England, in 1870, were \$447,096,000, while the value of the raw material used in them was only \$202,296,000; so that the value added was \$244,800,000. The prosperity of a country is manifestly proportioned to the degree of skill thus employed in increasing the value of materials; for while the labor of making goods tasteful is no greater than that of making them otherwise, the compensation for taste is enormous. Naturally, too, agriculture is stimulated by the immediate presence of an artisan population.

These facts have been only recently recognized. At the beginning of the century "it was the well-drilled soldier upon whom the nations of Europe counted for defense; the well-trained workman counted for nothing." Now, however, "the pencil is recognized as the most efficient ally of the needle-gun," as Mr. Stetson puts it, a trifle ecstatically. It was the discovery made by En-

¹ *Modern Art Education: its Practical and Aesthetic Character educationally considered.* By PROFESSOR JOSEPH LANGL. Being part of the Austrian Official Report on the Vienna World's Fair of 1873.

Translated with notes by S. R. KOEHLER. With an introduction by CHARLES B. STETSON. Boston: L. Prang & Company. 1875.

gland at the first World's Fair, in 1851, that she was far behind the nations she had challenged, in industrial skill, which led to the active attention that has been given to art education in that country; and from England's aroused interest, the Continental powers in their turn were brought to study the subject afresh. What has resulted from this study may be gathered in great detail from Professor Langl's report, for the translation of which we are much indebted to Mr. Koehler. It should be carefully read by all who wish well to art education in this country. England, France, Germany, and Austria stand at the head of the nations as rivals in improved art education and industrial skill. Among the great powers, the United States come last, in this respect, as they came in 1851, also. Professor Langl takes a discouraging view of us. "Industry" here, he says, "is bent upon usefulness rather than upon artistic beauty; and individuality of taste is yet out of the question. . . . Architecture might perhaps be expected to develop an independent character, . . . but even in this department only European motives are to be seen; and, as there is no lack of means, these motives are frequently used as a pompous decoration of the most daring constructions. The photographs from Chicago, Cincinnati, and Philadelphia furnished characteristic specimens." On some accounts it seems a pity that Boston did not burn in time to photograph its resuscitated business district for the Vienna Fair. But we see no reason why we should be denied "European motives." There is nothing to say against his criticism of our drawing system, however. The common schools of Cincinnati exhibited their work "in truly magnificent bindings, one subject having been drawn by the whole class, so that the same volume frequently showed *the same figure fifty to sixty times*" (1) "Among the work of the teachers", normal, and high schools, sins against everything like good taste were to be met with, that made one's hair stand on end." The teaching in Massachusetts is set down as the best, though in the continuation of Mr. Smith's instruction in ornament "there is a want of freshness," says Herr Langl, "and of definite style in the forms. This is followed up by beads, animals, flowers, and even whole human figures, arranged rather arbitrarily, and the whole executed in dry, cold outlines in pen-manner." The free industrial drawing classes of the State receive "full praise," however. These are the classes which in The Atlantic

we have constantly been obliged to praise at the expense of the schools. The other strictures agree with the impression of the present report in regard to English art education, namely, that as yet it has succeeded in advancing skill only in the decoration of flat surfaces. "Everybody," says the reporter, "perceives that the beneficial influence of the English art schools in the matter of form . . . has been of the greatest importance;" yet he thinks it very doubtful whether England will ever be able to attain to "the position of recognized leadership in art and art industry." It is worth while to lay up in the memory this criticism of so well-informed a person as Professor Langl; the more so, since there is some tendency in Massachusetts, at least, to become fettered by South Kensington methods. These methods have been copied in several countries of Europe, and they will be more or less urged upon the United States. But, along with many excellences, they are afflicted by a curious repugnance for the finer artistic spirit, which has thus far kept their results in England upon the level of mediocrity, and threatens us in this country with serious delays in true artistic development. It would be hard to find this repugnance more strikingly shown than in Mr. Stetson's preface to the translation under notice. He endeavors to give the impression that French art education has been quite thrown into confusion by the rise of the English system; though we all know that, whatever reforms have been introduced in France or are yet needed there, the French schools still produce by far the most skillful designers in the civilized world, and French industries accordingly hold their own above all others, in spite of bad traditions and wearisome frivolities of taste. The secret of this is that industry and art are in full accord in France. Mr. Stetson does not see this, because he is bent upon seeing that the flourishing fine arts of France have been based upon industrial art. One cannot flourish without the other; but industrial art in this country will most assuredly fail, if it refuses to receive inspiration and direct elevating influence from fine art, through the diffusion of that subtle and to many practical persons unsatisfactory and abhorrent thing, "artistic feeling." Mr. Stetson boldly sets forth that the "precise and teachable features" of artistic knowledge are all that is essential; he does not want "feeling" to interfere. He admits, to be sure, "that a knowledge of the pre-

cise and teachable features of art is far from enough for the making of a genuine artist ; but it is also true that there can be no genuine artist who has not this knowledge, *which is all that the greatest master can impart.*" How, then, are genuine artists made ? How did Cimabue develop Giotto ? How did Perugino teach Raphael ? On the other hand, who taught Michael Angelo to correct his master's drawing at the age of ten, before he had time to go through any of our modern drawing-books of geometric outlines ? Into these cases there enters the factor called genius, which Mr. Stetson considers utterly sterile in the production of new artists. By some inscrutable means a man may pass from being an average artisan to being a transcendent artist, according to Mr. Stetson ; but then he can never teach anybody anything more than he knew when he was an artisan. Why not cut down the running expenses of society, then, by doing away with the great artists altogether, and having none but those who are obedient to "art science," and want nothing more ? But although Mr. Stetson thinks that "there are probably thousands of primary teachers in this country who can teach the elements of drawing better than could Raphael," he is willing to let Raphaels exist. To what purpose ? He explains, thus : "As we increase our knowledge of the poetic art and our taste for poetry by reading Homer, Milton, Shakespeare, and do not care to have them further than this for teachers ; so the main advantage to be derived from great artists must come through a study of their works. . . . In this way they can teach, silently, the most invaluable lessons." Surely, then, they can teach something *vivâ voce*, one would say. We are to "increase our knowledge" by looking at their works ; but Mr. Stetson has said that they cannot impart any other knowledge than that which the primary teachers are better qualified to give. Thus it will be seen that he unconsciously admits that there is something else to be imparted. Now this something consists in that "feeling" which he so much dreads ; in the cultivation of a more trenchant and a finer vision than "art science" unaided can bestow ; in a thousand details of manipulation, and an artistic instinct, to be acquired only by empirical means. Of course such knowledge cannot at once be supplied by popular art schools, and it can never be furnished by them in other than an approximative way. But no system of art educa-

tion can lead to high results in industry, much less in fine art, which attempts to do away with reverence for the subtler and more vital qualities of artistic work, which should appear in even the simplest good ornament.

Mr. Stetson has high hopes for American art in the future. So have we. But he seems to dread every foreign influence (except that of South Kensington drawing methods), as threatening our originality. In this he, as well as Professor Langl, errs. All art is transmitted, and combined or developed from different sources. It is merely the impulse toward art which is indigenous. Imitation is natural, at the start ; and a course of *earnest* imitation would be far more beneficial in its results than the mental attitude which shuts our eyes to the beauty and strength of finished artistic work around us, while fixing them on geometric outlines and dreaming of a glorious future for national art. To balance these we shall have to urge an "art of art." If we are not run away with by "art science," and if at the Centennial Show, next year, a modest and patient effort be made to ascertain our true position in the field of industrial art, as well as the defects in our systems of training, we may yet date great advances in the arts from the hundredth anniversary of the nation's birth. A century is but a small space of time in the history of art, and we can well afford to wait for results. There is already, we think, ample proof of a strong artistic bias in American character ; and if the right course be pursued, this native instinct, backed by the resources of our vast country, is capable of bringing us into that leading position which Herr Langl thinks England unqualified for.

—Miss Mary Hallock's illustrations for *The Hanging of the Crane* and *Mabel Martin* have won her a reputation which is not without solid foundation. Fresh proof of this may be found in a small collection of her pencil-drawings, various in size and scope, now in the possession of Mr. A. V. S. Anthony, at Messrs. J. R. Osgood and Company's, in Boston. Nothing could show more decidedly the impress of a fresh and sincere contact with nature, than these studies, which treat landscape and figure alike with an accuracy, a spiritedness, and a shaping skill which would be remarkable anywhere, and are especially rare in America. Miss Hallock, of course, has her limitations, and the most decided one is that which confines her greatest successes to fem-

inine figures. These she renders with the most absolute charm. There is one drawing in this group which represents a girl spinning in a dark chamber, which is very bold in its light and shade, its indestructible reality; but those two are more graceful in one of which a lady is shown seated at an old-fashioned desk, writing, and has just turned as if to greet some one who has entered the room, while in the other a buxom young woman is taking a lesson in pie-baking, at one of those mysterious old brick ovens with which our fathers prepared themselves for adequate thanksgiving. The earnestness and absorbed truth-telling manifest in these pieces remind us once more that the real and enduring aim of graphic art is plainly to crown with a sort of primitive surprise the commonest scenes and incidents, and that this can best be reached by the most unaffected simplicity of regard. It is this direct look at things, and this confidence that the simple objects contain all that is desirable, if one can only see it and relate it, which give Miss Hallock's pieces their fascination. One of her groups of boys here is excellent, quite on a par with her women; and the large and elaborate skating-scene is extremely vigorous and well composed. There is also a great deal of notable truth in the glimpse of shad-fishermen on the Hudson, waiting for the tide to turn; their positive intention of reposing themselves unlimitedly is very happily conveyed. For pure landscape, one must look

to the view of a rough stone bridge in a dense little grove of bare trees, through whose tops a low hill curves its outline. The springiness of the wood, the multiplicity of its fine ramage, is a marvel of correctness and sympathy; and the general *gray* effect of the scene serves to emphasize that remarkable choice and management of color which appear in all the drawings. But our most emphatic approval must go to the large study of a negro girl sitting by a roofed well in an apple orchard. Not only is this a masterly drawing, in every particular, from the solid and well-detailed figure to the apple-tree growth and texture, and the subordinate softness of the grass, but it is also possessed by a very strong and pathetic sentiment. In the resting attitude and the patient yet hopeless longing of the face is concentrated the whole history of the sorrow of an unfortunate race. We have seen nothing from Miss Hallock, in any form, which could give so much hope of her winning triumphs in the larger zone of imagination and emotion. But a more general satisfaction is derivable from these finished and excellent studies, namely, that of seeing one artist, at least, pursuing the course of investing her genius in a permanent stock of faithful knowledge added to brilliant execution, while the majority of even our professed painters are neglecting the unseen sources of power by slurring over the art of drawing with such disastrous indifference.

MUSIC.

*SONGS of our Youth*¹ is a very prettily gotten-up little volume of songs with piano-forte accompaniment, the best collection of pleasant little ditties, in fact, that we have seen since Elliot's never-too-much-to-be-praised setting of Mother Goose's Melodies. The words are by the author of John Halifax, Gentleman, and some of the music, if the initials D. M. M. and B. R. M. do not mislead us, by the authoress herself and some other members of her family. This music, if pleasing to a certain extent, is

¹ *Songs of our Youth*. By the author of John Halifax, Gentleman. Set to music. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1875.

flimsy and commonplace at best. But by far the larger part of the songs are set to most fascinating old Swedish, Irish, Welsh, and English airs that have the genuine, wholesome Volkslied smack. These little bits of pure melody come as a most grateful relief after the bilious sighings of our modern ballads of the Virginia Gabriel school, and the mock-dramatic "frenzy tempered by politeness" of Blumenthal and Arditi. Neither has the elegant Claribel, artlessly walking through country lanes and sporting in the new-mown hay with his delicate silk stockings and drawing-room simper, given us anything so

really genial and lovely as these songs. The simple, artless grace of Pretty Polly Oliver may well be the despair of any mere song-manufacturer. The accompaniments are for the most part treated with great skill and judgment.

—The collection of German part-songs for mixed voices¹ edited by N. H. Allen is the best of its sort that we have yet seen. There is far less poor music in it than is usual in similar compilations, and most of the songs have the advantage, if we mistake not, of being new to our public. The names of Schumann, Gade, Franz, Hiller, and Hauptmann are worthily represented

and are not pushed into a corner, as is too often the case. The songs are published in score, with the voice parts reduced to a piano-forte accompaniment, printed in small notes for the convenience of a conductor during practice.

—Love laid his Sleepless Head² is only a pretty good song by Arthur Sullivan. It shows marks of good musicianship and routine, but also of carelessness or want of inspiration in the composer. At best it is wholly unworthy of the words.

—Blumenthal's Yes³ is about as weak an offering as a sentimental public can well desire.

EDUCATION.

THE Western superintendents discuss the most important questions in American public-school education with great vigor. Scarcely any one, for example, has spoken so strenuously for moral training as Mr. Hopkins, of Indiana. According to him, "The leading object in the organization of any school system should be the moral culture of the children. . . . Did not the advocates of our free-school system promise the people that if they would take upon their shoulders the additional burden of taxation for its support, the same would be lightened by the diminution of crime? Is there any perceptible decrease of crime in Indiana? Is there any reasonable probability that there will be? It is becoming a grave question, among those who take comprehensive views of the subject of education, whether this intellectual culture without moral is not rather an injury than a benefit. Is it not giving teeth to the lion and fangs to the serpent? That is the true system of training which adapts itself to the entire complex nature of the child. No free government can safely ignore this grave subject, for nations that lose their virtue soon lose their freedom."

The superintendent of Missouri quotes, from the superintendent of Ohio on the same subject. "Is it reasonable to suppose that the silent example, or 'unconscious

tuition,' of men and women teachers of unsullied character is all that is requisite to make the youth of our schools honest, industrious, law-abiding, patriotic, able to discern clearly the exact boundary between right and wrong? Most certainly not. Our youth must receive direct, positive instruction in moral science, and be trained to make the demands of moral rules govern them in the conduct of their lives. The lips of our teachers must not be sealed, even if they do now and then allude to the existence of other truths than those upon which, by the universal assent of the civilized world, a science of morals can be founded. . . . The child may be taught to respect the rights and feelings of others; to obey its parents and those placed in authority over it; to be kind, truthful, frank, unselfish, chaste, courteous, respectful. As its education advances, it may be instructed in the truth of that morality which concerns the family, society, and the state. It may be taught to love the true and the genuine, to hate all shams and humbugs, to have faith in whatever is right, to be honest in business transactions, to respect those principles of honor upon which all good citizenship rests, and to cherish and practice those virtues which are the glory and beauty of character. Such instruction as this is not sectarian, and every true patriot and philan-

¹ *German Four-Part Songs*. For mixed voices. With English words. Edited by N. H. ALLEN. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

² *Love laid his Sleepless Head*. Song. Words by

ALGERNON C. SWINBURNE; music by ARTHUR SULLIVAN. Baltimore: George Willig & Co.

³ *Yes*. Song. Words by W. E. STEWART; music by J. BLUMENTHAL. Baltimore: George Willig & Co.

thropist will rejoice when it shall be required to be given in every school in the land."

The Hon. Newton Bateman, of Illinois, would have children trained to be "gentle and refined in speech and manner, docile in spirit and modest in deportment, truthful, ingenuous, and manly, obedient, respectful, and affectionate toward their parents and teachers, reverential toward God and to whatsoever things are sacred and holy. These things, it is true, are not so immediately within the control of teachers, but the influence, example, and precept of the school-room should all tend that way." Finally, from distant and problematical Utah comes the same or even stronger admonition: "Are we not apt to be narrow in our educational ideas, and to give undue weight to intellectual culture? It has been truthfully said that the exaltation of talent, as it is called, above virtue and religion is the curse of the age. Education is now chiefly a stimulus to learning, and thus men acquire power without the principles which alone make it good. Talent is worshiped; but if divorced from rectitude it will prove more of a demon than a god. . . . In teachers' institutes the importance of moral training should receive special attention."

Apropos of these teachers' institutes, which are held all over our country, and which our school authorities so steadfastly believe in, what the superintendent of Utah says on the subject will stand for what they all say: "An institute is a potent auxiliary in the aid of educational interests. It should develop the best methods of organizing, governing, and teaching the school, and elucidate the true order of mental development. It is needed to secure and maintain uniformity in school management and the conduct of school exercises, and is a current calendar by which the teachers throughout the Territory may be posted in relation to educational improvements. In one of the California school reports it is stated, 'In some counties the first real impulse to the cause of education dates from the first institutes held in them.' " The superintendent of Missouri thus refers to them: "I shall not be guilty of throwing a false color on the report if I assert that the teachers' institute is second to no instrumentality used in the State to promote the improvement of the teachers. Even in its lowest estate it is good. It is good as a social power. It is good as an intellectual stimulus. It is good as a cultivator of earnest, liberal thought and

discussion." Or in other and still plainer language, we may say that considered as a teachers' debating society the institute has its value; but whether it does the work so fondly hoped for it, *i. e.*, puts much real knowledge or many ideas that are good for anything into the empty heads of the young school-mistresses who attend it for a few days yearly, is another question. Quite as often they are treated to a temperance exhortation or to a third-class elocutionary recitation as to anything really relating to their profession.

Of course the want of trained teachers is the crying want of the West as it is of the rest of the country, and as it must be until male and female principals from our colleges and assistants from the high schools can be furnished in numbers sufficient to supply the majority of the schools. It is thought by many that severe systems of examinations will lighten the difficulty, but let us listen to the energetic protest of the superintendent of California upon this solution of the problem. "California," he says, "is justly held up as a bright example in first inaugurating the system of state examinations." Yet he admits that "it is not possible to insure even a modicum of literary culture on this system of examining teachers. Examinations are frequently dishonest. Not only the candidate resorts to dishonest means; the county superintendents themselves have been known to give candidates a few days' preliminary examinations on the questions upon which they are required to pass. Indeed, the evil became so notorious, so crying, that the state board of examinations saw itself compelled to send the examination questions securely sealed, and to insist that county superintendents do not open them until the regular meeting of the county board, and then in the presence of at least one member of the board!" This sounds disgraceful, but the truth is that where a State requires many thousands of teachers, and *must* take those who offer or none, all the examinations in the world will never put into the heads of those teachers what is not there. Inevitably, hundreds who cannot really "pass" will get certificates from the sheer necessity of the case. The only conclusion, then, is that the State *must* supply training agencies for its teachers, and there is no agency that can meet the case but the township high-school system. In the immense majority of cases the teachers of a district are and must be from the inhabit-

ants of that district. The fact that they teach at all shows that their means are limited, and therefore their training must be brought home to them. They cannot afford to go to it.

Finally, the Hon. Newton Bateman, of Illinois, in the ablest report that we have reviewed, excepting those of St. Louis and New York city, discourses in a manner after our own heart upon the great subjects of what the common schools should do for the masses of their pupils, and what should be their course of study to this end. Respecting the latter he thus delivers himself: "Look at the facts as they have existed in this State from the beginning of the free-school system and for years before. What have been the studies prescribed by law? Spelling, reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, geography, and United States history. Who first marked out this course of study, or what considerations led to its original adoption and subsequent tenacious retention, does not appear. But if the author of this common-school curriculum is still living, a contemplation of its results will hardly induce him to come forth and claim the honor of his achievement. . . . If it were distinctly proposed to devise a scheme whereby the schools might be rendered the least profitable, that which compels the youth of the State to spend the whole period of their school-going life upon the famous seven branches of the old Illinois law, to the practical exclusion of everything else, must be regarded as a reasonably successful solution of the problem. . . . It is not to be denied that the confidence of our people in that great American institution, the public school, is in some danger of being disturbed, nor is this state of things peculiar to Illinois, but is substantially common to all the States and to the whole country. Doubts, questionings, murmurs of discontent, mingled with voices of direct opposition or appeals for reconstruction and improvement, are coming up from every quarter of the Union." And in illustration of his position Mr. Bateman gives extracts from an extensive correspondence with parents of different classes and occupations, in which are described the miserable failures of the public schooling as regards individual children of the individual writers.

Mr. Bateman finds the causes of these failures not alone, like so many others, in the incompetence of the teachers, but also in the inadequate public-school curriculum

and in the text-books in which this course of study is pursued. He endeavors to impress upon the citizens of Illinois the great fundamental truth: first, that the childish mind *can* take in the elements of every kind of knowledge; and second, that it *can not* take in *more* than the elements of anything. The belief in the converse of these two propositions is the great rock upon which public-school education in America has hitherto split in every successive generation. "The public schools must attempt only the elements of knowledge" has been the cry. Very good; but what are the "elements of knowledge"? To this question the New England *magogue* replied, and the whole country has listened to his voice and followed upon his footsteps, that "the elements of knowledge are contained in imperfect reading and writing, and in arithmetic, geography, and grammar carried to the farthest and most complicated forms." But Mr. Bateman, in common with all the enlightened educators of Europe, demands that the public schools give the elements, and the elements only, of all the above studies, and along with them the rudiments of drawing and vocal music, and of the physical and natural sciences, together with sufficient knowledge of physiology and hygiene to "enable the learners to take proper care of their bodies and brains, and enough of American history and of information about their own neighborhood to make them good citizens, local as well as national." Thorough and exhaustive grounding in the elements was the very foundation-stone of Pestalozzi's teaching, but it was in *all* the elements that could educate "the head, the heart, or the hand."

Nearly all the Western superintendents agree with these views of Mr. Bateman, and in ten years the course of study he advocates will probably be adopted by law throughout the Western States as it already partially is in his own. He continues the discussion by asking, "How is the necessary time to be gained for the elements of natural science?" And he answers, "By discarding all superfluous matter from the text-book and thereby saving wasted time, and also by adopting improved methods of teaching. . . . With proper instruction every child of good health and fair natural abilities can and should, in four years or less, of six school months each, beginning in utter ignorance of the alphabet, acquire such a practical knowledge of reading and spelling in his native English, that he may

thereafter lay aside and dispense with both of those studies, so far as formal lessons and recitations are concerned, and devote his time to other things. . . . Much precious time is also wasted upon arithmetic. The average common-school text-book in that science contains double the amount of matter necessary or advisable, and hence half of the time spent thereon could be much more profitably devoted to other studies. . . . It is not by any means necessary that a text-book should be perfect, nor that it should contain everything belonging to the subject of which it treats. There are innumerable things appertaining to arithmetic, reading, grammar, natural philosophy, hygiene, etc., of much intrinsic interest and value, which nevertheless are wholly out of place in a book of rudimentary principles, and yet most text-books are burdened with these extraneous matters."

—The series of yearly lectures called "The Teachers' School of Science" originated from a donation made by Mr. John Cummings, at present second vice-president of the Boston Society of Natural History, to the council of that society in 1871. The gift, amounting at first to \$500 per annum, and subsequently much enlarged to meet the requirements of the lessons, was to be applied directly to the instruction of teachers in natural history. For the administration of this fund a committee was formed, of which Mr. John Cummings, Professor W. H. Niles, and Alpheus Hyatt were members, with full power to attend to all business which might arise.

This committee decided that no lecturing, in the ordinary sense of the word, should be permitted, but that in all cases lessons should be given, illustrated by specimens, which specimens should remain, if desired, in possession of the student or teacher after the close of the lesson.

Before publicly stating their intentions, the committee consulted with the leading teachers of the public schools, and submitted their plan to them.

This course was adopted in order to avoid the too common failure of similar efforts, a want of discrimination or due regard to suitability in the means of instruction employed. They also most distinctly stated that there was no desire on their part to bring about any sudden revolution in the present school system; but that all their efforts would be directed towards the instruction of the teachers themselves, with the ultimate object of influencing the pu-

pils of the common schools through their voluntary labors.

This idea was responded to with such enthusiasm that after the committee's circular was issued, over seven hundred applications were received, compelling a petition to the Institute of Technology for the use of its large hall, then just completed. This was most courteously granted, and the audience assembled there, numbering six hundred at the first meeting.

This enormous influx was largely due to the energy with which several of the masters of the public schools of Boston had seconded the movement, especially Mr. Page, master of the Dwight school, and the personal encouragement of Mr. Philbrick, then superintendent of the public schools of Boston. The first experiment was made by Professor Niles, whose system of teaching had been adopted by the committee, with no preliminary formalities except a slight sketch of the intentions of the committee, and a few remarks upon the value of natural history in the schools, not only as an aid in disciplining the mind, but as a means of assisting in the comprehensive study of other subjects. He then proceeded immediately to show by a practical lesson how much could be taught of the fundamental principles of physical geography without maps or charts, other than could be readily made on the blackboard; and without specimens, other than samples of earth, stone, or water, and the natural features of any country landscape.

In the last three of his six lessons Professor Niles taught the physical geography of Massachusetts in a masterly manner, and showed conclusively how this might not only be made the basis of a general knowledge of physical geography, but also be used to throw a strong light upon, and greatly facilitate, the future studies of the pupils in political geography and history.

These lessons were enthusiastically received, and exercised a wide-spread influence, besides causing an entire revolution in the modes of teaching geography in at least one of our public schools.

The first year was devoted to short experimental courses, and therefore physical geography was followed by lessons on mineralogy, by W. C. Greenough, master of the State Normal School, Providence, Rhode Island, on zoölogy, by Alpheus Hyatt, and on botany, by Dr. W. G. Farlow.

It was essential to the plan that specimens should be used and distributed in all

of these courses, and therefore the number of students was limited to those who could be comfortably seated in the lecture-room of the Boston Society of Natural History, and properly supplied with materials. The average attendance was, in consequence of these limitations, reduced to about fifty-five, but these were principally picked or representative teachers; persons who either as masters or sub-masters took an active interest in natural science on account of their official positions, or those who wished to qualify themselves to teach or were actually teaching the subjects treated of in the lessons.

The instruments used in these courses were of the simplest character: in mineralogy, for instance, a small paper tray containing the scale of hardness, another to hold the half-dozen specimens illustrating that lesson, a pen-knife, a hammer, a file, and a small horse-shoe magnet. The materials were laid in numbered compartments before the lesson began, and each person was requested to follow the instructor as he described any special part or characteristic, or made any particular experiment. Frequent questions were also asked of the audience and permitted in return.

The great fire of November, 1872, and other causes, interrupted the lessons for two successive winters, but they were resumed in the autumn of 1874. After the preliminary work of the first year, the teachers were prepared to reap the greatest possible advantage from special courses. The second year, therefore, was opened with a series of some thirty lectures on mineralogy by Mr. L. S. Burbank, principal of the Warren Academy, Woburn, Massachusetts; and these are now, in the third year of the existence of the school, being followed by a short course in lithology, also by Mr. Burbank.

Statistics of the second year's work showed an increase in the average attendance to eighty-four; that the specimens distributed had been in as many as fifty instances kept together, and were being actively used in the instruction of pupils. It was ascertained during the present year, through written questions addressed to the teachers, that fully seventy-five per cent. of those who applied for tickets to the lithological course had also been through the mineralogical course, and fully thirty per cent. had attended the preliminary courses of the first year.

Mr. Burbank has undertaken some excursions, in which the rocks were examined in the field, and observations made as to their mode of occurrence and characteristics in mass which could not be shown in the lecture room.

The courses are not simply practical; on the contrary, there is as much of the higher style of teaching as is compatible with the main object of the lessons, and frequently the entire hour has been devoted to the discussion of theoretical considerations and hypotheses of the origin, mode of occurrence, and classification of substances.

Besides the assistance of Mr. Page and Mr. Philbrick, the committee has received important aid from the facilities given them by Professor Asa Gray and Professor S. F. Baird, for the collection of botanical and zoological specimens, without which their work would have been rendered much more difficult.

The reasons for the unexpected success of these experiments are many, but a few of the most prominent will be sufficient for the limits of this brief review. Personal contact with the things described creates an eager desire to know something about them on the part of the audience, and the consciousness of this stimulates the lecturer to put forth his utmost strength. This attention is held throughout with unflagging interest by the necessity of continually searching for the characteristics treated of by the lecturer, and of occasionally answering the questions asked by him.

The acquirement of a collection which could be immediately used in the school-room was, however, found to be of the greatest importance. Teachers were prepared to admit the necessity of the study of natural history, but neither proper textbooks nor materials were obtainable, and they could not therefore see clearly the way in which another study could be introduced into their schools without seriously overloading the minds of their pupils.

Although we cannot claim to have solved the practical side of this question, we have endeavored, as far as the time would permit, to show that the difficulties were not unconquerable, and that natural history not only could be made useful in disciplining the powers of observation and minds of the pupils, but that it was really the proper ground-work for the intelligent comprehension of a large proportion of other subjects.

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THE LEGEND OF ARA-CŒLI.

I.

LOOKING at Fra Gervasio,
Wrinkled and withered and old and gray,
A dry Franciscan from crown to toe,
You would never imagine, by any chance,
That, in the convent garden one day,
He spun this thread of golden romance.

Romance to me, but to him, indeed,
'T was a matter that did not hold a doubt;
A miracle, nothing more nor less.
Did I think it strange that, in our need,
Leaning from heaven to our distress,
The Virgin brought such things about, —
Gave mute things speech, made dead things move? —
Mother of Mercy, Lady of Love!
Besides, I might, if I wished, behold
The Bambino's self in his cloth of gold
And silver tissue, lying in state
In the Sacristy. Would the signor wait?

Whoever will go to Rome may see,
In the chapel of the Sacristy
Of Ara-Cœli, the Sainted Child, —
Garnished from throat to foot with rings
And brooches and precious offerings,
And its little nose kissed quite away
By dying lips. At Epiphany,
If the holy winter day prove mild,
It is shown to the wondering, gaping crowd
On the church's steps, — held high aloft, —
While every sinful head is bowed,

And the music plays, and the censers' soft
White breath ascends like silent prayer.

Many a beggar kneeling there,
Tattered and hungry, without a home,
Would not envy the Pope of Rome,
If he, the beggar, had half the care
Bestowed on *him* that falls to the share
Of yonder Image, — for you must know
It has its minions to come and go,
Its perfumed chamber, remote and still,
Its silken bed, and its jeweled throne,
And a special carriage of its own
To take the air in, when it will.
And though it may neither drink nor eat,
By a nod to its ghostly seneschal
It could have of the choicest wine and meat.
Often some princess, brown and tall,
Comes, and unclasping from her arm
The glittering bracelet, leaves it, warm
With her throbbing pulse, at the Baby's feet.
Ah, he is loved by high and low,
Adored alike by simple and wise.
The people kneel to him in the 'street.
What a felicitous lot is his, —
To lie in the light of ladies' eyes,
Petted and pampered, and never to know
The want of a dozen *soldi* or so!
And what does he do for all of this?
What does the little Bambino do?
It cures the sick, and in fact 'tis said,
Can almost bring life back to the dead.
Who doubts it? Not Fra Gervasio.
When one falls ill, it is left alone
For a while with one — and the fever's gone!

At least, 't was once so; but to-day
It is never permitted, unattended
By monk or priest, to work its lure
At sick folks' beds, — all that was ended
By one poor soul whose feeble clay
Satan tempted and made secure.

It was touching this very point, the friar
Told me the legend, that afternoon,
In the cloisteral garden all on fire
With scarlet poppies and golden stalks.
Here and there on the sunny walks,
Startled by some slight sound we made,
A lizard, awaking from its swoon,
Shot like an arrow into the shade.
I can hear the fountain's languorous tune,
(How it comes back, that hour in June

When just to exist was joy enough!)
 I can see the olives, silvery-gray,
 The carven masonry rich with stains,
 The Gothic windows with lead-set panes,
 The flag-paved cortile, the convent grates,
 And Fra Gervasio holding his snuff
 In a squirrel-like, meditative way
 'Twixt finger and thumb. But the Legend waits.

II.

It was long ago (so long ago
 That Fra Gervasio did not know
 What year of our Lord), there came to Rome
 Across the Campagna's flaming red,
 A certain Filippo and his wife,
 Peasants, and very newly wed.
 In the happy spring and blossom of life,
 When the light heart chirrups to lovers' calls,
 These two, like a pair of birds, had come
 And built their nest 'gainst the city's walls.

He, with his scanty garden-plots,
 Raised flowers and fruit for the market-place,
 Where she, with her pensile, flower-like face, —
 Own sister to her forget-me-nots, —
 Played merchant: and so they thrived apace,
 In humble content, with humble cares
 And modest longings, till, unawares,
 Sorrow crept on them; for to their nest
 Had come no little ones, and at last,
 When six or seven summers had past,
 Seeing no baby at her breast,
 The husband brooded, and then grew cold;
 Scolded and fretted over this, —
 Who would tend them when they were old,
 And palsied, maybe, sitting alone,
 Hungry, beside the cold hearth-stone?
 Not to have children, like the rest!
 It cankered the very heart of bliss.

Then he fell into indolent ways,
 Neglecting the garden for days and days,
 Playing at *mora*, drinking wine,
 With this and that one, — letting the vine
 Run riot and die for want of care,
 And the choke-weeds gather; for it was spring,
 When everything needed nurturing.
 But he would drowse for hours in the sun,
 Or sit on the broken step by the shed,
 Like a man whose honest toil is done,
 Sullen, with never a word to spare,
 Or a word that were better all unsaid.

And Nina, so light of thought before,
 Singing about the cottage door
 In her mountain dialect, sang no more;
 But came and went, sad-faced and shy,
 Wishing at times that she might die,
 Brooding and fretting in her turn.
 Often, in passing along the street,
 Her basket of flowers poised, peasant-wise,
 On a lustrous braided coil of her hair,
 She would halt, and her dusky cheek would burn
 Like a poppy, beholding at her feet
 Some stray little urchin, dirty and bare.
 And sudden tears would spring to her eyes
 That the tiny waif was not her own,
 To fondle, and kiss, and teach to pray.
 Then she passed onward, making moan.
 Sometimes she would stand in the sunny square,
 Like a slim bronze statue of Despair,
 Watching the children at their play.

In the broad piazza was a shrine,
 With Our Lady holding on her knee
 A small nude waxen effigy.
 Nina passed by it every day,
 And morn and even, in rain or shine,
 Repeated an *ave* there. "Divine
 Mother," she'd cry, as she turned away,
 "Sitting in paradise, undefiled,
 Oh, have pity on my distress!"
 Then glancing back at the rosy Child,
 She would cry to it, in her helplessness,
 "Pray her to send the like to me!"

Now once as she knelt before the saint,
 Lifting her hands in silent plain,
 She paled, and her heavy heart grew faint
 At a thought which flashed across her brain, —
 The blinding thought that, perhaps if she
 Had lived in the world's miraculous morn,
 God might have chosen *her* to be
 The mother — O heavenly ecstacy! —
 Of the little babe in the manger born!
 She, too, was a peasant girl, like her,
 The wife of the lowly carpenter!
 Like Joseph's wife, a peasant girl!

Her strange little head was in a whirl
 As she rose from her knees to wander home,
 Leaving her basket at the shrine;
 So dazed was she, she scarcely knew
 The old familiar streets of Rome,
 Nor whither she wished to go, in fine;

But wandered on, now crept, now flew,
In the gathering twilight, till she came
Breathless, bereft of sense and sight,
To the gloomy Arch of Constantine;
And there they found her, late that night,
With her cheeks like snow and her lips like flame!

Many a time, from day to day,
She heard, as if in a troubled dream,
Footsteps around her, and some one saying —
Was it Filippo? — “Is she dead?”
Then it was some one near her praying,
And she was drifting — drifting away
From saints and martyrs in endless glory!
She seemed to be floating down a stream,
Yet knew she was lying in her bed.
The fancy held her that she had died,
And this was her soul in purgatory,
Until, one morning, two holy men
From the convent came, and laid at her side
The Bambino. Blessed Virgin! then
Nina looked up, and laughed, and wept,
And folded it close to her heart, and slept.

Slept such a soft, refreshing sleep,
That when she awoke her eyes had taken
That hyaline lustre, dewy, deep,
Of violets when they first awaken;
And the half-unraveled, fragile thread
Of life was knitted together again.
But she shrunk with sudden, strange new pain,
And seemed to droop like a flower, the day
The Capuchins came, with solemn tread,
To carry the Miracle Child away!

III.

Ere spring in the heart of pansies burned,
Or the buttercup had loosed its gold,
Nina was busy as ever of old
With fireside cares; but was not the same,
For from the hour when she had turned
To clasp the Image the fathers brought
To her dying-bed, a single thought
Had taken possession of her brain:
A purpose, as steady as the flame
Of a lamp in some cathedral crypt,
Had lighted her on her bed of pain;
The thirst and the fever, they had slept
Away like visions, but this had stayed, —
To have the Bambino brought again,

To have it, and keep it for her own!
 That was the secret dream which made
 Life for her now, — in the streets, alone,
 At night, and morning, and when she prayed.

How should she wrest it from the hand
 Of the jealous Church? How keep the Child?
 Flee with it into some distant land —
 Like mother Mary from Herod's ire?
 Ah, well, she knew not; she only knew
 It was written down in the Book of Fate
 That she should have her heart's desire,
 And very soon now, for of late,
 In a dream, the little thing had smiled
 Up in her face, with one eye's blue
 Peering from underneath her breast,
 Which the baby fingers had softly prest
 Aside, to look at her! Holy One!
 But that should happen ere all was done.

Lying dark in the woman's mind —
 Unknown, like a seed in fallow ground —
 Was the germ of a plan, confused and blind
 At first, but which, as the weeks rolled round,
 Reached light, and flowered, — a subtile flower,
 Deadly as nightshade. In that same hour
 She sought the husband and said to him,
 With crafty tenderness in her eyes
 And treacherous archings of her brows,
 "Filippo, mio, thou lov'st me well?
 Truly? Then get thee to the house
 Of the long-haired Jew Ben Raphaim, —
 Seller of curious tapestries,
 (Ah, he hath everything to sell!)
 The cunning carver of images, —
 And bid him to carve thee to the life
 A *bambinetto* like that they gave
 In my arms, to hold me from the grave
 When the fever pierced me like a knife.
 Perhaps, if we set the image there
 By the cross, the saints would hear the prayer
 Which in all these years they have not heard!"

Then the husband went, without a word,
 To the crowded Ghetto; for since the days
 Of Nina's illness, the man had been
 A tender husband, — with lover's ways
 Striving, as best he might, to wean
 The wife from her sadness, and to bring
 Back to the home whence it had fled
 The happiness of that laughing spring
 When they, like a pair of birds, had wed.

The image! It was a woman's whim, —
They were full of whims. But what to him
Were a dozen pieces of silver spent,
If it made her happy? And so he went
To the house of the Jew Ben Raphaim.
And the carver heard, and bowed, and smiled,
And fell to work as if he had known
The thought that lay in the woman's brain,
And somehow taken it for his own:
For even before the month was flown
He had shaped a figure so like the Child
Of Ara-Cœli, you'd not have told,
Had both been decked with jewel and chain
And dressed alike in a dress of gold,
Which was the true one of the twain.

When Nina beheld it first, her heart
Stood still with wonder. The skillful Jew
Had given the eyes the tender blue,
And the cheeks the delicate olive hue,
And the form almost the curve and line
Of the Image the good Apostle made
Immortal with his miraculous art,
What time the sculptor¹ dreamed in the shade
Under the skies of Palestine.
The bright new coins that clinked in the palm
Of the carver in wood were blurred and dim
Compared with the eyes that looked at him
From the low sweet brows, so seeming calm;
Then he went his way, and her joy broke free;
And Filippo smiled to hear Nina sing
In the old, old fashion, — caroling
Like a very thrush, with many a trill
And long-drawn, flute-like, honeyed note,
Till the birds in the farthest mulberry,
Each outstretching its amber bill,
Answered her with melodious throat!

Thus for two days; but on the third
Her singing ceased, and there came a change
As of death on Nina; her talk grew strange,
Then she sunk in a trance, nor spoke nor stirred;
And the husband, wringing his hands, dismayed,
Watched by the bed; but she breathed no word
That night, nor until the morning broke,
When she roused from the spell, and feebly laid
Her hand on Filippo's arm, and spoke:

“Quickly, Filippo! get thee gone
To the holy fathers, and beg them send
The Bambino hither,” — her cheeks were wan

¹ According to the monastic legend, the *Santissimo Bambino* was carved by a pilgrim, out of a tree which grew on the Mount of Olives, and painted by Saint Luke while the pilgrim was sleeping over his work.

And her eyes like coals, — “oh, go, my friend,
Or all is said!” Through the morning’s gray
Filippo hurried, like one distraught,
To the monks, and told his tale; and they,
Straight after matins, came and brought
The Miracle Child, and went their way.

Once more in her arms was the Infant laid,
After these weary months, once more!
Yet the woman seemed like a thing of stone
While the dark-robed fathers knelt and prayed;
But the instant the holy friars were gone
She arose, and took the brodered gown
From the Baby Christ, and the yellow crown
And the votive brooches and rings it wore,
Till the little figure, so gay before
In its princely apparel, stood as bare
As your ungloved hand, With tenderest care,
At her feet, ’twixt blanket and counterpane,
She hid the Babe; and then, reaching down
To the coffer wherein the thing had lain,
Drew forth Ben Raphaim’s manikin
In haste, and dressed it in robe and crown,
With lace and bauble and diamond-pin.
This finished, she turned to stone again,
Lying, as one might say, quite dead,
If it had not been for a spot of red
Upon either cheek. At the close of day
The Capuchins came, with solemn tread,
And carried the false bambino away!

Over the vast Campagna’s plain,
At sunset, a wind began to blow
(From the Apennines it came, they say),
Softly at first, and then to grow —
As the twilight gathered and hurried by —
To a gale, with sudden, tumultuous rain,
And thunder muttering far away.
When the night was come, from the blackened sky
The spear-tongued lightning slipped like a snake,
And the great clouds clashed, and seemed to shake
The earth to its centre. Then swept down
Such a storm as was never seen in Rome
By any one living in that day.
Not a soul dared venture from his home,
Not a soul in all the crowded town.
Dumb beasts dropped dead, with terror, in stall;
Great chimney-stacks were overthrown,
And about the streets the tiles were blown
Like leaves in autumn. A fearful night,
With ominous voices in the air!
Indeed, it seemed like the end of all.
In the convent, the monks for very fright

Went not to bed, but each in his cell
Counted his beads by the taper's light,
Quaking to hear the dreadful sounds,
And shriveling in the lightning's glare.
It appeared as if the rivers of hell
Had risen, and overleaped their bounds.

In the midst of this, at the convent door,
Above the tempest's raving and roar
Came a sudden knocking! Mother of Grace,
What desperate wretch was forced to face
Such a night as that was out-of-doors?
Across the echoless, stony floors
Into the windy corridors
The monks came flocking, and down the stair,
Silently, glancing each at each,
As if they had lost the power of speech.
Yes—it was some one knocking there!
And then—strange thing!—untouched by a soul
The bell of the convent 'gan to toll!
It curdled the blood beneath their hair.

Reaching the court, the brothers stood
Huddled together, pallid and mute,
By the massive door of iron-clamped wood,
Till one old monk, more resolute
Than the others,—a man of pious will,—
Stepped forth, and letting his lantern rest
On the pavement, crouched upon his breast
And peeped through a chink there was between
The cedar door and the sunken sill.
At the instant a flash of lightning came,
Seeming to wrap the world in flame.
He gave but a glance, and straight arose
With his face like a corpse's. What had he seen?
Two dripping, little pink-white toes!
Then, like a man gone suddenly wild,
He tugged at the bolts, flung down the chain,
And there, in the night and wind and rain,—
Shivering, piteous, and forlorn,
And naked as ever it was born,—
On the threshold stood the SAINTED CHILD!

“Since then,” said Fra Gervasio,
“We have never let the Bambino go
Unwatched,—no, not by a prince's bed.
Ah, signor, it made a dreadful stir.”
“And the woman,—Nina,—what of her?
Had she no story?” He bowed his head,
And knitting his meagre fingers, so,—
“In that night of wind and wrath,” said he,
“There was wrought in Rome a mystery.
What know I, signor? They found her dead!”

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

THE UNSEEN WORLD.

II.

Up to this point, however remote from ordinary every-day thoughts may be the region of speculation which we have been called upon to traverse, we have still kept within the limits of legitimate scientific hypothesis. Though we have ventured for a goodly distance into the unknown, we have not yet been required to abandon our base of operations in the known. Of the views presented in the preceding paper, some are well-nigh certainly established, some are probable, some have a sort of plausibility, others — to which we have refrained from giving assent — may possibly be true; but none are irretrievably beyond the jurisdiction of scientific tests. No suggestion has so far been broached which a very little further increase of our scientific knowledge may not show to be either eminently probable or eminently improbable. We have kept pretty clear of mere subjective guesses, such as men may wrangle about forever without coming to any conclusion. The theory of the nebular origin of our planetary system has come to command the assent of all persons qualified to appreciate the evidence on which it is based; and the more immediate conclusions which we have drawn from that theory are only such as are commonly drawn by astronomers and physicists. The doctrine of an intermolecular and interstellar ether is wrapped up in the well-established undulatory theory of light. Such is by no means the case with Sir William Thomson's vortex-atom theory, which to-day is in somewhat the same condition as the undulatory theory of Huyghens two centuries ago. This, however, is none the less a hypothesis truly scientific in conception, and in the speculations to which it leads us we are still sure of dealing with views that admit at least of definite expression and treatment. In other words, though our study

of the visible universe has led us to the recognition of a kind of unseen world underlying the world of things that are seen, yet concerning the economy of this unseen world we have not been led to entertain any hypothesis that has not its possible justification in our experiences of visible phenomena.

We are now called upon, following in the wake of our esteemed authors, to venture on a different sort of exploration, in which we must cut loose altogether from our moorings in the world of which we have definite experience. We are invited to entertain suggestions concerning the peculiar economy of the invisible portion of the universe, which we have no means of subjecting to any sort of test of probability, either experimental or deductive. These suggestions are, therefore, not to be regarded as properly scientific; but, with this word of caution, we may proceed to show what they are.

Compared with the life and death of cosmical systems, which we have heretofore contemplated, the life and death of individuals of the human race may perhaps seem a small matter; yet because we are ourselves the men who live and die, the small event is of vastly greater interest to us than the grand series of events of which it is part and parcel. It is natural that we should be more interested in the ultimate fate of humanity than in the fate of a world which is of no account to us save as our present dwelling-place. Whether the human soul is to come to an end or not is to us a more important question than whether the visible universe, with its matter and energy, is to be absorbed in an invisible ether. It is indeed only because we are interested in the former question that we are so curious about the latter. If we could dissociate ourselves from the material universe, our habitat, we should probably speculate much less about its past and future. We care very little

what becomes of the black ball of the earth, after all life has vanished from its surface; or, if we care at all about it, it is only because our thoughts about the career of the earth are necessarily mixed up with our thoughts about life. Hence in considering the probable ultimate destiny of the physical universe, our innermost purpose must be to know what is to become of all this rich and wonderful life of which the physical universe is the theatre. Has it all been developed, apparently at almost infinite waste of effort, only to be abolished again before it has attained to completeness; or does it contain or shelter some indestructible element which, having drawn sustenance for a while from the senseless turmoil of physical phenomena, shall still survive their final decay? This question is closely connected with the time-honored question of the meaning, purpose, or tendency of the world. In the career of the world is life an end, or a means toward an end, or only an incidental phenomenon in which we can discover no meaning? Contemporary theologians seem generally to believe that one necessary result of modern scientific inquiry must be the destruction of the belief in immortal life, since against every thorough-going expounder of scientific knowledge they seek to hurl the charge of "materialism." Their doubts, however, are not shared by our authors, thorough men of science as they are, though their mode of dealing with the question may not be such as we can well adopt. While upholding the doctrine of evolution, and all the so-called "materialistic" views of modern science, they not only regard the hypothesis of a future life as admissible, but they even go so far as to propound a physical theory as to the nature of existence after death. Let us see what this physical theory is.

As far as the visible universe is concerned, we do not find in it any evidence of immortality or of permanence of any sort, unless it be in the sum of potential and kinetic energies, on the persistency of which depends our principle of continuity. In ordinary language, "the stars in their courses" serve as symbols

of permanence, yet we have found reason to regard them as but temporary phenomena. So, in the language of our authors, "if we take the individual man, we find that he lives his short tale of years, and that then the visible machinery which connects him with the past, as well as that which enables him to act in the present, falls into ruin and is brought to an end. If any germ or potentiality remains, it is certainly not connected with the visible order of things." In like manner our race is pretty sure to come to an end long before the destruction of the planet from which it now gets its sustenance. And in our authors' opinion even the universe will by and by become "old and effete, no less truly than the individual: it is a glorious garment, this visible universe, but not an immortal one; we must look elsewhere if we are to be clothed with immortality as with a garment."

It is at this point that our authors call attention to "the apparently wasteful character of the arrangements of the visible universe." The fact is one which we have already sufficiently described, but we shall do well to quote the words in which our authors recur to it: "All but a very small portion of the sun's heat goes day by day into what we call empty space, and it is only this very small remainder that is made use of by the various planets for purposes of their own. Can anything be more perplexing than this seemingly frightful expenditure of the very life and essence of the system? That this vast store of high-class energy should be doing nothing but traveling outwards in space at the rate of one hundred and eighty-eight thousand miles per second is hardly conceivable, especially when the result of it is the inevitable destruction of the visible universe."

Pursuing this teleological argument, it is suggested that perhaps this apparent waste of energy is "only an arrangement in virtue of which our universe keeps up a memory of the past at the expense of the present, inasmuch as all memory consists in an investiture of present resources in order to keep a hold

upon the past." Recourse is had to the ingenious argument in which Mr. Babbage showed that "if we had power to follow and detect the minutest effects of any disturbance, each particle of existing matter must be a register of all that has happened. The track of every canoe, of every vessel that has yet disturbed the surface of the ocean, whether impelled by manual force or elemental power, remains forever registered in the future movement of all succeeding particles which may occupy its place. The furrow which is left is, indeed, instantly filled up by the closing waters; but they draw after them other and larger portions of the surrounding element, and these again, once moved, communicate motion to others in endless succession." In like manner, "the air itself is one vast library, on whose pages are forever written all that man has ever said or even whispered. There in their mutable but unerring characters, mixed with the earliest as well as the latest sighs of mortality, stand forever recorded vows unredeemed, promises unfulfilled, perpetuating in the united movements of each particle the testimony of man's changeable will."¹ In some such way as this, records of every movement that takes place in the world are each moment transmitted, with the speed of light, through the invisible ocean of ether with which the world is surrounded. Even the molecular displacements which occur in our brains when we feel and think are thus propagated in their effects into the unseen world. The world of ether is thus regarded by our authors as in some sort the obverse or complement of the world of sensible matter, so that whatever energy is dissipated in the one is by the same act accumulated in the other. It is like the negative plate in photography, where light answers to shadow and shadow to light. Or, still better, it is like the case of an equation in which whatever quantity you take from one side is added to the other with a contrary sign, while the relation of equality remains undisturbed. Thus, it

will be noticed, from the ingenious and subtle but quite defensible suggestion of Mr. Babbage, a leap is made to an assumption which cannot be defended scientifically but only teleologically. It is one thing to say that every movement in the visible world transmits a record of itself to the surrounding ether, in such a way that from the undulation of the ether a sufficiently powerful intelligence might infer the character of the generating movement in the visible world. It is quite another thing to say that the ether is organized in such a complex and delicate way as to be like a negative image or counterpart of the world of sensible matter. The latter view is no doubt ingenious, but it is gratuitous. It is sustained not by scientific analogy, but by the desire to find some assignable use for the energy which is constantly escaping from visible matter into invisible ether. The moment we ask, "How do we know that this energy is not really wasted, or that it is not put to some use wholly undiscoverable by human intelligence?" this assumption of an organized ether is at once seen to be groundless. It belongs not to the region of science but to that of pure mythology.

In justice to our authors, however, it should be remembered that this assumption is put forth not as something scientifically probable, but as something which for aught we know to the contrary may possibly be true. This, to be sure, we need not deny; nor, if we once allow this prodigious leap of inference, shall we find much difficulty in reaching the famous conclusion that "*thought conceived to affect the matter of another universe simultaneously with this may explain a future state.*" This proposition, quaintly couched in an anagram, like the discoveries of old astronomers, was published last year in *Nature*, as containing the gist of the forthcoming book. On the negative - image hypothesis it is not hard to see how thought is conceived to affect the seen and the unseen worlds simultaneously. Every act of consciousness is accompanied by molecular displacements in the brain, and these are

¹ Babbage, Ninth Bridgewater Treatise, page 115; Jevons, Principles of Science, ii. 455.

of course responded to by movements in the ethereal world. Thus as a series of conscious states build up a continuous memory in strict accordance with physical laws of motion,¹ so a correlative memory is simultaneously built up in the ethereal world out of the ethereal correlatives of the molecular displacements which go on in our brains. And as there is a continual transfer of energy from the visible world to the ether, the extinction of vital energy which we call death must coincide in some way with the awakening of vital energy in the correlative world; so that the darkening of consciousness here is coincident with its dawning there. In this way death is for the individual but a transfer from one physical state of existence to another; and so, on the largest scale, the death or final loss of energy by the whole visible universe has its counterpart in the acquirement of a maximum of life by the correlative unseen world.

There seems to be a certain sort of rigorous logical consistency in this daring speculation; but really the propositions of which it consists are so far from answering to anything within the domain of human experience that we are unable to tell whether any one of them logically follows from its predecessor or not. It is evident that we are quite out of the region of scientific tests, and to whatever view our authors may urge we can only languidly assent that it is out of our power to disprove it.

The essential weakness of such a theory as this lies in the fact that it is thoroughly materialistic in character. It is currently assumed that the doctrine of a life after death cannot be defended on materialistic grounds, but this is altogether too hasty an assumption. Our authors, indeed, are not philosophical materialists, like Dr. Priestley,—who nevertheless believed in a future life,—but one of the primary doctrines of materialism lies at the bottom of their argument. Materialism holds for one thing that consciousness is a product of a peculiar organization of matter, and for

another thing that consciousness cannot survive the disorganization of the material body with which it is associated. As held by philosophical materialists, like Büchner and Moleschott, these two opinions are strictly consistent with each other; nay, the latter seems to be the inevitable inference from the former, though Priestley did not so regard it. Now our authors very properly refuse to commit themselves to the opinion that mind is the product of matter, but their argument nevertheless implies that some sort of material vehicle is necessary for the continuance of mind in a future state of existence. This material vehicle they seek to supply in the theory which connects by invisible bonds of transmitted energy the perishable material body with its counterpart in the world of ether. The materialism of the argument is indeed partly veiled by the terminology, in which this counterpart is called a "spiritual body," but in this novel use or abuse of scriptural language there seems to me to be a strange confusion of ideas. Bear in mind that the "invisible universe" into which energy is constantly passing is simply the luminiferous ether, which our authors, to suit the requirements of their hypothesis, have gratuitously endowed with a complexity and variety of structure analogous to that of the visible world of matter. Their language is not always quite so precise as one could desire, for while they sometimes speak of the ether itself as the "unseen universe," they sometimes allude to a primordial medium yet subtler in constitution and presumably more immaterial. Herein lies the confusion. Why should the luminiferous ether, or any primordial medium in which it may have been generated, be regarded as in any way "spiritual"? Great physicists, like less trained thinkers, are sometimes liable to be unconsciously influenced by old associations of ideas which, ostensibly repudiated, still lurk under cover of the words we use. I fear that the old associations which led the ancients to describe the soul as a breath or a shadow, and which account for the etymologies of such words as

¹ See my *Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy*, ii. 142-143.

"ghost" and "spirit," have had something to do with this spiritualization of the interstellar ether. Some share may also have been contributed by the Platonic notion of the "grossness" or "bruteness" of tangible matter, a notion which has survived in Christian theology, and which educated men of the present day have by no means universally outgrown. Save for some such old associations as these, why should it be supposed that matter becomes "spiritualized" as it diminishes in apparent substantiality? Why should matter be pronounced respectable in the inverse ratio of its density or ponderability? Why is a diamond any more chargeable with grossness than a cubic centimetre of hydrogen? Obviously such fancies are purely of mythologic parentage. Now the luminiferous ether, upon which our authors make such extensive demands, may be physically "ethereal" enough, in spite of the enormous elasticity which leads Professor Jevons to characterize it as "adamantine;" but most assuredly we have not the slightest reason for speaking of it as "immaterial" or spiritual. Though we are unable to weigh it in the balance, we at least know it as a transmitter of undulatory movements, the size and shape of which we can accurately measure. Its force-relations with ponderable matter are not only universally and incessantly maintained, but they have that precisely quantitative character which implies an essential identity between the innermost natures of the two substances. We have seen reason for thinking it probable that ether and ordinary matter are alike composed of vortex-rings in a quasi-frictionless fluid; but whatever be the fate of this subtle hypothesis, we may be sure that no theory will ever be entertained in which the analysis of ether shall require different symbols from that of ordinary matter. In our authors' theory, therefore, the putting on of immortality is in no wise the passage from a material to a spiritual state. It is the passage from one kind of materially conditioned state to another. The theory thus appeals directly to our ex-

periences of the behavior of matter; and in deriving so little support as it does from these experiences, it remains an essentially weak speculation, whatever we may think of its ingenuity. For so long as we are asked to accept conclusions drawn from our experiences of the material world, we are justified in demanding something more than mere unconditioned possibility. We require some positive evidence, be it ever so little in amount; and no theory which cannot furnish such positive evidence is likely to carry to our minds much practical conviction.

This is what I meant by saying that the great weakness of the hypothesis here criticised lies in its materialistic character. In contrast with this, we shall presently see that the assertion of a future life which is not materially conditioned, though unsupported by any item of experience whatever, may nevertheless be an impregnable assertion. But first I would conclude the foregoing criticism by ruling out altogether the sense in which our authors use the expression "unseen universe." Scientific inference, however remote, is connected by such insensible gradations with ordinary perception, that one may well question the propriety of applying the term "unseen" to that which is presented to "the mind's eye" as inevitable matter of inference. It is true that we cannot see the ocean of ether in which visible matter floats; but there are many other invisible things which yet we do not regard as part of the unseen world. I do not see the air which I am now breathing within the four walls of my study, yet its existence is sufficiently a matter of sense-perception as it fills my lungs and fans my cheek. The atoms which compose a drop of water are not only invisible, but cannot in any way be made the objects of sense-perception; yet by proper inferences from their behavior we can single them out for measurement, so that Sir William Thomson can tell us that if the drop of water were magnified to the size of the earth, the constituent atoms would be larger than peas, but not so large as

billiard-balls. If we do not see such atoms with our eyes, we have one adequate reason in their tiny dimensions, though there are further reasons than this. It would be hard to say why the luminiferous ether should be relegated to the unseen world any more than the material atom. Whatever we know as possessing resistance and extension, whatever we can subject to mathematical processes of measurement, we also conceive as existing in such shape that, with appropriate eyes and under proper visual conditions, we *might* see it, and we are not entitled to draw any line of demarkation between such an object of inference and others which may be made objects of sense-perception. To set apart the ether as constituting an unseen universe is therefore illegitimate and confusing. It introduces a distinction where there is none, and obscures the fact that both invisible ether and visible matter form but one grand universe, in which the sum of energy remains constant, though the order of its distribution endlessly varies.

Very different would be the logical position of a theory which should assume the existence of an unseen world entirely spiritual in constitution, and in which material conditions like those of the visible world should have neither place nor meaning. Such a world would not consist of ethers or gases or ghosts, but of purely psychical relations akin to such as constitute thoughts and feelings when our minds are least solicited by sense-perceptions. In thus marking off the unseen world from the objective universe of which we have knowledge, our line of demarkation would at least be drawn in the right place. The distinction between psychical and material phenomena is a distinction of a different order from all other distinctions known to philosophy, and it immeasurably transcends all others. The progress of modern discovery has in no respect weakened the force of Descartes' remark, that between that of which the differential attribute is Thought and that of

which the differential attribute is Extension, there can be no similarity, no community of nature whatever. By no scientific cunning of experiment or deduction can Thought be weighed or measured or in any way assimilated to such things as may be made the actual or possible objects of sense-perception. Modern discovery, so far from bridging over the chasm between Mind and Matter, tends rather to exhibit the distinction between them as absolute. It has, indeed, been rendered highly probable that every act of consciousness is accompanied by a molecular motion in the cells and fibres of the brain; and materialists have found great comfort in this fact, while theologians and persons of little faith have been very much frightened by it. But since no one ever pretended that thought can go on, under the conditions of the present life, without a brain, one finds it rather hard to sympathize either with the self-congratulations of Dr. Büchner's disciples¹ or with the terrors of their opponents. But what has been less commonly remarked is the fact that when the thought and the molecular movement thus occur simultaneously, in no scientific sense is the thought the product of the molecular movement. The sun-derived energy of motion latent in the food we eat is variously transformed within the organism, until some of it appears as the motion of the molecules of a little globule of nerve-matter in the brain. In a rough way we might thus say that the chemical energy of the food indirectly produces the motion of these little nerve-molecules. But does this motion of nerve-molecules now produce a thought or state of consciousness? By no means. It simply produces some other motion of nerve-molecules, and this in turn produces motion of contraction or expansion in some muscle, or becomes transformed into the chemical energy of some secreting gland. At no point in the whole circuit does a unit of motion disappear as motion to reappear as a unit of consciousness. The physical process

¹ The Nation once wittily described these people as "people who believe that they are going to die

like the beasts, and who congratulate themselves that they are going to die like the beasts."

is complete in itself, and the thought does not enter into it. All that we can say is that the occurrence of the thought is simultaneous with that part of the physical process which consists of a molecular movement in the brain.¹ To be sure, the thought is always there when summoned, but it stands outside the dynamic circuit, as something utterly alien from and incomparable with the events which summon it. No doubt, as Professor Tyndall observes, if we knew exhaustively the physical state of the brain, "the corresponding thought or feeling might be inferred; or, given the thought or feeling, the corresponding state of the brain might be inferred. But how inferred? It would be at bottom not a case of logical inference at all, but of empirical association. You may reply that many of the inferences of science are of this character; the inference, for example, that an electric current of a given direction will deflect a magnetic needle in a definite way; but the cases differ in this, that the passage from the current to the needle, if not demonstrable, is thinkable, and that we entertain no doubt as to the final mechanical solution of the problem. But the passage from the physics of the brain to the corresponding facts of consciousness is unthinkable. Granted that a definite thought and a definite molecular action in the brain occur simultaneously; we do not possess the intellectual organ, nor apparently any rudiment of the organ, which would enable us to pass by a process of reasoning from the one to the other. They appear together, but we do not know why."²

An unseen world consisting of purely psychical or spiritual phenomena would accordingly be demarcated by an absolute gulf from what we call the material universe, but would not necessarily be discontinuous with the psychical phenomena which we find manifested in connection with the world of matter. The transfer of matter, or physical energy, or anything else that is quantitatively measurable, into such an unseen world, may

be set down as impossible, by reason of the very definition of such a world. Any hypothesis which should assume such a transfer would involve a contradiction in terms. But the hypothesis of a survival of present psychical phenomena in such a world, after being denuded of material conditions, is not in itself absurd or self-contradictory, though it may be impossible to support it by any arguments drawn from the domain of human experience. Such is the shape which it seems to me that, in the present state of philosophy, the hypothesis of a future life must assume. We have nothing to say to gross materialistic notions of ghosts and bogies, and spirits that upset tables and whisper to ignorant, vulgar women the wonderful information that you once had an aunt Susan. The unseen world imagined in our hypothesis is not connected with the present material universe by any such "invisible bonds" as would allow Bacon and Addison to come to Boston, and write the silliest twaddle in the most ungrammatical English before a roomful of people who have never learned how to test what they are pleased to call the "evidence of their senses." Our hypothesis is expressly framed so as to exclude all intercourse whatever between the unseen world of spirit unconditioned by matter and the present world of spirit conditioned by matter, in which all our experiences have been gathered. The hypothesis being framed in such a way, the question is, What has philosophy to say to it? Can we, by searching our experiences, find any reason for adopting such an hypothesis? Or, on the other hand, supposing we can find no such reason, would the total failure of experimental evidence justify us in rejecting it?

The question is so important that I will restate it. I have imagined a world made up of psychical phenomena, freed from the material conditions under which alone we know such phenomena. Can we adduce any proof of the possibility of such a world? Or if we cannot, does

¹ For a fuller exposition of this point, see *Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy*, ii. 436-445.

² *Fragments of Science*, page 119.

our failure raise the slightest presumption that such a world is impossible?

The reply to the first clause of the question is sufficiently obvious. We have no experience whatever of psychical phenomena save as manifested in connection with material phenomena. We know of Mind only as a group of activities which are never exhibited to us except through the medium of motions of Matter. In all our experience we have never encountered such activities save in connection with certain very complicated groupings of highly mobile material particles into aggregates which we call living organisms. And we have never found them manifested to a very conspicuous extent save in connection with some of those specially organized aggregates which have vertebrate skeletons and mammary glands. Nay, more, when we survey the net results of our experience up to the present time, we find indisputable evidence that in the past history of the visible universe psychical phenomena have only begun to be manifested in connection with certain complex aggregates of material phenomena. As these material aggregates have age by age become more complex in structure, more complex psychical phenomena have been exhibited. The development of Mind has from the outset been associated with the development of Matter. And to-day, though none of us has any knowledge of the end of psychical phenomena in his own case, yet from all the marks by which we recognize such phenomena in our fellow-creatures, whether brute or human, we are taught that when certain material processes have been gradually or suddenly brought to an end, psychical phenomena are no longer manifested. From first to last, therefore, our appeal to experience gets but one response. We have not the faintest shadow of evidence wherewith to make it seem probable that Mind can exist except in connection with a material body. Viewed from this standpoint of terrestrial experience, there is no more reason for supposing that consciousness survives the dissolution of the brain than for supposing that

the pungent flavor of table-salt survives its decomposition into metallic sodium and gaseous chlorine.

Our answer from this side is thus unequivocal enough. Indeed, so uniform has been the teaching of experience in this respect, that even in their attempts to depict a life after death men have always found themselves obliged to have recourse to materialistic symbols. To the mind of a savage the future world is a mere reproduction of the present, with its everlasting huntings and fightings. The early Christians looked forward to a renovation of the earth and the bodily resurrection from Sheol of the righteous. The pictures of hell and purgatory, and even of paradise, in Dante's great poem, are so intensely materialistic as to seem grotesque in this more spiritual age. But even to-day the popular conceptions of heaven are by no means freed from the notion of matter; and persons of high culture, who realize the inadequacy of these popular conceptions, are wont to avoid the difficulty by refraining from putting their hopes and beliefs into any definite or describable form. Not unfrequently one sees a smile raised at the assumption of knowledge or insight by preachers who describe in eloquent terms the joys of a future state; yet the smile does not necessarily imply any skepticism as to the abstract probability of the soul's survival. The skepticism is aimed at the character of the description rather than at the reality of the thing described. It implies a tacit agreement, among cultivated people, that the unseen world must be purely spiritual in constitution. The agreement is not habitually expressed in definite formulas, for the reason that no mental image of a purely spiritual world can be formed. Much stress is commonly laid upon the recognition of friends in a future life; and however deep a meaning may be given to the phrase "the love of God," one does not easily realize that a heavenly existence could be worth the longing that is felt for it, if it were to afford no further scope for the pure and tender household affections which give to the present life its powerful though indefinable

charm. Yet the recognition of friends in a purely spiritual world is something of which we can frame no conception whatever. We may look with unspeakable reverence on the features of wife or child, less because of their physical beauty than because of the beauty of soul to which they give expression; but to imagine the perception of soul by soul apart from the material structure and activities in which soul is manifested is something utterly beyond our power. Nay, even when we try to represent to ourselves the psychical activity of any single soul by itself as continuing without the aid of the psychical machinery of sensation, we get into unmanageable difficulties. A great part of the contents of our minds consists of sensuous (chiefly visual) images, and though we may imagine reflection to go on without further images supplied by vision or hearing, touch or taste or smell, yet we cannot well see how fresh experiences could be gained in such a state. The reader, if he require further illustrations, can easily follow out this line of thought. Enough has no doubt been said to convince him that our hypothesis of the survival of conscious activity apart from material conditions is not only utterly unsupported by any evidence that can be gathered from the world of which we have experience, but is utterly and hopelessly inconceivable.

It is inconceivable *because* it is entirely without foundation in experience. Our powers of conception are closely determined by the limits of our experience. When a proposition, or combination of ideas, is suggested, for which there has never been any precedent in human experience, we find it to be *unthinkable*, — the ideas will not combine. The proposition remains one which we may utter and defend, and perhaps vituperate our neighbors for not accepting, but it remains none the less an unthinkable proposition. It takes terms which severally have meanings and puts them together into a phrase which has no meaning.¹ Now when we try to combine the idea of the continuance of conscious activity

with the idea of the entire cessation of material conditions, and thereby to assert the existence of a purely spiritual world, we find that we have made an unthinkable proposition. We may defend our hypothesis as passionately as we like, but when we strive coolly to realize it in thought we find ourselves balked at every step.

But now we have to ask, How much does this inconceivability signify? In most cases, when we say that a statement is inconceivable, we practically declare it to be untrue; when we say that a statement is without warrant in experience, we plainly indicate that we consider it unworthy of our acceptance. This is legitimate in the majority of cases with which we have to deal in the course of life, because experience, and the capacities of thought called out and limited by experience, are our only guides in the conduct of life. But every one will admit that our experience is not infinite, and that our capacity of conception is not coextensive with the possibilities of existence. It is not only possible, but in the very highest degree probable, that there are many things in heaven, if not on earth, which are undreamed of in our philosophy. Since our ability to conceive anything is limited by the extent of our experience, and since human experience is very far from being infinite, it follows that there may be, and in all probability is, an immense region of existence in every way as real as the region which we know, yet concerning which we cannot form the faintest rudiment of a conception. Any hypothesis relating to such a region of existence is not only not disproved by the total failure of evidence in its favor, but the total failure of evidence does not raise even the slightest *prima facie* presumption against its validity.

These considerations apply with great force to the hypothesis of an unseen world in which psychical phenomena persist in the absence of material conditions. It is true, on the one hand, that we can bring up no scientific evidence in support of such an hypothesis. But on the other hand it is equally true that in

¹ See Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy, I. 64-67.

the very nature of things no such evidence could be expected to be forthcoming; even were there such evidence in abundance it could not be accessible to us. The existence of a single soul, or congeries of psychical phenomena, unaccompanied by a material body, would be evidence sufficient to demonstrate the hypothesis. But in the nature of things, even were there a million such souls round about us, we could not become aware of the existence of one of them, for we have no organ or faculty for the perception of soul apart from the material structure and activities in which it has been manifested throughout the whole course of our experience. Even our own self-consciousness involves the consciousness of ourselves as partly material bodies. These considerations show that our hypothesis is very different from the ordinary hypotheses with which science deals. *The entire absence of testimony does not raise a negative presumption except in cases where testimony is accessible.* In the hypotheses with which scientific men are occupied, testimony is always accessible; and if we do not find any, the presumption is raised that there is none. When Dr. Bastian tells us that he has found living organisms to be generated in sealed flasks from which all living germs had been excluded, we demand the evidence for his assertion. The testimony of facts is in this case hard to elicit, and only skillful reasoners can properly estimate its worth. But still it is all accessible. With more or less labor it can be got at; and if we find that Dr. Bastian has produced no evidence save such as may equally well receive a different interpretation from that which he has given it, we rightly feel that a strong presumption has been raised against his hypothesis. It is a case in which we are entitled to expect to find the favoring facts if there are any, and so long as we do not find such, we are justified in doubting their existence. So when our authors propound the hypothesis of an unseen universe consisting of phenomena which occur in the interstellar ether, or even in some primordial fluid with which the ether has physical relations, we are en-

titled to demand their proofs. It is not enough to tell us that we cannot disprove such a theory. The burden of proof lies with them. The interstellar ether is something concerning the physical properties of which we have some knowledge; and surely, if all the things are going on which they suppose in a medium so closely related to ordinary matter, there ought to be some traceable indications of the fact. At least, until the contrary can be shown, we must refuse to believe that all the testimony in a case like this is utterly inaccessible; and accordingly, so long as none is found, especially so long as none is even alleged, we feel that a presumption is raised against their theory.

These illustrations will show, by sheer contrast, how different it is with the hypothesis of an unseen world that is purely spiritual. The testimony in such a case must, under the conditions of the present life, be forever inaccessible. It lies wholly outside the range of experience. However abundant it may be, we cannot expect to meet with it. And accordingly our failure to produce it does not raise even the slightest presumption against our theory. When conceived in this way, the belief in a future life is without scientific support; but at the same time it is placed beyond the need of scientific support and beyond the range of scientific criticism. It is a belief which no imaginable future advance in physical discovery can in any way impugn. It is a belief which is in no sense irrational, and which may be logically entertained without in the least affecting our scientific habit of mind or influencing our scientific conclusions.

To take a brief illustration: we have alluded to the fact that in the history of our present world the development of mental phenomena has gone on hand in hand with the development of organic life, while at the same time we have found it impossible to explain mental phenomena as in any sense the product of material phenomena. Now there is another side to all this. The great lesson which Berkeley taught mankind was that what we call material phenomena

are really the products of consciousness coöperating with some Unknown Power (not material) existing beyond consciousness. We do very well to speak of "matter" in common parlance, but all that the word really means is a group of qualities which have no existence apart from our minds. Modern philosophers have quite generally accepted this conclusion, and every attempt to overturn Berkeley's reasoning has hitherto resulted in complete and disastrous failure. In admitting this, we do not admit the conclusion of Absolute Idealism, that nothing exists outside of consciousness. What we admit as existing independently of our own consciousness is the Power that causes in us those conscious states which we call the perception of material qualities. We have no reason for regarding this Power as in itself material: indeed, we cannot do so, since by the theory material qualities have no existence apart from our minds. I have elsewhere sought to show that less difficulty is involved in regarding this Power outside of us as quasi-psychical, or in some measure similar to the mental part of ourselves; and I have gone on to conclude that this Power may be identical with what men have, in all times and by the aid of various imperfect symbols, endeavored to apprehend as Deity.¹ We are thus led to a view of things not very unlike the views entertained by Spinoza and Berkeley. We are led to the inference that what we call the material universe is but the manifestation of infinite Deity to our finite minds. Obviously, on this view, Matter — the only thing to which materialists concede real existence — is simply an orderly phantasmagoria; and God and the Soul — which materialists regard as mere fictions of the imagination — are the only conceptions that answer to real existences.

In the foregoing paragraph I have been setting down opinions with which I am prepared to agree, and which are not in conflict with anything that our study of the development of the objective world has taught us. In so far as

that study may be supposed to bear on the question of a future life, two conclusions are open to us. First we may say that since the phenomena of mind appear and run their course along with certain specialized groups of material phenomena, so, too, they must disappear when these specialized groups are broken up. Or, in other words, we may say that every living person is an organized whole; consciousness is something which pertains to this organized whole, as music belongs to the harp that is entire; but when the harp is broken it is silent, and when the organized whole of personality falls to pieces consciousness ceases forever. To many well-disciplined minds this conclusion seems irresistible; and doubtless it would be a sound one — a good Baconian conclusion — if we were to admit, with the materialists, that the possibilities of existence are limited by our tiny and ephemeral experience.

But now, suppose that some Platonic speculator were to come along and insist upon our leaving room for an alternative conclusion; suppose he were to urge upon us that all this process of material development, with the discovery of which our patient study has been rewarded, may be but the temporary manifestation of relations otherwise unknown between ourselves and the infinite Deity; suppose he were to argue that psychical qualities may be inherent in a spiritual substance which under certain conditions becomes incarnated in matter, to wear it as a perishable garment for a brief season, but presently to cast it off and enter upon the freedom of a larger existence; what reply should we be bound to make, bearing in mind that the possibilities of existence are in no wise limited by our experience? Obviously we should be bound to admit that in sound philosophy this conclusion is just as likely to be true as the other. We should, indeed, warn him not to call on us to help him to establish it by scientific arguments; and we should remind him that he must not make illicit use of his extra-experiential hypotheses by bringing them into the treatment of scientific questions that

¹ See *Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy*, Part I., chap. iv.; Part III., chaps. iii., iv.

lie within the range of experience. In science, for example, we make no use of the conception of a "spiritual substance" (or of a "material substance" either), because we can get along sufficiently well by dealing solely with qualities. But with this general understanding we should feel bound to concede the impregnableness of his main position.

I have supposed this theory only as an illustration, not as a theory which I am prepared to adopt. My present purpose is not to treat as an advocate the question of a future life, but to endeavor to point out what conditions should be observed in treating the question philosophically. It seems to me that a great deal is gained when we have distinctly set before us what are the peculiar conditions of proof in the case of such transcendental questions. We have gained a great deal when we have learned how thoroughly impotent, how truly irrelevant, is physical investigation in the presence of such a question. If we get not much positive satisfaction for our unquiet yearnings, we occupy at any rate a sounder philosophic position when we recognize the limits within which our conclusions, whether positive or negative, are valid.

It seems not improbable that Mr. Mill may have had in mind something like the foregoing considerations when he suggested that there is no reason why one should not entertain the belief in a future life if the belief be necessary to one's spiritual comfort. Perhaps no suggestion in Mr. Mill's richly suggestive posthumous work has been more generally condemned as unphilosophical, on the ground that in matters of belief we must be guided not by our likes and dislikes, but by the evidence that is accessible. The objection is certainly a sound one so far as it relates to scientific questions where evidence is accessible. To hesitate to adopt a well-supported theory because of some vague preference for a different view is in scientific matters the one unpardonable sin,—a sin which has been only too often committed. Even in matters which lie beyond the range of experi-

ence, where evidence is inaccessible, desire is not to be regarded as by itself an adequate basis for belief. But it seems to me that Mr. Mill showed a deeper knowledge of the limitations of scientific method than his critics, when he thus hinted at the possibility of entertaining a belief not amenable to scientific tests. The hypothesis of a purely spiritual unseen world, as above described, is entirely removed from the jurisdiction of physical inquiry, and can be judged only on general considerations of what has been called "moral probability;" and considerations of this sort are likely, in the future as in the past, to possess different values for different minds. He who, on such considerations, entertains a belief in a future life may not demand that his skeptical neighbor shall be convinced by the same considerations; but his neighbor is at the same time estopped from stigmatizing his belief as unphilosophical.

The consideration which must influence most minds in their attitude toward this question is the craving, almost universally felt, for some teleological solution to the problem of existence. Why we are here now is a question of even profounder interest than whether we are to live hereafter. Unfortunately its solution carries us no less completely beyond the range of experience. The belief that all things are working together for some good end is the most essential expression of religious faith; of all intellectual propositions it is the one most closely related to that emotional yearning for a higher and better life which is the sum and substance of religion. Yet all the treatises on natural theology that have ever been written have barely succeeded in establishing a low degree of scientific probability for this belief. In spite of the eight *Bridge-water Treatises*, and the "Ninth" beside, *dysteleology* still holds full half the field as against *teleology*. Most of this difficulty, however, results from the crude anthropomorphic views which theologians have held concerning God. Once admitting that the divine attributes may be (as they must be) incom-

inmensurably greater than human attributes, our faith that all things are working together for good may remain unimpugned.

To many minds such a faith will seem incompatible with belief in the ultimate destruction of sentiency amid the general doom of the material universe. A good end can have no meaning to us save in relation to consciousness that distinguishes and knows the good from the evil. There could be no better illustration of how we are hemmed in than the very inadequacy of the words with which we try to discuss this subject. Such words have all gained their meanings from human experience, and hence of necessity carry anthropomorphic implications. But we cannot help this. We must think with the symbols with which experience has furnished us; and when we so think, there does seem to be little that is even intellectually satisfying in the awful picture which science shows us, of giant worlds concentrating out of nebulous vapor, developing with prodigious waste of energy into theatres of all that is grand and sacred in spiritual endeavor, clashing and exploding again into dead vapor-balls, only to renew the same toilful process without end, — a senseless bubble-play of Titan forces, with life, love, and aspiration brought forth only to be extinguished. The human mind, however "scientific" its training, must often recoil from the conclusion that this is all; and there are moments when one passionately feels that this cannot be all. On warm June mornings in green, country lanes, with sweet pine-odors wafted in the breeze which sighs through the branches, and cloud-shadows flitting over far-off blue mountains, while little birds sing their love-songs and golden-haired children weave garlands of wild roses; or when in the solemn twilight we listen to wondrous harmonies of Beethoven and Chopin that stir the heart like voices from an unseen world; at such times one feels that the profoundest answer which science can give to our questionings is but a superficial answer after all. At these mo-

ments, when the world seems fullest of beauty, one feels most strongly that it is but the harbinger of something else, — that the ceaseless play of phenomena is no mere sport of Titans, but an orderly scene, with its reason for existing, its

"One divine far-off event

To which the whole creation moves."

Difficult as it is to disentangle the elements of reasoning that enter into these complex groups of feeling, one may still see, I think, that it is speculative interest in the world, rather than anxious interest in self, that predominates. The desire for immortality in its lowest phase is merely the outcome of the repugnance we feel toward thinking of the final cessation of vigorous, vital activity. Such a feeling is naturally strong with healthy people. But in the mood which I have above tried to depict, this feeling, or any other which is merely self-regarding, is lost sight of in the feeling which associates a future life with some solution of the burdensome problem of existence. Had we but faith enough to lighten the burden of this problem, the inferior question would perhaps be less absorbing. Could we but know that our present lives are working together toward some good end, even an end in no wise anthropomorphic, it would be of less consequence whether we were individually to endure. To the dog under the knife of the experimenter, the world is a world of pure evil; yet could the poor beast but understand the alleviation of human suffering to which he is contributing, he would be forced to own that this is not quite true; and if he were also a heroic or Christian dog, the thought would perhaps take away from death its sting. The analogy may be a crude one; but the reasonableness of the universe is at least as far above our comprehension as the purposes of a man surpass the understanding of the dog. Believing, however, though as a simple act of trust, that the end will crown the work, we may rise superior to the question which has here concerned us, and exclaim, in the supreme language of faith, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him!"

John Fiske.

VICTOR CHERBULIEZ.

As prominent a writer of French novels as any now living is Victor Cherbuliez, who is French neither by birth nor wholly by education, but rather by choice. Born in Geneva, as a writer he is a curious mixture of cosmopolitan and Parisian. This mixture is a paradoxical one, because a Parisian is one of the most unc cosmopolitan of civilized beings; to his mind Paris is first, and the rest of the world nowhere. This adoration of the capital of France is, or more truly was, not unknown to Americans, especially to those who had enlarged their minds by foreign travel. Although Cherbuliez shows many traces of this feeling, he has not disdained to take other places for the scene of his romances. His knowledge of other lands, of their history and their people, serves him in good stead. It is an excellent part of his generous outfit for the novelist's trade. His whole life has been spent in a literary atmosphere. He was born in Geneva, as already said, about the year 1832. In that city his father was professor of Hebrew, and one of his uncles was professor of political economy; another uncle was a well-known publisher and literary man. From these surroundings it is easy to judge of the thoroughness of his studies and the excellence of his training.

His first book, as was only natural, and indeed as was almost incumbent on him, was one of a scholastic sort. Eschewing the Hebrew language and political economy, — he could probably have written tempting books on either subject, — he wrote about Greek art. It first appeared in the year 1860, in the pages of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and was afterwards published in book form under the name of *Un Cheval de Phidias*. Cherbuliez has himself unfitted the great public for the proper enjoyment of this book. Those who were so fortunate as to read the volume when it first appeared must have wondered

whether its author was to shine in future as a writer of fiction or of æsthetical studies. By this time his readers have learned to look upon him mainly as a novelist, and he who takes up this book has to be on his guard against letting his attention wander from the description of the beauty of Athens and the wonders of Greek art, to an ignobler personal interest in certain characters used as pegs on which to hang some brilliant theorizing. The machinery of the book is twofold: there is a little group of people at Athens, — a marquise, a young and charming widow; her uncle, a whimsical English lord, not unlike the thin-legged caricatures of the aristocracy of Great Britain one sees in shop windows vainly awaiting buyers; and the suite of the marquise, consisting of a fat and jovial doctor, a gaunt Spanish abbé, and a young, handsome Venetian painter. This little band is joined by the narrator of the story, and the action begins. Every character is well drawn, and the plot is an alluring one, but the pursuer of pleasure who takes up the volume will lay it down, or let it fall from his hands, when he comes to the disquisitions of the various persons about the merits of the art of Phidias, which are really the kernel of the volume. The cooler reader, who cares less for the romantic part, will yet find it an agreeable addition to what cannot fail to please him, namely, the talk of these people about the friezes of the Parthenon. The love story only lends to the pages of the book the salt of the country in which the scene is laid. The arguments of the various characters are the most important part of this charming essay, which, however, deserves a place on the side-shelf along with *Le Prince Vitale*, and *Le Grand Œuvre*. These are also books of great merit. This praise is especially due to *Le Prince Vitale*, which is really a study of Tasso's life, set before the reader with so much vividness

and intelligence that one forgets to be grateful for the research and careful thought it must have required. In this volume, which is perhaps the best, the sugaring of fiction is less than in either of the others. At any rate, it is better than *Le Grand Œuvre*, which hides beneath a romantic story some almost tedious talks about the Middle Ages. These three volumes show so much skill and gracefully handled learning, so well combined with the gauziest veil of a story, that it may well be questioned whether the writer was not at his best in these his earlier flights, rather than in his novels. But however this may be, it will be hard to find persons competent to answer, whose disappointment at finding these to be not entirely novels will not make them unjust to their other qualities. In these books, at any rate, Cherbuliez has shown how comprehensive and thorough were his preparations, how various his studies for a literary career. He was well fitted for serious work, but he had given proof of great skill in those rarer excellences, the drawing of human beings and the devising of a plot, so that it is no wonder that he yielded to the temptation of working, with all his education and facility, for the entertainment rather than the instruction of his fellow-men. He made up his mind to write novels and not learned disquisitions, and it is as a novelist that he more especially demands consideration. To all, but more especially to those who are indifferent to fiction, the books just mentioned can be commended for their scholarly tone and their thorough freedom from pedantry. One could not be more ingeniously tricked into solid reading; indeed, it is hard not to suspect what is so agreeable of being unsound, but it would be harder to catch Cherbuliez tripping; he is too clever not to make sure of his facts.

But, as we have said, he put æsthetic study behind him, and devoted himself mainly to the writing of novels. This was his deliberate choice, we may be sure, for doubtless he would have done well whatever branch of literature he had decided to devote himself to. His mind had the same facility for almost

every sort of current literary work which some people's hands have for mechanical tasks. He could not be dull; his style was unfailingly attractive; he evidently worked with ease. In a word, he was exceedingly clever. All of this cleverness is to be seen in his novels. The first of these to appear was *Le Comte Kostia*, which came out in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* about twelve years ago. It at once attracted considerable attention. The story that it tells is not one of every-day life; the plot is an ingenious complication closely resembling those barely possible incidents to be found on the stage of the theatre rather than on that of real life or in the works of wise novelists, but it has the advantage of fastening the reader's attention. A brief analysis of the story may be of service in illustrating what we have to say concerning the methods used by Cherbuliez. A Russian nobleman, the Comte Kostia himself, is living in a castle on the Rhine, trying to hide his deep disgust for the female sex beneath an earnest devotion to Byzantine history. His marriage had been an unhappy one, and he had doubts of the legitimacy of his only surviving child, a girl, whose resemblance to her mother is so hateful to him that he has her dressed as a boy. The hero of the story, Gilbert Savile, comes to the castle as secretary to the count, and soon finds himself growing interested in this young creature, whom he takes for a boy. He succeeds in overcoming her — apparently his — dislike, and finally, when he has discovered his mistake, falls in love with her. At this juncture, by a series of most melodramatic incidents the count's doubts are cleared up, and he suddenly changes from a more than half-mad domestic tyrant to a most courteous and attentive father, and all ends happily. This, although much condensed, is essentially the outline of the novel, but it gives only a faint notion of the total impression the book makes. This framework is hidden by much that is distasteful, for the confusion of feeling about the boy who is really a girl is not an attractive thing, and in order to clear up

all the complications it is necessary to stir up some very turbid waters; but in spite of these defects there is so much imagination in parts of the story, so much ready invention, and so brilliant a wit, that the reader, even if inclined to condemn, must make large reserves of praise. That the novel has claims for admiration as a picture of life cannot be affirmed; it attracts its readers by other qualities than photographic accuracy; it is, in short, with its incidents and characters, a sensational novel. Now against a sensational novel there is a reasonable prejudice in the human mind, or at least in that corner of the human mind which concerns itself with the making of judgments. It does not injure the popularity of a novel that it seeks for description unnatural scenes, or for characters people unlike conventional mediocrity, but those who enjoy it feel that they must distinguish between keenness of interest and real approval. The melodramatic character of the novel is noticeable, and since a melodrama must have something besides its inherent improbability to win readers, it is interesting to notice wherein the charm lies.

Victor Hugo has a skillful pen for describing the unreal, and his vivid eloquence throws as it were a flash of lightning on what he is writing about, and imprints it sharply on the memory; if, for instance, he has a precipice to describe, he almost makes his reader's head giddy; but Cherbuliez accomplishes what he has to do by somewhat more refined means, although he does not wholly ignore this description of physical feelings. The reader does not hold his breath and shiver, as he does when reading Victor Hugo, but he partakes of the intellectual excitement which all the characters show, and in the most desperate moments enjoys to the utmost all the epigrammatic points which fill the book. A succession of picturesque incidents keeps his mind continually attentive. For instance, Gilbert feels great pity for the much-abused child of the ogreish count, and, while fancying him to be a boy, makes all sorts of ro-

mantic efforts to win his affection. At peril of his life he clammers through the window to give him midnight instruction in botany. Moreover this melodramatic Mr. Barlow, to prove his friendship, does not hesitate to pluck a glove from the teeth of a ferocious bull-dog; and just before this scene, when the capricious pupil objects to the accuracy with which his teacher's cravat is tied, Gilbert makes another equally significant point by untying his cravat and leaving the loose ends flying. Even those who are not hypercritical may feel as if there were something overdrawn in this representation of human feelings. It is surely higher art to let them appear in some more probable way, which shall less resemble those drastic methods of the stage where dissembled love is expressed by kicking down-stairs.

Midnight walks among chimney-tops, swinging in mid-air over an abyss—even on a piece of new rope, struggling with savage dogs, and all such sports, are cheap, well-worn incidents, which lend factitious importance to the story, in very much the same way as raising the voice in anger adds to the soundness of argument. It is in the invention of scenes like these that Cherbuliez, when he is not at his best, delights. To this form of art he has bent much skill, so much indeed that it is easy to overlook the cheapness of some of these devices. Victor Hugo has no sooner created an impossible situation than he is out among the audience leading the applause; but Cherbuliez wears an easier air of being amused at his own ingenuity, rather than profoundly convinced of its value. He seems to share the reader's amusement, and he contributes to it by a perpetual flow of wit and good spirits. It need not be fancied that his novels are wholly made up of crude dramatic incidents; if this were the case he would remain unknown among the numerous workers in the raw material of fiction. In fact, he has deservedly a place among the better known novelists, and this success is to be accounted for by the cleverness which disguises or takes the place of so much that is trite. No blun-

dering, bashful boy ever yearned to be more epigrammatic than are the characters in the novels of Cherbuliez. At the end of *Le Comte Kostia*, when the long-neglected daughter puts on the raiment commonly worn by women, she blossoms with pert speeches and bits of coquetry, as if she had just come home from boarding-school; and the once fierce father lays aside his barbarity, and shows himself as urbane as heart could wish. When the leading villain of the piece, who has been the cause of all the trouble, has made away with himself, there is at once perfect harmony, and the heaviest care any of the characters has is to prepare appropriate repartees for use in the brilliant conversation. As for all the tragedy, no one is more depressed by it than by a summer shower; the reader observes with curiosity the different strokes of artificial fate as one looks at lightning flashing at a great distance. How unimpressive the tragedy is may be seen by comparing the effect the accumulation of horrors in this novel produces, with what is left by even a slight sketch of Tourguéneff's. In *Le Comte Kostia* we have a cruel father who treats his daughter with really insane brutality, driving her to try suicide in her despair, locking her up in a remote corner of a castle, never speaking to her except to insult her; who has put to torture a priest in order to wring from him the secrets of the confessional; who has embittered the whole life of one of his serfs by his cruel oppression; and yet when the reader has supped on all these horrors he is positively light-hearted. But what are the feelings with which he lays down, say, Tourguéneff's *Mou-Mou*? This is a very simple tale of a deaf mute, a serf, who has led an unhappy, lonely life, whose only friend is a little dog. His mistress, who has absolute power over her slaves, a nervous, fretful woman, fancies herself kept awake by the dog's barking, and gives orders that it be put to death. The serf is himself its executioner; he washes the dog, gives it a good meal, takes it out with him upon the river, throws it overboard, and rows hastily away from

the place. That is all. The incidents Tourguéneff has chosen seem scant and trivial in comparison with the tragic abundance Cherbuliez has collected, but, slight as they are, they fill the reader's heart with tender sympathy, while the parade of agonies leaves him cold. But if the tragedy is sometimes ineffective, the comedy never is; this is unfailingly brilliant, and always demands our admiration. Cherbuliez is a writer of immense cleverness, and to this quality he owes both his success and his failure. It poisons his tragedy by making it seem unreal, but it lends a great charm to the rest, and outside of tragedy there is a great deal that goes to the making of a good novel.

The distinctness with which his characters are drawn is a very noticeable quality of all he writes; besides this, they always show themselves characteristically, in the most important relations to one another, clearly, concisely, without being obscured by a single superfluous line. Everything in his novels aims at the end, and the course thereto is sharply defined. Cherbuliez never strays into side-paths leading nowhere; he never lounges while telling his story; he is always brisk, and the whole story is always compact. No reader can escape feeling admiration for such skilled workmanship. A writer who is never prosy has one strong claim for liking, and this liking Cherbuliez is tolerably sure to receive, as he deserves.

It is easy to see that where he would do best is in the drawing of those scenes in which people are, so to speak, in somewhat artificial relations with one another, as in most of the circumstances of life this side of the deepest tragedy, when a somewhat rigid etiquette controls and guides the expression of feeling. When writing on this safer ground Cherbuliez is almost without a superior. With the wariest tact he avoids fatiguing his reader; more than that, by his skill and wit he is pretty sure to delight him. Even in *Paule Méré*, which followed *Le Comte Kostia* in time of publication, though it bears marks of having been written earlier, there is much that

is charming. It is at any rate the study of character which makes the book interesting, and not the imposition of cleverly contrived incidents upon comparatively irresponsible people. The scene is laid in the Jura and in Geneva, and the contrast between the beauty and innocence of the country and the pettiness of the city is clearly drawn. There is, to be sure, something heavy-handed in his satire of the foibles of his native town, but there is also much to redeem this. The heroine, Paule, is described with charming grace, and there are pretty scenes in the book. The love-making between Roger and Paule is agreeably told; the Englishwoman, Mrs. Simpson, is well drawn, and even Mr. Bird, with his magic flute, is far from being a wholly improbable character. The construction of the novel is not its most admirable point; what is better is the way in which both Roger and Paule are set before us; the man, intelligent, clever, well-meaning, but weak; the girl, able, generous, truthful, and attractive. She is a fascinating person, and, more than that, she has a great deal of character, the strength and quality of which Cherbuliez has well indicated. While the drawing of the man's whimsies and amiable inability to accomplish anything is clever, there is a higher merit in the representation of the girl, not in respect of skill in execution, for he always makes his figures lifelike, but in a certain refinement which exalts the whole book. But even here Cherbuliez puts in some artificial touches, as in narrating the young girl's devotion to the slippers of her mother, who was a ballet-dancer. This is a fantastic sort of filial affection which is not sure of unfaillingly impressing the reader. It is an instance of this author's constant attempt to illustrate what he wishes to say by means of some outward and glaringly visible sign. While there can be no question that the use of definite illustrations is more likely to make the writer's meaning plain to the reader than are whole pages of blank assertion, — for the imagination is sooner set moving by pictures than by affidavits, — it is also

certain that much care is required in the choice of examples. In this case, the author has either invented or possibly observed this incongruous attachment to the mother's slippers, and the reader is aware of coming across a new device, but meanwhile the expression of affection grows cold, and we are more struck with the writer's perverse taste than with the heroine's devotion.

There is a more uniform but less ideal attractiveness in that one of his novels in which he first threw everything else aside to set before the reader a duel of cleverness, in his *Roman d'une Honnête Femme*; this is a comedy of the modern French stage put into the form of a novel. The *dramatis personæ* are as clear and distinct as their remarks are witty and concise. Everything in the story has the air of being, so to speak, clean cut. The scene is laid in an artificial world, much jauntier than the familiar vale of tears, and the two leading characters, who are about equally equipped with pride, self-possession, attractiveness, and readiness of wit, play their amusing game of tit-for-tat. The reader's sympathy is secured beforehand for the abused wife, who manages by dexterous strokes of wit and ingenuity to turn the tables on her polite but overbearing husband. So long as readers find a charm in tales about poor governesses who marry rich lords and afterwards repay with interest the slights which they received when obscure, or about poor orphans who turn out to be the heirs to immense estates, so long will there be a prepossession in favor of the almost equally familiar incidents of this novel. One follows the downfall of the husband from the heights of his foolish presumption with the satisfaction one always has in seeing the right conquer. In this case, to be sure, it is less the glow at the victory of righteousness over sin that one is conscious of, than a somewhat spiteful rejoicing at seeing a polished domestic tyrant beaten at his own game; but the feeling, if a trifle malicious, is none the less sincere. In spite of the triteness of the subject, there is so much freshness and originality in the treatment that it

reads like a new revelation; one forgets the large company of writers who have all taken up this subject, said more or less about it, and laid it down again; Cherbuliez seems to have discovered it for himself. The skill with which the encounters of the two combatants are narrated is really admirable. They ridicule one another with their polite but malignant speeches, yet they never show themselves touched; each in due sequence plays the part required to excite the other's jealousy, and each counterfeits stony indifference; both take proper care that the servants get no material for wonder and gossip. There are other and rarer good points in the novel, which make it excellent of its kind. Such is the graceful characterization of the heroine, with her fine pride. The husband is hardly so successfully done; he labors under the disadvantage of seeming like the men who are so often heroes of women's novels, and who are conspicuous for arrogance and general unpleasantness. One incident follows close on the heels of another; the interest is kept up breathlessly from the beginning of the book to the end. No sooner is one complication set right than another appears. Here as elsewhere we are struck with wonder at Cherbuliez's brilliancy. It is not merely superficial vivacity, but, as when the unhappy wife's faint affection for the young priest is dispelled by seeing him, so little does he in fact attain to the ideal she had pictured in his absence, it is intelligent observation and acute perception. This is not an isolated instance, by any means. The book is full of just such incidents. One is tempted to believe that Cherbuliez wrote this novel to show how easily he could beat the French on their own ground; whether this was his intention or not is immaterial; it is certain that he did so beat them. He made the old story new, and he separated himself from his French rivals by treating the rather delicate subject of the novel as an intellectual problem to be worked out by the understanding mind, without alluring the reader to mischievous sympathy with unholy emotions and passions.

Prosper Randoce is perhaps the best of his novels. It tells the story of a modern French poet, an artificial nature, forever posing, more theatrical than most actors on the stage, extravagant in manner, assuming great warmth, but with a heart of stone. The other hero, Didier by name, is the very opposite; he is kind, amiable, a skeptic to the heart's core, and born to be the victim of delusions, although confident of his ability to see through them all. The contrast between these two men is very strikingly given, with no more caricature than is needful to make them life-like. The *verve* with which the story is told makes it one of the most entertaining of modern novels. Every page bears witness to the qualities a novelist most needs, exhibited in wise profusion. The characters are most vivid; Prosper himself is well enough drawn to stand as the representative not only of the school of writers Cherbuliez had in his mind, but of that larger class of human beings whose characteristics are the dramatic fire which imitates enthusiasm, and real, deep-seated coldness. Often such persons for a time deceive their fellow-men almost as much as they do themselves, as every one knows to his cost; and the mechanism of their minds, the singularities of their conduct, are nowhere better shown than in this novel. Such praise seems cold when we consider the skill manifested in the drawing of Prosper. His colossal conceit, his impudence, his self-confidence, his buoyancy, are all shown, not told us, and our impression of him is most vivid. Didier's different nature is equally well exhibited, and all his amusing, incompetent, kindly deeds are narrated in a way that is really fascinating.

Although Cherbuliez sees the foibles of his characters, he does not write in a malicious vein. He takes the attitude of an observer of mankind, not of a judge, and tells his story in a perfectly impersonal way. The reader is charmed by his ingenuity and wit, and takes the story for what it is worth, as a novel with entertainment for its sole aim. Spinoza's line, "*humanas actiones non*

ridere, non lugere, neque detestari, sed intelligere," expresses the position taken by Cherbuliez; but, it will be noticed, this is the position of the scientific man rather than that of the poet, who laughs and cries and hates, as may be required, without contenting himself with the chilly enjoyment of perceiving alone. When Tourguéneff is writing, he maintains his dignity, and although he is chary of comments, we perceive, from the impression made on us, the attitude of his mind, condemning or approving, it may be, as well as perceiving; we feel the strong passion inspiring him, and glow in sympathy. George Eliot, again, has her own distinct opinion concerning everything she writes about; she never leaves the reader doubtful as to the judgment formed by her own mind, everything is carefully explained; indeed, too carefully, as in *Middlemarch*, where every process of Dorothea's mind is painstakingly exposed and interpreted. But Cherbuliez observes and records without comment, and with no perceptible bias towards praising either goodness or sophistical vice, nor yet towards condemning wrong-doing. Every other question is indifferent; he looks only at the scenic effect; he has a sort of pagan optimism. Everything is material for his wit, which neither scoffs nor ridicules, but lends conciseness and brilliancy to what he has to say. He describes evil deeds with an easy conscience; they are viewed only in their relation to his story, as incidents merely, not as texts or warnings. The reader is delighted with this irresponsible world, and does not mourn the triumph of evil, or rejoice at its overthrow; he simply yields to the charm of the novel as a witty complication of events. In *Paule Méré* there are traces of personal revolt against the Genevese, but elsewhere, whether in describing the fantastic adventures of the frivolous Pole, *Ladislav Bolski*, or the heart-pangs of the young socialist, *Joseph Noirel*, it is his story with which his heart is full, not the lessons it may inspire or the influence it may have. What he cares for is success; he bids for that as an actor does for the applause of his audience,

and not for the approbation of posterity; and what is more, he generally attains it. When he does not, it is his fatal facility which leads him astray.

One of the most noticeable of his good qualities is the excellent way in which he draws women. To say that they are as good as his men is high but fitting praise. The refined *Madame d'Azado*, in *Prosper Randoce*, the crafty *Meta Holdenis*, in the novel of that name, and in many ways the most charming of all, *Marguerite*, in *La Revanche de Joseph Noirel*, with the high-spirited *Paule Méré*, are all equally good and all distinct. One never meets the same woman twice under different names and in different dresses. They are all very living beings too, not merely one womanly quality in petticoats, which some, not hypercritical, judge *Charles Reade's* heroines to be; nor yet amiable nothingness like some of *Thackeray's*.

The most attractive of all, as has just been said, is *Marguerite*, in *Joseph Noirel*. All her simple home life is beautifully described, and there are few more charming pictures, one might almost say, in fiction, in modern French fiction one can certainly say, than those in which she appears. But the power of perceiving, appreciating, and describing so lovely and innocent a heroine was far from being a liberal education to Cherbuliez. She is placed in an incongruous sensational novel. This charming girl marries a fascinating man, the Count d'Ornis, prominent in whose stormy past stands the murder of a friend. This unpleasant incident is known by a vulgar seller of bric-à-brac, who blackmails the count. Further and even more desperate complications are those introduced by *Joseph Noirel*, who is in love with *Marguerite*. On this foundation is built a novel which, while it is only just to call it entertaining, shows us a fair young life tortured merely to baffle the reader for a couple of hours. It is this total lack of conscience which is painful. We are grateful to an author who introduces us to a lovely character who shall stand in our mind as an ideal figure receiving our respect and admiration, but when the

author makes it win our liking simply in order to add poignantly to our regret at its wanton destruction, and makes away with it not in consequence of some flaw in itself, but by means of an artificial chain of improbable and irrelevant circumstances, the reader is justified in his impatience. When fate strikes such a blow we call it blind; there is something worse than blindness in the writer who does it. He deceives into feeling something with which he does not sympathize. He prefers the sharp effect of his story to the lasting gratification of his reader, and the reader avenges himself, after the flush of pained surprise is over, by appreciating less keenly what may have been really good in this tale of cruelty; he condemns heartily the novelist who runs amuck among his characters to have a dramatic ending.

No one cares to have felt himself affected by a fraudulent story of grief, and a heartless device, such as Cherbuliez uses in this novel, gives us the impression of his contempt for nobler feelings. It puts him in the light of a showman, not of a teacher, and the novelist cannot escape from the responsibility of teaching. Didactic instruction is far from being the only method in use, and every man who writes a novel, and more especially a man of the ability of Cherbuliez, teaches more or less, even if against his will, by adding some new thing to our experience and contributing in some measure to the molding of our character. This is a responsibility he cannot shirk. The reader exposes himself to this influence, and demands that the narrator feel what we feel. In the novel under discussion the author is not merely an unsympathetic observer, he is also a trifler with emotions he ought to respect. Not in *Paule Méré*, nor, in spite of the narrowness of its horizon, in *Le Roman d'une Honnête Femme*, nor in *Prosper Randoce*, is this fault to be found. The ingredients Cherbuliez chose do not exceed their proper powers in bringing the novel to an end. One event follows another in natural sequence. The reader always prefers to have the plot carried out with the legal formulas duly ob-

served, so to speak, to having the author shoot down his characters, red-handed, in order to bring his story to a climax and end it vividly. Lynch law is out of repute in the more civilized countries.

In *Prosper Randoce* the author's impartiality is well suited to the study such characters require. People like *Prosper* exist, and the novelist does better work in showing them as they are than he could do by condemning or ridiculing them. But one cannot help feeling some surprise that the intellectual comprehension which conceived of a *Didier*, a *Marguerite*, a *Paule Méré*, should have descended to such pettiness as the wiles of the hoydenish *Miss Rovel*, the heroine of his last novel. Such a character might well have been left for meaner pens. It is a lamentable downfall from *Didier*, the poetic, imaginative dreamer, to this precocious flirt and her disreputable mother. Cherbuliez has so often shown perception of those qualities that make life something besides meanness, that his equal zeal in painting qualities which are degrading is a cause of wonder. It may be said that there is a remote point of view from which good and bad may be regarded with indifference; that the glance of the philosopher, like rain, falls equally on just and unjust; but those writers who care for even the success of the moment ought to value at least their reputations more than to be willing to treat trivial themes as Cherbuliez sometimes does. To say that the inferior *Miss Rovel*, his latest novel, is a characteristic example of the way he uses his gifts would not be wholly true; he does not always beat his talent of gold into a thin layer of gilding to cover a great deal of valueless material, but his frequent content with less genuine success is worthy of notice and of condemnation. He is satisfied with the applause he wins at each installment of a serial story, but no one reads a story in that way twice. Many unworthy effects may be produced in that form of publication which will not endure the cooler examination one gives to a bound volume. We are always struck with wonder at Cherbuliez's cleverness, but that cleverness

is carefully to be distinguished from wisdom should not be forgotten. It is not always the man who makes the best report that has the truth on his side, nor yet the writer who puts down on paper the greatest number of witticisms that necessarily takes the wisest view of life. In this story what was an attractive grace has become a tedious mannerism; epigrams run wild; one neat speech follows another without pause; and the ingenious surprises continually appear, with a regularity as monotonous and as depressing as the booming of minute-guns.

So long as inspiration and technical ability go along together the reader can congratulate himself, but when he finds that an author goes on writing about trivial subjects apparently with all the earnestness which he formerly devoted to more important matters, he is tempted to revise his laudatory opinions and to detect instances of unsoundness which he had previously overlooked in the ardor of admiration. Still, care should be taken to avoid detracting from a considerable degree of merit under the influence of disappointment at an author's last volume. It is safer to wait until all the testimony of his writings is in, before condemning him for failure because he is variable. Looking at all that Cherbuliez has done, however, we find that he has adopted certain principles of writing which may or may not be worthy of approbation, but at any rate are proper subjects of comment. All is grist that comes to his mill. It seems to him to be a matter of indifference what he shall write about. He can make anything

light. He appears more like a man who is anxious to write an entertaining novel, than like one whose mind is burdened with things he has to say to the world. His *Meta Holdenis* is an example of this weakness. It is a very interesting story, in which the author has chosen for his heroine a sort of Becky Sharp, and the account of her wiliness is most amusing reading. She is a calculating young person, with a very keen and far-seeing eye for what is to her own advantage; hence, though she is willing to help swindle a young man out of his money, she is too prudent to sin against the code of virtue. But the apparent purpose of the novel is to denounce the German race for a set of casuistical hypocrites, — a most pitiable design. Fortunately, even Germans with a trifle of philosophy can read the book without having their patriotism offended.

The combination of qualities to be found in Cherbuliez is not, it will be perceived, of the most satisfactory sort. His generous accumulation of charming traits cannot atone for the lack of earnestness which makes him blind to the relative importance of temporary success and more genuine work. However, if he shall determine to equal in his future writings what he has already done in his most successful days, an unfavorable opinion can be very easily removed. His own wit and ingenuity will be strong allies if they are kept subordinate to his better judgment; when they are left to themselves they are tiresome, but in their proper place they may make him even more renowned than he is at present.

T. S. Perry.

REVERIE.

THE white reflection of the sloop's great sail
Sleeps trembling on the tide,
In scarlet shirts her crew lean o'er the rail,
Lounging on either side.

Pale blue and streaked with pearl the waters lie,
And glitter in the heat;
The distance gathers purple bloom where sky
And glimmering coast-line meet.

From the cove's curving rim of sandy gray
The ebbing tide has drained,
Where, mournful, in the dusk of yesterday
The curlew's voice complained.

Half lost in hot mirage the sails afar
Lie dreaming, still and white;
No wave breaks, no wind breathes, the peace to mar,
Summer is at its height.

How many thousand summers thus have shone
Across the ocean waste,
Passing in swift succession, one by one,
By the fierce winter chased!

The gray rocks blushing soft at dawn and eve,
The green leaves at their feet,
The dreaming sails, the crying birds that grieve,
Ever themselves repeat.

And yet how dear and how forever fair
Is Nature's friendly face,
And how forever new and sweet and rare
Each old familiar grace!

What matters it that she will sing and smile
When we are dead and still?
Let us be happy in her beauty while
Our hearts have power to thrill.

Let us rejoice in every moment bright,
Grateful that it is ours;
Bask in her smiles with ever fresh delight,
And gather all her flowers;

For presently we part: what will avail
Her rosy fires of dawn,
Her noontide pomps, to us, who fade and fail,
Our hands from hers withdrawn?

Celia Thaxter.

A CARNIVAL OF ROME.

IN TWO PARTS. PART I.

EVERYBODY who has been in Rome knows the house which stands at the convergence of two steep streets, the *Via Gregoriana* and *Via Sistina*. It is of triangular shape and adorned with a semi-circular, pillared portico which has obtained for it the designation of the *Tempietto*.¹ The two aforesaid streets here merge into the *Piazza of the Trinità de' Monti*, an open paved space in the midst of which rises an obelisk; on one hand is the church from which the place takes its name, with a high, double flight of steps and twin turrets; on the other, the heavy stone balustrade of the magnificent *Scalinata*, or Spanish stairs, which descend by successive intervals of broad flights and wide landing-places to the *Piazza di Spagna*, the heart of the foreign quarter. Beyond the church and balustrade a wide gravel road, planted with four rows of trees, passes the unpromising street-front of the *Villa Medici* to the *Monte Pincio*, the favorite drive and lounge of all Rome, native and foreign: a hill of terraced gardens, bearing on its brow a tall palm, where huge aloes and cactuses and other semitropical plants, high evergreen hedges and shrubberies, plashing fountains and smooth green grass make perpetual summer. This quarter is the chosen resort of Anglo-Saxondom in Rome, which has earned for it the nickname of the *English Ghetto*. The steepness of the streets makes them unusually quiet. No one takes either of them as a short cut, yet the *Piazza della Trinità de' Monti* is the gayest spot in the whole city, for the obelisk is the goal of the chariots on the *Pincian*; the double stream of carriages which every afternoon brings to the gardens turns there as the limit of its round, and for a couple of hours before sunset it is difficult for a pedestrian to cross. Yet the idlers on foot far out-

number those in carriages. After the *Ave Maria* it is deserted again. The sun basks upon it all day; by the *Scalinata* you may descend from its tranquil heights to the shops, hotels, circulating libraries, banks, and hack-stand of the *Piazza di Spagna*; while from the balustrade and all the upper windows of the neighborhood you look across the picturesque confusion of the city to the noble cupola of *St. Peter's*, and, still further, to the ridge of *Monte Mario*, with its white villa and solitary stone-pine.

Early in the winter of 186— there was tacked upon the outer door of the second story of the *Tempietto* a visiting-card engraved, “*Mr. & Mrs. Geo. W. Mason, Fifth Avenue;*” beside which, through a hole in the door, hung the bit of pack-thread which generally does duty for a bell-handle at the entrance of a Roman apartment. An American family had rented this for the season. The most interesting members of the party were two young girls, *Henrietta Mason*, and her bosom friend *Marion Sands*, who had been allowed to come abroad with these old family friends. *Henrietta* was pretty, attractive, clever, quick, and like other nice girls; *Marion* was not quick, less pretty, and in some respects different from girls in general. They were neither of them twenty, but *Henrietta*, who was about six months the elder, had been “out” for two years, while *Marion* lived in the country and had been in mourning since she left school. *Henrietta* was already a little woman of the world; *Marion* was in a half-developed condition, not understanding herself very well, and very much afraid of being laughed at. She was chiefly distinguished by enthusiasm and a sort of simple largeness, not incompatible with complex feeling, but rendering her incapable of pettiness in her estimates or actions. No young dream of love was

¹ Little Temple.

ever more rapturous than the idea to her of going abroad with her adored Henrietta; six months had already passed and brought no disillusion. Her transports were roused anew by each country in turn, until when at length they reached Rome she felt that this was the climax and acme of emotion. It took her weeks to calm down from the first effects of meeting such beauty and antiquity at every turn, and to surmount the repulsion and disgust which the squalor, dirt, and meanness in which they are sunk occasioned her. But after New Year, when the rush for seats at the great church ceremonies was over, when her senses had undazzled from the many-colored gorgeousness of St. Peter's with its Christmas pantomime of worship, her soul gently descended from the altitudes to which it had been rapt by the aerial notes of the silver trumpets (now forever silent), and she began to subside into a consciousness of perpetual enjoyment, tranquil but intense, such as she had never known before. Lying in bed wide awake, in the lengthening mornings, with a laziness unknown to her at home, idly watching the January sun stream in with a plenitude of light and warmth it seems to possess nowhere else, hearing no sound in the quiet streets save the melodious call of one newspaper vender who passed daily at that early hour chanting softly and sonorously his *Giornale di Roma*, she used to think the luxury of that hour alone enough to make Rome incomparable. Meanwhile the lively Henrietta was enjoying Rome after her fashion: tripping away betimes with vivacious diligence, arm in arm with Marion, down the broad, sunny steps of the Scalinata to hail a *legno*, or little one-horse open carriage, in the Piazza di Spagna, which should carry them to the Vatican or the Capitol, the Colonna or Barberini palace, or whatever other gallery was open on that day; driving in state with her mother in the grounds of the Pamfili or Borghese villas in the afternoon, and returning before sunset to somebody's reception and five o'clock tea; or, if it was a hunting-day, off by ten o'clock with a party of friends to follow

the hounds over break-neck country for six or seven hours, coming home quite fresh to dance all night with Italian princes at a ball.

One afternoon, as they were waiting for Mrs. Mason and the barouche, a card was brought in by the august Fortunato, their courier. Henrietta took it.

"'Mr. Roger Carey!' Why, Mal! your cousin Roger; yes, let him come in by all means. You have n't seen him for an age, have you?"

"No, not for ages; not since I was twelve, when he was sent to Switzerland to school."

"I've seen him since then, you know, when we were abroad before; you remember I told you that we had a little three days' flirtation at Heidelberg; it's positively thrilling."

Here the door opened and Roger Carey was shown in; he was a tall, handsome, well-made young fellow of twenty-three or twenty-four, very well-dressed, and beaming with high spirits. He and Henrietta rushed at one another: "How delightful!" they said in a breath. "When did you come?" "How did you know we were here?" etc. Then she broke off to present him to Marion.

"Little Mal!" He had not seen her for seven years, and had not expected to see her now; he had met none of his old playmates since he had left America, and this unlooked-for encounter with a pretty young kinswoman was a most agreeable surprise. He went towards her with a slight intimation of intent to kiss her, which was met on her part by an equally slight intimation that he should not do so; so he only stood holding both her hands and laughing down into her fresh young face, which looked up at him with a mixture of pleasure and bashfulness. It passed through his mind that if Henrietta had been his cousin he would have kissed her, and that he rather wished she were, but he was very glad to see them both on any terms. At this moment Fortunato reappeared to announce the carriage, and the girls began to gather up the numerous shawls and rugs without which no one goes for an afternoon drive in Rome.

"Mamma will be so glad to see you; perhaps we can drop you somewhere, — or, if you have no engagement, won't you come with us? We have a seat."

"Why, I should be delighted! I've no engagement; I got here only this morning by the night train from Florence."

"And what have you been about ever since?"

"I've been in bed," said he, laughing; while the girls cried, "Oh!" "I breakfasted at two, and then went to the banker's, where I saw Mr. Mason's name in his book; so I came straight up those awful steps to your door." This meant the *Scalinata*, and the girls cried "Oh!" again.

"Only wait," said Henrietta, nodding. "I give you a week to be converted and become fanatical."

"And I give you a day," added Marion, "for we are going to drive on the Appian Way." By this time they were at the door, and the good-natured Mrs. Mason warmly seconded her daughter's welcome and invitation.

In a few minutes they were driving along the narrow, crowded Corso, Henrietta playing *cicerone* to the lions by the way.

"There's the Antonine column. You never were in Rome before? Oh, lucky man! How long are you to stay? Till after Carnival? Good! two full months; we're to stay until Easter; but how time does slip away here; 'runs itself in golden sands' — no, you need n't smile — without anybody to shake the hour-glass. And there's the Doria palace, where Marion and I go to see the pictures and make believe we like it. Here we are in the Piazza de Venezia; isn't that a grand old dungeon of a palace which stops the way? Does n't it make you think of Rienzi? Now, Mal! don't tell me I'm out in my reckoning; what difference does a hundred years make in the Eternal City? Marion goes in for knowing things, and studies, and stays at home to read Gibbon, while I am dancing the German. I call that sheer waste of time; we've all our lives before us to do that in when we get back to America.

Heigh-ho! that one should ever have to leave Rome! I'd compound for never seeing even Paris again, — if I might have a box from Worth twice a year, — to stay here all my days. There's the Forum of Trajan." The young man leaned forward eagerly. "Mamma, may we stop the carriage a minute? and may I tell the coachman not to take us by the Coliseum to-day, but to turn at the foot of the Capitol and go by the Theatre of Marcellus and the Circus Maximus? Mr. Carey ought n't to see everything in a breath."

The order was obeyed, but as they passed between the high blank walls which balk expectation, and Henrietta, pointing right, said, "There are the Baths of Caracalla;" and left, "There are the tombs of the Scipios," long before they drove under the arch of Drusus and beheld the two great bastions of the San Sebastiano gate, Roger felt that marvels came too thick and fast, and that his brain was oppressed. He almost regretted having come with these companions; there was a solemnity about such places and names which made him wish to see them first alone. But as soon as the city was left behind, and the tantalizing walls of villas and vineyards sank from sight, and the wide Campagna opened before them with the white vista of ruined sepulchres marking their way, Henrietta's talk began to subside and took a softer and more interrupted flow, and by degrees ceased altogether. Suddenly Marion started up.

"Take my place," she exclaimed to her cousin. "You are sitting with your back to the view."

He resisted stoutly. "I shall see it as we come back," he said.

"No, no; then you must face towards Rome;" and nothing would induce her to resume her seat, until, still protesting, he exchanged with her, and sat down by Mrs. Mason, who was placidly laughing at her vehemence. They had reached the tomb of Cecilia Metella, and here, of course, the young people got out.

"What a pity that all the places one cares for most in Europe are so hackneyed," said Carey. "It's provoking to

think that where one stops and sighs, everybody does the same, from Byron to Cook's tourists."

"But *our* feeling for them is as fresh as if we were the first," said Marion, earnestly. "Or, if I think of Byron or Shelley, it does not make a spot seem common that they have been here before me and felt it as I do." Roger Carey turned his eyes, which had been studying the ancient cornice, upon her face, and was struck by the depth of expression for such a young person. Henrietta laughed lightly, and gave her friend a love-pat.

"Oh, no; some of us find the chief attraction of a place in the fact that Tasso, or Keats, or Lamartine sentimentalized over it."

They went back to the carriage, and drove on until they came to the tombs of the Horatii and Curatii, where Mrs. Mason bade the coachman turn. Here the trio got out again and strolled along on the turf beside the road, stopping to decipher inscriptions on the fragments of marble still incrusting in the brick-work, or to pull an early wild flower.

"And what have you been doing these four years, Miss Mason?"

"Let me see: I will tell you the history of my life, as they do in novels and plays. You remember, then, that it was late in the autumn when we bade each other a long farewell;" here she laughed a little; he laughed, too, and gave her a glance of mock reproach. "That winter we spent here. Papa was one of those who always thought the war was coming to an end after a victory. When spring opened with those terrible battles, it was like the first shock again, and we hurried home." Here Marion noticed that her cousin's face changed, and he drove a little cane he carried into the ground with a sudden thrust. "Then I went back to school for a couple of years; then I went into society, had a very good time, broke a heart or two, — all mended now, and the owners married; then last summer poor papa's dyspepsia was so bad again that we came abroad to see what a year's entire change of climate would do for him."

"I hope he is better?"

"He is always well in Europe, only a good deal bored in Italy; but he can't stand the damp, cloudy winters north of the Alps, so here we are."

"And what have you been doing, Marion, since the old days when we used to play at being husband and wife, at Beechy Heights?"

Marion was embarrassed, reddened, and replied, "Nothing," falling behind a step or two, as if looking at the view.

"How absurdly shy she is," said her cousin, a little vexed.

"Yes, rather; she has never been anywhere, you know."

"Well, you won't snub me so if I remind you of old times; not the old times when we were children, but later ones."

"Oh no; I feel so old now that all that's quite *lang syne*," said Henrietta, laughing, but blushing, too; and she waited for Marion to come up. "But I don't think Rome a good place for falling in love, do you?"

"No, I should think not; there is too much to do, to think about; one does not seem to want anything more than one has here."

"Then," said her cousin, "you think love comes only because nature abhors a vacuum."

They laughed, but Marion would not talk about love; she pointed to a hillock a few paces withdrawn from the road, composed of broken marble and masonry overgrown with sod and weeds, and overhung by a vigorous bush which had struck root down among the chinks and crevices. "Let us climb that mound to see the view;" and up they both sprang, light-footed as kids. He followed them, supposing that it was a joke, but found even that slight elevation an advantage amidst the surrounding expanse. The ardent-colored plain spread out on every side, its surface broken into countless irregularities, in which, at a short distance, no eye could distinguish the natural inequalities of the soil from the wreck of man's sumptuous pride. Villas, theatres, mausoleums, were strewn about in fragments, here a column, there a

pedestal, yonder a long symmetrical mass pierced with a row of cells; some fallen and smothered in grass and briers, some still erect and bearing their wealth of herbage, trailing wreaths, waving tufts, thick shrubbery, like hanging gardens high in air; endless - arched, dark - red aqueducts, burnished in the late afternoon sunshine, stretched in great radii from Rome to the mountains, — the wondrous mountains which encompass her afar with a zone of imperial purple. Here and there a tall, slender, square tower stood up lonely and glowing against the cerulean sky. The great avenue of the Apian Way, bordered with broken marbles, led southward till lost in the heavy velvet shadow of the Alban range, whose slender serrate outline has a grace unknown in the heavy, round-shouldered hills of our country; north, they looked to where Rome was piled up on her many hills above the bronzed circuit of her walls, a sublime chaos of domes, towers, pinnacles, huge shapeless moles of ancient ruin, and black spires of cypress-trees; on that side the mountains, unilluminated by the sun, were of a deep opaque blue, their summits blanched with the dead white purity of the snow. An air at once soft and cool, too quiet to be called a breeze, breathed upon their cheeks: it was the *tramontana*, or wind from the Apennines.

"Oh, *this* is Italy!" exclaimed the young man, lifting his hat from his brow and drawing a long breath; "this is the Italy we dream of; I see it all now."

"Converted already!" said Henrietta.

"Yes," he replied, and then they were all silent. Mrs. Mason had to call to them that the sun was going down, before any of them moved, and by the time they were within the walls again, the narrow streets between their high houses were already dark. As they left the Campagna behind, Miss Mason's lively chatter recommenced, and she drew from Carey an account of himself during the years since they had seen him. He had then been in his first semester at Heidelberg, where he had stayed for two years, going thence for

one to Berlin; the last twelvemonth he had spent chiefly in London and Paris with his parents, whom he had left at the latter place. He was going home with them in the summer "to go to work," whereat Henrietta made an incredulous grimace; meanwhile he had come over the Alps for the first time, with his college friend, Count Rudolf von Rothenstein, to see Italy, and perhaps Greece and Turkey.

"A friend? Is he young? Is he handsome? Has he a castle on the Rhine? Why, it is just like Hyperion and the baron! And what have you done with him?"

"For shame, Henrietta!" said her mother.

"Treated him shabbily, I suppose he is beginning to think; but he had to go to his banker's, to leave some letters of introduction, and to call at the Prussian legation and at the Archæological Society, for he is a very erudite young *Herr*, — would suit Marion, I think; so he had several hours' work before him."

"Well, you must bring him to see us; bring him this evening, and then we can make some plans for to-morrow. That's the way one has to do abroad, or the time is gone, and the people too."

"But, Netta, Mr. Carey did not come to Rome to see you."

"No, mamma, so think how much more pleased he must be to find me here."

"I hope that you and your friend will dine with us to-morrow," said Mrs. Mason, giving up the attempt to repress her daughter. "We should be glad to see you to-day, but" —

"But," continued her daughter, as she hesitated, "the basket will only bring four portions; how can you have so much false pride, mamma? And they calculate closely, very closely, at Nazzari's. You know how we live? Everything comes cooked from a restaurant, from soup to *blanc manger*, all at once, and so we have it overdone and cold, and never can bring home a friend with us. Nobody thinks about eating, here — the people themselves, to begin with; and we soon learn it of them."

Roger Carey had always been in the pleasant position called having the world in a string. The younger and more promising of two sons, he had been sent abroad at sixteen because his popularity was found to interfere with his studies; just as he was beginning to fancy himself nearly ready for college, he was put, to school, first in Switzerland and then in Germany, to make up for lost time and prepare for a German university. But this check did not depress him; the change and novelty compensated for the slight humiliation, and he was one of those who find friends and fun wherever they go. Something high-flown in his notions, which he never belied in action, gave a peculiar charm to his handsome face, and won him a friend for life on his first day at Heidelberg, the young man with whom he was now traveling. Von Rothenstein was a few years his senior, not so bright, but more mature; no better a fellow, but less volatile; in fact, without being a prig, he belonged to the old-head-on-young-shoulders order. He had been of great use in keeping the young American steady, so that he did not disappoint his father's ambition, and it was to be with Rudolf that Carey went to the University of Berlin. In his whole life he had had but one real trial — when his brother Duncan, a noble boy, but not clever, was killed in the second year of the war. Roger, then not twenty, had implored permission to come home and go into the army. His parents would not listen to it; distracted with grief at the loss of his only brother — though he had not seen him for years — and goaded by feelings of patriotism which absence and war made doubly poignant, he was on the point of quitting Germany in defiance of his father, and entering the ranks unknown. It needed all Rothenstein's influence to prevent this rash act, and it was only after tempestuous scenes that he finally prevailed. It took the lad months to recover his equilibrium; Rothenstein used to chaff him long afterwards, and call it his *Sturm und Drang* period; but Roger never could joke about it. Now this belonged to by-gones; it had been a small share

of trouble for even so young a life; and when he found himself with his friend reaching their old castle-in-the-air, a journey to Italy and the East, he was as happy as any young fellow under the sun, and felt his oats not a little.

So the friend was brought to the Tempietto, a fair, fine-looking young man, with no oppressive evidences of erudition. He was quite as ready as Roger to give himself up to the guidance of two charming young ladies, and next morning the four sallied forth without having decided where they should go, and held a council on the Trinità de' Monti.

"I want to show them so many things, and all first," cried Netta. "St. Peter's and the Palatine, the Coliseum, the Catacombs. But we must n't waste time in making up our minds, for mamma wishes me to pay visits with her at three, and I must be back to dress." At last by common consent they referred the decision to Count Rothenstein, as the oldest and wisest of the party, and he gave his voice in favor of beginning with ancient Rome; so the day was dedicated to the ruins. They ran down the broad, flat steps of the Scalinata, past the models in their bright-colored costumes who were basking in the morning sunshine. The girls knew them all by sight, and exchanged many a nod and smile with the handsome Stella and the more beautiful Nanna, the bandit-like Giovanni, laziest and most amiable of Trasteverines. Netta had a few *centesimi* ready for the angel-faced boy of four in a peaked hat, sheep-skin jacket, and goat-skin breeches, who looked like Cupid masquerading as a brigand, and who was learning beggary betimes; and for his dear little black-eyed, rosy-mouthed baby sister, done up like a woman in the gaudy-striped woolen apron, the bodice, and square, white linen head-dress of a *contadina*, who got out of the lap of her aged grandam and toddled over to the foreigners to ask for "*Qualche cosa*," as naturally as a duckling takes to the water.

"Are n't you lucky to have two Corinnes to introduce you to Rome?" said Henrietta, as they established themselves

in a barouche. "Where first? Oh! the *agger* of Servius Tullius."

This was the first of many mornings, all equally gay. Count Rothenstein was elected to order their goings. He was fresh from Mommsen and Ranke, and the girls found themselves in for a steady course of Roman history, illustrated by the remains of her architecture, which was the sort of thing Marion liked, and which, to her own surprise, did not bore Henrietta under present auspices. Both young men had at one time crammed themselves with Goethe, Winckelman, and Lessing, and although Roger, at least, had got rid of some of his theories in Paris, the sculpture galleries had an interest for him which they can possess only for those who have been to some degree students of art and antiquity. So on fine mornings they explored ancient Rome, from the foundations of Romulus to the Circus of Maxentius, and on the infrequent rainy ones they repaired to the galleries. On afternoons when the girls were not doing duty in visiting, there were drives to the Villa Pamfili-Doria, or Borghese; very often Mrs. Mason gave up the barouche to the young people altogether, and took a turn on the Pincian on foot with her husband, who did not like driving; and then there were long expeditions out upon the Campagna, which in their hearts, perhaps, they all liked better than anything else. Marion, who was a little disposed to be high church (she was too much behind the times for ritualism, ten years ago), suggested that when they had done their duty by the classic remains they should take up the Christian ones. So to the Cloaca Maxima and the Forum succeeded the Catacombs, the basilicas, and pilgrimages to the sites of sundry miracles and martyrdoms. During the first fortnight after the young men's arrival, the Campagna had been too hard and dry for hunting, but a week of mild, rainy weather covered it with fresh green grass and countless violets, daisies, and periwinkles: they had slipped from winter into spring. Henrietta began to be impatient. Neither Rothenstein nor Carey had ever ridden across country,

but Roger, being an American, unhesitatingly joined the hunt, although prophesying that he should speedily come to grief; the count, less reckless, said that he should devote hunting days to his friends of the Archæological Society. Marion secretly liked him less for this, but he did not appear to lose in Netta's estimation.

"Don't you hunt, Marion?" asked her cousin. "You used to be a great rider; not a ditch within six miles of Beechy Heights which did n't know you and that gray pony."

"They knew me much better than the pony, I'm afraid. Do you recollect that first summer we had him, — I was ten, — when he came home without me regularly every afternoon?"

"Yes, I recollect well enough, for your brother Ned and I used to be sent to look for you, and we were much less anxious about you than uncle and aunt; we knew we should meet you about two miles from home, trudging along, holding up the tatters of your habit in one hand and your crushed hat in the other, whip gone, net and hair-ribbon lost, that curly, brown mane of yours hanging over your shoulders, fury in your face, but no bones broken. Meanwhile, it was all up with our afternoon's swimming, nutting, bird's-nesting, orchard-robbing, as the case might be."

"I was a terrible tom-boy. Nurse ended by tying my hair with twine. It was wonderful how the pony always picked out a soft ditch, generally one about half full of water. But I was never thrown afterwards."

"Then why don't you ride to hounds?"

"Mrs. Mason would n't take the responsibility. I wrote home for permission, but father and mother would not give it, though they have three other children; and Netta's the only one. I know they would if they were here; but it's like the waltzing."

"So you don't waltz, either; well, I confess it has been a relief to me that you have n't any of those lusty, red-checked, blue-bearded Adonises with bell-crowned hats and green gloves,

whom Miss Henrietta finds so charming, hanging about you. But it is a pity you don't ride."

"We used to have delightful rides with Mr. Mason when we first came, before the afternoons grew too short; perhaps we might begin again now, when it is n't a 'field day.'"

"I should like to see you in a habit once more; you used to be very picturesque, and perhaps you would be more like the Marion of old times; you have not made me feel as if I were your old playfellow yet; I am a great deal more intimate with your friend; I don't know what has become of my little wife." The latter part of this speech was spoken rather low.

"What's that about Mal's being picturesque?" said Henrietta, who had been writing a note. "Now is n't she? That's why the Baroness von Stockfish wants her for those *tableaux*. By the way, we have n't heard anything about them lately, — some difficulty in getting them up, I suspect."

"*Tableaux vivants*? Do you have that sort of thing in Rome?"

"The Prussian minister's wife has gone crazy about having an artistic series from pictures and statues. She did n't do me the honor to include me, but said Marion had just the head, face, figure for a classic group, *sehr mahlerisch, gar bildhauhaftig*."

Count Rothenstein, who was talking politics with Mr. Mason, could not help hearing this specimen of his ambassador's conversation, and laughed most irrelevantly to his grave discussion.

"She has not given them up, however," he said; "she spoke to me about it last evening; she is very anxious to get them up before Lent, so many people go away then; she gave me her list, and I promised to sketch some groups for her."

They were all interested by the announcement; he had the list in his pocket, and Henrietta begged him to make his sketches immediately, that he might have the benefit of their suggestions. He was a capital draughtsman, and being supplied with materials sat down to

his task; the rest gathered round the table, and Roger, picking up a pencil, began his favorite distraction of twisting initials into odd combinations, as he had been commanded to devise a new monogram for Miss Mason.

The tableaux at the Palazzo Caffarelli were soon an engrossing topic in the foreign resident circles at Rome, — not the most brilliant society in the world. The baroness was an Austrian by birth, a Donnersburg, so if she wished for a thing she expected to have it; she went about among the English, French, Russians, and Americans, selecting beauties suitable for the purpose, as Frederiek chose his grenadiers; for such people are seldom resisted in this weak world. Half the artists in Rome were under orders to find pictures among the old masters which could be imitated by living personages; there was a great rummaging of curiosity shops for old satin, damask, brocade, and other rich stuffs wrought with gold, for yellow point-lace, and trinkets of obsolete fashion. Marion's dress was a matter of a few yards of soft white cashmere, with what Henrietta called "walls of Troy" border; she herself, after all, was to figure in a scene from *Le Dépit Amoureux*, in a Louis XIV. costume. The young men were ready to assist in any way, but refused to be impressed bodily. It was when these preparations were at high tide that they were all one evening at the house of an English inhabitant whose parties were not famous for their liveliness. The guests sat about the room in rows; those who had come together talked among themselves; those who had come alone remained alone and stared blankly before them. The lady of the house did not seem quite happy, herself.

"I wonder if none of those Americans can do anything, — sing, or play."

"Americans always do lots of things," replied her daughter in a tone of disparagement; "I'd ask them."

Henrietta could sing a French romance very prettily, and did so with a graceful readiness which would have won the gratitude of any but an English hostess. When she finished, however,

the mother was talking aloud to somebody, and the daughter said, —

“Thanks, so much; it was so very, very nice, and we *are* so much obliged; now can’t your brothers sing, or something, you know?”

“If you mean Mr. Carey and Count von Rothenstein, who are no relations of mine whatever,” replied Henrietta with asperity, “I believe they do.”

What young men who have been to a German university do not sing? Roger and his friend knew a hundred college songs, and pretty, simple German ditties; the accomplished count, moreover, had cultivated his voice, and could accompany very well, so they amiably went to the piano. While they were singing, a lady appeared at the door who instantly attracted the attention of the two young girls. She was of medium height, with a lithe figure which had an indescribable look of being alive in every member; her complexion was olive, her hair raven black, her face narrow and aquiline; her dark eyes, which sparkled softly, like stars on a summer night, were rather near together, beneath straight black brows which, without being heavy, nearly met, and this would have given a sinister cast to her countenance if it had not been for her smile; her lips were thin, but her smile was a spell. She wore a brown satin dress relieved by rose-color, a dress of Worth’s, as Henrietta’s quick eye discerned in a moment; but she had flung a shawl of cobweb-fine black lace over her head and shoulders with a picturesque carelessness that did not come from Paris, and round her long, slight throat, without regard to the original design of the ornament, a string of jewels was wound three or four times; a touch of neglect was also to be noted in one of her long gloves, which, half unbuttoned, fell wrinkling round her tapering wrist. The hostess was bustling up to receive her with slow haste, but the stranger, with a gracious nod and smile, made a little quick gesture to wait until the song was over; the heavy hostess stopped short in ungraceful purposelessness; the lady stood in the doorway listening, with her small head a little bent, smiling an

enchancing smile. Marion could not take her eyes off her, and never in after-times forgot that first apparition. When the song was ended the stranger advanced with a rapid, sinuous step, exchanged greetings with the hostess, and without loosening her hand drew her to the piano before the young men had got away from it.

“Now, my dear Lady Turnbull, you must present the delightful *forestieri* to me,” she said in French, addressed quite as much to them as to the hostess; the latter remembered only Rothenstein’s name, because of its handle, but almost before she could pronounce it her guest had passed over to the pair with the friendliest glance and motion of the head. “I lost half your song; you must give me another. Dear Lady Turnbull, beg them to sing again. Come!” she added, with a little imperious gesture toward the piano and a look no one could have resisted.

“Oh, certainly, marchesa, we shall all be too glad to hear them again.”

“What were you singing? German, was it not? I never heard anything like it before.” Rothenstein, whose French was not as prompt as Roger’s, did not reply, and the latter explained that it was a student’s song. “Then sing me another, pray; I have always wished to hear them.”

Rothenstein held a little consultation with his friend, and reseated himself. A stir had spread through the assembly as if some quickening pulse had begun to beat; before, all had remained glued to their chairs; now there was a general move towards the piano. Lady Turnbull bade a footman bring a chair for the marchesa; but the latter refused it with a smile and wave of the hand, and leaned upon the piano, beating time inaudibly with her fan upon the palm of her glove. When they had finished she clapped, and a score of people followed her lead. She begged for another and another, and a score of voices seconded the petition. The singers, inspired by her enjoyment, gave their *lieder* with a swing, a zest, as hearty as if the hock-glasses were clinking round

them. After the fourth song Roger turned from the piano. She did not push her eagerness to indiscretion, but thanked them warmly for the pleasure they had given her, and began to ask about the popular music of Germany, the *chorales* and *Volkslieder*, and whether Mendelssohn's were genuine. Here Rothenstein came to the front, for Roger, though he had a fresh, sweet voice and good ear, was not a musician. She told them that she was always curious about national music; that she knew Russian, Spanish, Hungarian, gypsy, and some Tyrolese airs, but none of northern Germany. "I will sing you some of my own country's," she said; and, with another nod at Lady Turnbull, sat down, drew a rain of diamond notes from the keys, and then in a deep contralto voice, unlike her speaking tones, which were treble, sang them Venetian barcarolles in gondolier dialect, Tuscan lays, with harsh aspirates, and lisping Neapolitan mariner's hymns, all with the utmost spirit and expression. Everybody was delighted and crowded round the piano; everybody talked in the pauses. At length she started up; her movements had a darting grace like flame. "I must not bore you with my hobbies." Her eye fell upon a clock, and she made a gesture of horror. "Half past twelve! and I told the Princess Frangipani I would call for her at midnight precisely, to go and pay our respects at the Austrian embassy. Ah! Madonna mia! and she is in the Trastevere, and we have to drive to the Palazzo di Venezia." Away she went, but before reaching the door she saw the Mason party, whom the young men had rejoined; she stopped and looked round for Lady Turnbull. "Pray present me to these ladies."

"Mrs. Mason, the Miss Masons; the Marchesa di Rocca Diavolo."

A few amiable words, a smile, a courtesy. "I shall come and see you; that is your etiquette, I know; for me, I care *that* for etiquette," with a slight puff as if she were blowing away thistle-down, and she was gone. Marion was surprised to see that there were silver threads among the jetty locks on her temples, lines

round her eyes and across her forehead; she must be over forty, but the eyes, the smile, the figure, the swift buoyant step, were a girl's, and the manner as natural and impulsive as a child's. Driving home the three spoke of nobody but the marchesa. Mrs. Mason was too much surprised to be sure she was pleased. "She was certainly very cordial, and sang charmingly."

"She saved the evening," said Henrietta, "and I think she saved my life. Mamma, we must never go to Lady Turnbull's again; English parties are too stupid."

"Well," said Marion, "I think she is fascinating, and I never knew what the word meant before."

"I wonder if we shall ever hear of her again," said Henrietta.

"Oh!" exclaimed Marion warmly, "you don't suppose she didn't mean what she said? I'm sure she will come."

"I am not so sure," replied the other. The next day, however, a heap of cards was left, cards of the Marchese di Rocca Diavolo, cards of the Marchesa di Rocca Diavolo, *nata* Crescenzi, and a little note for Mrs. Mason, begging them all to come the next Sunday evening, signed Fiammetta di Rocca Diavolo. A similar invitation was left with the marchesa's cards for the young men at their hotel. They were impressed by the energy of the proceeding, as she must have been at some pains to find out their names and addresses in so short a time. Their curiosity was excited, and that evening, at a ball at a great Roman palace, Netta made inquiries among her princes. All she learned was that the marchesa was the wife of a very rich, very noble marquis, much older than herself, and not very popular in his own class or any other; she had been a great beauty, and was considered the most charming woman in Italy, and had a great many enemies. Mrs. Mason, on her side, was making inquiries of the American minister, or whatever our representative in Rome was then called, of whom she learned all that her daughter found out, and much more; for there is nobody like a diplomatist for knowing

secrets and telling them. The lady was forty-five; she had been taken from a convent a very young, and it was said a very unwilling bride, to marry a man a quarter of a century older than herself, of bad habits and broken constitution; she had lost her only two children in their infancy, and her grief had been followed by a violent attempt to get a separation from her husband, that she might go into a convent, but her family had prevented it. For a year afterwards she had lived in great retirement, not even driving out. Then she suddenly emerged an extremely handsome young woman of twenty, insatiable for pleasure and admiration; this had lasted ten years, a prolonged triumph, and no woman in Italy had been more talked about. Then she had rushed into politics, and shown such liberal tendencies as to compromise her husband, who after several warnings received a paternal recommendation from the Vatican to travel for a year or two, and he carried her off to Vienna, where it was said that she knew every secret of the cabinet. But for years past she had given herself up almost wholly to music, for which her talent was remarkable; she was a great lady, and had struck out a line for herself. All the clever men in Rome were to be met at her house, and her receptions were delightful, informal, and gay; but her musical evenings were those to which it was a special compliment to be asked; few people were admitted, and an invitation was supposed to mark a certain point of favor; for though the marchesa was so easy and affable, it was always found that she entirely controlled the position people occupied towards her, and nobody could steal a march on her intimacy. "And she is perfectly capricious," concluded Mr. Randolph. Marion, who had gone for the sake of seeing a ball in this great historical house, which had witnessed the vicissitudes of three hundred years, was sitting by, listening to all this and occasionally interposing a question, which made the minister more guarded than if he had been talking to Mrs. Mason alone. Mrs. Mason was perplexed. She had

been flattered by the marchesa's civility, flattered for her daughter and her young country-folk; music had been mentioned in the note; the invitation, then, was one of those so much coveted. But she was far from certain that this was a house to which she would wish to take the young girls. She had interrupted the minister to ask whether Americans and English went there, and had been assured that they did whenever they could by hook or crook; a woman of that age, she reflected, almost as old as herself, a woman who might have been a grandmother, must long ago have left scandal behind; still she felt uneasy and undecided. Sunday evening was out of the question; Mrs. Mason had never departed from her American mode of observing the day; perhaps that would solve the difficulty; they might not be asked again. But as they were going down the grand marble staircase to their carriage, they passed the marchesa coming up, her starry eyes glancing from her velvet and lace mufflings; she stopped to hope that they had got the cards and note, and that she should see them on Sunday. Mrs. Mason regretted that it would be impossible. "I am so sorry; another evening then, Tuesday," said the Italian, smiling so frankly and persuasively, her manner so sweet and simple, that the good matron was entirely disarmed. She said that it would make them most happy, and went away confident that there was no harm in that woman, and that, whatever the follies or faults of her past, she must have been the victim of circumstances, of a false religious and social code. The marchesa's story had interested Marion intensely; here was enough to build a romance upon; it was a romance ready made.

The young men went on Sunday evening, of course. The next day they were riding with their friends of the *Tempietto*, and Mr. Mason asked about it and received an enthusiastic account from both of them. The *Palazzo Satanasso* was an imposing old castellated keep in the Capitoline quarter; the room in which the marchesa had received them was

modernized. The marchese had not shown himself. There had been only about a dozen people, of whom but two were women, Russian ladies, one of whom played admirably upon the piano and the other upon the violoncello, who smoked cigarettes the whole evening. An elderly ecclesiastic had sung them some grand old church-music of Scarlatti's; but what had carried them both entirely away was the marchesa's singing of Gluck; she had sung them airs from *Orfeo* and *Alceste*. Rothenstein's enthusiasm knew no bounds.

"Such dramatic power, such tragic depth," he continued, "and such a change in her whole appearance! She was Melpomene in person."

"One would never imagine," said Roger, pensively, "that those bright eyes could grow so gloomy."

"Ah!" said Marion, "that is where the anguish of her life finds expression. I was sure her music was her consolation."

Roger eyed her rather quizzically. "What do you mean? I fancy few people have a better time in their own way."

"Oh!" said Marion, sinking her voice, "you don't understand her." Roger smiled, and asked,—

"Who has been telling you about her?"

"Mr. Randolph told Mrs. Mason her story when I was by."

"Not the whole of it, I fancy," said her cousin, with a glance at Rothenstein, for they, too, had been making inquiries. She would have said more, but they had reached the Ponte Saara, and, turning off the hard road, began to canter beside the yellow Tiber, over the soft springy turf whitened by hundreds of tufts of straw-colored daffodils, whose sweet breath freighted the air.

They did not find the marchesa when they returned her visit, and it was decided that they must not fail to present themselves on the following Tuesday evening, although there was to be a rehearsal of the tableaux at the Prussian legation. They were ushered into a noble suite of apartments, furnished in the most strik-

ing and singular manner, with Oriental carpets and hangings, massive brass candelabra and platters which acted as reflectors, and a few fine portraits of defunct Crescenzi and Satanassi. There was nothing in common with the meagre, denuded aspect of other Roman rooms of state; these, though lofty and spacious, had a sombre luxury, and the marchesa's dress, which was black satin, with one scarlet velvet bow confining the black lace thrown about her shoulders and bust, was in complete harmony with them. She came forward with that charming smile which Marion thought was never twice the same; now it had a warmth of welcome which gave it a new character; she had something to say to each of them, something unsought, unstudied, which seemed to rise to her lips at the sight of them. Then she turned and called, "*Sigismondo!*" in her high, clear speaking-tones, and a short, gray-headed old man, who looked like a senile satyr in evening dress, without a satyr's joviality, left the American minister, with whom he was in talk, came forward, and was presented as the Marchese di Rocca Diavolo. There was a distinction in his appearance and bearing which they had not seen in any of the Fabii, Emiliani, or other princely descendants of the fabulously old houses, but perhaps this was in a measure due to age; for Marion, without being able to define the quality,—of which her own country affords few illustrations,—had remarked that the older men, who were generally thin, pale, and gray, looked more like gentlemen to her than the dazzling young dandies whom Henrietta admired so much, but who all looked like the courier. The marchese spoke English, having been attached to the Neapolitan embassy in London before his marriage, and poor Mr. Mason found himself for once in foreign society not in the character of a deaf-mute. It chanced that the marchesa, greeting Marion last, retained her hand; the young girl's eyes wandered round the room as if in search of something.

"What is it?" said the quick Italian.

"What do you want?"

"The piano is shut," said Marion,

rather abashed at being detected. "And I hoped to hear you sing again."

The marchesa gave her hand a little squeeze, and said, "Oh, no; I never have music on my general evenings; but come next Sunday, and I will sing for you as much as you like."

"I'm sorry, I can't," said Marion, dropping her eyes, and reluctant to give the reason.

"No, of course," replied the marchesa, instantly divining the scruple. "One should always observe the custom of one's country in such matters. Well, some morning."

"All by myself?" said Marion, looking at her with large, earnest eyes.

"All by ourselves," was the reply, with a radiant smile. The marchesa perceived that she had made a conquest, and took a fancy to her captive. The evening was pleasant for the Americans, though they could scarcely tell why; the marchesa's influence pervaded the atmosphere with vivacity. She sent off Count Rothenstein, whose antiquarian tastes she had discovered, to take his three friends to a small inner room where there was a valuable collection of coins and beautiful small plaster casts of ancient *bassi rilievi*; she pointed out to Mrs. Mason one or two well-known public men and offered to present them, but the good lady, though interested to see them, had no desire for their acquaintance, especially as her hostess added that they spoke only Italian. "Ah!" she continued, "you should have known Rossi; how he admired your country! what a man! He was a great friend of mine; they murdered him, the assassins, like your Lincoln. He was a martyr! The blood of the saints is not the only sacred gore which has moistened this Roman soil, and it will bear fruit some day; you will see; but I speak of these things no more." Her eyes flashed, and her tones woke chords which in those days vibrated readily in every American heart. But the engagement at the Palazzo Caffarelli could not be forgotten; owing to the lateness of Italian habits there were still so few people in the rooms that they could not withdraw unseen; their hostess re-

monstrated. "You go before my society arrives," she said; "a little later these young ladies will find some friends. You know the Savellis? They meet you at the hunt." Their engagement was mentioned. "Oh! the Donnerundblitzenburg and her tableaux," said the marchesa, laughing. "I can't bear that woman, with her *prepotenza*. But," she cried with a sudden inspiration, "I will go with you if you will take me. I am to sing an air from Gluck's Fall of Troy, for the tableau of Cassandra; I should like to see it and get an idea. But your carriage is full" — It was not; Mr. Mason was not going with them; none except those to take part being admitted, he and the young men were going to walk back to the club; Mrs. Mason's surprise did not prevent her saying how glad she should be to take her hostess with them. "I go!" cried the marchesa. "Sigismondo! I must go to the Palazzo Caffarelli about some tableaux, — I promised the baroness, — you will make my excuses to my visitors; an imperative engagement."

The marchese seemed in no wise startled or discomposed. She hurried off into her bedroom for her wraps, and drove off with the ladies, laughing like a truant child.

On their arrival they found matters at a dead-lock, and the baroness in high ill-humor.

"Really, ladies, I thought you were not coming at all," was her gracious salutation as they entered. But as she caught sight of the marchesa, who was a little in the rear, her face relaxed somewhat: "Why, *you*, marchesa? This is very kind; your evening, too; how did you manage to get off?"

The sharp Henrietta turned to Marion, while Madame di Rocca Diavolo was speaking to various people seated about in different disconsolate attitudes, and whispered, "The fascinating Fiammetta must have told a fib when she said she had promised to come."

"How can you!" returned Marion, reproachfully. "The baroness must have forgotten."

"*Vediamo, voyons, voyons*," cried

the marchesa, gayly. "What is the trouble?" There was no end of it. The painter who was to arrange the groups had not come; moreover, most of the personages declared themselves incapable of assuming or conceiving the postures or expression befitting their characters; Miss Turnbull, who was not pretty, but had been chosen for her handsome arms, was making difficulties about the people she was to be grouped with: "Mamma won't like me to act with anybody she does n't know;" but this, being analyzed, resolved itself into a determination to appear only with the young Donnersburgs (the baroness's kinsfolk), the Countess Savelli, Prince Fabio, the Duke of Tor'alto, or the beautiful Lady Edith Atheling, daughter of the Duchess of Deria; although she was unacquainted with several of these. The marchesa disposed of the last difficulty by saying summarily that she had no doubt Mrs. Mason would permit her young ladies to take those parts: Miss Sands' arms were perfect, she was sure, and if her figure would do for Cassandra it would do for anything; which instantly brought Miss Turnbull to terms. Then she bade them pose, and laughed and clapped her hands at their stupidity until they laughed themselves, for they made poor work of it, especially the Americans and English; the Germans were much more stupid, but were not aware of it, which helped them immensely. She took one by one the attitude, gesture, or expression of each part, from Medea to Célimène. Henrietta needed no suggestions; put upon her mettle by the demeanor of Miss Turnbull, and a faint, latent antagonism to the marchesa, she perched herself daintily upon an arm-chair and opened her fan in a manner which won the latter's applause. But poor Marion vowed that she could never do what was required of her; she was sure she should spoil her scene. The marchesa reassured her earnestly. "Now only think," she said, "think of the situation; she knows the wrath to come, the woe that is to be, hers as well as theirs; she feels the prophetic gift, yet she cannot rouse them

from their infatuation; she is treated as a mad woman." As she spoke her brows met, her eyes drew closer and gathered intensity, her features took the lines of a tragic mask; with one hand she drew her lace shawl into folds on her breast, extending the other with a beck worthy of Rachel, and at the same time threw herself into an attitude of which her modern dress could not disguise the antique and imposing simplicity. It was masterly; exclamations broke forth on all sides. "Now you could do that," she said, dropping her arms and turning to Marion.

"Never. But now, at least, I know how it should be done."

"There, baroness, it will go now, I think; I'll come and help you at the dress rehearsal, but don't fix it for a Tuesday. You have n't a Chinese tableau; why don't you copy one from a screen? I once heard some Chinese sing; it was like this."

And she pursed up her mouth, arched her brows, drew her eyes into slits, and began to mince about the room as if her knees were tied together, drawing out some extraordinary gibberish in a shrill, nasal sing-song like the twanging of a fiddle-string, pointing upwards in time with alternate forefingers. Everybody went into convulsions of laughter, and so the evening ended.

Marion did not forget to secure an appointment with Madame di Rocca Diavolo. She received her affectionately, and took off her hat and coat with a caressing softness which Marion often longed for but did not invite, and therefore, seldom receiving, enjoyed all the more. "I shall like to sing to you," said her hostess, "you are so *simpatica*. Do you care much for Italian music?"

Marion knew very little, and that chiefly Verdi's; the marchesa sang her a number of airs which she had never heard; they were from Beatrice di Tenda, Gemma di Vergy, Elena da Feltre, and other operas now seldom performed, and all had a deep strain of tragic lyricism. Her singing was dramatic in the highest degree, yet perfectly free from exaggeration; every accent rang with the strong

passion of her nature and shook the answering chords in those who listened; yet there was no violence, rather a smothered fire, a compressed intensity, more profoundly affecting. Marion sat on a low stool beside the piano, with her hands clasped round her knees, her gaze fixed on the dark, melancholy face of the singer, with difficulty restraining the tears which started to her eyes, the sobbing sighs which rose in her throat. Her cheeks burned, her breath came short and quick in her effort to control herself. The marchesa was prepared for this; she was accustomed to witness it. Presently she stopped and took Marion's ice-cold hand. "It is too much for you," she said, tenderly; "you are too young to bear that harrowing music." Marion shook her head, but the singer struck a few large *arpeggios* and began a grand, simple anthem, a piece of church-music by Pergolese, which she uttered with so clear an enunciation, so reverently and devoutly, that the young girl's agitation calmed and sank as the wind dies away under a serene evening sky. Then the marchesa rose from the piano.

"Oh, don't stop!" cried Marion, who could now speak, clasping her hands. "Won't you sing me something of Gluck's?"

"Not to-day, no more to-day. I will sing for you again, whenever you wish. Tell me, they call you Marion,—is that Marianna?"

"Nearly; it comes from the same name, I suppose."

"I had a daughter called Marianna,—ah, my only daughter! She died many years ago. How old are you,—Marianna?"

"Nineteen," said the girl, with her whole soul's sympathy in her face.

"And you seem so young,—a child; yet at your age I had lost both my children, my life was over. I did not care for the boy," she went on, walking up and down the room in a feverish way; "he was born first; they said, 'Now you must have a son for the great name, for the great estate.' What was their name to me, the descendant of Crescen-

tius? But the boy was born and I said, 'There is your son, be satisfied.' I was desperately ill for weeks, I nearly died, and before I was out of danger, he was dead. They were afraid to tell me; but I guessed, and it made no difference to me; I had hardly seen him, and I felt as if he belonged to the hated house, not to me. A year afterwards my little girl came, so beautiful, a little angel! She stayed a year, then she went to heaven; she was taken that she might not behold my wretched, wicked life, and that her pure spirit might plead for me."

She spoke with a concentration of anguish which appalled the young girl, who threw her arms round her, exclaiming amid tears, "Oh, you cannot have been wicked! but if she had lived *she* might have been wretched; think of that."

"Yes, yes," cried the Italian, pressing her to her breast and raising her great, tearless eyes to heaven. "I have thought of it a thousand times, and been thankful. No, my poor little child! I have lived through my own misery, but misery of yours would have killed me! How can I talk to you so, and wring your young heart?" Come, let us go into the air and sunshine."

She took Marion to her room and bathed her brow and eyes, and soothed her as if the young girl were the chief sufferer. Then they went out in the carriage.

"Where shall we go?"

"Anywhere," said Marion, too much exhausted by the emotions of the morning to have will or choice. The marchesa ordered the carriage to the Vatican; she had a private pass to the galleries at all hours, and they found themselves the only visitors in the great hall of the Braccio Nuovo.

"How often I have come here," said the marchesa, "when I could not open my piano, nor go to church, nor speak to a human creature. I used to walk up and down in the presence of those marble beings until I felt as if they were—not alive, but conscious, and saw and heard and understood. I used to think they looked at me, and it would quiet me and lift me up."

"Like poor Mignon, — Goethe's Mignon, — you know Beethoven's song."

"Yes, yes. Well, they seemed to me not like persons, but individuals; intelligences incorporate in those beautiful forms. I used to come here alone, at early morning, and at night when the full moon shone in."

"Oh!" said Marion with a half-shudder, "it would be awful to me, — like being alone among the high Alps."

The marchesa laughed. "But I think that would do *me* good."

They paced up and down slowly, her hand within Marion's arm, pausing now and then before some statue or vase of extraordinary beauty. But they were not exactly looking at the sculpture; they were imbibing the influence of the place, as one walks in a wood or beside a lake, and Marion felt it pervade her spirit with a strange, elevated repose. The great white shapes of immortal beauty aloft on their pedestals create a realm for themselves; their silence and immobility seem but their chosen modes of appearing to mortals; they impose upon beholders a calm and contemplation akin to their own. Those who yield themselves to this ascendancy are translated to new spheres; wonder, delight, and active admiration are exalted into comprehension and a high, joyous serenity, which the importunities of every-day life cannot disturb.

After this, Marion was so given over to the marchesa that Henrietta was a little jealous. "You are in love with her," she said, half-reproachfully.

"I never quarrel with you about Count Savelli or Prince Fabio, and between dancing and hunting you see a great deal more of them than I do of Madame Rocca Diavolo."

"I am not in love with them," retorted Henrietta. "I never quarrel with you about Count Rothenstein;" and Marion had no rejoinder ready.

Marion did not seem to be in love with the handsome German, certainly, and what was still more singular, Roger Carey was not in love with Henrietta.

Whether the slight absurdity which attaches to the recollection of earlier loves while one is still young chilled the seeds of sentiment, whether the memory of those unspoken passages at Heidelberg when he was a romantic Fuchs, and of the last forget-me-not of the autumn silently offered and accepted at parting, came between them now, whether her lively nature and precocious worldly wisdom were unfavorable to the tender passion in herself or others, or whether Marion had been right in saying that one has too much to do and think of in Rome to fall in love, he could not decide. He was very fond of her, and she amused him excessively, but of the two his cousin interested him the more. Roger had a certain way with him which won him the intimacy of women on very short acquaintance; it was a tone of friendly familiarity free from the least touch of impertinence or fatuity, which commanded their confidence at once; he gently assumed a right of greater nearness than other men, and it was always accorded. Now he could not be intimate with his cousin, and this puzzled and baffled him a little. He wondered whether she liked Rothenstein; it would not be a good match, after all, for she would not be an heiress, like Henrietta, and the count, though not a fortune-hunter, wished to find a wife with money, not having much of his own. Roger had seen so many marriages between American girls and foreigners, both in Paris and in Rome, that he had begun to dislike them on principle; in this matter of Marion he thought he felt as her brother would have done. But his cogitations troubled him little; he was swimming in a sea of enjoyment and the wave seemed mounting with him hourly. He greatly desired to see Naples, yet dreaded the day which should take him from Rome. The Masons had not altered their plans; a large party was going to Naples when Lent began, to return for the Easter ceremonies; the young men had agreed to go on with them, and return, too, if they did not go to Greece.

THE WELSH IN AMERICA.

I AM aware that this subject in the hands of a native Welshman is in danger of suffering injustice, owing to the natural tendency we have of overestimating the excellences of our own nation, and of cherishing undue zeal for its peculiarities.

On the map of the island of Great Britain is seen a small spot, comprising only twelve counties. This is Wales. There by England's side, and forming a part of it, our country for centuries has preserved the purity of its language and its distinct nationality. Our origin and early development as a nation must in all probability remain among the hidden mysteries. We have ancient stories touching this point in abundance. Some of these productions of the bards contain passages that savor of reality and truth, but they are often so coupled with the absurd and the monstrous as to be wholly unreliable.

It is perfectly safe to say that Britannia was peopled by the Welsh many centuries prior to the Christian era; for at the first invasion of that island by Julius Cæsar, he found them, although "barbarians," yet a powerful and warlike people, possessing wonderful military skill peculiarly their own, and abundance of horses and chariots of war. From Cæsar's account of his first great battle with the Britons it appears that they proved to be almost more than a match for the best fighting legions in the world, under the leadership of the greatest general. Nothing definite is known of the island for nearly one hundred years after Cæsar's departure. The next army from Rome was sent during the reign of Claudius, under the lead of Aulus Plautus, who was met by the famous Caradog ap Brân. This valiant Briton fought as many as thirty-two battles, but was finally betrayed and taken a prisoner to Rome. In the reign of Nero, Queen Boadicea, in the island of Anglesea, after the death of her husband, raised an

army of one hundred and twenty thousand men, and led them in her own person against the enemy. The battles were terrific and sanguinary, and for a long time her name was a terror to the Romans.

The Welsh were not confined to the island of Great Britain. As late as the fifth century they were a strong nation in France; and it is recorded as a matter of undisputed history that in that country they had no less than twenty-two sovereigns. During their conflict with the Roman power, and the frequent tumults among themselves, the Welsh in Britain were governed by kings until the year 688. From this time until the thirteenth century they had what they termed princes.

With Llewelyn ap Gruffydd ended the principality of Wales as an independent power in 1282. But for two hundred years after this there were frequent uprisings against the oppressive sway of England, the most formidable of which was under the impetuous leadership of Owain Glyndwr; and not until the accession of Henry Tudor (Henry VII.), who was Welsh on his father's side, did Wales become to all intents and purposes a part of England. Since then all has been tranquil and peaceable. The peculiar Welsh traits and nationality have been singularly preserved; and even to-day, the language is cultivated by their scholars and cherished by the masses with unabated devotion.

In regard to the Welsh, we may safely say that it is the oldest living language in Europe. It possesses a literature reaching back to remoter times than that of any modern tongue. Unlike Irish and Scotch Gaelic, it is not dying out. It has a genuine literary as well as oral existence. And although the changes it has undergone since the days of Taliesin are numerous, yet it is essentially the same tongue that fell in vehement, angry eloquence on the ears

of Cæsar and Agricola. We regard it with veneration as the solitary link that unites those distant ages to our own. To an Englishman, or any one not conversant with the language, the Welsh seems full of strange and inexplicable peculiarities. Indeed, a Welshman even is sometimes led to exclaim, "Thou art fearfully and wonderfully made!" Its most striking features are the multiplicity of its grammatical permutations. For example, the word father in Welsh is *tad*. It so remains after "the" and "our" (*y* and *ein*): *y tad*, and *ein tad*. But after "my" (*fy*) it is *nhad*; after "thy" (*dy*) it is *dad*; after "her" (*ei*) it is *thad*. Thus the letter *t* is changed into *nh*, *d*, and *th*. The same rule is applied to any noun commencing with *t*. The mutable consonants are nine; namely, *c*, *p*, *t*, *b*, *d*, *g*, *ll*, *m*, *rh*. All these as initials in verbs, nouns, adjectives, and other parts of speech, undergo several modifications.

The literature of the Welsh has been divided into four periods. The first extends from the earliest times to the Norman Conquest (1066), the second from the Norman Conquest to the English Reformation (1536), the third from the Reformation to the beginning of the reign of George III. (1760), and the fourth from 1760 to the present. In regard to the earliest date of Welsh literature there has been, and is now, much dispute. The oldest specimens are in rhymed verses, and are claimed to have been written at different periods in the sixth century by Aneurin, Taliesin, Llywarch Hen, and Myrddin. Some English authors have doubted the authenticity of these productions, others have admitted their genuineness. Mr. Stephens, of Merthyr Tydfil, in his *Literature of the Cymry* (1849), vindicates them and is considered conclusive.

In the second period Wales became rich in native bards, among whom we find Meilyr, Gwalchmai, Einion, Llywarch ap Llywelyn, Iolo Goch, Sion Cent, and above all Dafydd ap Gwilym, on whose poems there was a very interesting paper in the November number of the Westminster Review, 1873.

Among the literature of the third period (1536-1760) may be mentioned the first book printed in the language. It was an almanac with a translation of the Lord's prayer and the ten commandments, by William Salisbury. In the following year the same author published the first dictionary in Welsh and English, and executed the greatest part of the translation of the New Testament. In 1588, Dr. William Morgan published the first translation of the whole Bible into Welsh. Various causes coöperated to give new impetus to Welsh literature after the accession of George III.; periodical publications were established, patriotic societies were increased, and the fires of Methodism burned in the valleys and blazed on the mountains.

The principality is well supplied with the best of literature in both languages. The generality of the clergy speak English with sufficient ease, many of them fluently; but very few preach in English. Their libraries contain standard works, not only on theology, but also on science and art. Weeklies, monthlies, and quarterlies are ably conducted and well sustained; the working population are fair readers, and on general topics are well informed. The *darlith* (lecture) seems to be more popular in Wales than even in America, and is usually delivered in the interest of some benevolent enterprise.

The Welsh in America, although in number far below many other bodies of foreigners, are numerous, and by their industry, morality, religion, and general deportment have won the commendation and respect of the nation that has adopted them. There is a strong conviction among many of the Welsh that one of their own nation discovered America, and established himself here with a goodly number of his countrymen, as early as 1170, over three hundred years before the discovery of Columbus. The history, as far as it goes, may be authentic. A man of some eminence and of an adventurous turn of mind, by the name of Madawg ap Owain Gwynedd, sailed westward from Wales with a number of ships and many people. He returned

after a protracted absence, and reported that he had discovered a vast and beautiful country in the far west, and that he had left the most of his company there. His description of the new country was so fascinating that a large company of men, women, and children concluded to embark with him for this land of promise. He started again for the same destination with ten ships; and there the history, correct or otherwise, ends; for the famous Welshman and his companions were never more heard of. The landing of the emigrants in this country is not sustained by any proof. The first Welsh emigrant of note to America, in regard to whom we have any history, is Roger Williams, a name too closely identified with the early history of our country to need comment.

There was no Welsh settlement in America before the days of William Penn. Among the first settlers of Pennsylvania who landed in 1682 were a large number from Wales, mostly Quakers from the vicinity of Dolgellau. Mr. Froude, in his history, informs us that they bought of Penn forty thousand acres of land near the city of Philadelphia, and that the emigration continued for many years, until they had become quite numerous, and occupied several townships. Many of these were men of means, culture, and influence; glad, undoubtedly, to have escaped the temporal and spiritual oppression of the home government. Welsh churches were organized, Welsh chapels were built, and Welsh ministers addressed large audiences in their native tongue.

In the early days of the city of Philadelphia, the Welsh language was freely spoken in its streets and market-places; and to-day, among its best citizens and most cultivated scholars, there are hundreds in whose veins runs pure Welsh blood. They have lost their language, but their Cambrian names tell the story of their origin. In the early history of Pennsylvania we find the names of many eminent Welshmen. Among these were Rev. Abel Morgan, author of a Welsh concordance published in 1730; David Lloyd, a prominent lawyer and

chief-justice; Ellis Pugh, a noted physician of Philadelphia, and author of the first Welsh book published in America; Thomas Lloyd, first governor of Pennsylvania; Dr. Thomas Wynn, the speaker of the first assembly; Rowland Ellis, a celebrated Quaker; the eminent Cadwaladers, and others too numerous to mention.

Old maps of Pennsylvania are thickly dotted with Welsh names. We find Meirion, Gwynedd, Caer'narfon, Pencader, Maldwyn, etc. But the old Omeræg in those regions has become extinct, though in many houses you will yet find Welsh books preserved by great-grandchildren of the early emigrants.

Between the arrival of the first Welsh settlers in Pennsylvania and the commencement of the Revolution in 1776, ninety-four years had passed away; the emigration from Wales had been slow but constant; and in New England, New York, New Jersey, Maryland, Delaware, Virginia, and especially in the city of Philadelphia, many of the Welsh had become celebrated as merchants, lawyers, doctors, clergymen, teachers, and statesmen. We are justly proud to name among these THOMAS JEFFERSON, and among the signers of the Declaration, besides the illustrious author, we find the names of the following Welshmen: Stephen Hopkins, William Williams, William Floyd, Francis Lewis, Button Gwynett, Lewis Morris, Robert Morris. In that protracted struggle many of the Welsh covered themselves with glory on the battle-field. Others, by their generous contributions, rendered effective aid. Robert Morris, a rich banker of Philadelphia, by his unbounded liberality and great skill as a financier gave the young republic invaluable assistance in its days of agony and strife. But "the tribulations of those days" had a depressing influence on the Welsh churches. The congregations were often scattered, and the organizations abandoned.

In Philadelphia and its vicinity, the nation as a distinct Welsh-speaking people did not long survive the Revolution. Their decline in that region discouraged

further emigration, and gradually those that remained turned their faces to more inviting portions of Pennsylvania, and other States, where land was offered on very favorable terms. Between 1796 and 1802 settlements were established in various portions of Pennsylvania, New York, and Ohio.

At present there are settlements in as many as twenty States. In regard to the number of Welsh in America there is among themselves a diversity of opinion. Some put down the figure as high as three hundred thousand. This may be correct, if unmistakable descendants are included, but from what I can learn, the Welsh-speaking population of the country is far below that figure. Rev. R. D. Thomas, in his most excellent volume recently published, *Hanes Cymry America* (*History of the Welsh in America*), puts them down at 115,716, and distributes them as follows:—

Pennsylvania, 32,974; New York, 21,840; Ohio, 24,810; Vermont, 1350; New Jersey, 942; Maryland, 800; District of Columbia, 50; Virginia, 100; West Virginia, 300; Tennessee, 200; Massachusetts, 500; Maine, 300; Indiana, 200; Illinois, 2035; Michigan, 400; Wisconsin, 18,260; Minnesota, 1745; Iowa, 2265; Missouri, 2195; Kansas, 1750; Nebraska, 200; California, 2000; Oregon and Territories, 500.

Nominally, at least, they are very religious. Wherever in America a settlement of Welsh is found, however small, you will certainly find a chapel there. Unlike their American friends, they are not at all at home while worshipping in school-houses. Like the royal worshiper of Judah, they cannot rest until they have built a house for the Lord. As far as religious tenets are concerned, all the sects in this country are intensely orthodox. They are firm believers in the doctrine of the trinity, the vicarious sufferings and death of Christ, justification by faith, the resurrection of the body, the general judgment, and the endless duration of rewards and punishments in a future state. There are of course many Welshmen who have no faith in the correctness of these doctrines, but

I believe there is not one religious society among the Welsh in this country that does not fully accept all the points just mentioned. We have Arminians and Calvinists; we have sprinklers and immersionists; but when it comes to fundamentals, all the sects are a unit.

These are divided among four denominations: the Calvinistic Methodists, the Congregationalists, the Baptists, and the Episcopal Methodists. The first two are not far from equal in number and strength, and comprise between six and seven eighths of the whole. The Baptists come next. The Methodist Episcopal Church has only seven churches and less than three hundred members. Although the Protestant Episcopalians among the Welsh in this country have no organization, many of our people are deeply attached to that form of worship, and have united with English churches.

I need not speak of the nature and church government of three of the churches I have mentioned. But the English reader may not be so well informed with regard to the Calvinistic Methodists. They are a body exclusively Welsh. They cannot be found as a distinct sect among any other people. They had their origin in the days of Whitefield, and in the wonderful revivals under the labors of those flaming heralds of the cross, Daniel Rowlands of Llangeitho, and Howel Harris of Tre-fecca. Their first general association was held at Watford in Glamorganshire, South Wales, on the 6th of January, 1742; where Rev. George Whitefield, with the two celebrities above mentioned, was present. Their ministry is talented and laborious. As a church they are deeply devotional and energetic, and in doctrine and government they much resemble the Old School Presbyterians.

During the last forty years, the spirit of union among the churches, both in Wales and in America, has been greatly on the increase. When I was a lad at home, the Arminians and Calvinists had long and bitter controversies, in which both sides manifested anything but that meekness exhibited in the char-

acter of the Man of Nazareth. The children, of course, would partake of the temper and impetuosity of their respective parents, and, possessing less judgment, would sometimes come to blows over the "atonement." This spirit, happily, has almost entirely disappeared.

Politically, the Welsh people, with few exceptions, are republicans; years ago the majority of them were found in the old whig party. When the war broke out and the issues were drawn, they were found almost as a unit on the side of the party in power. They are so to-day, and whatever may be the fate of parties, as such, in our country, the Welsh will be true to their moral convictions of duty.

In this country, as in Wales, the great preaching anniversary is the grand religious feature. It is held invariably throughout the settlements, by all the sects that have an organization sufficiently strong to sustain such a yearly gathering. These meetings are largely attended, and at each of them eight sermons are preached: two on the evening of the first day, and two at each of the three public services on the day and evening following. Among the Welsh it is considered complimentary to preach the second sermon at the public service, and I have often witnessed quite a strife between two preachers in regard to which should preach the first sermon, each wishing to give the other the pre-eminence.

My earliest recollections are identified with these Welsh preaching anniversaries. It may be possible that some customs are being slowly abandoned by the Welsh in America; but I am sure that the *Cwrdd Mawr* (great meeting) is as popular as ever, if not more so. They regard it with a veneration akin to that with which the Jews regard the feast of the Passover. This is no blind enthusiasm. It is a zeal according to knowledge. In these meetings much of the singing is congregational, and John Wesley's advice to "sing lustily" is carried out. There are some celebrated old Welsh tunes which have been united in holy wedlock to as many Welsh hymns

for a hundred years, and when these hymns are given out, it is well understood what tunes will follow. I have witnessed scenes that were spiritually grand during the singing of these veteran compositions. This is often the case in the evening of the second day, at the close of the meeting. I have one of these hymns in my mind this moment. I learned both the words and the melody over forty-five years ago, and whenever I hear them sung, my heart is "strangely warmed." Here is one stanza that I shall never forget in this world nor the world to come:—

"P'le, p'le,
Y gwna'i fy noddfa dan y ne',
Ond yn ei glwyfau anwy! E'!
Y bicell gre' aeth dan ei fron,
Agorwyd ffynhon i'n glanhau,
'Rwy'n llawenbau fod lle yn hon."

I have heard much singing in my day, in both languages, but never have I seen a more wonderful display of the power of sacred melody upon the human heart, than in the influence of that old hymn and tune at some of these Welsh meetings. The last three lines would be sung over and over again, while some of the more demonstrative would give way to the intensity of their religious feelings, and turn their singing into shouting.

The effect often produced by a popular Welsh preacher is wonderful. There is one peculiarity connected with their preaching which differs entirely from anything that I ever observed in English pulpits: it is usually marked by a great variety of intonations. I do not know the origin of this chanting style of preaching prevalent among the Welsh, though it was probably introduced by the founders of Calvinistic Methodism. The judicious use of it is confined to the more passionate or pathetic parts of a sermon. It differs entirely from that monotonous tone that is often heard in English churches, or the chromatic chanting of the mass before papal altars; it is a *melody* of the purest nature. It is not an easy matter to impart to the English mind a clear idea of the genuine Welsh *hwy!*, or that musical style in which the minister pours forth his pa-

thetic passages when under "full canvas." A clergyman who has not an ear for music can never charm his hearers with this melodic hwyl, and it would be exceedingly unfortunate for him to attempt it, for it embraces the tones and semitones of the scale. Occasionally, however, a Welsh minister wholly destitute of this talent will endeavor to practice it. The best description I can give of this peculiarity is this: it is the application of sentences in a chanting style to portions of the minor scale. The minister is never at a loss how to apply the words to the melody; they appear to run together as by mutual attraction. The sentence is started, for instance, on E minor. The minister has his own peculiar melody. It ranges here and there from the first to the fifth, often reaching the octave, and then descending and ending in sweet cadence on the key-note. I am sure that in the genuine hwyl the intonations are always in the minor mode. The introduction and the deliberative parts are in the major, and the voice continues thus until the emotional point is reached; then it glides triumphantly into a thrilling minor, which generally continues to the close.

The great popular annual gathering of a national character among the Welsh is the *Eisteddfod*, a literary and musical festival. The term is composed of two Welsh words, *eistedd*, to sit, and *bod*, to be; thus the word aptly conveys the idea of a body sitting and deliberating on matters of state or literature. The word is pronounced ise-teth-vod; the *th* in the second syllable sounded as in thou. The accent is on the penultima, which is, almost without exception, the rule for pronouncing Welsh; adding *au* to the singular forms the plural. *Eisteddfod*, then, means a congress of bards, or a literary and musical convention. We find the *Eisteddfod* in vogue as early as the sixth century, and we are told that King Cadwalader held one in the seventh century. In 1176 Rhys ap Gruffydd, prince of the southern section, a warm and liberal patron of the bards, many of whom were valiant generals and popular advisers in the councils of the nation,

held a grand *Eisteddfod* in Cardigan Castle, Wales, after having given notice for one year and one day, according to the rules of the bardic order. And thus, at shorter intervals throughout the centuries, these national conventions have been held on a magnificent scale. By to-day they have become a necessity to the people, both in Wales and in America. At one of these gatherings a list of subjects and prizes is announced for the next. Essay writing, poetry, music, singing, have a hearing, each branch according to the order prescribed. In this country thousands of dollars are annually given to this object, and the meetings are thus a source of intelligence and refinement to the nation. The modern festival differs somewhat from that of the olden times. But the old characteristics are watched over with loving jealousy, and no innovations are permitted to push aside the poetry, the song, and the harp. The popularity of the *Eisteddfod* is on the increase on both sides of the water. In America, some eight or ten of these are held annually in different parts of the Union. The most prominent, perhaps, meets at Utica, New York, on each New Year's Day, when the large opera house is completely filled.

The Welsh language is particularly rich in poetry. That this is no better known to the literary world is due in a great measure to other causes than the language in which it is written. The Welsh metres are so circumscribed by rules, as to accent and rhythm, that many of them are entirely different from anything in that line in the English or, as far as we know, any other language. Their grand test of poetry, at least until lately, has been in what is termed *mesurau caethion* (restricted metres). In these are written the *englyn*, *cywydd*, and *awdl*. In this style of poetry there is a peculiarity that is very hard to explain to those who are strangers to our language. The best single word in English explanatory of this peculiarity is *alliteration*; but it falls far short of conveying a full meaning. A good poem in these restricted metres requires not

only poetical genius, but also a great deal of mechanical ingenuity. Certain vowels and consonants in each line must bear an exact relation to each other. A production of this kind in Welsh may be highly meritorious in point of real poetry, and yet, if it fails in its mechanical construction, it is condemned. The great test production of the Eisteddfod hitherto has been the awdl, and this composition embraces the famous *pedwar mesur a'r hugain* (twenty-four metres), and each metre a *caeth* or a restricted one, where the perpetual harmonious jingling of the appropriate vowels and consonants is heard throughout. This is called *cynghanedd* (harmony). I may say here that this harmony, on perhaps a more simple scale, is also very often used by our Welsh poets in common versification, in hymns, Christmas carols, etc., and to me at least it has a charming effect. I can explain this peculiar Welsh *cynghanedd* better to my English reader with a common stanza in the "free" metres, than with an extract in the restricted ones. The following is from a fine production by my excellent friend, the late Dr. Robert Maurice, of Trenton, Oneida County, New York, whose writings abound in the most natural *cynghanedd*, as well as true poetry. I will mark those letters or parts of words that form the harmony:—

"Yna gorwedd un a gerais,
 Ildo clywais eiriau clod,
 Yn ei gwmmi nid oedd gamwedd,
 Dyn yn rhyfedd dan y rhod!
 Ond o'r diwedd, i'n didoli,
 Angau dirfi' ingawl dwys,
 A'i law arfog er im' erfyn,
 'Dyna! gorffyn dan y gwys."

Among the Welsh there is no end to the subjects and occasions for which the englyn has been used: deaths, births, and marriages; almost everything "in heaven above, and on earth beneath, and in the water under the earth." The following has one peculiarity that renders it even among the Welsh a specimen of literary curiosity. It sets forth in glowing terms the industry, perseverance, and ingenuity of the spider, but its distinction is in its being com-

posed exclusively of vowels. It is full in all its parts, and in perfect harmony with the laws of the restricted metres:

"O'i wy i wau e a; o'i iauau
 Ei wyau a wea;
 E wywa ei we aua',
 A'i weau yw iauau ia."

In the works of the old classic bards we see nothing of this alliteration; but about the fourteenth century we find a tendency toward this style of rhythm. Casnodyn is said to have composed the first englyn, in an elegy to Prince Madog.

Of late, a new school of poets has sprung up in Wales, which boldly repudiates what it terms the arrogant claims of the old school, and the restricted metres. They insist that the old style has greatly retarded the progress of true poetry in the principality, and that real merit has been sacrificed to mechanical harmony. The new school finds already among its patrons some of the finest poets in the country. They have so far advanced as to place themselves on a respectable footing at the Eisteddfod. They deserve much praise. They have introduced a healthy variety, and have won a deserved prominence for the *Pryddest* (Ode). But the old *cynghanedd* will never cease to be a grand feature in Welsh poetry.

As musical vocalists the Welsh stand deservedly high. Their choral singing is very fine. A short time ago a Welsh choir of five hundred voices from South Wales, under the direction of "Caradoc," astonished the world by its brilliant performance at the London Crystal Palace, in a competition for a famous cup valued at a thousand guineas. They were opposed by the noted Tonic Sol-Fa Choir, of London, the best in England. The judges without a dissenting voice proclaimed the Welsh choir victors. The applause was deafening, and to the lasting honor of the English choir be it chronicled, they cheered as heartily as any in the palace. Before their return to Wales the winners were feasted in royal palaces, while all along their journey homeward they were met by their enthusiastic countrymen with shouts of congratulation.

Miss Edith Wynne stands among the first vocalists of the world, and is equally at home in charming her countrymen with a Welsh song at the Eisteddfod, in thrilling English audiences in the spacious halls of the metropolis, or in delighting Americans at a Boston jubilee.

The Welsh in America, in proportion to their number and circumstances, possess all the musical zeal and vigor of their countrymen at home. And this feature above all others is being more largely developed every year. I have heard singing at their public conventions, in solos, duets, and full choruses, which was of a very high order. The Eisteddfod is gradually and constantly becoming more musical, and consequently more attractive. A movement has already originated preparatory to the forming of a choir of five hundred voices to sing at the great American centennial at Philadelphia.

We have three weekly newspapers: the oldest, *Y Drych* (The Mirror), published at Utica, New York; *Banner America*, published at Scranton, Pennsylvania; *Y Wasg* (The Press), published at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. These three papers, in their mechanical execution and literary ability, will compare well with the best of our country English weeklies. We have three monthlies: the *Cyfaill* (Friend) is published at Utica, New York, for the Calvinistic Methodist Church, and edited by Rev. William Roberts, D. D. The *Cenhadwr* (Messenger) until a few months ago was published and edited by the late venerable Robert Everett, D. D., in the interest of the Congregational churches. The *Cenhadwr* took a noble stand for the downtrodden in the early days of abolitionism. *Blodeu yr Oes* (Flowers of the Age) is a sprightly juvenile published at Utica, and edited by Rev. M. A. Ellis, A. M.

One peculiarity of the Welsh, both at home and in America, is their comparatively small number of names and the great number of persons answering to the same name. Let every John Jones and William Williams be called out, and they would present a very large number.

The reader will readily conclude that some hundred or two persons answering to the name John Jones, in a single parish, would create a "confusion worse confounded." But, happily, in Wales this embarrassment, at least in the rural districts, is obviated by a custom which may seem novel to the American reader. Every farm-house, and indeed every other house and hut in the principality, with the exception of those in cities and large villages, has its own distinct name, and this, unlike those of persons, is always different from all others. These names or designations are of an almost endless variety, and generally arise from some peculiarity of the locality or the sites on which the houses stand. Whenever a person's name is mentioned in connection with any event whatever, the name of his house or farm is invariably given; otherwise, in most cases, it would be impossible to tell who the person was, for the name is claimed by at least fifty in that region. If it were announced in a city paper that on last Thursday Mr. William Jones, of the parish of Llandd-einiolen, on his return from town had unfortunately been thrown from his horse and seriously injured, the people would laugh at the blundering indefiniteness of the information, for they are acquainted with a hundred persons of that name in the parish. But if it had been written that William Jones of Glan'rafon (Riverside) had met with the misfortune, it would have been perfectly plain, for there is but one Glan'rafon in the whole parish. Without this usage, to us in America, events in Wales in connection with certain names could not be intelligible. I read weekly in the columns of *Y Drych* and *Y Wasg*, a list of deaths in Wales which would be of no value whatever to us in the absence of this distinction.

But how among the Welsh in the States? Here again we meet the same difficulty, but we are not able to find relief in the same way. In a few instances in the old settlements, individuals are distinguished by the names of their farms, which generally follow the appellations of those which their parents or ancestors occupied in Wales. In America, in

Welsh settlements, the difficulty is sought to be obviated by the assistance of middle letters. In the town of Remsen, Oneida County, New York, some thirty years ago I was informed that the John Joneses and William Williamses, and a few other names, had used up the whole alphabet in middle letters to distinguish themselves from others, John A. and John B., and so on. When John Z. was reached, and another John Jones appeared, he had to be called John A. Jones No. 2. If any of our inventive Americans can furnish a scheme to relieve us from this embarrassment, they will be worthy to rank among the benefactors of mankind.

Another Welsh peculiarity is that a great number of their married ladies retain their maiden names. I know not how far this custom prevails in this country, but it does in some measure. In Wales it is quite common, especially among the peasantry. This was so in my own mother's case. Although the wife of William Jones, she was always known among her friends and relatives as Nellie Hughes, and I am sure that no other name would have given her any satisfaction.

Welsh children are called by their fathers' first names; this is quite common, and the custom in a measure prevails in America. Among my near neighbors in Wales was the family of Llys y Gwynt. That was the name of the house. The father's name was Richard Thomas. But the children, with one exception, were surnamed Pritchard (ap Richard); the exception among ten was Erasmus Thomas. It is so throughout the principality, but not so much as in former years. In America also this

is often found. Robert Abram and Ellis Pritchard were brothers, and were well-known citizens of Trenton and Steuben, in Oneida County. Here, however, this practice will soon die out, and the sooner the better. It is an unfortunate custom, through which the names of our ancestors are buried in impenetrable obscurity.

In regard to the future of our people in this country as a distinct Welsh-speaking nation, it is not easy to argue definitely. In the older settlements the children, although able to speak the language, prefer to converse in English. There is a strong probability that in these localities coming generations will gradually work out the old tongue, and that on the 'spots where now assemble crowded audiences to hear Welsh preaching, their descendants, in larger gatherings and in more commodious churches, will gather to hear the gospel dispensed in the universal language of the country.

It is in the new settlements of the West that the Welsh language will be perpetuated the longest. Thither are the emigrants bound, and there they settle in strong numbers. There Welsh churches are built and Welsh ministers ordained. The language may yet become obsolete throughout the land, but that period must be remote; and when I attend our yearly Eisteddfodau, and mark the enthusiastic nationality, or gaze on the listening thousands at the preaching anniversaries, I am led to think that *possibly* it may never come. And for one, I am ready to cry from the depth of a full Welsh heart, "*Oes y byd i'r iaith gymraeg!*" ("The world's life-time to the Welsh language!")

Erasmus W. Jones.

"AD AMICOS."

1829-1876.

"*Dumque virent genua
Et decet, obducta solvatur fronte senectus.*"

THE muse of boyhood's fervid hour
Grows tame as skies get chill and hazy;
Where once she sought a passion-flower,
She only hopes to find a daisy.
Well, who the changing world bewails?
Who asks to have it stay unaltered?
Shall grown-up kittens chase their tails?
Shall colts be never shod or haltered?

Are we "the boys" that used to make
The tables ring with noisy follies?
Whose deep-lung'd laughter oft would shake
The ceiling with its thunder-volleys?
Are we the youths with lips unshorn,
At beauty's feet unwrinkled suitors,
Whose memories reach tradition's morn —
The days of prehistoric tutors?

"The boys" we knew — but who are these
Whose heads might serve for Plutarch's sages,
Or Fox's martyrs, if you please,
Or hermits of the dismal ages?
"The boys" we knew — can these be those?
Their cheeks with morning's blush were painted;
Where are the Harrys, Jims, and Joes
With whom we once were well acquainted?

If we are they, we're not the same;
If they are we, why then they're masking;
Do tell us, neighbor What's-your-name,
Who are you? — What's the use of asking?
You once were George, or Bill, or Ben;
There's you, yourself — there's you, that other;
I know you now — I knew you then —
You used to be your younger brother!

You both are all our own to-day —
But ah! I hear a warning whisper;
Yon roseate hour that flits away
Repeats the Roman's sad *paulisper*.
Come back! come back! we've need of you
To pay you for your word of warning;
We'll bathe your wings in brighter dew
Than ever wet the lids of morning!

Behold this cup; its mystic wine
No alien's lip has ever tasted;
The blood of friendship's clinging vine,
Still flowing, flowing, yet unwasted;
Old Time forgot his running sand
And laid his hour-glass down to fill it,
And Death himself with gentle hand
Has touched the chalice, not to spill it.

Each bubble rounding at the brim
Is rainbowed with its magic story;
The shining days with age grown dim
Are dressed again in robes of glory;
In all its freshness spring returns,
With song of birds and blossoms tender;
Once more the torch of passion burns,
And youth is here in all its splendor!

Hope swings her anchor like a toy,
Love laughs and shows the silver arrow
We knew so well as man and boy, —
The shaft that stings through bone and marrow;
Again our kindling pulses beat,
With tangled curls our fingers dally,
And bygone beauties smile as sweet
As fresh-blown lilies of the valley.

O blessed hour! we may forget
Its wreaths, its rhymes, its songs, its laughter,
But not the loving eyes we met,
Whose light shall gild the dim hereafter.
How every heart to each grows warm!
Is one in sunshine's ray? We share it.
Is one in sorrow's blinding storm?
A look, a word, shall help him bear it.

"The boys" we were, "the boys" we'll be
As long as three, as two, are creeping;
Then here's to him — ah! which is he? —
Who lives till all the rest are sleeping;
A life with tranquil comfort blest,
The young man's health, the rich man's plenty,
All earth can give that earth has best,
And heaven at fourscore years and twenty.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

OLD WOMAN'S GOSSIP.

VIII.

LATE in middle life Mrs. Jameson formed an intimate acquaintance, which at one time assumed the character of a close friendship, with Lady Byron, under the influence of whose remarkable mind and character the subjects of artistic and literary interest, which had till then absorbed Mrs. Jameson's attention and occupied her pen, gave place to others of a very different kind,—those which engrossed for a time, to the exclusion of almost all others, the minds of men and women in England at the beginning of the Crimean War; when the fashion of certain forms of philanthropy set by that wonderful woman, Florence Nightingale, was making hospital nurses of idle, frivolous fine ladies, and turning into innumerable channels of newly awakened benevolence and activity, far more zealous than discreet, the love of adventure, the desire for excitement, and the desperate need of occupation, of many women who had no other qualifications for the hard and holy labors into which they flung themselves.

Mrs. Jameson felt the impulse of the time, as it reached her through Lady Byron and Miss Nightingale, and warmly embraced the wider and more enlightened aspect of women's duties beginning to be advocated with extreme enthusiasm in English society. One of the last books she published was a popular account of foreign Sisters of Mercy, their special duties, the organization of their societies, and the sphere of their operations; suggesting the formation of similar bodies of religiously charitable sisterhoods in England. She had this subject so much at heart, she told me, that she had determined to give a series of public lectures upon it, provided she found her physical power equal to the effort of making herself heard by an audience in any public room of moderate size. She tested the strength of her

chest and voice by delivering one lecture to an audience assembled in the drawing-rooms of a friend; but as she never repeated the experiment, I suppose she found the exertion too great for her.

When first I met Mrs. Jameson she was an attractive-looking young woman, with a skin of that dazzling whiteness which generally accompanies reddish hair, such as hers was; her face, which was habitually refined and *spirituelle* in its expression, was capable of a marvelous power of concentrated feeling, such as is seldom seen on any woman's face, and is peculiarly rare on the countenance of a fair, small, delicately-featured woman, all whose personal characteristics were essentially feminine. Her figure was extremely pretty; her hands and arms might have been those of Madame de Warens.

Mrs. Jameson told me that the idea of giving public lectures had suggested itself to her in the course of her conversations with Lady Byron upon the possible careers that might be opened to women. I know Lady Byron thought a very valuable public service might be rendered by women who so undertook to advocate important truths of which they had made special study, and for the dissemination of which in this manner they might be especially gifted. She accepted in the most liberal manner the claim put forward by women to more extended spheres of usefulness, and to the adoption of careers hitherto closed to them; she was deeply interested, personally, in some who made the arduous attempt of studying and practicing medicine, and seemed generally to think that there were many directions in which women might follow paths yet unopened, of high and noble exertion, and hereafter do society and the cause of progress good service.

Lady Byron was a peculiarly reserved and quiet person, with a manner habitually deliberate and measured, a low sub-

dued voice, and rather diffident hesitation in expressing herself; and she certainly conveyed the impression of natural reticence and caution. But so far from ever appearing to me to justify the description often given of her, of a person of exceptionally cold, hard, measured intellect and character, she always struck me as a woman capable of profound and fervid enthusiasm, with a mind of rather a romantic and visionary order.

She surprised me extremely one evening as she was accompanying me to one of my public readings, by exclaiming, "Oh, how I envy you! What would I not give to be in your place!" As my vocation, I am sorry to say, oftener appeared to me to justify my own regret than the envy of others, I answered, "What! to read Shakespeare before some hundreds of people?" "Oh no," she said, "not to read Shakespeare to them, but to have all that mass of people under your control, subject to your influence, and receiving your impressions." She then went on to say she would give anything to lecture upon subjects which interested her deeply, and that she should like to advocate with every power she possessed. Lady Byron, like most enthusiasts, was fond of influencing others and making disciples to her own views. I made her laugh by telling her that more than once, when looking from my reading-desk over the sea of faces uplifted towards me, a sudden feeling had seized me that I must say something *from myself* to all those human beings whose attention I felt at that moment entirely at my command, and between whom and myself a sense of sympathy thrilled powerfully and strangely through my heart, as I looked steadfastly at them before opening my lips; but that, on wondering afterwards *what* I might, could, would, or should have said to them from myself, I never could think of anything but two words: "Be good!" which as a preface to the reading of one of Shakespeare's plays (The Merry Wives of Windsor, for instance) might have startled them. Often and strongly as the temptation recurred to me, I never could think of anything

better worth saying to my audience. I have some hope that sometimes in the course of the reading I said it effectually, without shocking them by a departure from my proper calling, or deserving the rebuke of "Ne sutor ultra crepidam."

In February, 1828, I fell ill of the measles, of which the following note to Miss S—— is a record.

MY DEAREST H——: I am in a great hurry, because my parcel is not made up yet, and I expect your brother's emissary to call at every moment; the reason why he sends for my parcel is because we met him yesterday, as he was coming to our house, and so prevented his visit. I send you my play, also an album of mine, also an unfinished sketch of me, also a copy of my will. The play you must not keep, because it is my only copy; neither must you keep my album, because I want to finish one of the pieces of verse begun in it; my picture — such as it is — begun, but never finished, by Dick O——, I thought you would like better than nothing. He has finished one that is a very good likeness of me, but it was done for my mother, or I should have wished you to have it. My will I made last week, while I was in bed with the measles, and want you to keep that.

I have been very ill for the last fortnight, but am well again now. I am pressed for time to-day, but will soon write to you in earnest.

I'm afraid you'll find my play very long; when my poor father began cutting it, he looked ruefully at it, and said, "There's plenty of it, Fan," to which my reply is Madame de Sévigné's, "Si j'eusse eu plus de temps, je ne t'aurais pas écrit si longuement." Dear H——, if you knew how I thought of you, and the fresh, sweet mayflowers with which we filled our baskets at Heath Farm, while I lay parched and full of pain and fever in my illness!

Yours ever, FANNY.

My beloved aunt Dall nursed and tended me in my sickness with unwearied

devotion; and one day when I was convalescent, finding me depressed in spirits and crying, she said laughingly to me, "Why, child, there is nothing the matter with you; but you are weak in body and mind." This seemed to me the most degraded of all conceivable conditions, and I fell into a redoublement of weeping over my own abasement and imbecility.

My attention was suddenly attracted to a large looking-glass opposite my bed, and it occurred to me that in my then condition of nerves nothing was more likely than that I should turn visionary and fancy I beheld apparitions. And under this conviction I got up and covered the glass, in which I felt sure I should presently "see sic sights as I daured na tell." I speak of this because though I was in a physical condition not unlikely to produce such phenomena, I retained the power of perceiving that they would be the result of my physical condition, and that I should in some measure be accessory to my own terror, whatever form it might assume.

I have so often in my life been on the very edge of ghost-seeing, and felt so perfectly certain that the least encouragement on my part would set them before me, and that nothing but a resolute effort of will would save me from such a visitation, that I have become convinced that of the people who have seen apparitions, one half have — as I should term it — chosen to do so. I have all my life suffered from a tendency to imaginary terrors, and have always felt sure that a determined exercise of self-control would effectually keep them from having the dominion over me. The most distressing form of nervous excitement that I have ever experienced was one that for many years I was very liable to, and which always recurred when I was in a state of unusual exaltation or depression of spirits; both which states in me were either directly caused or greatly aggravated by certain electrical conditions of the atmosphere, which seemed to affect my whole nervous system as if I had been some machine expressly construct-

ed for showing and testing the power of such influences on the human economy.

I habitually read while combing and brushing my hair at night, and though I made no use of my looking-glass while thus employed, having my eyes fixed on my book, I sat (for purposes of general convenience) at my toilet table in front of the mirror. While engrossed in my book it has frequently happened to me accidentally to raise my eyes and suddenly to fix them on my own image in the glass, when a feeling of startled surprise, as if I had not known I was there and did not immediately recognize my own reflection, would cause me to remain looking at myself, the intentness with which I did so increasing as the face appeared to me not my own; and under this curious fascination my countenance has altered, becoming gradually so dreadful, so much more dreadful in expression than any human face I ever saw or could describe, while it was next to impossible for me to turn my eyes away from the hideous vision confronting me, that I have felt more than once that unless by the strongest effort of will I immediately averted my head, I should certainly become insane. Of course I was myself a party to this strange fascination of terror, and must, no doubt, have exercised some power of volition in the assumption of the expression that my face gradually presented, and which was in no sense a distortion or grimace, but a terrible look suggestive of despair and desperate wickedness, the memory of which even now affects me painfully. But though in some measure voluntary, I do not think I was conscious at the time that the process was so; and I have never been able to determine the precise nature of this nervous affection, which beginning thus in a startled feeling of sudden surprise went on to such a climax of fascinated terror.

I was already at this time familiar enough with the theory of ghosts, of which one need not be afraid, through Nicolai of Berlin's interesting work upon the curious phantasmagoria of apparitions, on which he made and recorded so many singular observations. Moreover, my

mother, from a combination of general derangement of the system and special affection of the visual nerves, was at one time constantly tormented by whole processions and crowds of visionary figures, of the origin and nature of which she was perfectly aware, but which she often described as exceedingly annoying by their grotesque and distorted appearance, and wearisome from their continual recurrence and thronging succession. With the recovery of her general health she obtained a release from this disagreeable haunting.

One of the most remarkable and painful instances of affection of the visual organs in consequence of a violent nervous shock was that experienced by my friend Miss T——, who, after seeing her cousin, Lady L——, drowned while bathing off the rocks at her home at Ardgillan, was requested by Lord L—— to procure for him, before his wife's burial, the wedding ring from her finger. The poor lady's body was terribly swollen and discolored, and Miss T—— had to use considerable effort to withdraw the ring from the dead finger. The effect of the whole disastrous event upon her was to leave her for several months afflicted with an affection of the eyes which represented half of the face of every person she saw with the swollen, livid, and distorted features of her drowned cousin; a horrible and ghastly result of the nervous shock she had undergone, which she feared she should never be delivered from, but which gradually wore itself out.

The only time I ever saw an apparition was under singularly unfavorable circumstances for such an experience. I was sitting at midday in an American railroad car, which every occupant but my maid and myself had left to go and get some refreshment at the station, where the train stopped some time for that purpose. I was sitting with my maid in a small private compartment, sometimes occupied by ladies traveling alone, the door of which (wide open at the time) communicated with the main carriage, and commanded its entire length. Suddenly a person entered the

carriage by a door close to where I sat; and passed down the whole length of the car. I sprang from my seat, exclaiming aloud, "There is C——!" and rushed to the door before, by any human possibility, any one could have reached the other end of the car; but nobody was to be seen. My maid had seen nothing. The person I imagined I had seen was upwards of two hundred miles distant; but what was to me the most curious part of this experience was that had I really met her anywhere, my most careful endeavor would have been to avoid her, and, if possible, to escape being seen by her; whereas this apparition, or imagination, so affected my nerves that I rushed after it as if desirous of pursuing and overtaking it, while my deliberate desire with regard to the person whose image I thus sprang towards would have been never to have seen her again as long as I lived. The state of the atmosphere at the time of this occurrence was extraordinarily oppressive, and charged with a tremendous thunder-storm, a condition of the air which, as I have said, always acts with extremely distressing and disturbing influence upon my whole physical system.

ST. JAMES STREET, BUCKINGHAM }
GATE, February, 1828. }

MY DEAREST H——: I have this instant received your letter, and, contrary to John's wise rule of never answering an epistle till three days after he receives it, I sit down to write, to talk, to be with you. Pray, when your potatoes flourish, your fires are put out by the sun, and your hills are half hid in warm mist, wish one hearty wish for me, such as I spend by the dozen on you. I confess I am disappointed, as far as I can be with a letter of yours, at finding you had not yet received my parcel, for my vanity has been in considerable anxiety respecting your judgment on my production. Now that the effervescence of my poetical furor has subsided, and that repeated perusals have taken a little of the charm of novelty from my play, my own opinion of it is that it is a clever performance *for so young a person*, but nothing more. The

rest will, I hope, be better, and I think you will agree with me in regard to this. Dearest H——, in my last letter want of time and room prevented my enlarging on my hint about the stage, but as far as my own determination goes at present, I think it is the course that I shall most likely pursue. You know that independence of mind and body seems to me the great desideratum of life; I am not patient of restraint or submissive to authority, and my head and heart are engrossed with the idea of exercising and developing the literary talent which I think I possess. This is meat, drink, and sleep to me; my world, in which I live and have my happiness; and moreover, I hope, my means of fame (the prize for which I pray). To a certain degree it may be my means of procuring benefits of a more substantial nature, which I am by no means inclined to estimate at less than their worth. I do not think I am fit to marry, to make an obedient wife or affectionate mother; my imagination is paramoured with me, and would disqualify me, I think, for the every-day, matter-of-fact cares and duties of the mistress of a household and the head of a family. I think I should be unhappy and the cause of unhappiness to others if I were to marry. I cannot swear I shall never fall in love, but if I do I will fall out of it again, for I do not think I shall ever so far lose sight of my best interest and happiness as to enter into a relation for which I feel so unfit. Now, if I do not marry, what is to become of me in the event of anything happening to my father? His property is almost all gone; I doubt if we shall ever receive one pound from it. Is it likely that, supposing I were willing to undergo the drudgery of writing for my bread, I could live by my wits and the produce of my brain; or is such an existence desirable?

Perhaps I might attain to the literary dignity of being the lioness of a season, asked to dinner parties "because I am so clever;" perhaps my writing faculty might become a useful auxiliary to some other less precarious dependence; but to write to eat, — to live, in short, —

that seems to me to earn hard money after a very hard fashion. The stage is a profession that people who have a talent for it make lucrative, and which honorable conduct may make respectable; one which would place me at once beyond the fear of want, and that is closely allied in its nature to my beloved literary pursuits.

If I should (as my father and mother seem to think not unlikely) change my mind with respect to marrying, the stage need be no bar to that, and if I continue to write, the stage might both help me in and derive assistance from my exercise of the pursuit of dramatic authorship. And the mere mechanical labor of writing costs me so little that the union of the two occupations does not seem to me a difficulty. My father said the other day, "There is a fine fortune to be made by any young woman of even decent talent, on the stage now." A fine fortune is a fine thing; to be sure, there remains a rather material question to settle, that of "even decent talent." A passion for all beautiful poetry I am sure you will grant me; and you would perhaps be inclined to take my father and mother's word for my dramatic capacity. I spoke to them earnestly on this subject lately, and they both, with some reluctance, I think, answered me, to my questions, that they thought as far as they could judge (and, unless partiality blinds them entirely, none can be better judges) I might succeed. In some respects, no girl intending herself for this profession can have had better opportunities of acquiring just notions on the subject of acting. I have constantly heard refined and thoughtful criticism on our greatest dramatic works, and on every various way of rendering them effective on the stage. I have been lately very frequently to the theatre, and seen and heard observingly, and exercised my own judgment and critical faculty to the best of my ability, according to these same canons of taste by which it has been formed. Nature has certainly not been as favorable to me as might have been wished, if I am to embrace a calling where personal

beauty, if not indispensable, is so great an advantage. But if the informing spirit be mine, it shall go hard if, with a face and voice as obedient to my emotions as mine are, I do not in some measure make up for the want of good looks. My father is now proprietor and manager of the theatre, and those certainly are favorable circumstances for my entering on a career which is one of great labor and some exposure, at the best, to a woman, and where a young girl cannot be too prudent herself, nor her protectors too careful of her. I hope I have not taken up this notion hastily, and I have no fear of looking only on the bright side of the picture, for ours is a house where that is very seldom seen.

Good-by; God bless you! I shall be very anxious to hear from you; I sent you a note with my play, telling you I had just got up from the measles; but as my note has not reached you I tell you so again. I am quite well, however, now, and shall not give them to you by signing myself

Yours most affectionately,

FANNY.

P. S. I forgot to answer your questions in telling you all this, but I will do so methodically now. My side-ache is some disturbance in my liver, evidently, and does not give way entirely either to physic or exercise, as the slightest emotion, either pleasurable or painful, immediately brings it on; my blue devils I pass over in silence; such a liver and my kind of head are sure to breed them. Certainly I reverence Jeremy Bentham for his philanthropy, plain powerful sense, and lucid forcible writing; but as for John's politics, they are, as Beatrice tells the prince he is, "too costly for every-day wear." His theories are so perfect that I think imperfect men could never be brought to live under a scheme of government of his devising.

I confess, however, I approve of the vote by ballot, which is one of his favorite reforms. I will give my reasons for doing so hereafter, if you want them; but as for pulling down the old house by sudden jerks of radical change, I am not for that, before a new one is made sound for us. The Duke of Wellington

seems determined to stand stock-still, or march no way but backwards, and that seems a pity.

I think Mrs. Jameson would like you, and you her, if you met, but my mind is running on something else than this. My father's income is barely eight hundred a year. John's expenses since he has been at college have been nearly three. Five hundred a year for such a family as ours is very close and careful work, dear H——, and if my going on the stage would nearly double that income, lessen my dear father's anxieties for us all and the quantity of work which he latterly has often felt too much for him, and remove the many privations which my dear mother cheerfully endures, as well as the weight of her uncertainty about our future provision, would not this be a "consummation devoutly to be wished?"

ST. JAMES STREET, BUCKINGHAM }
GATE, March, 1828. }

MY DEAREST H——: I have been thinking what you have been thinking of my long silence, about which, however, perhaps you have not been thinking at all. What you say in one of your last about my destroying your letters troubles me a good deal, dearest H——. I really cannot bear to think of it; why, those letters are one of my very few precious possessions. When I am unhappy (as I sometimes am), I read them over, and I feel strengthened and comforted; if it is your *positive desire* that I should burn them, of course I must do it; but if it is only a sort of "I think you had better," that you have about it, I shall keep them, and you must be satisfied with one of my old "I can't keep it's." As for my own scrawls, I do *not* desire that you should keep them. I write, as I speak, on the impulse of the moment, and I should be sorry that the incoherent and often contradictory thoughts that I pour forth daily should be preserved against me by anybody.

My father is now in Edinburgh. He has been absent from London about a week. I had a conversation with him about the stage some time before he went, in which he allowed that, should our mis-

erably uncertain circumstances finally settle unfavorably, the theatre might be an honorable and advantageous resource for me; but that at present he should be sorry to see me adopt that career. As he is the best and kindest father and friend to us all, such a decision on his part was conclusive, as you will easily believe; and I have forborne all further allusion to the subject, although on some accounts I regret being obliged to do so.

I was delighted with your long letter of criticisms; I am grateful to you for taking the trouble of telling me so minutely all you thought about my play. For myself, although at the time I wrote it I was rather puffed up and elated in spirit, and looked at it naturally in far too favorable a light, I assure you I have long since come to a much soberer frame of mind respecting it. I think it is quite unfit for the stage, where the little poetical merit it possesses would necessarily be lost; besides, its construction is wholly undramatic; the only satisfaction I now take in it is entirely one of hope. I am very young, and I cannot help feeling that it offers some promise for the future, which I trust may be fulfilled. Now even, already, I am sure I could do infinitely better; nor will it be long, I think, before I try my strength again. If you could see the multiplicity of subjects drawn up in my book under the head of projected works, how you would shake your wise head; and perhaps your lean sides. I wish I could write a good prose work, but that, I take it, is really difficult, as good, concise, powerful, clear prose must be much less easy to write than even tolerable poetry. I have been reading a quantity of German plays (translations, of course, but literal ones), and I have been reveling in that divine devilism, Faust. Suppose it does send one to bed with a side-ache, a head-ache, and a heart-ache, is n't it worth while? Did you ever read Goethe's Tasso? Certainly he makes the mad poet a mighty disagreeable person; but in describing him it seemed to me as if Goethe was literally transcribing my thoughts and feelings, my mind and being.

Now, dearest H——, don't bear malice,

and, because I have not written for so long, wait still longer before you answer. My mother has been in the country for a few days and has returned with a terrible cough and cold, with which pleasant maladies she finds the house full here to welcome her, so that we all croak in unison most harmoniously. I was at the Siddonses' the other evening. My aunt was suffering, I am sorry to say, with one of her terrible head-aches; Cecilia was pretty well, but as it was a *soirée chantante*, I had little opportunity of talking to either of them. Did you mention my notion about going on the stage in any of your letters to Cecy?

The skies are brightening and the trees are budding; it will soon be the time of year when we first met. Pray remember me when the hawthorn blossoms; hail, snow, or sunshine I remember you, and am ever your affectionate

FANNY.

The want of a settled place of residence compelled me, many years after writing this letter, to destroy the letters of my friend, which I had preserved until they amounted to many hundreds; my friend kept, in the house that was her home from her fourteenth to her sixtieth year, all mine to her,—several thousands, the history of a whole human life,—and gave them back to me when she was upwards of seventy and I of sixty years old; they are the principal aid to my memory in my present task of retrospection.

My life at home at this time became difficult and troublesome, and unsatisfactory to myself and others; my mind and character were in a chaotic state of fermentation that required the wisest, firmest, and gentlest guidance. I was vehement and excitable, violently impulsive, and with a wild, ill-regulated imagination.

The sort of smattering acquirements from my schooling, and the desultory reading which had been its only supplement, had done little or nothing (perhaps even worse than nothing) towards my effectual moral or mental training. A good fortune for which I can never be

sufficiently thankful occurred to me at this time, in the very intimate intercourse which grew up just then between our family and that of my cousin, Mrs. Henry Siddons.

She had passed through London on her way to the Continent, whither she was going for the sake of the health of her youngest daughter, an interesting and attractive young girl some years older than myself, who at this time seemed threatened with imminent consumption. She had a sylph-like, slender figure, tall, and bending and wavering like a young willow sapling, and a superabundant profusion of glossy chestnut ringlets, which in another might have suggested vigor of health and constitution, but always seemed to me as if their redundant masses had exhausted hers, and were almost too great a weight for her slim throat and drooping figure. Her complexion was transparently delicate, and she had dark blue eyes that looked almost preternaturally large. It seems strange to remember this ethereal vision of girlish fragile beauty as belonging to my dear cousin, who, having fortunately escaped the doom by which she then seemed threatened, lived to become a most happy and excellent wife and mother, and one of the largest women of our family, all of whose female members have been unusually slender in girlhood and unusually stout in middle and old age. When Mrs. Henry Siddons was obliged to return to Edinburgh, which was her home, she was persuaded by my mother to leave her daughter with us for some time; and for more than a year she and her elder sister and their brother, a lad studying at the Indian Military College of Addiscombe, were frequent inmates of our house. The latter was an extremely handsome youth, with a striking resemblance to his grandmother, Mrs. Siddons; he and my brother Henry were certainly the only two of the younger generation who honorably maintained the reputation for beauty of their elders; in spite of which and the general admiration they excited (especially when seen together), perhaps indeed from some un-

comfortable consciousness of their personal advantages, they were both of them shamefaced and bashful to an unusual degree.

I remember a comical instance of the shy *mauvaise honte*, peculiar to Englishmen, which these two beautiful boys exhibited on the occasion of a fancy ball, to which we were all invited, at the house of our friend, Mrs. E. G——. To me, of course, my first fancy ball was an event of unmixed delight, especially as my mother had provided for me a lovely Anne Boleyn costume of white satin, point-lace, and white Roman pearls, which raised my satisfaction to rapture. The two Harrys, however, far from partaking of my ecstasy, protested, pouted, begged off, all but broke into open rebellion at the idea of making what they called "guys" and "chimney-sweeps" of themselves; and though the painful sense of any singularity might have been mitigated by the very numerous company of their fellow-fools assembled in the ball-room, to keep them in countenance, and the very unpretending costume of simple and elegant black velvet in which my mother had attired them, as Hamlet and Laertes (it must have been in their very earliest college days), they hid themselves behind the ball-room door and never showed as much as their noses or their toes, while I danced beatifically till daylight, and would have danced on till noon.

Mrs. Henry Siddons, in her last stay with us, obtained my mother's consent that I should go to Edinburgh to pay her a visit, which began by being of indeterminate length, and prolonged itself for a year,—the happiest of my life, as I often, while it lasted, thought it would prove; and now that my years are over I know to have been so. To the anxious, nervous, exciting, irritating tenor of my London life succeeded the calm, equable, and all but imperceptible control of my dear friend, whose influence over her children, the result of her wisdom in dealing with them, no less than of their own amiable dispositions, was absolute. In considering Mrs. Henry Siddons's character, when years had mod-

fied its first impression upon my own, my estimate of it underwent, of course, some inevitable alteration; but when I stayed with her in Edinburgh I was at the idolatrous period of life, and never, certainly, had an enthusiastic young girl worshiper a worthier or better idol.

She was not regularly handsome, but of a sweet and most engaging countenance; her figure was very pretty, her voice exquisite, and her whole manner, air, and deportment graceful, attractive, and charming. Men, women, and children not only loved her, but inevitably *fell in love* with her, and the fascination which she exercised over every one that came in contact with her invariably deepened into profound esteem and confidence, in those who had the good fortune to share her intimacy. Her manner, which was the most gentle and winning imaginable, had in it a touch of demure playfulness that was very charming, at the same time that it habitually conveyed the idea of extreme self-control and a great reserve of moral force and determination underneath this quiet surface.

Mrs. Harry's manner was artificial, and my mother told me she thought it the result of an early determination to curb the demonstrations of an impetuous temper and passionate feelings. It had become her second nature when I knew her, however, and contributed not a little to the immense ascendancy she soon acquired over my vehement and stormy character. She charmed me into absolute submission to her will and wishes, and I all but worshiped her.

She was a Miss Murray, and came of good Scottish blood, her great-grandfather having at one time been private secretary to the young Pretender. She married Mrs. Siddons's youngest son, Harry, the only one of my aunt's children who adopted her own profession, and who, himself an indifferent actor, undertook the management of the Edinburgh theatre, fell into ill-health, and died, leaving his lovely young widow with four children to the care of her brother, William Murray, who succeeded him in the government of the theatre,

of which his sister and himself became joint proprietors.

Edinburgh at that time was still the small but important capital of Scotland, instead of what railroads and modern progress have reduced it to, merely the largest town. Those were the days of the giants, Scott, Wilson, Hogg, Jeffrey, Brougham, Sidney Smith, the Horners, Lord Murray, Allison, and all the formidable intellectual phalanx that held mental dominion over the English-speaking world, under the blue and yellow standard of the Edinburgh Review; they were an amazing company of brains, to be sure.

The ancient city had still its regular winter season of fashionable gayety, during which sedan chairs were to be seen carrying through its streets, to its evening assemblies, the more elderly members of the *beau monde*. The nobility and gentry of Scotland came up from their distant country residences to their town houses in "Auld Reekie," as they now come up to London.

Edinburgh was a brilliant and peculiarly intellectual centre of society, with a strongly marked national character, and the theatre held a distinguished place among the recreations; the many eminent literary and professional men who then made the Scotch capital illustrious being zealous patrons of the drama and frequenters of the play-house, and proud, with reason, of their excellent theatrical company, at the head of which was William Murray, one of the most perfect actors I have ever known on any stage, and among whom Terry and Mackay, admirable actors and cultivated, highly intelligent men, were conspicuous for their ability.

Mrs. Henry Siddons held a peculiar position in Edinburgh, her widowed condition and personal attractions combining to win the sympathy and admiration of its best society, while her high character and blameless conduct secured the respect and esteem of her theatrical subjects and the general public, with whom she was an object of almost affectionate personal regard, and in whose favor, as long as she exercised her pro-

fession, she continued to hold the first place, in spite of their temporary enthusiasm for the great London stars who visited them at stated seasons. "*Our Mrs. Siddons*," I have repeatedly heard her called in Edinburgh, not at all with the slightest idea of comparing her with her celebrated mother-in-law, but rather as expressing the kindly personal goodwill and the admiring approbation with which she was regarded by her own towns-folk, who were equally proud and fond of her. She was not a great actress, nor even what in my opinion could be called a good actress, for she had no natural versatility or power of assumption whatever, and what was opposed to her own nature and character was altogether out of the range of her powers.

On the other hand, when (as frequently happened) she had to embody heroines whose characteristics coincided with her own, her grace and beauty and innate sympathy with everything good, true, pure, and upright made her an admirable representative of all such characters. She wanted physical power and weight for the great tragic drama of Shakespeare, and passion for the heroine of his love tragedy; but Viola, Rosalind, Isabel, Imogen, could have no better representative. In the first part Sir Walter Scott has celebrated (in the novel of *Waverley*) the striking effect produced by her resemblance to her brother, William Murray, in the last scene of *Twelfth Night*; and in many pieces founded upon the fate and fortune of Mary Stuart she gave an unrivaled impersonation of the "enchanted queen" of modern history.

My admiration and affection for her were, as I have said, unbounded; and some of the various methods I took to exhibit them were, I dare say, intolerably absurd, though she was graciously good-natured in tolerating them.

Every day, summer and winter, I made it my business to provide her with a sprig of myrtle for her sash at dinner-time; this, when she had worn it all the evening, I received again on bidding her good night, and stored in a *treasure* drawer, which, becoming in time choked

with fragrant myrtle leaves, was emptied with due solemnity into the fire, that destruction in the most classic form might avert from them all desecration. I ought by rights to have eaten their ashes, or drunk a decoction of them, or at least treasured them in a golden urn, but contented myself with watching them shrivel and crackle with much sentimental satisfaction. I remember a most beautiful myrtle-tree, which by favor of a peculiarly sunny and sheltered exposure had reached a very unusual size in the open air in Edinburgh, and in the flowering season might have borne comparison with the finest shrubs of the warm terraces of the under cliff of the Isle of Wight.

From this I procured my daily offering to my divinity. It has always seemed to me singular that the ancients should have held the myrtle sacred to Venus; beautiful, it seems to me, above all other flowers, but it is of a severe as well as sweet beauty; its rather stiff and formal growth, its sharply cut and polished dark green leaves, its pure, delicate, spiritual blossom, and the aromatic fragrance of its verdure, which indeed requires bruising to draw it forth, are all chaste and original characteristics which do not indicate the flower possessing them as the appropriate one for her to whom the rose was dedicated, and of whom the perfectest rose was the perfectest type.

The myrtle is the least voluptuous of flowers; the legend of Juno's myrtle-sheltered bath seems not unnaturally suggested by the vigorous, fresh, and healthy beauty of the plant, and the purity of its snowy blossoms. The exquisite quality, too, which myrtle possesses, of preserving uncorrupted the water in which it is placed, with other flowers, is a sort of moral attribute, which, combined with the peculiar character of its fragrance, seems to me to distinguish this lovely shrub from every other flower of the field or garden.

To return to my worship of Mrs. Harry Siddons. On one occasion, the sash of her dress came unfastened and fell to the ground, and, having secured pos-

session of it, I retained my prize and persisted in wearing it, baldric fashion, over every dress I put on. It was a silk scarf, of a sober dark gray color, and occasionally produced a most fantastic and absurd contrast with what I was wearing.

These were childish expressions of a feeling the soberer portion of which remains with me even now, and makes the memory of that excellent woman, and kind, judicious friend, still very dear to my grateful affection. Not only was the change of discipline under which I now lived advantageous, but the great freedom I enjoyed, and which would have been quite impossible in London, was delightful to me; while the wonderful, picturesque beauty of Edinburgh, contrasted with the repulsive dinginess and ugliness of my native city, was a constant source of the liveliest pleasure to me.

Is there a more beautiful city in the world than that Scotch fortress-crowned metropolis, the mountains, framing every picture of which it is the centre, on one side, and the sea on the other? — where on one hand Arthur's Seat overhangs the town, its verdant, turfy slopes sinking down in lovely curves towards Holyrood and Dalkeith, a perfect model of a mountain in all its features and whole configuration (though wanting the supreme quality of great mountain height); and on the other the splendid broken mass of the Castle Cliff, with its bristling crest, springs straight up from its rocky roots in the very heart of the fair city, like some great flower of war, and confronts the Salisbury Crags and their long line of battlemented cliff; while between both the gentle eminence of the Calton Hill, whose outline and position have given to Edinburgh its title of the modern Athens, rises in gradual slopes and terraces to a height that gives the spectator the most favorable point of view for the unrivaled panorama which it commands. Hence the eye wanders in delight over the time-tinted, (Turner forbid I should say stained!) irregular masses of the old town to the broad, bright, stately avenues and edifices of the new;

to the beautiful Frith of Forth, its winding shores and picturesque islands, and the Ochil Hills, throwing their delicate purple outline on the horizon beyond; while on the opposite side, the smooth-swarded slopes and shoulders of the Braid and Pentland Hills, and the dark, wooded crests and ravines of the Corstorphines, complete the enchantment of a landscape possessing every combination of various beauty. Almost beneath one's feet lies Holyrood Palace, with its quadrangles and cloisters and beautiful ruined arches, and but a little farther on the remains of St. Anthony's Chapel, crumbling among the mossy stones and flowery turf at the foot of Arthur's Seat.

The indescribable mixture of historic and romantic interest with all this present, visible beauty, the powerful charm of the Scotch ballad poetry, which now began to seize upon my imagination, and the inexhaustible enchantment of the associations thrown by the great modern magician over every spot made memorable by his mention, combined to affect my mind and feelings at this most susceptible period of my life, and made Edinburgh dear and delightful to me above all other places I ever saw, as it still remains, — with the one exception of Rome, whose combined claim to veneration and admiration no earthly city can indeed dispute.

Seen from far or near, in a distant mass, when its noble outline against the sky assumes the figure of a colossal couchant lion, or in detail, when the eye divides part from part of its varied and picturesque features, nowhere, I believe, can a more interesting or beautiful object or group of objects engage the attention of poet or painter, or stamp themselves upon the memory of the traveler from other lands.

Beautiful Edinburgh! dear to me for all its beauty and all the happiness that I have never failed to find there, for the keen delight of my year of youthful life spent among its enchanting influences, and for the kind friends and kindred whose affectionate hospitality has made each return thither as happy as sadder

and older years allowed, — my blessing on every stone of its streets!

I had the utmost liberty allowed me in my walks about the city, and at early morning have often run up and round and round the Calton Hill, delighting, from every point where I stopped to breathe, in the noble panorama on every side. Not unfrequently I walked down to the sands at Porto Bello and got a sea bath, and returned before breakfast; while on the other side of the town my rambles extended to New Haven and the rocks and sands of Cramond Beach.

While Edinburgh had then more the social importance of a capital, it had a much smaller extent; great portions of the present new town did not then exist. Warriston and the Bridge of Dean were still out of town; there was no Scott's monument in Princes Street, no railroad terminus with its smoke and scream and steam scaring the echoes of the North Bridge; no splendid Queen's Drive encircled Arthur's Seat. Windsor Street, in which Mrs. Harry Siddons lived, was one of the most recently finished, and broke off abruptly above gardens and bits of meadow land and small, irregular inclosures and mean, scattered houses, stretching down towards Warriston Crescent; while from the balcony of the drawing-room the eye, passing over all this untidy suburban district, reached without any intervening buildings the blue waters of the Forth and Inchkeith with its revolving light.

Standing on that balcony late one cold, clear night, watching the rising and setting of that sea star that kept me fascinated out in the chill air, I saw for the first time the sky illuminated with the aurora borealis. It was a magnificent display of the phenomenon, and I feel certain that my attention was first attracted to it by the crackling sound which appeared to accompany the motion of the pale flames as they streamed across the sky; indeed, *crackling* is not the word that properly describes the sound I heard, which was precisely that made by the *flickering* of blazing fire; and as I have often since read and heard discussions

upon the question whether the motion of the aurora is or is not accompanied by an audible sound, I can only say that on this occasion it was the sound that first induced me to observe the sheets of white light that were leaping up the sky. At this time I knew nothing of these phenomena, or the debates among scientific men to which they had given rise, and can therefore trust the impression made on my senses.

I have since then witnessed repeated appearances of these beautiful meteoric lights, but have never again detected any sound accompanying their motion. The finest aurora I ever saw was at Lenox, Massachusetts; a splendid rose-colored pavilion appeared to be spread all over the sky, through which, in several parts, the shining of the stars was distinctly visible, while at the zenith the luminous drapery seemed gathered into folds, the color of which deepened almost to crimson. It was wonderfully beautiful. At Lenox, too, one night during the season of the appearance of the great comet of 1858, the splendid flaming plume hovered over one side of the sky, while all round the other horizon streams of white fire appeared to rise from altars of white light. It was awfully glorious, and beyond all description beautiful. The sky of that part of the United States, particularly in the late autumn and winter, was more frequently visited by magnificent meteors than any other with which I have been acquainted.

At that season of the year hardly an evening closed in without some apparition of brilliant light sweeping like a discarded world down through the gloom; and I have driven at night over the hills between Stockbridge and Lenox, when a perfect shower of these beautiful meteors has flashed on every side.

The extraordinary purity, dryness, and elasticity of the atmosphere in that region was, I suppose, one cause of these heavenly showers; the clear transparency of the sky by day often giving one the feeling that one was looking straight into heaven without any intermediate window of atmospheric air, while at night (especially in winter) the world of stars,

larger, brighter, more numerous than they ever seemed to me elsewhere, and yet apparently infinitely higher and farther off; were set in a depth of dark whose blackness appeared transparent rather than opaque.

Midnight after midnight I have stood, when the thermometer was twenty and more degrees below freezing, looking over the silent, snow-smothered hills round the small mountain village of Lenox, fast asleep in their embrace, and from thence to the solemn sky rising

above them like a huge iron vault hung with thousands of glittering steel weapons, from which, every now and then, a shining scimitar fell flashing earthwards; it was a cruel-looking sky, in its relentless radiance.

My solitary walks round Edinburgh have left two especial recollections in my mind; the one, pleasant, the other very sad. I will speak of the latter first; it was like a leaf out of the middle of a tragedy, of which I never knew either the beginning or the end.

Frances Anne Kemble.

AT SUNSET.

THERE comes a night, O dear and true!

Along the path that we pursue

Its shadow drinks the morning dew;

We see it creep

Across the living bloom we tread,

A thing too fugitive to dread,

And yet we weep—

Light tears for rainbow uses meet;

Half-fears, that quicken failing heat,

And prick our lazy bliss to sweet

Self-consciousness,

That else might sometimes in a trance,

Too prodigal of time and chance,

Forget to bless!

If in mid-heaven hung our sun,

If all our path were overrun

With flowers that missed the graces won

From shadows gray,

Beloved, thou mightst fail to keep

My feet from falling on the steep

And dusty way,

Nor always guard mine eyes from tears.

In the wide margin of those years

Where all the room for speech appears

That love doth crave,

The silent speech of hand to hand

Might be less dear, in that strange land

That had no grave;

Annie R. Annan.

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

IX.

It had been rather too warm on Saturday. On Sunday the breeze that draws across Woodward farm almost all summer long, from over the shoulder of Scatticong, had fallen, and the leaves of the maples along the roadside and in the grove beyond the meadow hung still as in a picture; the old Lombardy poplars at the gate shook with a faint, nervous agitation. Up the valley came the vast bath of the heat, which inundated the continent and made that day memorable for suffering and sudden death. In the cities there were sun-strokes at ten o'clock in the morning; some who kept within doors perished from exhaustion when the sun's fury was spent. The day was famous for the heat by the sea-shore, where the glare from the smooth levels of the salt seemed to turn the air to flame; at the great mountain resorts, the summer guests, sweltering among the breathless tops and valleys, longed for the sea.

Easton lay awake all night, and at dawn dressed and watched the morning gray turn to clear rose, and heard the multitude of the birds sing as if it were still June; then he lay down in his clothes again, and, meaning to wait till he could go out and sit in the freshness of the daybreak, fell asleep. When he woke, the sun was high in his window and the room was full of a sickly heat. He somehow thought Gilbert had come back, but he saw, by a glance through the door standing ajar, that his room was yet empty.

After breakfast, which could be only a formality on such a morning, even for a man not in love, he went out on the gallery of the hotel, and, as he had done the first Sunday, watched the people going to church. The village folk came as usual, but the bell brought few of the farmers and their wives. The meadows were veiled in a thin, quivering

haze of heat; far off, the hill-tops seemed to throb against the sky.

Easton saw the Woodwards drive up to the church; but Mrs. Farrell was not with them. He had not meant to go, even if she had come; yet it was a disappointment not to see her come. He went indoors and looked listlessly about the office, which had once been a bar-room, and could not have been so dreary in its wicked days as now. Its manners had not improved with its morals. It was stained with volleys adventurously launched in the direction of a spittoon, it smelt of horse and hostler, and it was as dull as a water-cooler, a hotel-register, a fragment of circus-bill, a time-table of the Pekin & Scatticong Railroad, can make a place. Easton went and sat upon the gallery till the people came out of church and dispersed; then he abruptly left the porch and struck out through the heat, across the grave-yard and along the top of a bare ridge of pasture, toward the woods that lay between the village and Woodward farm. He could think of no other place to pass the time but that which had yesterday heard him say he loved her. The whole affair had taken a dozen different phases during the night, as he turned from side to side in his sleeplessness. Once he had even beheld her in that character of arch-flirt in which Gilbert had denounced her. He saw a reckless design in what she had done, a willful purpose to test her power upon them both. But for the instant that this doubt lasted he did not cease to love her, to feel her incomparable charm. However she had wronged them, he could not do otherwise than remain true to her against every consequence. His love, which had seemed to spring into full life at the first sight of her, had been poisoned from the very beginning by the suspicion of others, and every day since then she had said or done things that were capable of being taken in the sense of consciously inso-

lent caprice; yet all her audacity might be innocent in the very measure of its excess; and there was mixed with that potential slight towards her in his heart such tenderness and sweet delight, such joy in her beauty, grace, and courage, that every attempt to analyze her acts or motives ended in a rapturous imagination of her consent to be loved by him. He could not help feeling that she had not discouraged him; he excused the delay which she had imposed; how, when he thought of the conditions which she had made, could he doubt her goodness or fail to know her regret? He went, thinking, on toward the spot he was seeking, and sometimes he walked very swiftly and sometimes he found he had stopped stock still, under the blazing sun, in attitudes of perplexity and musing. When at last he entered the dell, from the field on which they had yesterday emerged, drops of perspiration rolled down his forehead, and the shadow of the place had a sultriness of its own, in which his breath came almost as faintly as in the open sunshine of the meadows. He went toward the pool where the cattle drank, and bathed his face; then, seeking out that shelf of rock where she had sat, he laid himself down on the ledge below it and fondly strove to make her seem still there.

He fell into a deep reverie, in which he was at first sensible of a great fatigue, and then of a lightness and ease of heart such as he had not felt for the whole week past. While he lay in this tranquillity, he seemed to see Gilbert and Mrs. Farrell come laughing and talking up the glen together: Gilbert was dressed in his suit of white flannel, but she wore a gown of dark crimson silk, stiff with its rich texture, and trailing after her on the gray rocks and over the green ferns. Her head was bare, and in the dark folds of her hair was wound a string of what seemed red stones at first, like garnets in color, but proved, as she came nearer, to be the translucent berries of a poisonous vine. When she saw that they had caught his eye, she took Gilbert by the hand and called out to Easton, "Now you can't escape. He's

going to make up with you whether you will or no. I've told him everything, and he understands. Is n't it so—*major*?" They looked at each other, and, with a swift, significant glance at Easton, burst into a laugh, which afflicted him with inexpressible shame and pain. He shuddered as Gilbert took him in his arms in token of reconciliation, and then he found himself in a clutch from which he could not escape. Mrs. Farrell had vanished, but "Easton, Easton!" he heard the voice of Gilbert saying, "what's the matter?" And opening his eyes he found his friend kneeling over him and looking anxiously into his face.

"I've been asleep, have n't I?" he asked, stupidly.

"Yes, and going it on rather a high-stepping nightmare," answered Gilbert, with his old smile. "Better have a little dip at the brook;" and Easton mechanically obeyed. He drew out his handkerchief to dry his face, and knew by the perfume it shed that it was the handkerchief Mrs. Farrell had restored. His heart somehow ached as he inhaled its fragrance, and he felt the old barrier, which had not existed for the moment, reestablished between himself and Gilbert. He came and sat down constrainedly where he had been lying."

"I hope you won't be the worse, my dear fellow, for your little nap," said Gilbert. "Fortunately there is n't a spot in the universe where a man could take cold to-day."

"I think I'm all right," said Easton, and he looked down, to avoid Gilbert's eyes.

Gilbert continued to gaze at him with the amused smile of patronage which people wear at the sight of one not yet wholly emerged from the mist of dreams, and waited for a while before he spoke again. Then he said, "Easton, if you're perfectly awake, I wish you'd hear me say what a very extraordinary kind of ass I think I've been for the past week or so."

Easton looked up, and there was his friend holding out his hand to him and gazing at him with shining eyes. He

could not say anything, but he took the hand and pressed it as he had that day when they had pledged each other not to let harm come between them.

"Confound it!" Gilbert went on, "I knew all the time that I was wrong, but I had to get away before I could face the thing and fairly look it out of countenance."

"Did you have a good time?" asked Easton, his voice husky with the emotion to which he refused sentimental utterance.

"Glorious! But I missed you awfully, old fellow, — after I'd made it all right with you, — and I wish you had been with me. The trout bit like fish that had nothing on their consciences; and there was an old couple over there near the lake who supplied me with bread and milk; they could have gone into your Annals just as they are, without a change of clothing. They had three sons killed in the last fight before Petersburg; I'll tell you all about them."

"You're back later than you expected," said Easton.

"Yes; I wanted a few nights more on the pine-boughs, and so we waited for an early start this morning. We broke camp about four o'clock, and started for West Pekin with the sun. But he beat us. I never knew heat like it; it was a good thing for me that I had been toughened by a few days out-doors. We stopped for a wash in a brook about three miles back on the road, and then we steamed along again. I reached the hotel pretty soon after you left, and put on the thinnest clothes I had; and then I started for the farm. They had spied you making in this direction, and their information was so accurate that I had n't any trouble in finding you."

In spite of a visible effort to be at ease there was a note of constraint in Gilbert's voluble talk, and he seemed eager to find some matter not personal to them. He recurred to those old people at the lake, and told about them; he described the place where he had camped; he gave characteristic stories of the man whom he had taken with him and whose whole

philosophy of life he had got at in the last three days.

At the end of it all, Easton said, "I'm glad you don't think I meant you any harm, Gilbert, and I've wanted to tell you so. But for once in my life I did n't seem to be able to do the thing I ought. I could n't understand my own action. It was mortifying to think that I could have been so little myself as to have talked of that matter, and I was ashamed to recur to it; I could n't. I don't see now what I can say. There is nothing to say except that I was entirely guiltless in wounding you, and that I am altogether to blame for it."

Gilbert smiled at the paradox. "Oh, never mind it, Easton. I tell you it's all right. I really saw the thing in its true light at first; and if the devil had n't been in me, I should n't have mentioned it. Nobody blames *you*."

There was ever so slight an implication of superiority in the last words which stung Easton, however unmeant he knew it to be, and he rejoined anxiously, "Yes, but I *was* to blame; it's unjust *not* to blame me."

Gilbert had thrown himself back on the flat rock, and was looking at the leaves above, with the back of his head resting in the hollow of his clasped hands. He turned his face a little towards Easton, and asked with a smile, "Are n't you making it a little difficult? Let it all go, my dear old fellow. There never was anything of it; why should we make something of it now?"

"How can I let it go?" cried Easton. "I either wronged you and was to blame, or else was not to blame because I was simply the helpless means of wronging you. It leaves me in a very cruel position; I must refuse your forgiveness or accept it at the cost of one who was entirely innocent. If I let it go as it is, I skulk behind a woman, who, as far as you are concerned, was really the victim of my own folly and weakness."

Gilbert rose to a sitting posture and looked coldly at his friend. "I want you to take notice," he said, "that I have mentioned no one, that I have tried to pass the matter *all* over. You

have no right to put it as you do." His eyes began to flash, and he went on recklessly: "And if you come to talk of cruel positions, I leave you to say what you can for a man who will let his friend go as long as you have let me go, without saying the word that might have removed his sense of a cruelly injurious slight."

Easton hung down his head: "I have nothing to say in my defense."

"Oh!" groaned Gilbert. "I beg your pardon; I do indeed, Easton. I didn't mean to say that."

"It makes very little difference whether you say or think your contempt of me," rejoined Easton, gloomily. "It can't be greater than the contempt I feel for myself."

He looked so piteously abased, so hopelessly humiliated, that Gilbert came and laid his arm across his shoulder — the nearest that an American can come to embracing his friend. "Look here, let's stop this thing right here, or it will get the upper hand of us in another minute. Come, now, I won't make another apology if you won't! Is it quits?"

Easton caught Gilbert's humor, and laughed the ghost of his odd, reluctant laugh. "It's safest," he said; "it seems to be the only way to keep from coming to blows. Besides, it's superfluous on your part."

"Oh, I can't allow that," retorted Gilbert, "if I may say so without offense," he added with mock anxiety.

"Gilbert," Easton began, after a little silence, "I suppose you must know what I would like to tell you?"

Gilbert, who had resumed his former place, glanced at his friend from the corner of his eye. "Yes, I think I can guess it."

"Well?"

"Why, my dear fellow, it's so very completely and rightly your own affair, that I can have nothing to say if you tell it. A man does n't ask his friend for advice in such matters; he asks him for sympathy, for congratulation."

Easton gave a little sigh. "And that you're not prepared to offer," he said with a miserable smile.

"Why, Easton!" exclaimed the other. "Is n't this rather a new line for you? Since when have you wanted *my* approval of any course you were to take? You used to make up your mind to a thing and do it, and *then* ask my approval."

"Approval is n't the question, quite," said Easton, nettled. "There's nothing to approve or to disapprove."

"I admit the word's clumsy," answered Gilbert, shortly.

Easton said nothing for a little while, and then he spoke soberly: "I don't want to force any confidence on you, Gilbert; and after what's passed I know it's natural for you to shrink from having anything to do with this affair of mine; it is completely my own, as you say. But I can't have things remain as they are in your mind in regard to — to Mrs. Farrell. You know that I'm in love with her; it's no secret; I would n't mind shouting it from the housetop, even if she had refused me a hundred times. But she has n't. I have told her that I love her; and she has n't forbidden me; I don't know whether she has warranted me in hoping, or not; but she has imposed conditions on my speaking to her again, and that is something."

He glanced appealingly at Gilbert, who sat up and confronted him. "Easton," he said, with an indefinable air of uncandor, "we never spoke of Mrs. Farrell together but once, and then I said things which, if I could have supposed you were going to take her so seriously, I would n't have said. You know that."

"Yes, I know that, Gilbert," answered Easton, affectionately.

"Well; and now what do you want me to say? You must let me hold my tongue. It's the only way. I will respect you in whatever you do. As for the lady who may some day forbid you to bring me to dinner any more, the least said is the soonest mended."

"Yes; but you are very unjust to her." The words seemed to have escaped from Easton, who looked a trifle alarmed after speaking them.

"Unjust? Unjust! You're right;

I revise my opinion; I think I did n't do her justice."

"What do you mean?" demanded Easton.

Gilbert gave a short laugh.

"You must know, Gilbert," said Easton, breathing quickly, "that this is very insulting to me."

"I beg your pardon. I don't mean to insult you, Heaven knows. But I do ask your leave to be silent."

"And I ask you to hear me patiently. Will you?"

"I will, indeed."

Easton opened his lips as if to speak, but he did not speak at once; he did not seem to find the words or the thoughts so ready as he expected.

"I never blamed you," he began finally, "for any judgment you formed of her character, and I certainly invited the expression of it. I know that what she says and does sometimes can be harshly interpreted," and again he hesitated, "but I'm sure any one who will make a generous interpretation" —

"I'll try," interrupted Gilbert, "I'll adopt any generous interpretation you offer of her experiment upon the strength of our regard. How does she explain it herself?"

"She explains it" — began Easton, "she made it a condition of my speaking to her again — she told me to say" —

He choked with the words, and Gilbert was silent. "Oh, my dear, dear old Easton," he broke out at last, "do let it all go! What's Mrs. Farrell to me or I to her? If you are in love with her, why, marry her and be done with it. I could imagine any woman's turning constant by virtue of your loving her, and I've no doubt she'll be the best wife in the world for you. I take back all I said of her."

"It is n't that; it's what you have n't said. It's what you think," said Easton, hotly.

"Oh good Lord! And what is it I think?"

"You exonerate me from all blame in the cause of our disagreement."

"Yes, I do!"

"But if you exonerate me at her ex-

pense, you disgrace and dishonor me; you offer me a reconciliation that no man can accept."

Gilbert did not answer, and seemed to have made up his mind not to answer. Easton went on: "She feels so deeply the trouble between us that she charged me to make friends with you at any cost; not to spare her in the least — to" —

Easton hesitated, and Gilbert said, "Well?" but the other did not go on. Then Gilbert said, "I have no comment to make on all this. What do you wish me to do?"

"To do? What do I wish? Do you think you don't owe it to her to say?" —

Gilbert laughed aloud. "That she acted from the highest motives throughout? No, I certainly don't think that," he said, and then he began to grow pale, while Easton reddened angrily. "By Heaven," Gilbert broke out, "it seems that I have misunderstood this case. I supposed that between you you had somehow used me ill, but it appears that I have done an injury to a meek and long-suffering angel. I supposed that she had cunningly turned the chance you gave her against me, and meant, if she could n't make me feel her power one way, to make me feel it another. I supposed she intended to break us apart, and to be certain of *you* at any cost. But I'll interpret her *generously*, since you wish me to. I'll say that I acquit her of any particular malevolence. I'll say that she merely wanted to over-punish me, like a woman, for some offense in my words or manner; or I'll say that she acted from an empty and reckless caprice; that it was curiosity drove her to follow up the clew which you had given her, — for motives of your own; I won't judge them. I'll say that I believe she was frightened when she saw the mischief she had done, and would have undone it if she could; though I'm not so sure of that, either! You think she might be induced to forgive me, do you? Will you undertake to tell her what I say, and make my peace with her?" he asked offensively, his nostrils dilating. "I've had enough of this!" — and he rose.

Easton had sat silent under this torrent of bitterness. He now sprang to his feet.

"Stop!" he shouted. "You have got to take back every word"—

"Don't be a fool, Easton!"

Easton ground his teeth. "You take a base advantage of what has passed between us; you rely on my forbearance to"—

"Oh! Passed between us!" sneered Gilbert. "Your forbearance! What do you think of the forbearance of a man who could lend himself to an infamous scoundrel's revenge; who could consent to rise at his friend's expense, and then live to boast of it to a woman?"

Easton choked. "What do you think," he cried with equal outrage, "of a man who could urge me to do what I did, and always refuse to do or be anything that could cancel my regret, holding my consent in reproach over me through years of fraud and hypocrisy, to fling it in my face at last?"

Their friendship, honored and dear so long, was in the dust between them, and they trampled it under foot with the infernal hate that may have always lurked, a possible atrocity, in their hearts, silenced, darkened, put to shame by the perpetual kindness of their daily lives.

It remained for Gilbert, with all the insult he could wreak in the demand, to ask, "Is that Mrs. Farrell's interpretation of my motives?" and then they were in the mood to kill, if they had been armed. But so much of the personal sanctity in which they had held each other remained instinctive with them that they could not inflict the final shame of blows.

They stood face to face in silence, and then Gilbert turned and walked slowly down toward the opening of the glen; Easton made a few mechanical paces after him. When Gilbert reached the border of the meadow, he stopped, and, with whatever motive, went swiftly back to the scene of their quarrel. He came in sight of the spot, but Easton was not to be seen there; he quickened his going almost to a run; and then he saw Easton lying at the brink of the pool. There

was a slight cut along his temple, from which the blood ran curling into the clear basin, where it hung distinct, like a spire of smoke in crystal air.

X.

Gilbert knelt at the side of the man who was his friend again, and caught up his head and dashed his face from the pool, while a groan broke from his own lips—the anguish of the sex which our race forbids to weep. He stanchd the blood with his handkerchief, and then felt in Easton's pocket for another to bind over the wound; and as he folded it in his hands it emitted a fragrance that pierced him with a certain puzzling suggestion, and added to his sorrow a keener sting of remorseful shame.

Easton unclosed his eyes at last, and looked up at him. "Did you strike me, Gilbert?" he asked.

"No, no,—oh no! God knows I did n't! How could I strike you, my dear old boy?"

"I thought you did; you would have done well to kill me. I had outraged you to the death."

"Oh, Easton, I came here wanting to be friends with you, to make it all right again. And now"—

"I know that. It is all right. Whose blood is this? Were you hurt? Oh—mine! Yes, I must have fainted, and cut myself in falling. I've felt queer all day. This heat has been too much for me. How long ago was it?"

"How long? I don't know. Just now."

"I thought it was longer. It seems a great while ago."

He closed his eyes, wearily, and Gilbert stood looking ruefully down upon him. After a little while he rose giddily to his feet. "Will you help me home, Gilbert?" he asked, as he leaned tremulously against a rock.

"You could never walk to the hotel, Easton," said Gilbert. Easton sat down again, and Gilbert stared at him in perplexed silence. "By heavens!" he broke out, "I don't know what to do,

exactly. If you were over at the farm, we could get their carryall and drive you to the hotel; but your room would be horribly close and hot after you got there."

"I can't go to the farm-house," said Easton, with languid impatience, "and run the chances of making a scene; I could n't stand *that*, you know."

"No; you could n't stand that," assented Gilbert, gloomily. "But it would be much the same thing at the hotel, with more women to assist. Faint?" he asked, looking anxiously at Easton's face.

"A little. You'd better wet my head," answered Easton, taking off the handkerchief that bound up his face. Gilbert did so, and then left the dripping handkerchief on Easton's head. "Thanks. That's good. We'll stay here a while. It's the best place, after all. It's cool as any," he said, looking refreshed.

Gilbert watched his face anxiously; but he was at his wits' end, and they both sat silent. He looked at his watch; it was two o'clock. He grimly waited half an hour, exchanging a word with Easton now and then, and freshening the handkerchief at the pool from time to time. The opening of the glen darkened, and the steady glare on the meadow beyond ceased. Gilbert walked down to the edge of the pasture and looked out. A heavy cloud hid the sun. "Look here, Easton, this won't do," he said when he came back. "It's going to rain, and you've got to get under shelter, somehow. We must run the gauntlet to the back of the farm-house, and try to find some conveyance to the hotel. Do you think you could manage to walk with my help across the meadow? The sun's behind a cloud, now, and I don't think it would hurt you."

"Oh, yes," said Easton, "I can walk very well. Just give me your arm, a little way."

They set out, and toiled slowly up the long meadow slope, slanting their course in the direction of the orchard behind the house. Easton hung more heavily on his friend's arm as they drew nearer.

"Do you suppose we've been seen?" he panted, as they stepped through a gap in the orchard wall.

"No; there is n't a woman on watch; not a solitary soul. They're every one asleep—confound 'em," said Gilbert, in the fervent irrelevancy of his gratitude. "Now you sit here, Easton, and I'll run up to the kitchen door and tell one of the boys to get out his team, and we'll have you out of harm's way in half a minute."

Easton sank upon a stone, and Gilbert ran toward the house under cover of the orchard trees. He was not out of sight when Easton heard women's voices behind a cluster of blackberry brambles near the wall on the left; then, without being able to stir, he heard the sweep of dresses over the grass toward him; he knew that in the next instant he was to be discovered; he rose with a desperate effort and confronted Mrs. Farrell and the two young girls, Miss Alden and Miss Jewett, who were lamenting the heat, and wondering how soon it would rain.

He felt rather than heard them stop, and he made some weak paces towards them, essaying a ghastly smile as he lifted his eyes to Mrs. Farrell's face. Then he saw her blench at his pallor, and saw her see the cut on his temple. "I've had a fall, and a little scratch. It's nothing. Don't mind it. Gilbert"—

A killing chagrin, such as only a man can feel who finds himself unmanned in the presence of her he loves, was his last sensation as he sank in the grass before her. The young girls fled backward, but she rushed toward him with a wild cry, "Oh, he's dead!" and in another moment the people came running out of the house and thronged round them with question, and injurious good-will, and offers to have him taken to their rooms. Gilbert came with them, and flung up his fists in despair. Mrs. Farrell had Easton's head upon her knee, and was sprinkling his face from one of many proffered flagons of cologne. "No, he shall not go to your room," she vehemently retorted upon the last hospitable

zealot, "he shall go to mine; he is mine!" she said. "Here, Rachel, Ben, Mrs. Woodward — will you help me?"

The others fell back at her brave confession, and they all began to like her. They meekly suffered themselves to be dispersed, and they cowered together on the piazza while a messenger ran for the doctor. Then, while the ladies waited his report, they talked together in low tones, though they were separated from Mrs. Farrell's room by the whole depth of the house. Not a voice dissented from the praises of the heroine of a love episode whose dramatic interest reflected lustre upon them all. The ladies were even more enthusiastic than the men, and several rebuked their husbands, who had formerly been too forward in doing justice to Mrs. Farrell, for coldness in responding now to their own pleasure in her.

"George, how *can* you smoke?" asked the youngest of the married ladies, and reproachfully drew her husband's newspaper away from him and sent him into the orchard with his cigar. Another made her husband take the children away for a walk, in order that the ladies might not be distracted by their play while attending the verdict of the physician. The common belief was that Easton would die, and in the mean time they excited themselves over the question as to how, when, and where he had fallen. The husband with the cigar was suffered to approach and say that he had known an old fellow once who had been out in the heat a good deal, and had gone into the woods to cool off, and had come home in the evening with a cut in his head and a story that he had been attacked and knocked down.

"Yes," said one of the ladies, who had a logical mind, "but Mr. Easton does n't pretend to have been knocked down, and — and he isn't an old fellow."

"I was going to say," retorted the smoker, taking a good long whiff, with half-closed eyes, insensible to the frantically gesticulated protest of his wife, "that this old fellow was supposed not to have been attacked at all; he had

got giddy with the heat and tumbled over and barked his skull against a tree, and then fancied he'd been knocked down; they often do."

The theory seemed to have reason in it, but the language in which it was clothed made it too repulsive for acceptance, and there was open resentment of it by the tribunal before which it was offered. At this moment the doctor was seen slanting down the grass toward the gate from the side door; the ladies called after him and captured him.

"The wound is a very slight matter," said the doctor; "but Mr. Easton had something like a sunstroke this summer in New York, and is very sensitive to the heat."

"Yes, yes," said the spokeswoman, eager for all, "but what happened to him? How did he get hurt?"

"His friend thinks he was overcome by the heat and struck his face against a point of rock in falling, over there in the valley by the sugar orchard."

"There!" said the young wife, who at heart had felt keenly injured by the indifference to her husband's theory, "it's just as George said. Oh, *George!*" She took him by the arm, joying in his wisdom, and looked fondly into his face, while he smoked imperturbably.

"Yes, but will he get well?" tremulously demanded the spokeswoman of the group, pursuing the doctor on his way to the gate.

"Oh, I think so," said the doctor; "he's got the temperature in his favor now;" for though the threatened storm had passed without rain, it had left the air much cooler.

The doctor mounted into his buggy and chirruped to his horse, and drove off. He came again in the evening, and said they had better not move Easton to the hotel that night, left his prescriptions, and went away.

Mrs. Woodward and Rachel began to talk together about where they should put Easton.

"Put him!" cried Mrs. Farrell, emerging upon them where they stood in a dimly lighted group with Gilbert and Mrs. Gilbert just outside the door.

She had an armful of draperies of which she had been dismantling her closet. "He's not to be put *anywhere*. I'm going to stay with Rachel, and he's to stay where he is till he gets perfectly well. It would kill him to move him!" The women were impressed, and looked to see conviction in Gilbert's face.

"It would kill him to keep him where he is, Mrs. Farrell," said Gilbert, dryly. "A man can't stand too much kindness in his sensitive state. You must have some regard for his helplessness. He would never let you turn out of your room for him in the world; and if you try to make him, it will simply worry him to death. It'll be gall and wormwood to him any way, to think of the trouble he's given. You must have a little mercy on him."

Gilbert had to make a long fight in behalf of his friend; he ended by painting Easton's terrors of a scene, when they were coming toward the farm-house from the glen.

Opinion began to veer round to his side. "Well, well," cried Mrs. Farrell, passionately, "take him away from me,—take him where you will! You let me do nothing for him; you think him nothing to me!"

"If he could stay where he is for the night," said Mrs. Woodward, "he could have Mrs. Burroughs's room to-morrow; she's going to the sea-side and won't want it any more."

This matter-of-fact proposal seemed so reasonable that it united the faltering opposition, and Mrs. Farrell had to give way. In their hearts, no doubt, all the women sighed over the situation's loss of ideality. At parting, Mrs. Gilbert took Mrs. Farrell's hand, and went so far as to kiss her. "I don't think you need be anxious," the older woman said. "The doctor says he needs nothing but care and quiet, and he'll be well again in a few days. Even now I can't help congratulating you. I did n't know matters had gone so far—so soon. My dear," she added, after a little hesitation, "I'm afraid I haven't quite done you justice. I thought—excuse my saying it now—I thought perhaps you were amusing

yourself. I beg your pardon in all humbleness."

"Oh don't, *don't*, Mrs. Gilbert!" cried Mrs. Farrell, and cast her arms about her neck, and sobbed there. She went to Rachel's room, and changed her dress for a charming gown in which she could just lie down and jump up in an instant. She bound her hair in a simple knot, and when she came back to her own room with her lamp held high and shaded with one hand, she looked like a stylish Florence Nightingale with a dash of Lady Macbeth.

Gilbert was sitting there in the dark, beside a table on which the light revealed a curious store of medicines and restoratives, the contribution of all the boarders: five or six flagons of cologne and one of bay-rum; a case-bottle of brandy; a bottle of Bourbon whisky; a pint of Bass's pale ale; the medicines left by the doctor; some phials of homœopathic pellets from Mrs. Stevenson, who used the high-potency medicines; a tiny bottle of liquid nux from Mrs. Gilbert, who preferred the appreciable doses, and despised all who did not; a lemon; three oranges; a box of guava jelly—from one of the young girls. Mrs. Farrell's tragic gaze met Gilbert's lowering eyes, and wandered with them to this array; they both smiled, but she was the first to frown. She beckoned him from the room, and "Here is your lamp," she said. "Don't turn it down or it will smoke, but set it where it won't shine in his eyes. I'm going to be there in that room." She pointed down the passage-way toward Rachel's door. "If he needs the least thing you're to call me." Her severity would have admonished any levity that lingered in Gilbert's heavy heart, as she put the lamp in his hand.

"Let me light you back to your room," he said, with moody humility.

"No, I can find the way perfectly well in the dark," she answered. "Or—yes, you had better come, so as to make sure of the right door in case you need me. You think I tried to make you quarrel!" she said in a swift undertone, as they passed down the hall; "but

I never meant it, and you *know* that, whatever you think. Oh, I have been punished, punished! But I'm glad you held out against me about the room," she added. "He would have been as true to you; and if you had let me do anything to make him seem silly, I should have hated you!"

He saw with a man's helplessness the tremor of her lips, and then she had opened and closed the door, and he stood blankly staring at it.

In the morning Easton was well enough to sit up in an easy-chair, and was fretfully eager to return to his hotel. It was clear that he was intensely vexed at having caused the sensation of the day before, and that the fear of giving further trouble galled him with the keenest shame. They were only too glad to release him from the fond imprisonment to which Mrs. Farrell would have sentenced him, on condition that he would consent to occupy the room vacated by Mrs. Burroughs for a few days, and be cared for better than he could be at the hotel, until he was quite well again.

But in a few days he was not quite so well. He fell from his dull languor into a low fever, and from feebly lounging about his room, and drowsing in an easy-chair, it came to his not rising one morning at all.

Thus his hold upon the happiness so fiercely pursued, and now within his grasp, relaxed, and a vast vagueness encompassed him, in which he strove with one colossal task: to make Gilbert see a certain matter as he saw it, which was not at all the matter of their quarrel, but some strange abstraction, he never could make out what; though their agreement upon it was a vital necessity. He was never delirious, but he was never sure of anything; a veil was drawn between his soul and all experience; he could not tell, when he had been asleep, that he had slept; his waking was a dream; the world moved round him in elusive shadow.

He was what one of the ladies called comfortably sick. It was not thought from the first that he was in danger, and as it turned out, he was not. But if

he had lain for a month at the point of death, he could not have been more precious to that houseful of women, who enjoyed every instant of the poetic situation; maid and matron, those tender hearts were alike glad of the occasion to renew in this fortunate reality their faith in romance, and they turned fondly to Mrs. Farrell for a fulfillment of their ideal of devotion. It looked on the face of things rather like expecting devotion from a Pompeian fresco, so little did her signal beauty seem related to the exigency, so far should sickness and sorrow have been from her world. But here Mrs. Farrell most disappointed those who most feared her picturesque inadequacy. She threw herself into her part with inspiration; rising far above the merely capable woman, she made her care of Easton a work of genius, and not only divined his wants and ministered to his comfort with a success that surprised all experience, but dealt so cunningly with his moods that he was at last flattered into submission if not resignation. In the beginning he was indeed a most refractory object of devotion; he chafed so bitterly against his helpless lapse into the fever, he was in such a continual revolt against his hospitable detention at the farm-house, and was so weighed down, through all the hazy distance in which his life ebbed from actual events, with the shame of being a burden, that no magic less than hers could have consoled him. But she overcame his scruples and reconciled him to fate, so that it did not seem an unfair advantage to inflict the kindness against which he could not struggle; and she had her way with him, even to excess. Since she was not allowed to give up her room to him, she devoted herself in the moments of her leisure to the decoration of his chamber. She upholstered it almost anew with contributions from the ladies of scraps of chintz, mosquito-netting, and dotted muslin; she shut out the garish light with soft curtains; she put on the plain mirror and toilet table what Gilbert called a French cap and overskirt, and she furbelowed the mantel-

piece. She took Mrs. Woodward's ivies and trained them up the corners, and she had a great vase on the table, often renewed with autumnal wild flowers, ferns, and the firstlings of the reddening sumac leaves. As a final offering she brought in her spinning-wheel — the mania was then just beginning — and set it by the hearth. It must be owned that when all was done the place had a certain spectacularity; the furniture and ornaments wore somehow the air of properties; on the window seats, which she had contrived for greater coziness of effect, it was not quite safe to sit down. But her friends — and all the ladies were her friends now — easily forgave this to her real efficiency and her unsparing self-sacrifice; the two young girls worshipped the carpets she trod upon, and the whole sympathetic household sighed in despair at the perfection with which she, as one may say, costumed the part. She had ordinarily indulged a taste for those strong hues that went best with her Southern beauty, but now her robes were of the softest color and texture; she moved in slippers that made no sound; in emblem of devotion to the sick-room she denied herself every ornament; at first she even left off her Etruscan ear-rings, and kept only a limp scarf of dark red silk, tied at her throat in a sentiment of passionate neglect. In behalf of Easton's peaceful dreams she banished the Japanese fans, with their nightmare figures, and as she sat fanning him with a quaint, old-fashioned fan of white feathers, which she had skillfully mounted on a long handle, her partisans declared, some that she looked like an Eastern queen, other some, like an Egyptian slave. They remembered her afterwards in this effect, and also how she used to look as she stood at dusk lighting the little tapers which she had found at a queer country store in an out-of-the-way village of the neighborhood, and setting them afloat in a vase of oil, to illumine the chamber during the night. She realized the character as thoroughly in other respects; she met the friendliness all round her with gentle appreciation, availed herself of it little or noth-

ing, and for the most part quietly withdrew from it. Her defiant airs were all laid aside; her prevailing mood was serious; she often spoke earnestly of matters which certainly had not commanded her open reverence before; there was a great change in her, in every way, and some, who had always longed to like her, liked her now with thankful hearts for the opportunity. Amongst these Mrs. Gilbert made her advances like one who has an atonement to offer; Mrs. Farrell frankly accepted the tacit regret, and visited a good deal in her room.

But as the sick man's disorder slowly ran its course, and the days took him further and further from any joy in her, Mrs. Farrell seemed to lose her hold of the situation, and another change came over her, in which she fell from her high activities into a kind of dull and listless patience, and dragged out the time, uncheered by the inspiration that had hitherto upheld her. She seemed not to know what to do. The spring was gone, the impulse exhausted, in that strange nature, which knew itself perhaps as little as others knew it. Those were the days when she surrendered her authority to Rachel, and served under her about Easton, who had also fallen largely to the care of Gilbert and Ben Woodward. Few young ladies would not willingly assume the task of nursing a young man through a low fever in a romance, but the reality is different. If it had been something short and sharp, a matter of a week's supreme self-devotion, it would doubtless have been otherwise with her; she was capable of great things, but a long trial of her endurance must finally lose its meaning. She had times of melancholy in which she sat behind her closed doors for hours, or when she went lonely walks through the woods or fields. She withdrew herself more and more from the society that sought her, and got a habit of consorting with poor old Nehemiah as he dug his potatoes or gathered his beans, and seemed to find him a relief and shelter. Heaven knows what they talked of. Doubtless, as she followed him from one potato-hill to another, and listened to

his discourse, he admired her taste for serious conversation, and was obscurely touched that such resplendent beauty should be so meekly contented with his company. She no longer teased Ben Woodward, whose open secret of a passion for her she used to recognize so freely; she was the boy's very humble servant in manner; and to Rachel's efficiency and constancy she was the stricken thrall. It was touching to see how willingly subservient she was to the girl, and how glad she was to be of any use that Rachel could think of. One night, after they had sat a long time silent by the taper's glimmer while Easton slept, she suddenly caught Rachel by the arm, and whispered, "Why don't you say it? How can you keep thinking it and thinking it, and never say it? For pity's sake, speak this once, and tell me that you know I did it all, and that you despise me!"

"I don't judge you," said Rachel; "and I have no right to despise any one. You know, yourself, whether you are to blame for anything."

"Do you think I acted heartlessly that day when I made fun of him — there in the school-house?"

"I *did* think so, then."

"Do you now? Do you believe I'm sorry?"

"How can I tell? You seemed unfeeling then, but I don't believe you were; and you seem sorry now?" —

"And you don't believe I am! Oh me, I wonder if I am! Rachel, you do believe I know how to feel, don't you?"

"How can you ask such a thing as that?" returned the girl in a startled accent.

"I wonder if I do! It seems to me that I know how to feel, but that I never feel. It seems to me that I am always acting out the thing I ought to be or want to be, and never being it. Don't trust me, Rachel — not even now; I think that I'm very remorseful and sorry, but who knows if I am? I keep asking myself what I should do if he were to die — what would become of me. I try to scare myself about it; but my soul seems to be in a perfect torpor;

I can't stir it. Rachel, Rachel! I *did* try to make him in love with me — all I could. There was such a deadly charm in it — his perfect faith in me, whatever I said or did. But it frightened me at last, too; and I did n't know what to do; and that day when I behaved so about him, I was frantic; if I had n't made fun of him, the thought of what I had done would have killed me. But I honored him all the time. Oh, he was my true, true lover; and when I thought how recklessly I had gone on, it almost drove me wild. Rachel, do you know what I did?" She poured out the whole story, and then she said, "But now I seem not to be able to care any more. It's all like a dream: it's some one running and running after me, and I am laughing and beckoning him on, and all of a sudden there he lies without help or motion; it can't give him any pleasure to see me, now; I can't do anything for him that some one else can't do better, or that he won't be as glad of from another. It's as if he were in prison, and I sat at the door outside, waiting in this horrible lethargy. When he comes out, what will he say to me? I think that I should die if he upbraided me; but if he did n't I should go mad. No, no! That's what some other woman would do. Rachel, isn't it awful to bring all these things home to yourself, and yet not suffer from them? Oh, but I care — I care because I can't care. My heart lies like a stone in my breast, and I'm furious because I can't break it, or hurt it. Rachel, if you give way before me I don't know where I shall end. You must never yield to me, no matter what mood I'm in, or else I shall lose the one real friend I have in the world — the only one I can be myself to, if there is really anything of me."

As she ceased to speak, Gilbert came in to take his place for the night. He asked Rachel in a low voice what was next to be done, but he took no notice of Mrs. Farrell save to give her a slight nod.

No one else treated her with coldness now; but in his manner toward her there still lingered a trace of resentment. It

had a tone of irony, to which she submitted meekly, like one resolved to bear a just penalty; and if there were times when he forgot to be severe and she forgot to be sad, then afterwards he was the more satirical and she the more patient. It began to be said by some of the ladies that Mr. Gilbert had rather a capricious temper; but he had his defenders, who maintained that he was merely run down with worry and confinement over his friend.

One day he came into Mrs. Gilbert's room, and found Mrs. Farrell with her. He offered to go away if he had burst upon a confidential interview, seeing that they fell silent at his coming, but Mrs. Farrell said that they had just finished their talk, and that now she was going.

Gilbert did not sit down after he had closed the door upon her, but took two or three lounging turns about the room. "It's very pleasant to see you and Mrs. Farrell such friends, Susan," he said at last. "It's really millennial. But which is the wolf and which is the lamb?"

He laughed his short laugh, and Mrs. Gilbert answered nervously, "You know very well I told you, the first time we talked of her, that I liked her."

"You said she fascinated you. The spell seems to have deepened. You used to find some little imperfections in her."

"Well, and who pretends that I don't see them now?"

"Oh, not I. But I'm affected to see you so lenient to them of late. Did you know that she was a person of strong religious convictions?"

"What do you mean, William?"

"Nothing. She has found out that Easton and I are in a sort of suspense about such matters, and she says it is terrible. She can only account for our being able to endure it by supposing that men are different, more self-centred, not so dependent as women. She considers the Woodwards a high example of the efficacy of a religious training in the formation of character. She says she is not like Rachel; that she has an

undisciplined nature, and was too irregularly trained, first in her father's belief and then in a convent. What was her father's belief? I suppose some sort of marine Methodism of the speaking-trumpet pitch. She wants my advice as to a course of reading in the modern philosophy; she thinks every Christian ought to know how his faith is being assailed."

Gilbert stopped in his walk, and looked gravely at his sister-in-law, who gave a troubled sigh. "What right have you to suppose she is n't perfectly in earnest now, William?"

"None; I think she thinks she is."

"She has shown so much more character, so much more heart, than I ever supposed she had, in this affair, that I'm glad to believe we were mistaken about her in several essential ways. The fact is, I always did have a sort of sneaking fondness for her, and now I'm determined to indulge it; so you need n't come to laugh about her in my sleeve, William. I'm an ardent Farrellite, and have been — ever since I found out that she was in love with your friend. Don't you think she's very devoted to him?"

"Oh, I dare say. He's not in a state for devotion to tell upon, exactly."

Mrs. Gilbert looked baffled. Presently she asked, "Are she and Rachel Woodward as good friends as ever?"

"How do I know?" returned Gilbert, resuming his walk. "That's a curious girl, Susan. One meets enough good women in the world; I've always been able to believe in them," he said, stopping at Mrs. Gilbert's side to take her hand and kiss it; "in fact, the worst women seem pretty good, if one will only compare them with one's self; but I don't think I've understood, before, just the sort of feminine goodness that the unbroken tradition of your New England religiousness produces. Puritanism has fairly died out of the belief, — I don't care what people profess to believe, — but in such a girl as Rachel Woodward, all that was good in it seems to survive in the life. She's more like Easton than any other human being I know; they're both unerringly sincere; they're

both faithful through thick and thin to what they think is right; only you can't help feeling that there's something Quixotic in Easton's noblest moods, and that he has an arrogant scorn of meaner morals than his own. But her purity does n't seem to judge anything but itself, and her goodness and veracity always seem to refer themselves to something outside of her. You can see before she speaks how she is considering her phrase, and choosing just the words that shall give her mind with scriptural scruple against superfluity; if you know the facts, you know what she will say, for she's almost divinely without variableness or shadow of turning where the truth is concerned. It's awful; it makes me hang my head for shame, to watch the working of that vestal soul of hers. And with all this inflexibility, you might call it angularity, of rectitude, she has a singular charm, a distinctly feminine charm."

"Oh, indeed! And what is her charm?"

"Poh, Susan!" said Gilbert, looking askance at her. "Don't make me think you can be guilty of bad taste."

"Oh, well; I won't, I won't, my dear boy! I didn't mean to," cried Mrs. Gilbert. "It *was* rather foolish in me to interrupt you."

"I can't call it an interruption, exactly; I had got to the end of my say."

He went off to Easton's room, where he found Rachel Woodward putting things in order for the evening, and he smiled to see with what conscientious regard she preserved Mrs. Farrell's arrangements, as matters having a sacred claim to which no reforms of her own could have pretended, and yet managed somehow to imbue all that picturesqueness with a quality of home-like comfort. He nodded to her, and said he was going out for a short walk.

On the road he overtook Mrs. Farrell, who was moving rather sadly along by herself. Her face brightened as she turned and saw him; but she waited for him to speak.

"Where are your inseparable comrades?" he asked.

"Oh!" said she. "Jenny Alden isn't very well, this afternoon, and Miss Jewett has gone over with Mrs. Stevenson to Quopsaug."

"Quop—what?" asked Gilbert, stopping short.

"Quopsaug," repeated Mrs. Farrell, simply. "Did you never hear of it?"

"No, I never heard of Quopsaug. Is it—vegetable or mineral?"

"It's vegetable, I believe. At least it vegetates. It's a place—a huddle of unpainted wooden houses in a little hollow at the foot of Scatticong, on the east side. It has a Folly and it has a Bazar. But I wonder Quopsaug has n't come up long ago in our poverty-stricken conversation. I suppose every one must have thought everybody else had talked you to death about it."

"No," said Gilbert. "What do people go to Quopsaug for?"

"To see the Folly,—that's the store-keeper's mansion; and to buy things out of the Bazar—that's his store. And to wheedle the inhabitants generally out of their spinning-wheels; at least that's what Mrs. Stevenson's gone for to-day."

"And is Quopsaug a nickname?"

"No; it's one of those musical Indian names we're so fond of in New England. The people adopted it thirty or forty years ago, when they started a cotton mill—which failed—there. The place used to be called East Leander, but they re-christened it Quopsaug, after a chief who scalped the first settler, and then became a praying Indian, and lies over there in the Quopsaug grave-yard, under a Latin epitaph. You ought to go to Quopsaug."

"I must," said Gilbert, absently; the talk dropped, and they walked on in silence till they came to a rise in the road overlooking a swampy meadow. In the midst of this stood a slim, consumptive young maple in a hectic of premature autumnal tints, and with that conscious air which the first colored trees have.

"I suppose you would like a branch of that," said Gilbert, "for your vase."

"Why, yes," assented Mrs. Farrell.

When he brought it to her, she had turned about and was facing homeward. "An olive branch?" she asked, with a tentative little burlesque.

"If you like," said Gilbert, with a laugh that was not gay. "It is n't quite the color; but it's olive branch enough for all the peace you probably mean, and it's sufficiently angry-looking for war when you happen to feel like making trouble again."

The leaves were mainly of a pallid yellow, but their keen points and edges were red as if dipped in blood. She flung the bough away and started forward, dashing the back of her hand passionately across her eyes.

It was as though he had struck her. He made haste to come up with her. "Mrs. Farrell," he faltered, dismayed at the words that had escaped him, "I've been atrociously rude."

"Oh, not unusually so!" she said, darting a look upon him from gleaming eyes, while her lips quivered. "You seem to feel authorized to give me pain whenever you like. You need n't do so much to make me know the difference between yourself and Mr. Easton."

Gilbert's face darkened. "Upon my word," he said, "I think the less you say about that the better."

"Why?" she retorted, trembling all over with excitement. "You force me every moment to remember his magnanimity and generosity; all your words and acts teach me how friendless I am without him. He never could believe so ill of a woman as you do; but if the case were changed, I don't think he would choose the part of my torturer. And you are his *friend*!" She broke, and the tears fell down her face.

Gilbert walked speechless beside her. "It's true," he said at last, "Easton is a better man than I; he's a manlier man, if you like, — or if you mean that." She did not speak, but she slightly slackened her fierce pace, and seemed to be waiting for him to speak again.

"But I did n't know that I had been giving you so much pain. I'm sorry — I'm ashamed — with all my heart. I ask your pardon."

"Yes, yes! I know how you say all that. Oh, I know the superior stand you take! I know how you say to yourself, 'It's my business to treat her handsomely for Easton's sake, whatever I think of her. Come, I'll do the right thing, at any rate!' — You ask my pardon. Thanks, thanks; I give it in all meekness. Yes, let there be a truce between us. I can't choose but be glad to be let alone. Will you walk on and leave me, now, Mr. Gilbert, or let me leave you?"

"No, I can't part from you so. Let it be peace, not a truce. I make no such reservations as you imagine. I beseech you to pardon my brutality, and to forget my rudeness."

She halted, and impulsively stretched out her hand toward him, and then suddenly withdrew it before he could take it. "Wait," she said seriously. "I can't be friends with you yet, till I know whether you really think me worthy. If you don't, you shall have no forgiveness of mine. You must be more than sorry that you hurt my feelings."

"I will be as much sorry, and about as many things, as you like."

"Oh, don't try to turn it into a joke! You know what I mean. Did Mr. Easton tell you what I told him to say about the trouble between you? Did he lay the whole blame upon me? Did he say that I did it willfully and recklessly, because your friendship piqued me, and because — because — though I never thought of that before! — I was jealous of it?"

Gilbert did not smile at the slight confusion of ideas, but answered gravely, "Easton was not the man to lay blame upon you — he would like it too well himself. Besides, I was unfair with him, and gave him no chance to speak in your defense."

"Oh, how could you be so cruel as that? He was so true to you! I should think you never could forgive yourself for that. You ought to have heard him praise you. He told me everything. Yes, you did act grandly. But he could have done as much for you, and more, or he never would have suffered your self-sacrifice."

"There is only one Easton in the world," said Gilbert, gloomily; and he went on to talk of Easton's character, his noble eccentricities, his beneficent life, and his heroic ideals. He spoke with a certain effect of self-compulsion very different from the light-hearted liking with which he had once before talked with her of Easton, but she listened reverently, and at the end she said with a sigh, "No, I see that I did n't know him. Why, I had n't even imagined it! Why *should* he care for me?"

Gilbert did not undertake to answer the question, and she said, "But I am so glad you have told me so much about him. How proud I shall be to surprise him with it all!"

Gilbert made no sign of sharing her rapture, but she seemed not to heed him.

They were very near the house, now, and she turned on him an upward, side-long look, as her lower stature obliged, and asked, "And you really think me worthy to be sorry?"

"Yes," said Gilbert, with a heavy breath.

"Then I'll forget your cruelty," she said; "but don't do it any more." She dropped him a little nod, and went into the house without him. He stood there watching the black doorway through which she had vanished, but it was as if he had followed her, so wholly had all sense fled after her out of his face. He stirred painfully from his posture, and cast his eye upward at Easton's room. The cold window met his glance with a gleam from which he shrank, with a sudden shock at the heart, as though he had caught Easton's eye, and he turned and walked away into the nightfall.

W. D. Howells.

PENNYROYAL.

HEAVY with cares no winnowing hand could sift,
 Wrapt in a sadness never to be told,
 As o'er the fields and through the woods I strolled,
 Following with restless footstep but the drift
 Of the still August morn, so I might shift
 The scenery of my thoughts, and gild their old
 Monotonous fringes with a light less cold,
 I found the aromatic herb, whose swift
 Associations bore me far away
 To boyhood, when beneath an oak like this
 I culled the fragrant leaves. Crude childhood's bliss
 Was in the scent; but brighter smiled the day
 For memories now a portion of the soul,
 Safe from all later change and fate's control.

C. P. Cranch.

MONEY AND ITS SUBSTITUTES.

COMMERCE AND ITS INSTRUMENTS OF ADJUSTMENT.

THERE being no single doctrine in regard to money and its substitutes which is so universally settled upon as to be entitled to claim to be established as a principle, it is much to be desired that the discussion of the entire subject should be approached in a liberal spirit. Such, however, is far from being the mode in which it is usually approached; dogmatism taking the place of argument, and authority the place of reason. Thus do opposing teachers stand arrayed against each other, agreeing upon nothing, and bewildering the student by their discords at the very threshold of his investigations. So wholly unsettled are the theories that the student needs to be cautioned at once against the authority of great names, — no teacher being entitled to speak on any part of this subject *ex cathedra*.

To us, much of the difficulty seems due to the fact that most writers have signally erred in exalting the importance of the agent above the principal, the subordinate above the master. Commerce is to be performed; its adjustments are to be made by the parties to it, and the requisite machinery for those adjustments should be forthcoming, whether it be in the form of money, of checks, of bills of exchange, of promissory notes, or of clearing-houses. Very many writers have advocated the placing of an arbitrary limit upon the volume of money,¹ either that of the quantity of gold or sil-

ver which can be retained in a country, or of a fixed amount of circulating notes; but none with whom we are acquainted have proposed to limit in such manner any other of the means of payment. Why do this? Why not apply this legislative interference to all of the forms of the machinery, and extend it to checks, bank loans and deposits, promissory notes, bills of exchange, and clearing-houses? Commerce being the principal, and it being thought desirable to place a clog upon it, why not logically and consistently place that clog in operation throughout? It is believed impossible to assign any reason for this discrimination against money, and in favor of the other appliances for settlement, which has its foundation in any sound principle: but that it is the mere outgrowth of the selfishness of the few who have so long governed the many, either through legislation in which those many have had no voice, or by the creation of a public opinion in which the voice of the people has been made to go against their own best interests. Limiting the machinery for making the adjustments of the great and powerful would not for one moment be tolerated by those who hold the power; while to limit that of the many who are weak is to retain and consolidate the power of those who are already strong, is of course easy, and is defended as not only right but beneficent.² In the discussion, as well as in the legislation which follows it, commerce,

¹ Authorities disagree widely as to what things are and what are not money. We define money to be the currency of the realm or of the country; the standard of payment, whether it be of coins, circulating notes, or any other commodity. Anything which freely circulates from hand to hand, as a common, acceptable medium of exchange in any country, is in such country money, even though it cease to be so, or to possess any value, in passing into another country. In a word, an article is determined to be money by reason of the performance by it of certain functions, without regard to its form or substance. In this broad sense shall we here use the word money.

² In 1775 the Parliament of Great Britain actually passed an act providing that "all promissory or other notes, bills of exchange, or drafts, or undertakings in writing, being negotiable or transferable, for the payment of any sum or sums of money less than the sum of twenty shillings, in the whole, . . . shall be, and the same are hereby declared to be absolutely void and of no effect," etc. Two years thereafter this was followed by an act extending these provisions to all sums under five pounds. To us this now appears to be an act of flagrant tyranny on the part of the strong against the weak; but is it really more flagrant than the laws which still hamper the commerce of the great body of the people

and especially that among the great body of the people, — really the great commerce, — is overlooked and ignored; empirical legislation is applied to the popular instrument of this commerce, and as a consequence poison is absorbed at the very roots. We have, therefore, as one of the results, in every so-called civilized country, an abnormal condition of society, showing millionaires on the one hand and paupers on the other, — the richer the millionaires, the poorer and the greater the number of the paupers.¹

The failure to apprehend the true mode of investigating this subject arises, to a great extent, from entire ignorance of money of account, and the important part which it plays in commerce. Hundreds of volumes have been written about money, in which not a word has been said about money of account, and hence it is that coins have become the great idols of most writers on finance, and the objective point of most legislators on the subject. The office of coins has thus become magnified far beyond its importance — far beyond the commerce of which they are but one of the less important classes of handmaidens.

A money of account is an absolute necessity to man, growing out of the imperfection of his nature, the limited capacity of his powers. When any coin or weight of gold or silver, or any other article of value or of general acceptability, has for a considerable time been used as an equivalent or in payment for things purchased, the people using it assume the value of the article in question as the unit of a money of account, and employ it to express prices. By incessant use it is impressed upon and becomes familiar to the mind, is "committed to the memories of a whole nation," and "performs the same office with regard to the value of things as degrees,

minutes, seconds, etc., do with regard to angles, or as scales do to geographical maps or plans of any kind." It becomes, in fact, "an arbitrary scale of equal parts, invented for measuring the respective values of things vendible," as well as of incomes, expenditures, debts, wealth, etc. The use of a money of account is in no respect a mechanical process, by which other articles are compared by weight or bulk with gold or silver; but it is an arithmetical one, by which they are compared with a unit of value, that has had its origin in some coin or other commodity possessing the quality of acceptability for the payment of debts and the purchase of commodities and services. Hence it is that a money of account, having been so long in use as to become a part of the modes of thought of a people, often survives the existence of the coin or other commodity upon which it was based. The money of account of the Bank of Venice, undisturbed for five hundred years, had no coins to correspond with it, and the value of all coins was expressed in it. A money of account is a language in which all values or prices may be expressed, and by means of which the relative values of commodities may be stated. It is something which each and every one carries in his mind as he does his knowledge of words or of arithmetic, and in so doing he is quite independent of any thought of coinage or of circulating notes. Failing to recognize the office of money of account, most writers on finance have treated coins as standards of value and measures of value, when they are merely standards of payment. While in the words of Colwell² money of account is "the popular expression of value; coinage furnishes the legal equivalent." And as he adds, though Great Britain were "flooded with all the coins of the world," the

by placing an arbitrary limit upon the volume of money, while allowing entire freedom to the commerce of the few in the manufacture and use of bank credit? For these Acts of Parliament see Cobett's *Paper against Gold*, American edition, 1834, pages 214, 215.

¹ This melancholy condition of things is explained by political economists by means of Ricardo's theory of rent and Malthus's law of population, two doctrines of the schools, acceptance

of which, simply on the faith of authority, the student needs to be cautioned against, as much as against any of the theories in the so-called monetary science.

² *The Ways and Means of Payment.* By Stephen Colwell. 8vo. Philadelphia. Second edition, 1860. A volume to which the present writer with pleasure acknowledges his great indebtedness, and in which the subject of money of account will be found most fully and ably treated.

people of that country "would promptly and readily express the value of every coin in pounds, shillings, and pence. It is the money of account of England which at this moment performs the great function of expressing all prices there, whether of stocks, or coins, or bullion, or bank-notes, or merchandise. It is not the gold sovereign, nor the silver shilling, nor the copper penny, which is used to measure the values of these innumerable things; it is the scale of the money of account existing in all men's minds, and applicable to every article alike, which is employed to express every possible price and variation of price." As men buy, sell, adjust for settlement, and settle by denominations which have had their origin in coins, therefore, in taking a superficial view, and failing to analyze purchases, sales, and settlements, they assume that no proper settlement can be made without coins or something which is supposed to be interconvertible with coins. Thus they overlook the fact that commerce is the great thing, that it is really but an exchange of commodities, services, and ideas, and that all that is needed is a common medium which will enable each individual to command, in exchange, the particular commodities, services, and ideas which he needs. The offsetting of debts against each other, by the checks which pass through clearing-houses, and other expedients, when carefully examined, illustrate this with much clearness, showing the desirability of making the exchanges with as little expense or friction as possible.

To magnify the office of the machinery of commerce, and to belittle commerce itself, is to place one in the sure road to a belief in doctrines which will, if followed out, make commerce subservient to one of its instruments, instead of leaving all of its instruments subservient to it. Such action must of necessity limit production and consumption, and therefore the control of man over those material things which are the foundation and the source of the ameliorations in his condition and of the growth of wealth in a community or country. "From the in-

destructibility of matter as a physical premise," says Peshine Smith,¹ "it obviously follows that what we term production and consumption are mere transformations of substance. Whether fossil coal is converted into heat, smoke, and ashes, corn into hogs' flesh, turnips into mutton, corn, pork, turnips, and mutton into human muscle and brain; the uniform phenomenon is alteration of matter in its quality merely, without increase or diminution of its quantity. In every transition of matter from one condition to another, force is employed, or, as we say, *consumed*, and force is also evolved or *produced*. . . . The consumption of a product is nothing else than its passage from a state of inertness to one of activity, as from the inorganic or mineral region to the vegetable or vital. It is only through this transition, and at the moment of its occurrence, that a commodity becomes the *pabulum* to production, and that its utility, which was before latent and potential only, becomes manifest and efficient. . . . Between the production of any commodity whatsoever, and its consumption, the interval, long or short, is one of inertness. It stands the monument of human power and natural forces which, having expended themselves in bringing it into shape, slumber in suspended animation, communicating no impulse to the incessant activity which, from the vegetable to the social order, is the essential characteristic of vitality; but is itself a clog and obstruction involving a draft upon the vital force to put it in motion. It is like an inorganic body contained in and afflicting an organism. The space to overcome, and the time to intervene before it evolves utility by its consumption, becoming then an instrument and a force, are coefficients of its value, neutralizing in the same proportion the power of the community in which it rests paralyzed. The growth of wealth, therefore, depends upon the rapidity of circulation; not the rapidity with which products are transported in space, nor

¹ Quoted by Carey, *The Unity of Law*, Philadelphia, 1873, page 127, from an unpublished work by E. Peshine Smith.

the frequency of mere changes of ownership, but the continuity of transformations through the immediate succession of actual consumption to production."

Blindly to ignore the commerce which gives the impulse to the transformations in the forms of matter, and empirically to legislate as to one instrument necessary to this commerce, and to limit its volume, is either to limit the commerce or to force it to the use of some other instrument, or both. It is not only reasonable to expect, but it can be shown, that both of these things take place. While the commerce of the great body of the people cannot be conducted without money, that of the few powerful ones can, and is, as will more clearly appear by reference to British finance, in which an inflated credit system largely usurps the place which should be filled by "current money of the realm." The commerce of the great body of the people being the great commerce, the full national power is not brought out unless the people's instrument of payment be made subservient to the work which is needed to be performed, and commerce freed from subjection to its instrument. The experience of almost all governments of importance in modern times has taught them that in a great public emergency a full volume of money has enabled them to levy heavier taxes upon the people without distress than they could otherwise have done. Few of these governments, if any, seem, however, to have learned the true philosophy of this great fact, and hence they have failed to avail themselves of the lesson which it should have carried with it. The necessities of the state being imperative, the question of a volume of money becomes subservient to these necessities, and the people thereby gain the advantage of being enabled more and more to labor in the direction of a "continuity of transformations through the immediate succession of actual consumption to production." With each step the state, which can in no event manifest more power than the grand aggregate of that of the whole people, finds itself capable of efforts which had never, perhaps, be-

fore been deemed possible. Such were the results in Great Britain between 1797 and 1815, and in the United States between 1862 and 1865. But never were lessons more wholly lost upon two governments than these, and the policy which in each case saved a nation being reversed, the people were almost universally ruined, materially as well as morally, and thrown back half a century. Continuity of consumption with production largely fell off, because the indispensable instrument for the payment of labor was arbitrarily regulated in volume without regard to the work to be done, and immense capital was thereby wasted, — the power to labor being the one commodity which perishes if not consumed at the instant of production. Aside from the stupidity of such a course as these two governments have pursued, when the hours of their own necessities were past, it was positively selfish and cruel in them to allow to be developed, even for their own salvation, power which was to be crushed so soon as they themselves had no further use for it.

But it may be urged that however hard the action of the British and American governments may have been upon individuals, it was entirely justifiable, upon the ground that it was the abandonment of an unsound, unstable system for a sound and stable one. Let us therefore examine into the British system, as it has been reached and perfected by more than half a century of so-called "specie payments," and see what it really is. Of what, then, does the great instrument of payment in Great Britain consist? Has it, or has it not, intrinsic value? In London, the financial heart of the world, the proportion of the instrument having any intrinsic value, in use in large operations, is wonderfully small. Sir John Lubbock's oft-quoted analysis of a sum of £19,000,000 paid into his bank by customers shows that £18,395,000, or ninety-seven per cent., was in the form of checks and bills, £487,000, or not quite two and one half per cent., in Bank of England and country bank notes, and £118,000, or a little over one half of one per cent., in specie.

Let us trace out the mode of the creation and the nature of the instrument of payment by which these great sums were paid, and see if the baselessness of some of its pretensions cannot be exposed. A new bank is started in London, in which the stock subscribed for is paid in almost entirely by means of checks drawn against deposits in the Bank of England or other London banks, not actually representing money in hand of either gold, silver, or paper, but mere credits on the books of these banks. A new credit institution is thus created with a capital of perhaps £1,000,000 or £2,000,000. But no addition has been made to the gold or silver coin of the realm or even to the paper money. The operation is a mere transfer of the ownership of credits from individuals or corporations to the new bank, and these credits usually remain with the Bank of England while they continue to be the property of the new bank. Customers now come to the new bank and ask loans and discounts on stocks, bonds, promissory notes, and bills of exchange. Credits are carried to their respective accounts and are called *deposits*. These last-named transactions have been mere exchanges of credits between the bank and its customers. Some portions of these deposits are now transferred by means of checks to the creditors of these "depositors," and of these portions some may remain with the new bank to the credit of the new parties, while others are taken to other banks and are there deposited. The checks on the new bank are met at the clearing-house by checks which the new bank holds against other banks for a sum perhaps almost equal to, or in excess of, these checks. Only the balance, whatever it may be, is paid, and this is done by a check upon the Bank of England, where all of the other banks keep their accounts.¹ These transactions go on from day to day and from week to week. Very little money passes, but immense debts are effectually and completely paid by the mere assignment of the ownership of these bank credits,

which are wholly without intrinsic value. These bank credits (deposits) perform for the rich and powerful all of the functions of money, and there is hardly any limit beyond which they may not be increased in a great city like London, where bank loans are wholly unrestricted by law, and where the use of checks and the clearing-house causes but slight demands upon the banks for money of any kind. On December 31, 1874, thirteen joint-stock banks in London, with a capital and surplus of £12,753,059, showed loans and discounts amounting to £100,504,385, and held deposits of £100,605,085. Four of these banks, the London and County, London and Westminster, London Joint-Stock, and Union, which in 1844 had held deposits amounting to £7,743,000, held in 1874 £84,557,167. These deposits are the creation of these four and other banks, a mere exchange of credits between the banks and their borrowers.

Such credits, in performing the functions of money, and in employing labor, undoubtedly add to the wealth of Great Britain by aiding in giving rapidity of circulation, and "continuity of transformations through immediate succession of consumption to production." In so far as they accomplish this end, they do good; but they also form an instrument which is used by forestallers and speculators to buy up and remove from the market commodities of prime necessity, and thereby to levy additional prices for these upon the poor and others who need to use them. They are an instrument generally for centralizing power in the hands of the few, to the detriment not only of the great body of the people of Great Britain, but also of the whole world. While the mass of the people of that empire are little better than the slaves of the few, they are also made by these few the instruments for reducing the people of other countries to slavery, by the destruction of their industries. Thus the freedom to create an unlimited volume of bank-credit currency to be used by means of checks, and an entire thing thus made without the intervention of so much as a single dollar of specie or even of bank-notes.

¹ The average daily clearings of the London Clearing-House are equal to about \$100,000,000, or \$30,000,000,000 per annum; these payments be-

absence of freedom to create or have created by the state current money of the realm, increases the power of the few above its normal point, and depresses that of the many below its normal point.

The creation by the state of current money, while ameliorating the condition of the many, would add greater wealth to the whole country, for money would, much more than bank credit, directly serve to employ labor, the source of all wealth, giving greater rapidity of circulation, so that immediate succession of consumption to production would follow. But it may be urged that the credits exchanged between banks and their borrowers, while having no intrinsic value, at least "represent value," because some of the borrowers who caused the bank credits to be called into existence have given in exchange for them notes or acceptances received in the actual sale of merchandise. It often happens, however, that two, three, and even four sets of notes or acceptances are under discount at one time, the "value represented" in which is one and the same lot of merchandise, which has passed through two, three, or four sets of hands. But when a government issues its money in exchange for commodities or services received by it, this money as truly represents value as any personal note or acceptance ever issued, with the additional advantage that the value is represented by a volume of money only equal to itself. Value being a measure of the resistance to be overcome in getting possession of anything, the paper money issued by a responsible government, like that of the United States or Great Britain, for commodities or services received, would represent and indeed embody value in such an eminent degree, that it would closely approximate in this respect to money of inherent value equal to its face.

It may, however, be claimed that the

deposits in the banks in Great Britain are payable on demand in gold, and therefore have intrinsic value at their back; and that a government money, such as the greenback, does not possess this. Let us then see how this theory will stand the test of facts. The bank loans in Great Britain are estimated by very high authority¹ at \$3,500,000,000, while the deposits are placed at \$3,840,000,000,² and the total amount of gold and silver at \$600,000,000,³ very considerably over \$400,000,000 of which is permanently out in circulation among the people. The Bank of England, which holds the bankers' balances, and according to *The London Economist*, the highest English financial authority, has "the only reserve the nation possesses,"⁴ held November 24, 1875, but \$115,000,000 of this specie. Now while \$115,000,000 to \$200,000,000 of specie may serve to keep \$3,840,000,000 of deposits and \$200,000,000 of Bank of England and of country bank notes—the average amount of such notes actually out—at par with that specie while the deposits and the notes are the principal instrument of payment, and there is no extraordinary demand for the specie, let us not deceive ourselves by imagining that \$115,000,000 or even \$200,000,000 of specie is capable of paying over \$4,000,000,000 of deposits and notes, or of giving \$4,000,000,000 of value to such a volume of these bank credits. It is only because these bank credits, when moved at all, are used to pay debts and to purchase commodities and services with, and not for the purpose of demanding specie, that this huge superstructure is kept afloat at all. Were payments made in Great Britain by means of specie and bank-notes alone, the great bulk of these deposits could have no existence whatever. The trade of the country, too, would be

¹ See page 21 of *The Banks of Issue Question*. Memorial addressed to the Governor and Court of Directors of the Bank of England, and submitted to the Select Committee of the House of Commons of 1875. By Ernest Seyd. London: Edw. Stanford. 1875

² *Banking and Currency*. A Letter to Henry Hucks Gibbs, Esq., Governor of the Bank of England, etc. By Henry R. Grenfell, Director of the

Bank of England. London: Effingham Wilson. 1875. See page 7. Also, *Analysis of the Transactions of the Bank of England for the Years 1844-72*. By R. H. Inglis Palgrave, F. S. S. London: Edw. Stanford. 1874. See page 42.

³ See *Westminster Review*, October, 1873, p. 236, for Bank of England estimate of the gold circulation of Great Britain—£105,000,000.

⁴ See *Economist*, February 27, 1875, page 243.

shrunk accordingly, unless the supply of specie and bank-notes was increased. If there were more specie and bank-notes, there would be less necessity for the use of bank loans and deposits, as in the case of France, where \$1,250,000,000 of specie and \$480,000,000 of Bank of France notes, or \$1,730,000,000 of money in all, enables the people generally to pay cash as they go, and largely to dispense with bank loans and to prevent the creation of deposits.¹

The great element of power in bank deposits in Great Britain consists in their quality of acceptability for the payment of debts and the purchase of commodities and services, which they acquire by reason of being supposed to be interconvertible with the legal tender of the realm, without any regard being paid to what they themselves and the legal tender are composed of. Commerce needs to be performed, they are an acceptable instrument wherewith to perform it, and hence their power. Just as a mower or a reaper which is capable of doing its appointed work well is acceptable to the farmer who has mowing or reaping to do, without any regard being had to the materials out of which it is constructed, so are bank deposits which will do their work, to men of commerce who have adjustments to make. Thus with the aid of money of account do men adjust and largely settle their balances merely by denominations, and without the intervention of anything having intrinsic value. The currency of the Bank of Venice was wholly without intrinsic value. The government took the coins received on deposit by the bank, and expended them, giving the depositors inscriptions on the books of the bank which bore interest. For over five hundred years the vast commercial operations of the Venetian republic were carried on in this currency. Coins were at twenty per cent. dis-

count, compared with it, and it "fluctuated in amount according to the wants of the people, and not according to the wants of the public treasury."² This currency was not redeemable in coin, but the government from time to time purchased any amounts which seemed to be in excess of the public wants.

The almost entire freedom with which loans and deposits are by law allowed to be created, and the limit which is placed upon paper money, in Great Britain, is a good type of the legislative action of the governments of all civilized countries. In the United States there is no limit to the volume of deposits or loans of national banks, although there is a provision as to reserves to be held on account of these deposits. The volume of the current money of the realm, the greenback, is fixed with rigidity at a certain arbitrary and empirical maximum limit. Additional bank circulation can, it is true, be issued, but eighty per cent. of legal tenders must be retired for all such circulation issued, and the retirement at any time of any bank circulation does not give the right to reissue greenbacks, or release the Treasury Department from the necessity of retiring eighty per cent. for any new bank circulation issued. Thus is the people's instrument of payment subjected to the most irrational and stupid interference, without regard being paid to the wants of commerce, when it should be wholly subject to the requirements of that commerce, — in a word, its servant and not its master.

We shall now, perhaps, be reminded for the ten thousandth time of Continental money. The reply is, The volume of this money was not regulated by the wants of commerce, but by the needs of a government; one too which was weak and without the power of levying a dollar of taxation which could give to that

has slight influence in restraining loans and speculation, which increase with an increased use of bank-checks throughout the realm. It does not limit the volume of the whole instrument of payment, but simply that of the great body of the people. It is mere class legislation for the few and against the many.

² Colwell, *The Ways and Means of Payment*, page 7.

¹ The avowed object of the Bank Act of 1844, and the one great guiding doctrine in all monetary legislation in Great Britain for more than half a century, has been "the convertibility of the bank-note." To secure and maintain this, ruin is brought upon the country at steadily decreasing intervals. There should really be some compensation for all this cost, beyond the mere keeping of gold and bank-notes at par with each other, but there is not. It

money redemption and protect it against issue above and beyond the power of commerce to keep it at par. Few taxes were levied for the use of that government by the colonies or States before 1778, and Continental money alone enabled Congress to prolong the contest through the first three years; and to it do these United States to-day stand indebted for independence, snatched too from the unwilling grasp of one of the then most powerful nations of the earth. Yet the total amount of this money was not more than \$241,000,000, a sum not greatly in excess of the liabilities of those persons who became bankrupts under the credit system in Great Britain, during the last seven months of 1875.

But further, in pleading for the right of commerce to regulate the volume of money, and against that of money to regulate the volume of commerce, we shall be warned that there will be great "inflation of prices." Why more so than under the British credit system, where some \$115,000,000, or a little over, of specie is made to serve as a so-called "basis" for \$4,000,000,000 of bank circulation and deposits? The difference lies more, we may suggest, in the class of people to be "inflated" than in the inflation itself. The demands of commerce being permitted to be responded to by an adequate supply of bank credits for wholesale men and their great transactions, upon what plea can its equally imperative demands for money, for small transactions among the great body of the people, be denied? Upon none that is based upon those eternal principles of right and justice in which our free government is supposed to be grounded. Should wages rise under this sound principle of a money regulated by the wants of commerce, and the power of the people over the accumulations of the past thus increase and steadily grow, would not that fact tend

to furnish conclusive evidence that freedom to create bank credit for the few, accompanied by the placing of fetters upon money for the many, had given too much power to these few?

Let us here pause and look into this question of prices, for there is no branch of our subject which needs more discrimination in the handling. Advance in the rate of wages, in any country, is an infallible sign of advancing civilization. In countries where there is but little diversification in the industries, there is but feeble power of association, and as a consequence but little demand for labor. There land, labor, and all raw materials are low, and finished commodities are high. Just in proportion as men are enabled to combine their efforts, in that proportion will finished commodities, which can be produced by the aid of steam and machinery, tend to fall,¹ and in the same ratio will raw materials, including land and labor, rise. Value being found, in the cost of reproduction, every improvement in machinery and processes tends to decrease the value of all existing commodities which can be produced by such machinery. With these improvements, raw materials, including land and labor, acquire a higher utility, and the greater this utility the higher becomes the value of man; every reduction in the value of existing capital being so much added to the value of man. Association with his fellows is the first and greatest need of man. Money is the instrument of this association, and the more nearly the supply of this instrument approximates to the demands for it by commerce, the greater the power of man to associate and combine his efforts, the less the waste of labor, the greater "the continuity of transformation through consumption to production," and consequently the more rapid the increase of wealth, with a nearer approach of the prices for raw ma-

¹ Three tons of coal represent the labor power of a man for his lifetime. In 1870 one mill in Philadelphia manufactured, in every day of ten hours, 83,000 miles of cotton thread, obtaining from seven tons of coal the necessary power. Supposing it possible for such quality of thread to be made by hand, it would require the labor of 70,000 women to ac-

complish this work. In that year but 137,876 men, women, and children were employed in the productive industries of that city; the products of which were of the value of \$834,852,453. Thus did this one cotton mill represent one half the mere physical power of those who produced this great body of commodities.

terials and for finished commodities, and the greater the advance of man towards freedom and towards becoming master of nature and of himself. That an increased volume of money does accompany this desirable state of things is proved by the fact that while France and Belgium have for several decades steadily increased their stocks of gold and silver, and the wages of labor have increased, their diversified industries have as steadily advanced, and their exports of finished commodities and imports of raw materials have both as steadily augmented, showing that the finished commodities are lower in price and the raw material higher than in other countries with which they trade. The truth is that the movement of the precious metals is *from* those communities and countries which are without diversified industries, and are poor, *to* those which have these industries, and are rich.

To the people of these United States especially, there is a very important element in the question as to commerce and its machinery which is somewhat peculiar to their country, and very vital, and needs to be examined closely and pondered well. It is this: bank loans and the resulting deposits accumulate in business centres in proportion to the ability or the willingness of those centres to work bank credits through checks and clearing-houses, without demanding circulating notes or specie. In small towns doing business with rural populations, they do not accumulate largely because a demand for circulating notes or specie, almost the only circulating mediums there used, soon follows loans, and draws upon the actual resources of the banks. In other words, these rural banks bank mainly upon their real resources, and not upon their credit, as city banks so largely do. In France these loans and deposits do not accumulate because the people generally use money, and not checks, in their business affairs.¹ The

private deposits in the Bank of France, including its branches in the various provinces, November 25, 1875, were but \$55,000,000, while the deposits in the banks of New York city, December 4, 1875, nearly all private, were \$206,966,900. The private loans and discounts of the Bank of France, November 25, 1875, were but \$126,000,000, while those of the banks of New York city, December 4, 1875, were \$269,390,400. Our country, being one of vast area — 3,603,884 square miles for an area of 121,547 square miles for Great Britain — compared with its population, cannot build up and work a general system of inflated bank credit like that of Great Britain, and must therefore, if for no other reason, have a full volume of current money of the realm, as France has, or stagnate and annually waste labor power worth thousands of millions of dollars, being at the same time dependent upon foreign countries for loans.

We have already seen that thirteen joint-stock banks in London, with a capital and surplus of £12,753,059, had, on December 31, 1874, loaned £100,504,385, and held deposits to the amount of £100,605,085, and that the deposits in all the banks in Great Britain are estimated at £768,000,000 (\$3,840,000,000), while their loans are estimated at £700,000,000 (\$3,500,000,000). The loans and deposits of the London banks referred to are each nearly eight times the amount of their capital and surplus. On the other hand, while, October 1, 1875, all the national banks in the United States had

Capital	\$504,829,769
Surplus	134,356,076
	\$639,185,845

their loans and discounts were but \$980,222,951, or but about fifty-three per cent. in excess of capital and surplus. This too is in spite of the fact that the loans of the banks in the large cities, which are included in this "return," are far above this average. Thus while we have a vol-

bank accounts, but in vain; their prejudices were invincible; "it was no use reasoning with them, they would not do it because they would not." See page 60, *Example of France*. From the French of M. Victor Bonnet, by Geo. Walker. New York. 1875.

¹ M. Pinard, manager of the Comptoir d'Escompte, of Paris, testified before the French Commission of Inquiry, 1865-68, that the greatest efforts had been made by that institution to induce French merchants and shopkeepers to adopt English habits in respect to the use of checks and the keeping of

ume of money which is not allowed to be regulated by its master, commerce, and are unable, on account of our population being scattered over a wide extent of territory, to work bank credits through checks and clearing-houses, as is done in Great Britain, our industries languish for the want of the machinery necessary to their mobilization, the charge for the use of this machinery throughout a large part of our country is as high as it was in the days of ancient Greece and Rome, and we appear to be poor in comparison with Great Britain, and never cease to borrow from her until our credit is exhausted. But does she lend us money? Let facts speak! When \$15,500,000 of indemnity under the Geneva award was to be paid by her, she for prudential reasons effected the transfer of the credits to this country gradually, by means of bills of exchange and securities, and not by money, the thing which was to be paid; and when, some years since, Mr. Boutwell had sold in the London market United States bonds to the amount of \$21,000,000, he was notified by the Bank of England that if he attempted to remove such a sum of money from England, the bank would break up his combinations and contracts, and defeat his plans. The article that that great capitalist country pays loans, indemnities, and other debts in and with is almost wholly merchandise, not money. The bill of exchange drawn against the merchandise goes to the party who is to receive the payment, but it is paid ultimately in the country receiving the merchandise. The money or bank credit paid for United States, state, local, or railroad bonds sold abroad, for many years past, *has been paid by our own people, and the country has received nothing but merchandise for this vast load of debt*, some of which will be a financial burden upon our shoulders for generations, while the remainder will be repudiated. France has since the treaty of 1871 paid to Germany \$1,100,000,000, the amount of the war fine, but it has been almost wholly paid in merchandise. To the close of 1874 France had sustained a loss of less than \$140,000,000 in gold and silver in her

direct intercourse with Germany since the war, while Great Britain, which temporarily took some of the French loan, since absorbed by France, had in her intercourse with Germany from January, 1871, to September 30, 1875, sustained a net loss of but \$110,000,000, these two amounts aggregating \$250,000,000. On the other hand, Germany had from January 1, 1870, to December 31, 1874, imported merchandise of the value of \$1,132,000,000 more than she had exported. The people of Germany thought the country was to receive gold and silver for the war fine, and that for once the instrument of payment would become the servant and not be the master of commerce; so they engaged in great enterprises, which would have added wealth to the land and given increased prosperity to the people. The government also believed that gold and silver were to be received. So it locked up the money, which mainly came from its own people, in the imperial treasury for a time, demonetized silver, retired all bank-notes under the denomination of one hundred marks, equal to twenty dollars, and otherwise contracted the currency, degraded commerce to the position of the servant, brought on a crisis, and filled the land with misery and discontent. If it persist in this policy long enough, it will break up the empire, and France will peacefully repossess herself of Alsace and Lorraine, unless she too degrade commerce to the position of the servant of money.

In commerce, the real end is an exchange of commodities and services against commodities and services, unless there be a remainder of debt upon one side, be the medium of exchange gold, silver, paper money, or bank credits. Must we then for another century be condemned to the direful consequences of closing our eyes to this great fact, and exhaust our politico-economic philosophy and legislation upon the medium, the mere instrument, and thus by hampering and ruining commerce find ourselves always hereafter, as heretofore, in our dealings with the world the debtor? Or, recognizing commerce as the great

thing, and its instruments as only its subordinates and servants, shall we have such a monetary system as is adapted to the requirements of 45,000,000 people scattered over 3,600,000 square miles of territory? If we do but once rise high enough to give this proper recognition to commerce, we shall then have such a volume of current money of the realm as will, by setting all of our people to work, gather up billions of millions of minutes which would otherwise be lost, and give us such a succession of actual consumption to production as will enable us to add to our production of commodities, in a single year, an amount greater in value than all we have borrowed from Great Britain in half a century. Steadily holding to the recognition of the claims of commerce, we shall in a few years cease to be the great borrower of all time, and become one of the greatest of lenders. But we shall accomplish far more than this. We shall do equal and exact justice to all of our people, great and small alike; save from extinction our middle class, the bulwark and defense of a free government; have assurance that the six millions of children who are now being educated at the public expense shall have a fair field for the honest employment of their cultivated faculties, and not be forced to become new recruits in our great and growing army of "scallawags;" and finally, we shall rescue from destruction our free government, which now threatens to become an insupportable tyranny in the hands of "rings" of bad men, backed up by a hungry crowd of pauperized and demoralized pensioners upon the public treasuries, ever ready to support their masters, the dispensers of the people's taxes, in any fresh iniquity.

But how is the volume of the current money of the realm to be made to respond to the demands of commerce, and in no wise to hamper and overmaster that commerce or to be in excess of its wants? By having hereafter *money, the quality of money in which cannot be destroyed with-*

out a total destruction of its value, it being essential when governments issue money that that quality in it shall be preserved until by concurrent action of the government and the people it is deemed proper to retire it from circulation;¹ and by making that money interconvertible, at the pleasure of the holder, with the national bonds bearing a low rate of interest. Such money will be inexportable, and in its ebb and flow entirely under the control of the people and the government. Luckily we have not far to seek to find such a money: Nearly if not quite all civilized peoples, and ourselves above almost all others, are heavily burdened with the interest upon their public debts, while at the same time paying to banks annually immense sums for the use of the paper money of these banks. For ourselves, let our national debt be turned to a useful account; let the interest to banks paid for all paper money cease; let us have none but current money of the realm, wholly of paper and based on the entire wealth of the nation, whether it be of houses, lands, mines, mills, factories, farm implements or products, iron, copper, lead, silver, or gold.

But we shall be told that however well it may do to have bank credits which are without intrinsic value in use for currency, still the standard of payment, the current money of the realm, the legal tender with which these bank credits are (presumed to be) redeemable, should at least be genuine, good, and honest, and that to be so it must have actual, intrinsic value.

In reply we would say that it is not intrinsic value which is most highly prized in money, but that quality which flows from its being either a legal tender or supposed to be interconvertible with a legal tender. *The quality of acceptability for the payment of debts and the purchase of commodities and services is the great element of power in money.* If intrinsic value be what men most regard in money, why is it that lands are not

other of these mints, thus destroying money which has been made by other realms.

¹ A large portion of the work of the mints of the world is the melting and recoinage of gold and silver which have already been coined by one or an-

prized above greenbacks? Because, in spite of intrinsic value, lands are neither a legal tender nor convertible into one. What would be thought of the government of the United States if it should undertake to force the holders of greenbacks to take lands in exchange for them, at \$1.25 per acre? Such a proceeding would most justly be denounced as repudiation, unless these lands were made a legal tender at or above \$1.25 per acre, when the ownership in them would pass from hand to hand as money, as it did in Rome and ancient Britain.¹

The world has been led by the teachings of a false philosophy into a belief that it is the purely intrinsic value of gold and silver which gives to these metals such almost universal acceptability throughout the world. The truth is, however, that this latter comes from the fact that so many governments have adopted one or the other of them as the material out of which their legal tender is made. At small expense they can, therefore, by coinage, in almost every country be made to take a form which gives them throughout that country universal acceptability for the payment of debts and the purchase of commodities and services.² Let all civilized countries discard these metals as the materials for money, as eventually they will, and so large a part of their intrinsic value will immediately thereafter vanish by reason of decreased use for them, that it can

be restored only by largely decreased production or increased utility. The action of the German government alone, in determining to demonetize silver except for subsidiary purposes, has robbed the silver thaler of from seven to eight per cent. of its old intrinsic value, although it is still for a time to be allowed to circulate at that value. It needs but the concurrent action of two or three more equally important governments to convert this depreciation of from seven to eight per cent. into one of twenty-five per cent.³

Perhaps it may further be objected that the proposed permanent paper money will be a depreciated one. Depreciated as compared with what? Is the greenback to-day a depreciated money? No; not at all! Man's standards are all arbitrary in their origin, and the very fact of his needing to set up standards is evidence conclusive of the limited and imperfect nature of his capacity and powers.⁴ For centuries in England silver was the standard, and it is so in India and China to-day; in France and Italy paper, and in Belgium and Switzerland gold and silver are such. Until recently silver was a standard in Germany; on the 1st of January, 1876, gold alone became such. While until 1875 silver was the only standard in Holland, now, both gold and silver are. Up to 1853 the United States had the double standard. From that date to 1862 it

¹ Any scheme which looks to robbing the greenback of its legal-tender quality, or of forcing the holders of it to take from the government in exchange for it anything which is neither a legal tender nor convertible into one, is a scheme for repudiation pure and simple, be it disguised as it may.

² On the testimony of Thomas Baring we are assured that it was found impossible, during the crisis of 1847 in London, to raise any money whatever on a sum of £60,000 in silver. During a similar crisis in Calcutta in 1864 it was equally impossible to raise even a rupee of paper money on £20,000 of gold. The silver in London was not a legal tender above forty shillings, while the gold in Calcutta was not so for any sum whatever.

³ The Director of the United States Mint, foreseeing the result here indicated, in his report of December, 1875, calls for the protection of the silver interest in the following words:—

"The trade-dollar coinage should be continued if for no other purpose than to make a local market for the silver. Ultimately, China must have a national coinage of silver, and in the mean time a

more extensive use of the silver coins of other countries will be found useful, not only to the Chinese, but likewise to foreign residents at the different ports. The American trade-dollar has been well received in that empire, and if authority were given to coin at our Western mints five, ten, twenty, and fifty cent pieces of the same standard, they would no doubt find a ready market at the different commercial ports, and gradually work their way into the interior of the empire. If this trade coinage should incidentally afford protection to our mining interests, which have already been injuriously affected by the fall in the value of silver, it could hardly be regarded otherwise than as sound national policy."

⁴ For instance, the same degree of temperature is expressed by a thermometer in the United States by Far. 82°, in France by Cent. 28°, and in Germany by Rea. 23°. The decision in any discussion as to which is the proper degree of heat, when merely the degree is named, imperatively demands that the country in which the discussion takes place be first known, that we may know its *standard*.

had gold alone. As soon as the greenback was issued in 1862, and made non-convertible with gold, it ceased to fluctuate in value with gold, and became the standard of payment of which the money of account dating from that time is the expression. It is to-day the standard, and in its money of account are expressed the prices of gold as well as silver coins and bullion, as every dealer knows, and as his books of account completely demonstrate. How can the thing be depreciated in comparison with itself? Gold is at a premium; the greenback is not at a discount, because it is itself the standard. Almost the entire premium on gold to-day is owing to the fact that the legal-tender act, as it passed the House of Representatives, in February, 1862, making the greenback a full legal tender, covering all debts both public and private, was so amended in the Senate that gold became the only legal tender for duties on imports and interest on the public debt. Subsequent action of the Treasury Department and of Congress has made it the only legal tender for the payment of the principal of almost the entire funded debt of the United States. Hence, while gold is not the standard of payment, and has not established the existing money of account of the people and the country, it has by legal enactment become the one and only thing which when coined has the quality of acceptability for the payment of all debts, public and private, and the purchase of all commodities and services. Hence it is at a large premium over the greenback, while in France gold and silver are at no premium whatever over the Bank of France notes, the issue of which is largely in excess of that of greenbacks. But the Bank of France note, while not payable in gold or silver, is a full legal tender. The fact that France has a large supply of gold and silver, which is being steadily augmented, of course exerts its influence, but as the Bank of France note is a full legal tender, there are few uses for gold and silver which cannot be equally well fulfilled by this note, and to this is mainly due the absence of all premium on gold and silver.

Further, it may be urged that our government is unfit to be entrusted with the issue of money, even though we start with the provision and the precaution that it shall be done only in response to the wants of commerce, and in exchange for another form of existing public debt, the bonds of the government. The only reply which need be made to this is that then our government is not fit to preside over the destinies, to hold control of the lives, the happiness, the fortunes, the morals, of 45,000,000 people, and that it should, at the earliest practicable moment, be exchanged for some other form of government capable of issuing the current money of the realm in response to the wants of commerce, and not to those of the state or its corrupt officials. But commerce being restored to its proper place, the prosperity of the people would add to the honesty and ability with which the government would be administered, and that government would then become worthy of ruling over the nation.

The practical question in connection with this subject of a current money of the realm which shall in its movements prove wholly subservient to commerce, is: How, at this moment, in the present condition of the public debt and with the dead-lock in the commerce of the people, is such a money to be gotten out into circulation? Ten years of mismanagement on the part of our finance ministers and legislators render this task a difficult one. They have exerted all the power they possessed in the direction of exalting the servant money above the master commerce, and as a legitimate consequence have paralyzed our productive forces and caused the continuity of transformations through actual consumption to production to be arrested, and not only railroad, municipal, and state, but also national bonds to be forced abroad in exchange for products which we should either have produced ourselves, or paid for with those we did produce. But the more difficult the task, the greater the necessity for addressing ourselves to it vigorously and at once, and of arresting the further progress of the evil.

In order to obtain immediate relief by

inspiring immediate confidence, let Congress pass a law providing for the issue of bonds bearing not over 3.65 per cent. interest in lawful money, and made interchangeable, at the pleasure of the holder, with lawful money. Permit the national banks to count any of these bonds held by them as "lawful reserve," if the government still persist in the folly of troubling itself about the reserves of these banks. This would at once make a demand for \$42,000,000 of these bonds by the conversion of this amount of greenbacks now deposited in the treasury of the United States, and of use to neither government nor banks, but upon which certificates have been issued for clearing-house purposes. Prohibit the sale of any more gold by the Secretary of the Treasury, but oblige him to apply all not needed for balance in the treasury to the payment of interest and the calling of gold bonds; take all moneys received for the new interconvertible bonds, except such as are needed for balance and for current expenses, for the purchase of gold to be applied exclusively to the calling of gold bonds, thus as rapidly as possible stopping the interest on them and withdrawing them from the market, and from the danger of being transferred to Europe when not already there.

The \$42,000,000 of greenbacks now lying dead in the treasury would at once be converted, and there is not a well-ordered savings-bank in the land which would not immediately, as a measure of proper safety in time of a crisis, invest some portion of its means in these bonds; besides which, capitalists having balances which they wished from time to time to use would gladly invest in a bond convertible into legal tender on demand. Moreover, the people, sorely tried by fraudulent and ill-managed savings-banks, would regard them as a favorable security, and purchase them largely. The conversion of legal tenders into these bonds would from time to time place the Secretary of the Treasury more and more in funds wherewith to purchase gold and to call gold bonds, until by 1881 the whole of the public debt ex-

cept the currency 6's loaned to Pacific railroads, and the new 5's, might be held by our own people in current money of the realm,—the servant, not the master, of commerce,—and 3.65 currency bonds, interconvertible with each other at the pleasure of the holder.

In order not violently or abruptly to disturb the national-bank circulation, which must finally give place to "current money of the realm," let the order in which gold bonds shall be called for redemption be provided by law; and when any bonds so called are held by the government as security for any national bank-note circulation, let the government on paying off the bonds to the bank have power to require payment from the bank, in lawful money, of a sum equal to the circulation so secured. Then let an equal amount of the circulation of said bank be retired by and at the expense of the government so soon as it shall come into the treasury for any purpose whatsoever. Let it also be enacted that no new bank-notes shall be thereafter issued except in exchange for those torn and defaced ones, or others which come into the treasury for redemption, and are not liable to retirement as above provided.

Let these things be done, and the exercise of its prerogative of control over the current money of the realm will quietly be restored to the government; the interest on the public debt, now averaging 4.50 per cent. in gold, will be reduced; dismay and doubt will be replaced by confidence, because commerce will have again taken its proper place in its relation to money, that of master and not of servant; and it will by us be demonstrated to the nations that there is perfect harmony between justice and economic wisdom, in allowing equal freedom to commerce to decide as to the volume of current money of the realm which she will use, as there is in that which has been granted to her to decide precisely how much bank credit she will have and make use of.

By maintaining in practice, by freedom, the true, natural, and sound relation between current money and bank credit, a stable commercial and finan-

cial system can be established, and only by these means. Under such a system in practice with us, those financial or rather credit crises which rob the poor of the ability to sell their power to labor, and interrupt the continuity of transformations through the immediate succession of actual consumption to production, would be at an end. The steady growth of wealth would enable us rapidly to discharge our indebtedness

to Europe, to develop our great natural resources, and finally to become not only prosperous throughout the entire realm and among all classes, but with that prosperity to become happy, contented, and virtuous; and while removing the necessity for the corrupt practices of needy men, would restore our government to that position of love and respect which it once held, but, unhappily, holds no more.

Henry Carey Baird.

WILD ROSES.

On long, serene midsummer days
 Of ripening fruit and yellowed grain,
 How sweetly, by dim woodland ways,
 In tangled hedge or leafy lane,
 Fair wild rose thickets, you unfold
 Those pale pink stars with hearts of gold!

Your sleek patrician sisters dwell
 On lawns where gleams the shrub's trim bosk,
 In terraced gardens, tended well,
 Near pebbled walk and quaint kiosk.
 In costliest urns their colors rest;
 They beam on beauty's fragrant breast!

But you in lowly calm abide,
 Scarce heeded save by breeze or bee;
 You know what splendor, pomp, and pride
 Full oft your brilliant sisters see;
 What sorrow, too, and bitter fears;
 What mad farewells and hopeless tears!

How some are kept in old, dear books,
 That once in bridal wreaths were worn;
 How some are kissed, with tender looks,
 And later tossed aside with scorn;
 How some their taintless petals lay
 On icy foreheads pale as they!

So, while these truths you vaguely guess,
 Abloom in many a lonesome spot,
 Shy roadside roses, may you bless
 The fate that rules your modest lot,
 Like rustic maids that meekly stand
 Below the ladies of their land!

Edgar Fawcett.

THE STATE AND THE RAILROADS.

I.

AMONG all the subjects which have been discussed during the last ten years, has there been any one which has excited an equal degree of attention over the same area with that known as the railroad problem? Many other things have eclipsed it in the intensity of the interest they have excited. We have had war, panic, and pestilence; but these have been local, and have gone as well as come. This discussion has been at once ubiquitous and unending. While every country in Europe has taken part in it, here in America it has been so earnestly and incessantly dwelt upon before the people, in the halls of legislatures and in the press, at the bar of the courts and on the exchange, that every one—including at last even the demagogues and the lawyers—is heartily weary of it. Unfortunately, however, this weariness is not due to the fact that the subject is exhausted or that a generally accepted conclusion has been reached. On the contrary, the difficulty is that the discussion does not seem to move at all. It tends rather to wear itself out through a wearisome process of repetition. This, however, is true only of the discussion; the problem itself is as fresh, as importunate, and as omnipresent, as ever. It is one of those problems, also, which in some form or other is perpetually presenting itself; and, when separated from the wordy debate in which it is involved, its gradual, quiet, irresistible tendency to a solution, which does not yet wholly reveal itself, is full of interest. Its proper consideration involves a most suggestive study in political and economical science, the wide scope of which may be stated in very few words.

About half a century ago a new force was let loose upon the world at large as it then existed; a force the ultimate perturbing effect of which, socially, political-

ly, economically, no one then dreamed of, and no one even yet can fathom. This element of innovation struck the different systems of government in use at about the same time. The result could hardly fail to be singular, for it so happened that the new power was one of those which made all human theories and institutions conform to it, instead of mildly conforming itself to them; and when it came, as it oftentimes did, in contact with economical or social principles or political formulas which were supposed to be well established, it was apt somewhat unceremoniously to modify or even overthrow them. It has, indeed, been through the many and severe perturbations involved in this process that the railroad problem has made its presence manifest. The different forms these perturbations have taken, and the different ways in which they have been met, in accordance with the political habits and favorite economical theories of the several nations, make not only an interesting study, but, curiously enough, a novel one. In this and in another paper it is proposed to discuss very briefly not only the American, but the English, Belgian, French, and German phases of the railroad problem; and, finally, to state the conclusions in respect to it upon which each of these communities seems, for the time being at least, to be settling down.

In England the railroad system originated; and in England it has undergone its most complete development; the English system and the English experience must, therefore, be described first.

THE PROBLEM IN ENGLAND.

The Duke of Wellington is reported to have said, in one of the early railroad debates in the House of Lords, that in dealing with the new system it was above all else necessary to bear in mind the analogy of the king's highway. Par-

liament did bear it in mind, and upon this analogy, naturally enough, the railroad was first established. The proprietor of the road-bed and the carrier over it were to be different persons. Provision in this respect was especially made in all early charters, and it was supposed that the power of using the road, which was reserved to all the world on certain fixed terms, would make impossible any monopoly of the business over it. Experience, of course, quickly showed how utterly fallacious this reasoning was. The analogy of the highway was, however, not at once abandoned. Recourse was had to a system of fixed maxima charges, and the old tollboards of the turnpikes were incorporated at enormous length into the new charters as they were granted. One of these, for instance, which went through Parliament in 1844, consisted of three hundred and eighty-one distinct sections, in which, among other things, it was prescribed that for the carriage of a "horse, mule, or ass" the company might charge at a rate not to exceed three pence per mile, while for a calf or a pig or "other small animal" the limit was a penny. Naturally, this attempt at regulation proved no more efficacious than the other, and with it the analogy of the highway seems to have disappeared. The chaotic condition of the English railroad legislation had already begun to attract public notice, and led in 1840 to the reference of the whole subject to the first of the many special parliamentary committees which have taken it into consideration. Sir Robert Peel was a member of this committee, which apparently fell back on a reliance upon the principles of free trade as affording all necessary regulation of the railroad system. It was argued that "an enlightened view of their own interests would always compel managers of railroads to have due regard to the general advantage of the public." At the same time, to afford railroad managers a realizing sense of what the principles of free trade were, numerous charters were granted and liberal encouragement given to the construction of competing lines. Then

came on the great railroad mania of 1844, and, as other countries have since done, England awoke one day from dreams of boundless wealth to the reality of general ruin. Free trade in railroads was then pronounced a failure, and in due time another parliamentary committee was appointed, and the whole subject was again taken into consideration. Of this committee Mr. Gladstone was the guiding spirit. Meanwhile Sir Robert Peel, who was then prime minister, had changed his mind as respects the efficacy of "an enlightened self-interest" stimulated by competition, and had come to the conclusion that railroad competition was an expensive luxury for the people indulging in it, and that there might be something in state management of railroads. Accordingly Mr. Gladstone's committee made a series of reports which resulted in the passage of a law looking to the possible acquisition of the railroads by the state at the expiration of twenty-one years from that time. With this measure as the grand result of their labors the committee rested. Not so the railroad system. The twenty-one years elapsed in 1865, and during that time Parliament sat and pondered the ever-increasing complication of the railroad problem with most unsatisfactory results. Competition between railroads through all those years was working itself out into combination; and, as the companies one after another asked and secured acts of amalgamation, obstinately refusing to compete, it was clearly perceived that something was wrong. The parliamentary mind was sorely troubled, but the way of deliverance was not revealed. In 1865 a new commission was appointed, which went again over the familiar path, this time in the direction of state ownership. The cry now was that the process of amalgamation, or consolidation, as we in America term it, had gone so far that the time was close at hand when the railroads would manage the state, if the state did not manage the railroads. In truth there was something rather alarming in the speed at which this was going on. For instance, one committee point-

ed out, as an example of what the process might lead to, that a single amalgamation was suggested to it through which a union of 1200 miles of railroad would be effected, bringing under one control £60,000,000 of capital with £4,000,000 of annual revenue, and rendering impossible throughout one large district the existence of an independent line of railway. A few years later, when the next committee sat, all this had become an established fact, only the mileage was 1500 instead of 1200; the capital £63,000,000 instead of £60,000,000; and the annual income £7,000,000 instead of £4,000,000. Nevertheless the commission of 1865 followed closely in the steps of its predecessors. It dumped on to the tables of Parliament an enormous "blue-book" which left the matter exactly as dark as it was before. Still the amalgamations went on. All England was rapidly and obviously being partitioned out among some half-dozen great corporations, each supreme in its own territory. Then at last, in 1872, a committee on railroad amalgamations was appointed, including among its members the Marquis of Salisbury and the Earl of Derby, which really gave to the whole subject an intelligent consideration. Unlike its predecessors, that committee did not leave the railroad problem where it found it. On the contrary, they advanced it by one entire stage on the road to its solution. In the first place, after taking a vast amount of evidence, they proceeded to review the forty years of experience. The result of that review may be stated in few words. They showed with grim precision how, during that period, the English railroad legislation had never accomplished anything which it sought to bring about, nor prevented anything which it sought to hinder. The cost to the companies of this useless mass of enactments had been enormous, amounting to some £80,000,000; for these were 3300 in number and filled whole volumes. Then the committee examined in detail the various parliamentary theories which had, at different stages, marked the development of the railroad system. The highway

analogy was dismissed in silence; but of the "enlightened view of self-interest" theory it was remarked that experience had shown that as a regulating force this was to be relied upon "only to a limited extent." The principle of competition was next discussed, and the conclusion of the committee was "that competition between railroads exists only to a limited extent, and cannot be maintained by legislation." Of the great Gladstone act of 1845, looking to the ultimate purchase of the railroads by the government, it was remarked that "the terms of that act do not appear to be suited to the present condition of railway property, or to be likely to be adopted by Parliament, in case of any intention of Parliament at any future time to purchase the railways." Having disposed of this measure, the committee addressed itself to the amalgamation panic, which through so many years had rested like a nightmare on the slumberous discussions of Parliament. They cited the case of the North-Eastern Railway, which was composed of thirty-seven once independent lines, several of which had formerly competed with each other. Prior to their consolidation these lines had, generally speaking, high rates, and they had been able to pay but small dividends. Now, the North-Eastern was the most complete monopoly in the United Kingdom. From the Tyne to the Humber it held the whole country to itself, and it charged the lowest rates and paid the highest dividends of all the great English companies. It was not vexed by litigation, and whilst numerous complaints were heard from Lancashire and Yorkshire, where railway competition existed, no one had appeared before the committee to refer any complaint against the North-Eastern. In view of such facts as these the committee reported that amalgamation had "not brought with it the evils that were anticipated, but that in any event long and varied experience had fully demonstrated the fact that while Parliament might hinder and thwart, it could not prevent it, and it was equally powerless to lay down any general rules determining its limits or character." The stat-

ute-book was full of acts regulating the rates at which the poorer classes should be carried by rail, and these acts at least had always been pointed to as indisputable evidence of the virtue and efficacy of railroad regulation by Parliament. In their day they had perhaps done good service, but yet even of these as a whole it was reported that "the ill success of this attempt may well justify hesitation in entering upon further general legislation of the same kind." Finally, the committee examined all those various panaceas for railroad abuses which are so regularly each year brought forward as novelties in the legislatures of this country. To one familiar with the subject, the simple faith in which each lawmaker brings forward, as a new and hitherto unthought-of solution of the whole trouble, some old familiar expedient which has been tried and has broken down time and again would have in it something quite touching were it not so very tedious. All these the English committee now passed in merciless review. Equal mileage rates they found inexpedient as well as impossible; the favorite idea of a revision of rates and fares with a view to establishing a legal tariff sufficient to afford a fair return and no more on the actual cost of the railroads, they pronounced utterly impracticable; tariffs of maxima charges incorporated into laws, they truly said, had been repeatedly enacted and as often had failed; periodical revisions of all rates and fares by government agents they found to be practically impossible, unless some standard of revision which had not yet been suggested could be devised. There is in the French law a provision that whenever the profits on any road shall exceed a certain percentage on its cost, such excess shall be divided between the corporation owning the railway and the government. This plan, also, the committee took into careful consideration, only to conclude that in Great Britain it would be attended with "great if not insuperable difficulties." Finally, the owning of the railroads by the government was referred to as "a state of things which may possibly arise," but

one which the committee was not at all disposed at present to recommend.

At first glance, therefore, it seemed as if this committee had arrived at only negative results; but in truth they had reached positive conclusions of the first importance. They had, indeed, clearly stated the problem; a thing never before done in Great Britain. The natural development of the railroad system as a system was recognized, and the folly of restrictive legislation demonstrated. A new policy was thus established, at the base of which was the principle of private ownership and management, which was to be left to work out its own destiny through that process of combination in which competing monopolies always result. The members of the committee saw perfectly clearly where their process of reasoning would bring them out. It could result only in a tacit assent to the growth of private corporations until they became so great that they must, soon or late, assume relations to the government corresponding with the public nature of their functions. This was obvious enough. Meanwhile the committee also saw with equal clearness that this was a question of the future, — perhaps of the remote future; a question which certainly had not yet presented itself, and which they had no disposition to precipitate. They accordingly fixed definitely the policy of Great Britain as an expectant one. The railroad system was to be left to develop itself in its own way, as a recognized monopoly, held to a strict public accountability as such. Whenever it should appear that it abused its privileges and power, then the time for action would have arrived. As yet this was not the case in any such degree as called for a decisive and far-reaching measure of reform.

In Great Britain, therefore, the discussion of the railroad problem may be considered as over for the time being. It is quiescent, not dead. The period of meddlesome and restrictive legislation is passed, and the corporations are now left to work out their own destinies in their own way, just so long as they show

a reasonable regard for the requirements and rights of the community. The time may not be remote when, for instance, all England will be served by three or four gigantic railroad corporations, or perhaps by only one; just as many cities are now furnished with gas by a single company. Nor is this ultimate result any longer viewed with apprehension. The clearer political observers have come to realize at last that concentration brings with it an increased sense of responsibility. The larger the railroad corporation, the more cautious is its policy. As a result, therefore, of forty years of experiment and agitation, Great Britain has on this head come back very nearly to its point of commencement. It has settled down on the doctrine of *laissez faire*. The river is not to be crossed until it is reached.

THE RAILROAD PROBLEM IN BELGIUM.

Turning now from Great Britain to Belgium, an opportunity is offered to observe the practical working of a wholly different policy. The famous Belgian railroad system originated with King Leopold, and bears to this day the marks of the creating mind. When the Manchester & Liverpool Railway was completed, the Belgian revolution had not yet taken place, and Leopold was still a resident of England. His attention was strongly drawn to the possible consequences of this new application of steam, and when, a few years later, he was called to the throne of Belgium, one of his earliest projects related to the construction of railroads in his new dominions. He, was strongly persuaded, however, that the English system of private construction was not the correct one. He, as well as the Duke of Wellington, strongly adhered to the analogy of the highway; but, more logical than the duke, his was the king's highway and not a turnpike. Accordingly he planned a system of railway communication in which the roads were to be constructed, owned, and operated by the state. With some difficulty, legislative assent to his scheme was obtained, and

the earliest lines were undertaken in 1833. The government then went on year by year developing the system, but failed to keep pace with the public demand. Accordingly, in a few years, though not until after the principal and more remunerative routes were occupied, concessions, as they were called, being the equivalent of English charters, were made to private companies, which carried on the work of extension.

One peculiar feature in all these concessions had, however, a direct and sagacious though somewhat distant bearing on the fundamental idea of the Belgian railroad system,—that of ultimate government ownership. They were all made for a term of ninety years, at the expiration of which the railways were to become the property of the state, which was to pay only for their rolling-stock. The right was also reserved to the government of buying back the concession at any time, on assuming payment of an annuity to the owners equivalent to the payment, for any unexpired balance of the concession, of a yearly sum equal to the average net receipts during the seven preceding years.

During the period of the concession, the private companies owned and operated their several roads in much the same way as English or American corporations; although the greatest benefit from their construction resulted to the state lines, which, holding the centre of the country and the main routes of communication, kept the private lines necessarily tributary. In 1850 the government owned about two thirds of all the railroad mileage then in operation, and private companies the other one third. Ten years later, the proportion had changed, two thirds of the system being in the hands of private companies. It so happened, also, that, as the government in making the concessions had followed no plan of districting the country, but had rather adopted a policy of competing lines, these lines competed not only with each other but also with the state lines. From this fact there resulted a condition of affairs which was wholly unanticipated, but which has since constituted the very es-

sence of the Belgian railroad system. For the first and only time in railroad history, a case was presented in which competition did not result in combination. The one system of lines being owned by the state, and the other by private companies, no consolidation of the two was practicable as against the public; and accordingly the government found itself in a position to regulate the whole system through the ownership of a part of it, and in consequence was able to establish a policy of cheap railroad transportation, under the influence of which the country developed with amazing rapidity.

The action of the government, however, practically forced the various independent companies to unite among themselves; until, about the year 1860, they had become consolidated into trunk lines sufficiently powerful to compete with the state on equal terms. Under these circumstances, in order to maintain the principle of its railroad system, the government was forced into further development. Other roads were accordingly constructed and leased, until, at the commencement of 1872, the state controlled about forty-two per cent. of the entire railroad mileage of the country, and ten private companies, operating from twenty to six hundred and fifty miles of road each, controlled the other fifty-eight per cent. This condition of affairs still continues. Practically these companies operate their roads with the same freedom from governmental interference as English or American companies. They raise and lower their rates at discretion, and give special rates, while no limitation is put on the amount of dividends they may declare. In respect to questions of police and safety only does the government formally interfere with them; and with the exception of certain guaranteed lines, it has no power even of supervising their accounts, or, indeed, of compelling them to render any.

Of late years, therefore, Belgium has simply presented the spectacle of the state, in the character of the richest and most powerful railroad company of

its system, holding in check and regulating other companies, not greatly inferior to it in power, which were competing with it for business and dealing with it on terms of equality. The effect of this on each system of roads was most excellent. At times, when the government has been attempting certain great measures of reform or bold experiments in transportation, its course has been vehemently criticised by the private companies, who have complained that their property was being unjustly depreciated by tariff reductions made upon unsound principles, but which, from their position, they were compelled to adopt. This was perfectly true; but, on the other hand, the government was so largely interested in railroad property that it felt no disposition to persist in any line of experiment which seemed likely to reduce the value permanently; and in the long run the private companies found that the experiments of government were far less to be feared than the wild and ruinous fluctuations of railroad competition as it was experienced in Great Britain. These they were exempt from. The competition they had to meet was decided, but of a wholly different character from that of the English or the American system. It was certain, firm, and equably distributed. Those managing the state roads acted at all times under a heavy sense of responsibility; they did not dare to show preference to persons or localities; they could not do business for anything or nothing one day, and the next combine against the public to make good their losses through extortionate charges. In a word, it was found that while the competition between private roads disturbed and disorganized railroad traffic, that between public and private roads regulated it.

The government, meanwhile, in its turn pressed by the competition of the private lines, found itself compelled to work its roads on regular "commercial principles." In order to get business it made special rates, and, if necessary, entered into joint-purse arrangements with its adversaries. It made bold ex-

periments, and through those experiments established what are now universally recognized principles of transportation. At other times its experiments resulted in failure and were abandoned. Yet little doubt can be entertained that it was the constant pressure of competition which kept the state lines up to their work and in the advance of railroad development. The tendency in Belgium now is for the government to absorb all the remaining lines. Should this be done, it will then remain to be seen whether by so doing that equilibrium to which has been due the success of the whole system will not have been destroyed. Competition, certainly, will then no longer exist, and with its disappearance may also disappear a strong incentive to activity.

It would of course be most unnatural to suppose that the state roads of Belgium have always given perfect satisfaction to the community. There have, on the contrary, been very grave and distinct complaints in regard to their management, but nothing which will compare with those constantly made both in Great Britain and in America. To satisfy every one always is a result not likely to be attained under any system or in any country; meanwhile, it may with tolerable safety be asserted that the Belgian system is as satisfactory to the people of Belgium as the nature of things human permits that it should be; certainly the public feeling points very distinctly towards the acquisition of the remaining lines of the system by the government, while the sale of the government lines to private corporations has never been urged by any considerable party. Financially the undertaking has proved a decided success, the government roads netting an annual profit of late years of about six per cent., which is equivalent to at least ten per cent. in this country.

While in Great Britain, therefore, the railroad problem seems entering upon a period of comparative quiescence,—a phase of expectancy, as it were,—in Belgium the contrary would seem to be the case. Should the gov-

ernment of that country now adopt a policy of expansion, and proceed to acquire the remaining lines of the system, it will enter upon the very doubtful experiment of exclusive state management. The problem will then assume wholly new phases, the development of which will everywhere be watched with deep interest.

THE RAILROAD PROBLEM IN FRANCE.

If confidence in the natural development of events, or at least resignation to the inevitable, is the order of the day as respects the railroad problem in Great Britain, and preparation that in Belgium, the moment the French frontier is crossed a third aspect of affairs presents itself; an aspect best expressed by the single word perplexity. Certainly the railroad world in that country is in a condition of very considerable if not unhealthy activity, and seems to an outside observer to be rapidly forcing the government into a curiously untenable position. Apparently it must either discourage, if not actually forbid, further railroad construction, or else it must see the essential principles of a railroad system long and carefully built up practically abandoned. Nor is the question merely a theoretical one. The French nation, as such, has a large pecuniary interest in its railroads. They are, in fact, a sort of vast sinking fund for the possible ultimate extinction of the national debt. Anything, therefore, which threatens to impair their money value is matter of national concernment. That money value seems now to be threatened by a danger with which the private corporations of Great Britain and America are sadly familiar,—the danger of an unregulated competition.

This is a difficulty against which the French railroad policy has ever sought most carefully to provide. It now comes from an unexpected quarter. In spite of the political changes and the turbulence which have characterized the history of the country, the French mind is essentially conservative; it loves order. It looks naturally to the government for

an initiative, and not only submits to, but craves, minute regulation from a central authority. Accordingly, when forty years ago England and America caught eagerly at the idea of railroad development, and rushed into this with all the feverish ardor which ever marks private speculation, France hung back. The government did not take the initiative; private enterprise would not. It was not until 1837, when already what are now the great trunk routes of Great Britain and of America had assumed a definite shape, that the French system began slowly to struggle into life. Even then the first attempts resulted only in failure. The government, after hesitating long, recoiled from the idea of following the bold precedent which Belgium had furnished, and decided in favor of a system of concessions to private companies instead of construction by the state. Private companies were organized at last, and an appeal was made to the public. The public, still timid, and lacking confidence in itself, failed to respond. The necessary support was not forthcoming, and the companies, frightened at the liabilities they had incurred, renounced their concessions. Then at last, but not until 1842, the government definitely took the lead. A division of risk was effected. Nine great lines were mapped out, seven of which were intended to connect Paris with the departments of the frontier or the sea-board, while two were provincial. As respected some of these the state assumed the expense of acquiring the necessary lands and building the stations, while the companies undertook the superstructure, material, and operation; as respected others the companies took upon themselves the whole burden. The political disturbances of 1848 and the years immediately ensuing greatly retarded French development in railroads, as it did in everything else. It was not until 1859 that the system assumed a definite shape. Then at last, under the inspiration of the imperial government, a new and final arrangement was effected. The existing lines were consolidated, and France was practically partitioned out among six

great companies, to each of which a separate territory was allotted. The fundamental distinction between the French and the English and American railroad systems was now brought into sharp prominence. Not only was no provision made for competition between routes, but every precaution was taken to prevent it. No line was to trench upon the territory allotted another, and, in consideration of this immunity, each line undertook within its own district a railroad development proportionate to all reasonable demands. Again, however, the companies found the burden they had assumed out of proportion to their resources. Once more they went to the state. The necessary assistance was forthcoming, but on condition. The lines to be constructed and operated by each company were laid down, and arbitrarily divided into two classes, designated as the *ancien réseau* and the *nouveau réseau*, the first of which included the older and more profitable, and the latter the additional routes, the construction of which was deemed essential. Upon the securities issued to build the latter of these, the government guaranteed a minimum rate of interest, which the companies undertook ultimately to reimburse. The material of both the *ancien* and the *nouveau réseaux* was also pledged as security for any advances which the state might be called upon to make. The amount of advances made on this account up to the present time somewhat exceeds \$60,000,000. The concessions are for ninety-nine years, at the expiration of which time the roads will revert to the state, which is bound, however, to purchase the rolling-stock at a valuation, after deducting advances made. The right is also reserved to the government of purchasing the lines on payment of an annuity for the unexpired portion of the ninety-nine years' concession, calculated on the average profits of the lines during the seven years previous to the act of taking.

The French system of operating the railroads is as far removed from the English or American as is the system under which they were constructed. The

supervision of the government is ubiquitous. Every tariff, every time-table, has to be submitted for approval, and there are public agents at every principal station. The accounts of the companies are subjected to an annual examination, and the most rigid police regulations are enforced. If questions arise between companies, they are settled not by might, asserting itself through competition, but by a board of arbitration, with an ultimate appeal in matters of graver importance to the Central Railroad Commission.

Thus it is that, in theory, the railroad system of France is purely and essentially French. The government initiated it, supervises it, has a large ultimate pecuniary interest in it. At the expiration of some sixty years more it may yet be made to pay off the national debt. At present, however, it is accumulating it. The guaranteed interest is a constant burden on the revenue. And it is in this connection that the French railroad problem asserts itself. The essence of the system lies in regulation, as a substitute for competition. One railroad war, such as annually vexes America, would make the guaranty of the government assume proportions calculated to appall the most daring minister of finance. One can imagine the fury of American railroad struggles if the payment of interest was guaranteed from the public treasury! Competition, therefore, cannot be tolerated among the railroads of France. The French public, nevertheless, like the English and the American, is constantly demanding more railroads. It asks for them, too, not because they are profitable in themselves, but because of the incidental advantages to be derived from them. The great established companies naturally say that there must be some limit to construction. They can ruin neither themselves nor the government by building railroads intended merely to improve the value of adjacent property. To this those demanding the additional roads simply reply that if the great companies will not supply them, they desire the privilege of supplying themselves.

Yielding to this plausible argument, and to a feeling of political necessity, a law of the empire, known as the railroad law of the 12th of July, 1865, undertook to create a third réseau called the *réseau vicinal*. It was a French approach to the American idea of a general railroad law. The departments and communes were empowered either to construct certain local railroads themselves or to grant charters for their construction by others. It was erroneously supposed that these roads would be insignificant affairs, and act as mere feeders to the great companies. The French do not move rapidly in enterprises of this description, but still they move. The door was now open; competition soon entered through it. At first few local concessions were made, and those in good faith. Then the demands began to flow in, and they rapidly assumed a new phase. The contractor, the speculator, and the black-mailer made their appearance in rapid succession. Railroads were built to be sold. The old established lines were victimized by being forced to buy off competition, or they saw, through the rapid consolidation of petty local roads, bankrupt rivals — and rivals the more formidable because bankrupt — permanently established beside them. Indeed, the construction of these local lines seems to have developed into a railroad mania, threatening very alarming consequences. Like all such manias, its development has been very rapid. It dates from the close of the Prussian war. In 1870, the local lines constructed under the law of 1865 aggregated but 180 miles. This number of course remained the same so long as hostilities continued. Since the peace, however, it has increased to 930 miles of completed road, while 1730 additional miles are in course of construction; and yet 756 other miles are already authorized. Altogether, the local roads already built or authorized involve an estimated outlay of \$130,000,000. Thus not only is the very basis upon which the permanent value and prosperity of the French railroad system rests in jeopardy, but, if we may judge by re-

cent experience in this country, a railroad panic is impending over France in the near future.

This, then, is the French railroad problem of to-day. It is the old question in a new guise. How is railroad competition to be held in check? The hands of the government are tied. It does not dare to repeal the law of 1865, for it is dangerous to run counter to a mania. No French government ever yet succeeded in doing so. It is not surprising, therefore, that those upon whom it devolves to suggest a solution of the problem pronounce it at once most urgent and most complex. In all probability it will be found to admit only of that costly solution with which both America and England are so painfully familiar. The mania must run its course, and result in collapse. Its ultimate effect on the French railroad system as a whole, and upon the relations it bears to the government, cannot now be foreseen. But it is safe to predict that the element of governmental control will in France be developed rather than diminished. Meanwhile, among the many problems now engaging the attention of the French people, that connected with its railroad system may in a not remote future prove fraught with the gravest political consequences.

THE RAILROAD PROBLEM IN GERMANY.

If there is, indeed, an inherent and irresistible tendency in the railroad systems of all countries to assume closer relations with governmental systems, if, as so many are inclined to believe, transportation is such an important and complex element in modern life that it must ultimately find its place among the functions of the state, then it is safe to say that in no other country does the railroad problem present so interesting a phase of present development as in Germany. The inclination of the German mind, especially the North German mind is, bureaucratic. It takes naturally and kindly to this method of development. This seems the natural mode in which the political genius of the people works.

With us in America, it is just the opposite. The commission is our bureau. We are continually driven to a recourse to it, but we always accept the necessity with reluctance, and the machine withal does not work well. Where it is not corrupt, it is apt to be clumsy. We get from it no such results as are obtained by the Germans. The reason, if we choose to seek it, is obvious enough. The bureau is a natural outgrowth of the German polity; it is the regular and appropriate form in which that effects its work. With us it is a necessity, but none the less an excrescence. Our political system has come in contact, through the complex development of civilization, with a class of problems in presence of which it has broken down; such questions as those of police, sanitary regulations, education, internal improvements, transportation. At first we always try to deal with these through the machinery of parliamentary government, a sort of sublimated town-meeting. The legislative committee is the embryotic American bureau; as such it serves its purpose for a time, doing its work in an uncouth, lumbering sort of way, and then, its insufficiency becoming manifest, it makes way for the commission. The American commission is, however, by no means the Prussian bureau. It is at best a very poor substitute for it; a thing suddenly improvised in place of one gradually developed.

When a community comes to dealing with such a problem as the gradual political development, it might almost be said the political evolution, of its railroad system, this distinction becomes important. In the one case the question is approached by a patient, trained professional; in the other by an eager, overconfident amateur. If, therefore, the problem of reestablishing the state in new and more effective relations with the agencies of transportation is to be solved in our time, it is pretty safe to predict that the solution will be reached in Germany long before it is in America. Not only do they approach it there in a more practical and scientific spirit, but the ground is better prepared. The material is more ready to the hand. For,

almost necessarily, the German railroad system reflects the condition of the German political system. It is a curious complication, very difficult to understand, — a mass of raw material, out of which order is to be deduced. Particularism ruled supreme; each petty sovereignty had a policy of its own. Yet certain fundamental principles asserted themselves everywhere. The system, for instance, was originally established on the principle of concessions to private companies, usually for from thirty to fifty years, and the idea of competition found no place in it. On the contrary, the building of competing lines was expressly forbidden. As the several lines extended themselves this restriction so impeded their development that in Prussia a few years ago it was repealed. The results which have just been described in France then ensued. A mania of railroad construction and expansion developed itself. Dr. Strausburgh burst upon an astonished world. The usual result followed. A panic and collapse took place, and railroad property depreciated in value as much in Prussia as recently it has in America.

But throughout Germany the relations between the state and the railroads had always been very close. Those building the roads under concessions had received liberal aid from government, sometimes in the form of a subsidy, at other times through a guaranty of interest or dividends; while in yet other cases the state itself became a large stockholder. The tendency towards a closer connection between the government and the railroads has constantly been apparent, and in consequence of the recent railroad mania is more pronounced now than ever before. Prussia, always a large, if not the largest, owner and manager of railroads in North Germany, has lately purchased new lines; while the government of Bavaria has at last acquired all the railroads within the limits of that country, and is indeed thus the first considerable government in the world to both own and work its entire railroad system. Whether actually owning and operating the rail-

roads or not, however, the hand of the German governments has ever been present in their affairs, regulating everything, from the rates on merchandise to the safeguards against accident. Starting from the fundamental German principle that it was not only the right but the duty of the state to interfere in every matter of public interest, it assumed the power as a matter of course, until in practice the will of the minister was able to make itself felt in every direction.

Owing to the lack of cohesion among the political organizations of the German-speaking race, the necessities of their position long ago caused the railroads of Central Europe to form a union among themselves. In this there were included, in 1873, nearly one hundred managements, operating 26,000 miles of track, the governments being represented in the same way as private managements. This union settled questions of fares and freights, and made all necessary traffic arrangements. Through it combination was made to take the place of competition, and in case of controversy the roads had recourse to arbitration, directly under the eye of the government and of the public, instead of to wars of rates. As a result, tariffs at once intelligible and equal, things unknown in English-speaking countries, are not only in general use, but are universally observed. Before the battle of Sadowa brought the North German empire into existence, this union was, under the conditions there existing, a necessity. It then became firmly established, and is now recognized as a most useful part of the railroad organization. It introduces into the system uniformity and stability, causing a direct contact with the government. In all probability it is now paving the way to merging the two.

This result is only a question of time, and is already actively discussed. During the present session of the imperial parliament, the government was formally instructed to cause a regular inquiry to be made into the expediency of acquiring the remainder of the private lines. The matter was referred to the

Imperial Railroad Commission, which has not yet reported. German investigations are not rapid, and at present the imperial government is not financially in a situation to justify large outlay. The tendency is, nevertheless, all one way, and the report when it comes will probably initiate a well-matured movement in the direction of state railroad ownership and management on the largest scale. This is as it should be. For the reasons already stated, in Germany this great experiment can be tried on a large scale and under conditions most favorable to success; in Germany, therefore, it ought to be tried first.

The English, the Belgian, the French, and the German are the four great railroad systems. With many points in common, each has peculiar features deserving of careful study. In their political relations they are divided into two groups by a broad line of demarkation. On the one side of that line are the systems of the English-speaking race, based upon private enterprise and left for their regulation to the principles of *laissez faire*, the laws of competition, and of supply and demand. On the other side of the line are the systems of continental Europe, in the creation of which the state assumed the initiative, and over which it exercises a constant and watchful supervision. In applying results drawn

from the experience of one country to problems which present themselves in another, the difference of social and political habit and education should ever be borne in mind. Because in the countries of continental Europe the state can and does hold close relations, amounting even to ownership, with the railroads, it does not follow that the same course could be successfully pursued in England or in America. The former nations are by political habit administrative, the latter are parliamentary; in other words, France and Germany are essentially executive in their governmental systems, while England and America are legislative. Now the executive may design, construct, or operate a railroad; the legislative never can. A country, therefore, with a weak or unstable executive, or a crude and imperfect civil service, should accept with caution results achieved under a government of bureaus. Nevertheless, though conclusions cannot be adopted in the gross, there may be in them much good food for reflection. It may, perhaps, in the present case be found that Belgium, France, and Germany have each and all worked out principles the application of which has a direct bearing on questions now perplexing America. In another paper an attempt will be made at the practical application to our own circumstances of this experience of others.

Charles Francis Adams, Jr.

AT PARTING.

As one, in thinking of the dead,
 Recalls the face but not the name,
 As knowing when the soul has fled
 A title goeth as it came;

Be mine the face that you recall,
 And mine the name that you forget;
 The sweetest story of them all
 Is thought, but never uttered yet.

A. R. Grote.

RECENT LITERATURE.

It may not be Mr. Browning's intention that we should earn our poetry, like our bread, by the sweat of our brows, but there really seems to be some such curse denounced against his readers, which the lapse of time does not soften. We were about to say that Mr. Browning goes from bad to worse, but we remember how much harder to read some parts of *The Ring* and the *Book* were than *The Inn Album*; ¹ we remember *Fifine* at the Fair, unreadable; we remember the *Red Cotton Night-Cap Country* and its outer darkness; and — no, we cannot say that Mr. Browning goes from bad to worse in want of intelligibility. You can get at the whole story of *The Inn Album* if you will try hard enough and long enough. As to special passages and expressions, that is another thing; and as to the whole, it is not at all certain that it is worth while. But this is a matter of opinion which we willingly leave to each reader to settle after he has taken breath from the violent gymnastics of its perusal. Doubtless there are those who will feel paid for their pains, and we would be far from infecting such satisfied souls with our discontent. But they will own, we think, that the story is exceedingly disagreeable, and that the poet finally shirks his responsibility to the reader, and leaves him with a series of inconclusive and clumsily contrived situations in his mind, rather than an effect of dramatic unity. We have, to begin with, those old acquaintance, the two men who game till dawn, and rise and let the morning light in upon the fact that one owes the other ten thousand pounds. The characters are rather interesting: one is a high-souled, rich, good young plebeian; the other is a middle-aged, brilliant aristocrat, *roué* and gambler, whom the young fellow worships for his intellectual superiority, and whom he strives to make accept forgiveness of the ten thousand pounds which, contrary to all expectation, he has just won of him. They have come down together to the country inn where the album is, — it serves to give a title to the poem and is otherwise mechanically employed, — and the young man is to see that morning his cousin, to whom he has been languidly making love

for some time, and get her final yes or no as to their marriage. While he walks with his friend to the station where the latter is to take the train, he asks him why his life, which might be so triumphant in Parliament and elsewhere, is so aimless, and learns from him, in much darkling parenthesis, that it is because some years before he betrayed a beautiful girl, who then refused what he supposed the reparation of a marriage, and went off and married a country curate — where, he does n't know; but some day, he feels sure, they shall meet, and in the mean time her hate blasts his life. Then the young man tells how he too met and loved a beautiful girl, who refused him in mysterious terms, and whose memory makes him quite indifferent whether his cousin shall say yes or no to him, presently. They loiter in their talk, and lose the train, and then the old adventurer must go back to the inn where the album is, and wait while the young man goes to see his cousin at her house near by. The young lady, however, has in the mean while gone to the inn to meet — whom but the curate's wife? — her very dear and adored friend, who has this once consented — for the convenience of Mr. Browning's poem — to leave the deep retirement in which she lives, and come to the inn to see her young friend and advise with her on the subject of her meditated marriage. They discuss the matter with Mr. Browning's well-known parsimony of the definite and indefinite article, but as luck will have it the young lady has run away to say yes to her lover just at the moment when the gambler-*roué*-aristocrat (nobody is named in the poem) arrives; and he meets face to face the woman whom he had injured past all matrimony. The scene that then ensues is very fine and strong; his remorse and self-abasement, and her implacable scorn, and then his real falseness and baseness appearing fully, are very powerfully expressed. They are expressed apparently in the speech of the different persons, but in fact it is always one person who speaks, namely, the poet. The women are in no wise distinguished from the men by anything feminine in their phrase in this story, as they are in real life and real drama, and no one is characterized by any mental or other pe-

¹ *The Inn Album*. By ROBERT BROWNING. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1876.

culiarly not plainly attributive; they are the creatures of Mr. Browning, who has not been able to deny himself the indulgence of making them act and speak from his occasions rather than theirs. While he is making these two talk at each other in the potent fashion he undoubtedly does, the young man returns, and, bursting in upon them, perceives in her no other than the woman whom he had loved in vain. He suspects a plot between them to hoodwink him, and not only get the lord free of his debt of ten thousand pounds, but make his creditor bleed further in the debtor's behalf, and he instantly declares his thought. But his error soon appears to him, and he sides with the woman in what follows. The inn album is lugged in from time to time, and one and another writes in it—unnecessarily, except that having got an inn and an album one must do something with them. It is practicable also in this curious transaction for the lord to get the lady to go out of the room on purpose to let him vilify her to the young man, but in turn he has already handsomely written something in the album that altogether damns himself. It all ends by the young man's shooting him dead in her behalf, and by her taking thereupon some "soon-spreading gear" of which she dies instantly. While the young man stands contemplating this *dénouement*, the voice of the young girl singing is heard, as she comes to rejoin her friend and find her cousin. But before she enters, the curtain falls—very luckily for the poet, who has things quite his own way throughout, and at the end, by this simple device of the descending curtain, is able to leave the reader with the distracted lovers on his hands, the dead to be somehow got rid of, and the young man to be tried and somehow acquitted for the homicide.

The story is not, of course, so hideous as that of the Red Cotton Night-Cap Country, but it is not far from as hideous, and one feels, in looking back over it, like asking for what reason the poet has subjected him to such an experience. There was a time when the answer, "For art's sake," would have sufficed, but this comprehensive reply is no longer sufficient, especially in a case where the art is not very good. It was certainly worth while to consider the mood and mind of a woman who, having given all to a man, finds him too false and too hateful even to be made that sort of pitiable refuge from society and himself which her seducer becomes by marriage

with her. Such a marriage, which is supposed to "make her an honest woman," is really only an added desecration and infamy, and, if it were possible, society should honor her for refusing it. But that is not possible now, and probably never will be. The wronged woman must therefore hope to right herself only in her own eyes and in those of divine justice, and she must be a woman of extraordinary character and courage who will resolve to forego the defense of marriage even with a man who has proved himself unworthy of her. Such an heroic creature Mr. Browning supposes, and the strength, the whole essence, of his poem lies in confronting her, after years, with her betrayer, who has never, perhaps, been able to understand why she should have foregone the reparation offered her. In this encounter you have one of the most highly dramatic situations, and it is a thousand pities that Mr. Browning could not have contented himself with studying and portraying it, and left out all those cloudy impertinences that go before and after it in his poem. Almost nothing else is well done: though his work can never have a vulgar air, still it is not well done. The machinery is, as we have said, really clumsy, and the character and the expression of character, apart from this great encounter, are hardly worth considering. "This bard's a Browning; he neglects the form," he says somewhere in the course of the poem. Well, we think this a pity, whether it happens through willfulness or not, and we would earnestly urge that bard, whoever he is, to drop being a Browning, so far as neglect of the form goes. The form is helpless by itself, yet nothing but the void exists without it, and, highly scorn it as he will, Mr. Browning himself is never a poet save when he attends to it. Our own Mr. Walt Whitman is a poet who has carried neglect of the form to its logical conclusions, and has arrived at a sort of literary resemblance to all out-doors, and is much such a poet as a summer morning is, or an alarm of fire, or some unpleasant smell which he would personally prefer to prayer. Mr. Browning, in *The Inn Album*, has not well observed the limits which the narrative poem, the novel, and the drama give themselves, and has willfully striven to weave them all together, getting a texture, if any texture at all, which seems to combine the coarseness of all. Except in the conception of the main idea, the drama is too melodramatic; the action is all melodramatic. The prose novel

in these days has been wrought by its masters to a fineness of characterization, method, and incident to which this story in verse can by no means pretend; and as a poem *The Inn Album* lacks the charm—the grace, the color, the music—which can alone justify the story-teller's departure from prose narration. It is, in short, a curiously willful piece of bad literary art, which its attempts to outlaw itself cannot render in any degree interesting, save for the first moment of surprise.

—Mrs. Preston's poems¹ possess frequently a variety and a welded grace of diction which give them distinction, and at first lead the reader to expect rather more, perhaps, than he will get from them. We should be loath to discredit so earnest a devotion as is here manifest to the art of poetry, and yet we must believe that a deeper tone of life would have made them more valuable. Yet, curiously, it is the series of *Cartoons from the Life of the Old Masters* which seems to rank highest in the book; and these are all studies more or less suggested by Browning's *Fra Lippo Lippi*, and *Andrea del Sarto*. So that we must be content, in this case as in most, to let the writer find her own way to the best within her scope. There is a marked decadence in *The Hero of the Commune*, and *His Name*, where Mrs. Preston assumes the bluff manner of *Hervé Riel*, with a singular undertone of *Bret Harte* in the choice of irregular lines, in treating real incidents. The poems on *Stonewall Jackson*, called *Gone Forward*, and *Under the Shade of the Trees*, show a good deal of real feeling. And it is notable that the volume is, on the whole, the most finished collection of poems which the South has given us, of late.

—The letters of Mrs. John Adams to her husband, as well as some to her son John Quincy Adams, covering a considerable term of years, have more than once been published, and the complementary letters of John Adams have also been published, both separately and in his collected writings; but the present volume¹ for the first time gives the letters of husband and wife interchangeably and together. Yet these belong only to the period embraced in the struggle for independence, the first of the series being dated 12th May, 1774, and the last, 18th February, 1783. Two hun-

dred out of the two hundred and eighty-four letters in the volume are from Mr. Adams, and of the remainder, by Mrs. Adams, nearly one half are now for the first time printed. The memoir prefixed to the correspondence is substantially the same as that previously published, and a portrait of Mrs. Adams at the age of twenty-one faces the title-page.

The ingenuous young man or maiden who hopes to find in this volume details which will enable him or her to appear faultlessly dressed and with suitable behavior at the next centennial tea-party will meet with some disappointment. Not that the mysteries of female dress, however, are wholly absent. "I wish you would let Bass get me," writes Mrs. Adams, "one pound of pepper, and two yards of black calamanco for shoes;" and in the same letter she deplores the alarming scarcity of pins,—"not one pin to be purchased for love or money. I wish you would convey me a thousand by any friend traveling this way;" and again, "Pray don't let Bass forget my pins." "The cry for pins is so great that what I used to buy for seven shillings and sixpence are now twenty shillings, and not to be had for that." But these and a few similar passages are all that indicate a specially feminine element in Mrs. Adams's letters. Her husband calls her in one place his "farmeress," and it is easy to see that in her seclusion at *Brintree*, or in the more public society of *Boston*, she was emphatically what her contemporaries would have called a Roman matron. One of the most curious and significant phases, indeed, of the intellectual life of the period is the consciousness of copying the Roman republic in orations, morals, and manners. The scriptural allusions which crowd the letters of John and Margaret Winthrop have not wholly disappeared in these letters, but they are more formally introduced as fragmentary bits of wisdom, and appear side by side with quotations from *Pliny* and *Rollin's Ancient History*, while the vessels which carry the letters are the *Apollo*, the *Juno*, and the *Minerva*, and classical allusions constitute a good share of such playfulness as may be found. The style of Mrs. Adams's letters, for it is to these that the reader turns with most curiosity, lacks equally the quaint dig-

Memoir of Mrs. Adams. By CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS. New York: Hurd and Houghton; Cambridge: The Riverside Press. 1876.

¹ *Cartoons.* By MARGARET J. PRESTON. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1875.

² *Familiar Letters of John Adams and his Wife, Abigail Adams, during the Revolution.* With a

nity of Margaret Winthrop's letters and the volatile life of more modern correspondents, but it reveals a character of firmness and of positiveness. The tone in which Mr. Adams addresses his wife indicates the respect which he had for her. He jests occasionally at her statesmanship, but it is plain that he has no hesitation in laying before her the affairs which occupy his mind, except that which springs from a fear of his letters being intercepted. It happened once at least, shortly after he had gone to Philadelphia for the first time, that a letter to his wife fell into the hands of the British and was published. It contained some allusions to his associates which were whispered to his wife, but eagerly published from the house-tops by the mischief-making enemy, and hasty words also respecting his own responsibilities, which were innocent enough when said to his wife, but construed maliciously as indications of a bursting vanity. The publication of this letter seems never to have been forgotten by Mr. Adams, who repeatedly draws back from telling news lest his letter may be intercepted, and makes sardonic reflections on the effect of publication of this or that letter. He cautions his wife to write in enigmas, and advises her to follow his example in retaining duplicates. But this uneasiness, while hinting at a certain suspiciousness in Mr. Adams, is in itself an intimation of the difficulties under which the patriots labored. Letters were entrusted to travelers quite as often, apparently, as to the post, and the chances of success or failure in transmission seemed almost equal, especially when letters were passing back and forth across the Atlantic. The news which Mrs. Adams could write from Boston was of real importance to her husband, and his letters to her in turn were communicated discreetly to those who could profit by the intelligence they contained. Hence the burden of the letters is public affairs, and the strong interest which Mrs. Adams took in these, together with her management of the farm and education of her children, in the long absences of her husband, call up the picture of a woman of marked elevation of character and purpose. We are prepared to be indignant when her husband breaks out now and then in a petulant complaint of her for getting caught with so much paper money, and his unceasing admonition to her to be frugal. She handles facts and figures so easily, and talks so fluently of business matters, that we are sure it was by no fault of

hers that paper money accumulated on her hands. The little sparring which goes on between them is, however, of an amiable character, and heated, if at all, by a certain zealous affection for each other. Mrs. Adams complains in one letter of her husband's remissness in writing; that indeed is the chief complaint they make of each other, though they seem to be perpetually at their desks. "I have not," she says, "been so parsimonious as my friend—perhaps I am not so prudent; but I cannot take my pen, with my heart overflowing, and not give utterance to some of the abundance which is in it. Could you, after a thousand fears and anxieties, long expectation, and painful suspense, be satisfied with my telling you that I was well, that I wished you were with me, that my daughter sent her duty, that I had ordered some articles for you, which I hoped would arrive, etc., etc. ? By Heaven, if you could, you have changed heart with some frozen Laplander, or made a voyage to a region that has chilled every drop of your blood; but I will restrain a pen already, I fear, too rash, nor shall it tell you how much I have suffered from this appearance of—inattention."

The supposititious letter of this extract is doubtless one which would have been written by many wives of that period, but Mrs. Adams was no ordinary woman, and since her interests were in the great movements with which her husband was concerned, she maintained a certain dignity of behavior on all occasions, if we may take these letters as evidence. She applied herself to reading Rollin's History and Dr. Tillotson and Bishop Butler, and, when disinclined to tell news, indulged in moral reflections supported by these writers. She had a sturdiness of mind which fed on large thoughts and cared more for what was going on in Congress than for the wax-figure show which her husband so vividly describes in one of his letters. With what strength of affection she supported her husband may be guessed from a passage of intense emotion which seems to us lifted above the level of most of her passionate writing; she had received a letter from Mr. Lovell, who sent her a plan of the probable seat of war when her husband was in its neighborhood. "There is no reward," she says, "this side the grave that would be a temptation to me to undergo the agitation and distress I was thrown into by receiving a letter in his handwriting, franked by him. It seems

almost impossible that the human mind could take in, in so small a space of time, so many ideas as rushed upon mine in the space of a moment. I cannot describe to you what I felt. The sickness or death of the dearest of friends, with ten thousand horrors, seized my imagination. I took up the letter, then laid it down, then gave it out of my hand unable to open it, then collected resolution enough to unseal it, but dared not read it; began at the bottom,—read a line,—then attempted to begin it, but could not. A paper was inclosed; I ventured upon that, and, finding it a plan, recovered enough to read the letter; but I pray Heaven I may never realize such another moment of distress.”

It is through such a medium as this book affords that one sees most truthfully the life which lies behind the historic record. The reader who follows these two eminent Americans in their exchange of news and opinions enters very closely upon the actual scenes which they trod. The facts of our history are not large, when measured by sensible standards, but the spirit which animated the minds of the generation that achieved independence is of a high and enduring kind; it breathes through these letters, and the book will go far toward making real to the attentive reader the more formal history which he reads.

—Professor Anderson's book¹ was first issued from the press in the beginning of September last, and in three months reappeared in a new edition. As its subject is drawn from the very heart of Icelandic poetic literature, it could not fail to be received with curiosity. Before this work appeared, there did not exist in the English language any complete and correct presentation of ancient Gothic heathenism as preserved in the Icelandic Eddas. Dasent's translation of Snorre's Edda (the younger) embraces only *Gylfaginning* and the beginning of *Bragrædur* (*Skaldskaparmál*); Thorpe's translation of the older Edda, being only a Danish translation rendered into English, is not a reliable work; and Pigott's *Scandinavian Mythology*, as also Percy's *Northern Antiquities*, contains but an unsystematic and more or less unreliable collection of the old myths of the *Asic* faith. Pennock's translation of Keyser's *The Religion of the Northmen* is indeed a reliable small work, but, as is suggested in the preface of An-

derson's book, contains for the most part not the myths themselves, but an explanation of them. Anderson's work is, as it claims to be, the first complete and systematic presentation of Norse mythology in the English language. Its completeness is seen by comparing it with the Eddas in the Icelandic original, and after having examined it carefully, we find it presented in the same systematic way as the corresponding works of the Danish scholars N. M. Petersen and Grundtvig, from which it differs especially in being written in a more popular and less enigmatic language. The subject is divided into three parts, the first containing the Eddic myths of the creation and preservation of the world; the second, those of the lives and exploits of the gods; and the third, those of the final destruction of the present visible world, the death of the gods, and the universal regeneration in *Ragnarökkr* (the twilight of the gods). Every myth is accompanied by detailed explanations, though it may be doubted whether the Northmen really saw them all in the same poetic splendor in which Mr. Anderson arrays them. The author, in harmony with the most modern interpreters of mythology, holds the view that the various myths are in general an impersonation of the visible workings of nature, and consequently he is unwilling to admit any other mythical explanation than the physical. He concedes only that the so-called ethical interpretation, which seeks to explain the myths as personifications of the various degrees in the moral history—individual and universal—of mankind, is right so far as it deals with their application. But with due respect for this modern standpoint of mythologists, we cannot stamp the historical theories of explaining mythology, given by Snorre Sturla's son and many others, as mere literary nonsense. We admit that a great majority of myths cannot be explained historically, nor do we believe that any one myth contains an historical truth in all its details; but neither P. A. Munch, the great historian of Norway, nor J. E. Sars, the independent investigator in the field of Norse history, in his yet unfinished work, *Udsigt over den norske Historie*, nor any other writer on the prehistoric life of the Scandinavian peoples has proved the impossibility of an historical foundation of the Eddic traditions. The preface of *Gylfaginning* in Snorre's Edda, combining the *As-gods*

¹ *Norse Mythology, or the Religion of our Forefathers*. Containing all the Myths of the Eddas, systematized and interpreted. By R. B. ANDERSON,

A. M., Professor of the Scandinavian Languages in the University of Wisconsin. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. 1875.

both with the Homeric heroes of Troy, Zoroaster of Persia, and the biblic patriarchs (compare also the beginning of *Yngliuga-saga* in *Heimskringla*), is in our view very remarkable as pointing to some historical persons of Asia who afterwards appear as divine objects of faith and worship among the sons of the East settled in Northern and Central Europe. Otherwise we are unable to account for the harmony and homogeneity of the Eddic myths with those—however incomplete and fragmentary—found among the southern Teutonic (Gothic) nations, for according to incontrovertible results of historical investigations, and the philological researches of Gísli Magnússon and others, we take it for granted that the Scandinavian peoples did not immigrate to Europe in company with the Germanic nations, but that they came in separate tribes and perhaps in quite different centuries.

In the long introduction of the book we find many admirable things, but nothing so concisely elaborated as the chapter wherein Norse mythology is compared with the Greek; but there are some details in the same introduction, as also in other parts of the book, which we cannot admit. This is especially the case with the anti-Romanic utterances found in various parts of the book, which we think must be considered as paradoxical. When Grundtvig published his work on ancient history, he confessed in the preface of the book that he had written this work with prejudice against the Romans. With the same prejudice against some of the best and most prominent Roman characters Theodor Mommsen also wrote his noted history. Like the former, Mr. Anderson, in some of the many lively and fervid digressions in his work, frankly confesses his anti-Romanic disposition (for instance, on page 73, where he says "our warfare is against the Latin," etc., and on page 77, where he speaks of "the bondage of Rome" from which "we must free ourselves," etc.). But it is interesting to observe the same anti-Romanism, or declamations against the political tendency of the Romans, in the works of some of their own most prominent writers, as Tacitus, Sallust, etc. Read, for instance, the words by the former put into the mouth of the British Calgacus (*Agr.*, ch. 30): "*Raptores orbis; postquam cuncta vastantibus defuere terrae, jam et mare scrutantur; si locuples*

hostis est, avari; si pauper, ambitiosi," etc. (Compare with this passage Anderson's book, page 73 ff.) On the whole, however, the book, in spite of its anti-Romanic digressions and a few other points which cannot be approved, will be found an excellent and reliable presentation of the old paganism of the North. The vocabulary of mythical proper nouns and the index at the end of the work increase its value and are quite indispensable to the reader. Some minor faults which were found in the first edition we are glad to see corrected in the second. But, like all works treating of Icelandic literature yet published in English, this "mythology" lacks a perfect conformity in the spelling of proper nouns, of which many are given not in their Icelandic form, but in a dress adopted by the scholars of Norway and Denmark.

—That unlovely object, the tramp, has been so courageously abused in the newspapers and in private conversation that there seems a kind of compensation for him in the arrival of two books largely devoted to singing the praises of the ideal tramp. Mr. Burroughs¹ is an old friend who has proved his right to be listened to when he comes to tell us what he has found within eye-shot and ear-shot, and Mr. Barron,² who is a more humorous vagabond, shows himself to be a good companion for a walk, though he displays a little more self-consciousness in his vagrancy. Of the two, Mr. Burroughs is the better poet, Mr. Barron the better dog. We hasten to explain that we use this word in no disrespectful sense, but because we can think of no more faithful illustration of that sudden start into the bushes, untiring nosing about, and industrious hunt, which Mr. Barron keeps up; he trots along with his amiable little epigrams, suddenly discovers a subject in "small caps," and goes off with fresh enthusiasm to explore its mysteries.

Mr. Burroughs's poetic faculty has given us a fine picture in the opening passage of his chapter, *The Exhilarations of the Road*. "Occasionally," he writes, "on the sidewalk, amid the dapper, swiftly-moving, high-heeled boots and gaiters, I catch a glimpse of the naked human foot. Nimbly it scuffs along; the toes spread, the sides flatten, the heel protrudes; it grasps the curbing, or bends to the form of the uneven surfaces, a thing sensuous and alive, that

¹ *Winter Sunshine*. By JOHN BURROUGHS, author of *Wake Robin*. New York: Hurd and Houghton. 1876.

² *Foot-Notes, or Walking as a Fine Art*. By ALFRED BARRON, (Q.) Wallingford, Conn.: Wallingford Printing Company. 1876.

seems to take cognizance of whatever it touches or passes. How primitive and uncivil it looks in such company, — a real barbarian in the parlor. We are so unused to the human anatomy, to simple, unadorned nature, that it looks a little repulsive; but it is beautiful, for all that. Though it be a black foot and an unwashed foot, it shall be exalted. It is a thing of life amid leather, a free spirit amid cramped, a wild bird amid caged, an athlete amid consumptives. It is the symbol of my order, the Order of Walkers.” The better half of *Winter Sunshine* is taken up with observations upon nature and human nature under the titles, *Winter Sunshine*, *Exhilarations of the Road*, *The Snow-Walkers*, *The Fox*, *A March Chronicle*, and *The Apple*, while the remainder of the volume is given to the author’s experience on a short trip to England and France. We like Mr. Burroughs best when he stays at home, and he seems himself, for all his enjoyment abroad, to be heartily glad to be among the scenes which he owns by virtue of a thorough use of them. His habits of observation and his cheerful temper make his record of foreign travel distinct and enjoyable, albeit it is hard, in a book, to go to Europe with a man who discovers the familiar over again; but we know no better companion for the road at home. He steps out with a freedom and cheerfulness which make one sincerely ashamed of one’s querulous in-door habits. The writing is honest and to the point, delightfully free from an obtrusive effectiveness, yet sharp enough to keep one’s wits on the alert; no light success in the treatment of subjects which are usually too highly charged with literary affectation.

Mr. Barron’s method is more discursive, and he explains that the papers which make up his volume were brief contributions to a local journal. His book loses something of sustained effect from this cause. One is constantly starting off with him on short walks, and misses the long tramps and swinging gait which characterize Mr. Burroughs’s book. Something of the same spirit, the same enthusiasm for fresh air, pervades both writers, but with Mr. Barron the airing of his own views is so agreeable to himself, and by no means displeasing to his readers, that one is likely to come home from a walk with him less ready to report what he saw than what Mr. Barron said it was. Mr. Barron’s circuit is a small one, and he is entirely content with it. “If you confine yourself,” he says, “to walks of

twelve miles in every direction from your home, you have a field of observation comprising four hundred and fifty-two square miles,” and in much less compass he finds plenty of food for observation and thought. To use his own expression, as soon as he takes to his legs, his brain begins to grow luminous and to sparkle, and accordingly there is a rapid succession of bright sparks of thought which go out almost as fast as they come. Nevertheless the book is the production of a humorist who does not affect his pleasure in the simple and homely, and we cordially commend it to any one who prefers wild fruit to cultivated.

Both books have an interest as literary descendants of Thoreau’s writings. Mr. Barron frankly confesses, in his preface, to having been attended on his walks by Thoreau’s ghost, and it is pleasant to find either that the ghost has improved in manners and is of a more cheerful cast of mind than formerly, or that Mr. Barron with his aggressive good nature has actually got the better of his comrade. Doubtless neither writer would have written just as he does except for Thoreau’s influence, but they both show plainly that their out-door life and vagrancy have a positive connection with doorsteps, and seem none the less, but rather better, fitted for human companionship because of their experiments with solitude.

— To readers looking for a fresh, pretty, and wholesome story, with a good deal of honest sentiment, some pathos, and in places a considerable strength of passion, we commend Mr. Gift’s latest book.¹ We must bid them not be discouraged, however, by a varnish of excessive “smartness” which here and there confuses the simple and natural *genre* pictures which the writer presents. Mr. Gift has got too many things by heart from the pages of Charles Reade, and follows a rambling route marked out by slow-paced Thackeray. He has qualities, nevertheless, that are distinctly his own. The realness of his people is so firm, and the charm of his young heroine so abiding, that he is able to take the most curious liberties in talking about them, as when he describes Miss Bellow at a trying moment, gazing out “at the broad expanse of silvery sea, and giving vent every now and then to a suspicious little snuffle.” It follows from this that he is able to turn pathos and even tragedy, or the tender rec-

¹ *Pretty Miss Bellow. A Tale of Home Life.* By THEO. GIFT. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1875

conciliation of two lovers, into something very different from abstract statements or unmixed emotion, and to give them a piquant touch which carries one easily through a volume which we are inclined to call too long for its theme.

—Mr. Sargent begins his memoirs of *Public Men and Events*¹ where the minuteness of Mr. Ingersoll's historic statement stops, that is, at Monroe's administration. This brings General Jackson into his pages very early, and the first volume contains a great deal about that leader, whom Mr. Sargent did not greatly admire, being himself a follower of Henry Clay. Calhoun, too, was no favorite of Mr. Sargent, one of whose best anecdotes is that which relates how Mr. Crawford, the leading candidate for president in 1824, wrote a letter in 1830, revealing the opposition of Calhoun to Jackson, in Monroe's cabinet, and how Mr. W. B. Lewis, Jackson's presidential trainer, would not let his friend know the contents of this letter until some months after he himself first saw it, and until it was safe for Jackson to quarrel with Calhoun, who was then his vice-president. It would have been very inconvenient had this exposure been made while Jackson was running for president on the same ticket with Calhoun, in 1828. Mr. Sargent also brings out well the apparent contradiction in Jackson's character, that, "with the frank bearing and apparent guilelessness of a rough soldier, he possessed in a high degree the tact and shrewdness of an adroit politician," of which several striking examples are given. Mr. Clay's controversy with Jackson, growing out of the election of Adams in 1825, and his subsequent opposition to Jackson's measures, are well narrated, but always with a friendly leaning to Mr. Clay's side. The story of the compromises of 1833 and of 1850 is told, and there is a curious anecdote concerning Mr. Calhoun's own reluctant vote for the compromise bill of 1833, under the gentle compulsion of Senator Clayton, of Delaware. It seems to have been General Jackson's purpose at that time (as has often been said) to hang Mr. Calhoun, if South Carolina continued to oppose the national government. Mr. Sargent gives some color to the statement made by Benton that Daniel Webster, in

1832-33, hesitated whether he should not join the administration party, at the invitation of Jackson, who was greatly pleased at his support in the conflict with the Southern nullifiers.

In the second volume, General Jackson disappears, and Mr. Adams, then fighting against slavery in the House of Representatives, becomes prominent, as does Mr. Webster also, whose connection with the administration of John Tyler is fairly narrated. Mr. Clay, however, is still the central figure, and with his death, in 1852, the work may be said to close, although the record is continued until after Mr. Webster's death and the decision of the presidential campaign of 1852. It seems that Mr. Webster was made Secretary of State, at the urgent request of Mr. Clay, after General Taylor's death in 1850, it having been President Fillmore's wish to offer the position to Mr. R. C. Winthrop. This will be new, perhaps, to most readers.

As is proper in a book of this kind, Mr. Sargent gives many anecdotes, and not all of them, we may say, with perfect accuracy. Thus Samuel Cushman, who in Jackson's and Van Buren's congresses got the name of Previous Question Cushman, was not a congressman from Maine, as Mr. Sargent says (i. 126), but from New Hampshire, where he represented Secretary Woodbury's district of Rockingham. This secretary's name is commonly spelt wrong by Mr. Sargent, who calls him Woodberry, and there are a few minor mistakes of this sort which perhaps the author would have corrected had he lived to see the publication of his book. He was a person of much observation and many opportunities for preserving anecdotes of the period about which he writes, having spent a great part of his life in Washington among the public men of his time. His judgment of them is not masterly, nor always impartial, and his style is by no means faultless; but he has made an entertaining and a valuable book.

—If *Govinda Sámanta*² is a novel, it is apparently based on facts that have come under its author's immediate notice, so that the book is really valuable as a picture of life. This is, to be sure, what every work of fiction tries to be, but in this case we

¹ *Public Men and Events, from the Commencement of Mr. Monroe's Administration, in 1817, to the Close of Mr. Fillmore's Administration, in 1853.* By NATHAN SARGENT. In Two Volumes. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1875.

² *Govinda Sámanta, or the History of a Bengal Raiyat.* By the REV. LAL BEHARI DAY, Chinsurah, Bengal: London: Macmillan & Co. 1874.

have merely a biography of a Bengal peasant, told without any pretense of the embellishment of romance. This is not on the face a very warm introduction of a book, but we think that any one who takes it up will find it entertaining. It is a book that can be read, very much as Defoe's less famous novels can be, from curiosity rather than from interest in the people. The author throws more light on the ways, habits, superstitions, religious belief, social laws, troubles, and rare joys of the innocent Bengal peasant than could twenty blue-books, or any number of encyclopædias. Such standard authorities leave the shell about every subject of which they treat; they tell us no more what is the real life of, to take this example, the peasants of Bengal, than a book of military tactics does of the feelings of a soldier on going into battle. If this picture is a fair one, it would be hard to find more innocent inhabitants of the globe than this simple peasantry, and certainly the marks of truth in the narrative are abundant. The book takes one man and gives a full account of the incidents of his life and that of the members of his family. There is no fine writing in it, no exaggerated appeal to the feelings, but it is a touching history, and one told with gratifying simplicity. The author shows faint touches of what carried too far would be pedantry, but which as it is may be called full appreciation of the advantages of our civilization, especially so far as English literature is concerned. But the book is not marred by this. We have no hesitation in recommending it.

—It is a question whether what are known as religious books constitute a greater or less proportion of all the books published than formerly. There was a time, in New England at least,—as the spare book-shelves in many an old country-house testify,—when a rather respectable class read religious books only. Reading was consecrated, perhaps it would be more correct to say confiscated, for the benefit of what was technically called the soul; removed out of the realm of pleasure into the shady regions of self-mortifying duty. It was a state of things unfavorable to culture, but perhaps not more so than the exclusive perusal of novels which prevails in so many quarters at present. It remains true, however, that books of a certain religious bearing are still more widely interesting, more popular, really, than any others; and any book which professes to give a fresh view,

and especially a simpler solution, of the tangled problems of life and duty (even though it be, like *Ecce Homo*, for example, a hard book to read) is sure of its welcome and of a very general and more or less intelligent perusal. The book which fulfills its promises in this regard exercises a great influence, quite independently of literary merit, or even, one may say, in spite of it. The book which disappoints them is at best a lost venture, save as it finds its vagrant way to some mind of similar temper, and experience parallel to the author's own; and this is precisely the mind which it will only confirm in its previous prepossessions, not move to any new issues. Such a book is apparently the volume entitled *Grace for Grace*,¹ by the late Rev. William James, of Rochester, New York. The title, although scriptural, smacks rather unpleasantly of cant, but the book, save in occasional forms of speech, as where the author talks of his "secret transactions with Christ," is not canting. It is simply mystical. It consists of extracts from letters to different friends, but all on the same themes: the indwelling of the spirit of God in man, the annihilation of the human will before the (supposed) divine, the progressive and finally complete detachment of the affections from what were called in the stately and sombre language of old-fashioned divinity "the things of time and sense that perish with the using." Here is nothing of argumentative theology, nothing, or next to nothing, of practical duty; intense introspection, necessarily, and everywhere great warmth and beauty of expression. One of the strangest facts of psychology, and one whose significance has never yet been courageously and satisfactorily fathomed, is the identity of the mystical and the sensuous temperaments. Accordingly on every page of this truly and ardently pious book we see evidences of a rich and rapturous nature in the author; of a craving for color, warmth, and splendor, a temper singularly illustrated by his repeated references to the poetry of Byron, as if it were the highest type. When this kind of sacred voluptuousness accompanies, as it did in the case of Mr. James, a straight and clear course, a pure, happy, and beneficent life, its possessor is of all human creatures the most poignantly loved and lamented. The gallant and hopeful spirit, and fullness of imaginative faith, with which Mr. James faced the sudden

¹ *Grace for Grace. Letters of Rev. William James.* New York: Dodd and Mead. 1874.

close of his successful earthly career, are very interesting, and remind one of what Sainte-Beuve so finely said of Madame de Duras: "She conceived for suffering, if one may say so, a kind of last, sublime passion." But when he uses such expressions as these, "I see plainly that I shall be saved in spite of myself," "God's love is wholly irrespective of our character, or of our love to him," "For myself I feel that even sin is utterly harmless;" then we are required gravely to remember that these transports, this fancied severance of the life of faith from the life of earth, have their very imminent dangers in the direction of character and conduct, and that it has been repeatedly shown possible for a man sincerely to suppose this higher life to be growing and brightening at the very time that he is lost to all sense of common delicacy and dignity in his relations with his fellow-men.

— We have already spoken of the French original, so far as issued, of the *Compte de Paris's* work,¹ and in calling the attention of the public to it in its English dress we need only repeat the commendation already given the book. The author brings to its preparation experience and careful study; his position throughout is that of a judge and not that of an advocate, which is all the more commendable in view of the recentness of the events he describes; compared in this respect with Kinglake's *History of the Crimean War*, for instance, the superiority of this history is very plain.

This volume includes the first two of the French, bringing the history down to the end of the first winter of the war. The work of translation has been well done, and the whole book has received the editorial supervision of Dr. Coppée, who has corrected some few slight errors.

ART.

THE January exhibition of the Boston Art Club was, for some qualities, perhaps the best that we have had to notice for several years past. To be sure, there was the usual bit of curious antiquity, this time as always, and the usual complement of half-amateurish work in water-color and black and white. This year the special pictorial relic was a portrait of Sir Henry Englefield, by Alexander Pope, the poet, which has the merit of confirming Hogarth's estimate of the "man of taste,"—if that needed confirming. Curiously, too, there was a tinted wood carving of a Spruce Partridge by Alexander Pope, Jr., exposed in the next room to this portrait. But, these hybrid matters counted out, we found much of interest in the exhibition. Mr. William M. Hunt contributed several interesting charcoal sketches, one of which, with its leafless trees quivering against the sky, and a dim rout of sheep huddled about the boles, had the peculiar charm of Mr. Shaw's Millet, in the Athenæum. The sketch of a dog, also, was excellent for its sense of supple sinews and good tough hide. Miss Susan Hale's two water-color land-

scapes were the most notable of the aquarelles for fresh and bracing feeling; though the coloring looked unduly cold, perhaps, when compared with two scenes from Mr. George N. Cass. Mr. Cass is a color-seer of really rich endowment, and if he should once reach an equal degree of general artistic training and culture, we do not see why he should not also enjoy the same sort of fame as Mr. Boughton. His *View, Canton, Massachusetts*, presents a simple New England town vested in that variety of color which our climate so easily yields that it is a marvel our painters make no more of it than they do. There is a brooding madder in the crowd of houses, over which a long, rich-tinted afternoon cloud is spread. By the lake in front stand masses of trees various in tint but chiefly of a clear light green, generously reflected in the water. The madder reappears in the foreground, in a small, autumnal clump of oak beside a rich green railroad bank, the top of which leads one's eye off to the background, where some white dormer windows are very agreeably picked out of the distance. There is a suspicion of confusion

¹ *History of the Civil War in America*. By the COMTE DE PARIS. Translated, with the approval of the author, by LOUIS F. TASISTRO. Edited by HENRY

COPPÉE, LL. D. Volume I. Philadelphia: Jos. H. Coates & Co. 1875.

and uncertainty about this, but it is meritorious. A complete contrast in treatment, yet allied by the sense of color, is Mr. Monks's *Clear Day at Salisbury Beach*. The greater part of this piece is an almost entirely clear blue sky; below that we have a little stretch of pale sand-beach darkened into brown by sea-weed just before the sand is lost in the long, thin wash of a quiet, pale-blue wave. Beyond this wave, in which two figures are walking, — one with a white shirt, the other with a red dress, — is a narrow line of deep blue, which somehow, though it is the smaller in area, gives a much greater sense of depth and distance. A steamer's smoke floats up from the horizon, and there are two or three bits of brown cloud, not at first perceptible, in the sky. The whole affects one like the sweep of a master's bow on the violin. We marvel that Mr. Monks, with this power, can paint so dull a picture as his *After a Shower* (170). Miss Boott and Miss Cranch also have something of the colorist about them. The former's *Portrait* has merit in it, but wants shape, and is too profuse in expression of tints, as compared with the same artist's clear, intellectual — we had almost said epigrammatic — *January*. Miss Cranch's *Celestina* labors under a trouble of dumbness or half-articulate announcement which seems often to affect Mr. Hunt's pupils. Mr. Hunt himself, however, is outspoken enough in a certain *Head* (102), which is so high-colored as to give one a strange sense of its having been flayed, or forced into extravasation by prolonged squeezing. We are inclined to think Mr. Duveneck's way of looking at faces, as instanced in his *Blacksmith Boy*, safer and more wholesome, though he is perhaps too monotonous in coloring. Mr. Vedder's youth capering in a mediæval costume strikes us as quite light-headed and useless; Mr. W. M. Chase's *Court Jester* is worse, being vulgar; and there were some other foolish distortions of the same kind. The proportion of figure-study in this exhibition was not greater than common. Toulmouche's *Interesting Letter* (ranked *Hors concours* at the salon), very remarkable for its technical merits, supplied the usual scene of parquetry, marquetry, and silken soft young ladies elaborately doing nothing under pretense of examining a letter, — an extreme of exquisite emptiness. We have reserved till this point the mention of a *Bivouac*, by Zamacois, which is the most remarkable piece of art in the galleries. It shows us morn-

ing breaking over a field occupied by mediæval warriors. The style is totally unlike the painter's usual polished one, the piece being perhaps a sketch only. Looked at closely, it appears to be a broadly conceived beginning of a picture: one gazes with curious interest at the roughly puckered surface marked by the palette knife, wondering what is to come of it; but stepping back one sees what is strangely like completion. There is a man sprawling upon the ground by the tent on the left, blowing some coals under a kettle; he is all compact of loose strokes, there doesn't seem a definite line about him anywhere; but, viewed a little distant, he strikes out his limbs with tremendous energy, and the coals seem fairly to palpitate with his breath, while the smoke, urged by little jottings of blue at the edges, twists and rolls away into the air with great spirit. The background shows the dawn, with a lifting curtain of dim mauve, in which is caught the waning moon. This vista of morning holds in strange but clear solution a mass of pale yellow, light green, rose, and blue strokes, with a dash of orange along the horizon. Meantime, all in front is steeped in the cool, gray, twilight mystery of the hour. This is real magic, art in the fullest sense. Our American painters, as usual, are strongest in landscape, and before quitting the subject, — barely mentioning Stuart Newton's portrait of a lady, which hardly belongs to the present generation of American painting, — we must give praise to Mr. George Inness's *Morte Mount*, which, with its clean-cut, virile pine and gray ledge of rock and impending thunder-clouds, is a very sturdy and splendid piece of work. Particularly true and ingenions is the way in which a bare birch-tree is entangled with and at the same time set free from a blinding white light in the sky. Mr. Longfellow, too, sent a spirited study of waves called *After the Storm*.

— There is always an audience for the sentimentalist in art, and it is to it that Constant Mayer appeals in his *Song of the Shirt*, lately imported by Messrs. Blakeslee and Noyes. The interest, therefore, is almost purely intellectual, and the picture, looked at across the room, exposes its artistic poverty by its utter failure to impress or excite the eye, which it is clearly the province of a work of art to do, whatever moral or pathetic aim it may have behind it. The conception is poor, cold, and bad, and the color corresponds; the simplicity is not dignity, it is indigence. There is little

else to be said about the work, except that the drawing of the figure is spiritless and not quite correct.

—Messrs. Osgood & Co. have presented us the latest work of M. Viollet-le-Duc¹ in a commendable way; translated by Mr. Henry Van Brunt, and illustrated with copies of the original drawings. M. Viollet-le-Duc is well known as one of the ablest and most fertile of French writers upon architecture. The book contains ten discourses, in which he treats quite amply many topics, and enunciates many principles, always in a fresh and earnest way.

He limits the arts to four: music, architecture, sculpture, painting, and ranks them as here mentioned, music having been the first born. Music and architecture are positive; sculpture and painting are derivative, and consequences of the former. Believing strongly in the purity and beauty of the Greek architecture, M. Viollet-le-Duc does not advocate its reproduction, the copying of Greek forms, but their examination and study in order that taste and a fine sense of form and decoration may be cultivated. To him there seems danger of an over-civilization stifling that freedom which the great and true architect must enjoy. He does not believe that the Greek forms in stone sprang from the tree pillar and the wooden lintel, but he seems to fail in making it clear that they did not. Roman architecture borrowed and used the Greek forms, but cheapened and debased them. While the Greeks were inspired by a love of beauty alone, the Romans had a practical purpose in what they did. Their populations were large, turbulent, coarse; great armies swept over the lands, and everywhere they builded works of practical use. In a few days or a few months these vast bodies of men put up vast structures. The Greek monuments were small, the Roman great. In order to accomplish this, the Romans adopted, almost created, the arch and the vault. By these means they could raise story upon story, for arch sprang upon arch; the wonderful baths of Rome, the bridges, the roads, the amphitheatres of Rome and Verona and Nismes and Arles, bear witness to this. The Coliseum at Rome was completed in less than three years.

The Romans piled up their walls with marble, brick, anything which came to hand, leaving the decoration to follow, when they

could get decorations. The result shows decoration of a mixed and often incongruous character; there was no restraint and no delicacy. In their domestic architecture there was at first no ostentation. The outsides of the houses at Pompeii show great plainness and simplicity; expenditure and art were reserved for the interiors; this was probably true of the Greeks also. Later this good rule was degraded, and in the time of Constantine architecture was in its decadence. But Rome never reached a pure and fine "style" as the Greeks did. "Style consists in distinction of form," and is one of the elements of beauty. This the Greeks had in perfection. In the primitive epochs style imposed itself upon the architect; later he looked about for something with which he could create style. In all this two elements prevail: first, necessity, and second, imagination. In every good style of building the uses of the structure must be plain, bold, and honest; the form must be perfect, decoration must be subservient. Style, then, must express this purpose, and in the finest way. The Greek temple and the Gothic church, the arched bridge and the locomotive, all express it and have style. The artist must have this in view, and must not allow memories to overwhelm his great idea.

M. Viollet-le-Duc then traces the rise of the mediæval or Gothic style, and the Renaissance manner of Italy. Of architecture in France, corrupted by the taste of the Louis XIV. period, he says that it has not yet recovered its integrity. As to what may be done hereafter he is not very certain; but he is clear that the French have not done well in merely studying the past and endeavoring to create Greek or Italian temples for French law offices. He advocates the study of the past in order to get at principles rather than details, but he advocates for the architect and for the people freedom from academic tyranny and criticism. He does not believe a new style of architecture can be invented; nor do we.

The key-note of this age is the supremacy of the individual. Every man is now asserting himself. There is no strong feeling of nationality, none of clan, and but little of family. He has not yet achieved his independence, so as to learn to combine again, and to coöperate. Until he does, it is not to be expected that great monuments can or will be built, and we had better not attempt it. We shall and we do build great mills and railway stations, because

¹ *Discourses on Architecture.* By EUGENE EMANUEL VIOULET-LE-DUC. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

the needs of the time demand them; and we may and do build excellent houses for the individual man. Here lies the path for architecture at this present time. What we need to keep in mind, however, in treating these temples of home, is simplicity, not ostentation; form first, decoration next; and more than that, we should not forget that for these temples great size is not demanded, while purity of ornamentation is.

These discourses are valuable and interesting, but we wish that the writer had taken time to be shorter, for condensation would bring out the strictures and principles more clearly and effectively.

— Amongst the holiday books which one can wish to outlive the holidays is certainly the beautiful volume of *American Interiors* by Mr. Elliott,¹ which appeared at the close of the year. It is a quarto of some hundred pages, and has twenty-two full-page illustrations in heliotype of some of the most tasteful libraries and dining-rooms in the country. An interesting and very encouraging fact in regard to these pictures is that they represent interiors not only in the East, — in Boston, at Newport, New Haven, New York, Springfield, Albany, — but also in the middle and farthest West, — in Cincinnati and California, — and show how general and almost national the instinct and the taste for household decoration has become. An instructive and suggestive contrast is afforded by the juxtaposition in the same volume of such colonial interiors as Mr. Longfellow's Library at Cambridge, and Mr. Peabody's Hall at Danvers, with the handsome modern rooms to which the work is otherwise devoted. The arrangement and decoration of these is sometimes the work of the people of the house, whose names are given in the index, and two of the prettiest are designed by the lady of the house. The greater part are of course by professional architects, who gladly recognize that their art is as much concerned with the shape and effect of chairs and tables as with the construction of houses. Of those who, not being architects, have made household decoration their study, Mr. Elliott himself deserved to be represented, as he is, by several interiors. In the rapidity with which we become veterans in this country, he is already known as the pioneer in Boston, perhaps in Amer-

ica, of the new taste which already trembles on the verge of being the old taste — the Eastlake taste in furniture and other decorations; but he has not been a servile imitator, and the interiors given in this book as his work are no less fresh and original in their adaptation of the English ideals to the American occasions than they are charming. Mr. Elliott has really done so much to give the present impulse in the right direction of simplicity and "sincerity," practically and theoretically, that we should have been willing to see much more of his work than he would perhaps have thought it modest to give in a book of which he was master. To each illustration is annexed a description of the wood and other materials employed in the decoration of the interiors, and there are two essays prefixed to the whole, one on Dining-Rooms and one on Libraries. These are entertaining, and abound in information, some of which is curious and some of which is not. We could have wished, also, that they were written in a tone of somewhat greater soberness, and with a more constant sense of the real limitations of their subjects.

— The Harvard Art Club, of Harvard University, has begun the foundation of a traveling scholarship, the holder of which is to "visit a place or places, determined by the club, within the regions of ancient culture," and there make investigation and exploration of artistic remains, keeping a journal which shall be the property of the club, and also securing, when practicable, works of art which shall likewise belong to the club, and by them be lent to the university on the providing of a room for their exhibition. In case the club dissolves at any time, these works will rest permanently in the university. The design is no doubt in emulation of the famous Dilettanti Society of London, and is an eminently worthy one. The carrying out of thorough researches as here contemplated can alone give us in this country a right foundation of judgment in art, and develop an art-patronizing public.

The scholarship, however, cannot be without money, and subscriptions are asked from all who approve the object. They should be sent to A. C. Gurney, Treasurer of Harvard Art Club, 16 Holyoke House, Cambridge, Mass.

¹ *The Book of American Interiors*. Prepared by CHARLES WYLLIS ELLIOTT from existing Houses. With Preliminary Essays and Letter-Press Descrip-

tions. Illustrated in Heliotype. Boston: Jas. R. Osgood & Co. 1876.

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A CARNIVAL OF ROME.

IN TWO PARTS. PART II.

THE first day of the Carnival arrived. Masks, dominoes, and *confetti* were ready; a balcony on the Corso was hired and draped with scarlet by the invaluable Fortunato. Nobody thought of art or antiquities that day, neither were the horses ordered, but the young men came to the Tempietto and declared that it was a waste of life to stay in-doors in such weather. It was near the end of February; the sky was soft and cloudless, the air balmy, flowers were opening everywhere. The Saturnalia did not begin until two o'clock; where should they go? The Villa Medici was but five minutes' stroll from their door; they would go there.

For those who do not know Rome, let us briefly say that this fifteenth-century palace is now the seat of the French Academy, where successful competitors for the *Prix de Rome* at the *École des Beaux Arts* in Paris are sent by their munificent government to study the fine arts in their chosen home. The building turns to the outer world, passing from the Trinità de' Monti to the Pincio, a very plain stucco front, with a few large, bare windows, and a huge, open doorway, at which lolls forever a big, surly porter in livery. But a few yards farther there is a grated gateway in the

blank, yellow wall; this the surly porter unlocked, and as it clanged behind the four they were on a broad, steep carriage-drive between two high walls of evergreen, confronted at some distance by a colossal stone female against a screen of soft gray, stained with mold and fringed by delicate little ferns and mosses. They turned into one of several wide alleys which cross each other at right angles between hedges of box as high and massive as defenses, under interlocking branches of evergreen oak which checked the path with a close mosaic of orange-tawny sunshine and deep violet shadow. As their eyes roamed down these dusky vistas, beyond in the broad light were seen arches with statues, the marble basins of bright fountains, stone seats of classic form, pillars, pedestals, busts, fragments of antique sculpture, groups of dark-tressed maritime pine, clusters of vivid, early-blossoming shrubs. It always seemed to Rothenstein, as they emerged upon the magnificent front of the villa, — a triumph of elaborate symmetry and lavish decoration, the portico with superb columns and guardian lions, the rich frieze, *bassi rilievi*, medallions, garlands, niches, statues, enwreathed windows which look across the *parterres*, across the stone pines of the Villa Bor-

ghese, across the green and purple sweeps of the ever-changing Campagna, to the Sabine Hills, — as if this garden represented, above everything in Rome, the Renaissance, with its marriage of nature and culture, antique and modern art, Greece and Italy.

The open space on which the villa faces is bounded on the right, at the end opposite the tunneled evergreen walks, by a high ornamental wall, regularly divided by pilasters into arched recesses in which stand groups of statuary; a heavy balustrade along the top of it forms a terrace, over which are seen the twisted trunks and dense shade of an ilex wood with rank herbage at its roots, a dim, mysterious grove, like those in which the oracles spoke of old, growing here, high above the piazzas, the obelisks, the church-towers, the palace roofs of Rome.

The two girls sat down on a stone seat at the extremity of the flower-garden farthest from the villa, yet facing it, where just between a corner of the building and the neighboring foliage they could see the distant mass of St. Peter's, surmounted by its cupola shining against the blue sky. The evergreen hedges, which were sending forth spicy odors under the potent sunshine, here mask the low parapet of a wall, a venerable wall, the wall of Rome, for this is the outer edge of the city. A tremendous plunge below is the narrow road, of which the eye takes no note unless looking directly downward; beyond is the beautiful, undulating, wooded domain of the Villa Borghese, and a little either way are ruins of mediæval fortifications matted with ivy and decked with wall-flowers; but the gaze does not rest on these, it flies with the wings of a dove to the mountains.

"To be good is to be happy," said Henrietta, leaning back against the elastic cushion of the hedge, as her glance wandered from St. Peter's to remote Soracte. "Never have I led such a sober, industrious life as in the past six weeks, — studying antiquity, mediævalism, history, art; riding, driving, visiting, hunting, dancing. The busy bee

was a drone to me. And I never was so happy before; were you, Mal?"

"Never; I feel sometimes as if, come what may, I have had happiness enough for a life-time." Her voice thrilled so deeply as she spoke that both the young men looked at her; she was conscious of it herself, and colored.

"And do you remember when we thought that we could never be happy again? How long ago that seems, yet it was only three years," continued Henrietta.

"When was that?" asked Carey, smiling.

"After some of our defeats," said Henrietta, sighing unconsciously at the recollection. "What bad times those were! Do you remember, Marion, how you wanted to go to a hospital and nurse the soldiers, and how you cried yourself ill because your father would not let you?" Marion nodded; her cousin looked at her with a sudden and tender expression of interest in his eyes. "And so instead we went to the sanitary rooms, and sewed until our forefingers were rough."

Marion rose carelessly and went over to the nearest fountain, where she sat down on the edge and dipped her hand into the water and tried to drink. Roger followed her; he saw that there were tears in her eyes.

"Does it make you so unhappy still?" he said, gently.

"Oh no! I am perfectly happy, — too happy; it seems almost wrong, when there are so many who can never be happy again."

"You did n't know, I suppose, how much I wished to come home and go into the army? It was after poor Duncan was shot. My mother would not hear of it, nor my father, either. I thought I could n't stand it; in fact, I should have run off and sailed for home and gone in as a private, if it had n't been for Rudolf there. I sometimes think I have lost my chance in life because I did n't do my share then."

"Yes, I heard them talk it over at home. It must have been very hard. I used to wish I were a man."

"It was bitter; it was unjust!"

"No, Roger, that is what I used to think about the hospital, but I see now that there were plenty to do the work then, fighting and nursing both; we are to wait for the due time, for our own call."

"Yes," said her cousin, who had already ceased to think about her, "that is very well for a woman, whose work is always waiting, I suppose; but it is not twice in a life a man has a chance for heroic duty."

"Don't you think so?" she replied, looking up at him.

"No; how should he in these days?"

"Not in moral warfare? not in self-sacrifice? in resisting temptation?" she said, forgetting herself in her earnestness.

His interest was again aroused; he looked at her thoughtfully. "I did not know you were so good, Marion."

"Why, it is n't good merely to know that," she answered, with a mixture of embarrassment and indignation, and got up to go back to the others. As she crossed the opening of one of the alleys there suddenly flashed into sight two splendid creatures all clad in scarlet and gold and white and crimson, moving through the dark green gloom. They were models coming to sit to some of the painters of the Academy, tricked out in their gala dress and all their trinkets; one carried a tambourine; they walked with a free and stately step, the sunlight sifting through the close canopy upon their lustrous black hair and warm brown necks. "Oh come! look!" she cried to her companions. They all ran to where she stood, and broke into exclamations of delight. The superb young girls came on, unconscious as savage queens, their white teeth and dark eyes gleaming as they spoke to one another. They were passing the strangers with a courteous smiling salutation, but Henrietta stopped them, and after some talk learned where they were going, and that they had been dancing on the landing-places of the Scalinata, a custom with them in Carnival time, and at no other. The young lady eagerly begged them to dance again, and they smilingly complied. One shook and beat the tam-

bourine, the other set her arms akimbo, and both began a rapid, circling dance, full of steps and springs and clapping of hands to the oddly marked three-four time of the humming, jingling instrument, which accentuated the rhythm so well. "Ah, brava! bella! benedetta!" cried a voice behind the spectators, and turning round they saw Madame Rocca Diavolo approaching. She was in ecstasies with the brilliant group framed by the dark bower, for they had retreated within the margin of the shade to dance. She took the tambourine and beat it herself for them, knowing the measure well, that they both might have their arms to fling and toss, and animated them with cries of applause. As usual, she was dressed in dark colors and shrouded in lace, and as Roger looked at her elastic figure bending and swaying as she beat the tambourine, and her refined, patrician face in contrast to their more rustic beauty, he thought her not the least picturesque of the trio. When the contadinas stopped, breathless, she took out a paper of chocolate which she divided between them with many thanks and praises. They kissed her hand, bowed and smiled, and said "*A rivederci*" to the foreigners; then passed on their way.

"What a fortunate encounter!" said the marchesa. "I came to pay a visit to the director, but they tell me at the villa that he is at his studio; so, as we are great friends, I am going to stir him up in his den. Come, you shall go with me." They hesitated to invade his retirement in such numbers, but the marchesa had no scruples; she led the way down one of the walks to a little mildewed pavilion, of which several are to be seen within the precincts, half hidden by branches, and rapped boldly at the door. The director was so glad to see her that he was glad to see whoever came with her. He had a great reputation in Paris, and the young men were curious to see some of his paintings in the half-finished condition which is often so much more striking than completed work. Marion's attention was soon fixed by a small picture, finished and

framed; it represented a woman leaning over a wall under some beech-trees. There was but a little bit of wall, then her slight figure, one or two great boles with slenderer stems between, as beeches grow when left to themselves, no middle distance nor background; it was a mere corner; there were a few glimpses of pale, November sunset sky through the branches; yellow-brown leaves were floating from the gray boughs and bestrewing the ground. The woman's dress was black, her clasped hands rested on the coping, her pale profile wore the anxious look of expectation which forecasts disappointment. The picture was all grays, browns, and blacks, yet it was not cold, only sad. It was a very clever painting to the eyes of a connoisseur; the low tones were marvelously harmonized. To the uninitiated it was full of sentiment and suggestion; it told a pathetic, a quietly tragic tale. Henrietta came up to Marion.

"Do you see how much it looks like Beechy Heights?" said the latter.

"Yes; just like that far end of the place which overlooks the road. Come here, Mr. Carey; what does that remind you of?"

Roger looked but could not remember; they told him and then he recognized it. "I recollect now. It was a long way from the house; Ned and I used to get over and drop down into the road there when we were on larks. I hope I shall see it again some day, — and you standing there looking out for me, Marion," he added gayly. The marchesa now joined them.

"What are you looking at, my children?"

"At a little picture I call *L'Attente*," said the painter.

"You should not call it *L'Attente*," she replied, "but *Aspettare non venire*." He smiled like one whose thought is answered.

"Isn't that an Italian proverb?" asked Henrietta.

"*Aspettare non venire,
Star in letto non dormire,
Ben servire non gradire,
Son tre cose per morire.*"

responded the marchesa. Henrietta translated for the rest: "To wait for one who comes not, to lie in bed and sleep not, to serve well without pleasing, are three things to die of."

"What a sad picture!" said Marion, strongly impressed; "won't you say the Italian again?"

The marchesa repeated it, in her strange, reverberating voice: "*Son tre cose per morire*," she said twice, slowly. Roger had never thought her so handsome, so interesting, so magnetic; what changeable moods! half an hour before, she had been beating the tambourine with the models and almost dancing with them; he wondered how many of the stories about her were true, and which was her real story; he should like to hear it from herself. Henrietta suddenly called them all to order by announcing that it was one o'clock; they would have barely time to lunch, don their dominoes, and reach the Corso, before the great bell of the Capitol would sound the opening of Carnival. They hurried away. The marchesa's carriage was at the gate; she begged them to let her drive them home. It was but a step, and they would not hear of it.

"Then let me drop these gentlemen at their hotel; your time is short; it will save some minutes." Rothenstein declined; he thought it would be nearer to go by the Trinità and the Scalinata. Roger looked one moment at the starry eyes and sweet smile of the dark face in the carriage, and then sprang in; they drove rapidly off down the steep grades of the Pincio.

One afternoon of the Corso in the carriage was enough for the girls. It was more fun, perhaps, but they were so unmercifully powdered and pelted with confetti; so thumped and thwacked by the big bonbons, which are seldom anything but sweetened paste, by the horrible bouquets of rusty camellias and bachelor's buttons set in prickly green which do duty a hundred times a day, flung from hand to hand; so beset by masks who climbed upon the back, box, and steps of their carriage to shower confetti and compliments and ask a thousand

times with affected solicitude for their health, their family, and amusement, to the especial annoyance of Mrs. Mason, that after the first experiment they were satisfied to remain in the balcony.

Here, somewhat sheltered, they could watch the fantastic crowd surge by in their inexhaustible good spirits and good humor, frolicsome as children, but unlike children never tired or cross, their antics never degenerating into rudeness or coarseness. They seemed to be all born rope-dancers, they were so agile; leaping, bounding, ducking, and dodging, amid an incessant hail of missiles small and large. So many little bunches of violets, so many rosebuds, flew into their balcony with unerring aim, they fished up so many pretty bonbons and emblems with the long ribbons they had tied to their parasols, that Henrietta confided her belief to Marion that their masks and dominoes did not disguise them from the practiced eyes of their Roman friends. She did not suspect what a good thing Fortunato had made of it by betraying the number of their balcony. As to Marion, she could not get rid of the fancy that everybody's face was like his mask, and under the painted pasteboard wore the same grin, frown, stare, or simper; that the men with birds' and beasts' heads really had muzzles or beaks, so that the Corso appeared to her as if Æsop's fables had come to life under her eyes. It gave her the sensation of being in an absurd dream. "I feel like Alice in Wonderland," she said.

It is not "high jinks" all day or every day even in Carnival time. The sport goes on only in the afternoon four days in the week; Wednesday and Friday are *dies non*, besides the little-respected Sabbath. The young people of the Tempio decided that it should be all holiday for them. They had finished their systematic sight-seeing, and now even Count Rothenstein was content to be idle, to go whither the humor might lead, to look only at what they liked; and this is the joy of Rome, where climate, sky, earth, the smile of nature, the sympathetic laziness of man, all bid

one lounge, dream, be aimless, enjoy. The approach of the tableaux at the Prussian legation, however, did not leave them altogether to themselves. The representation had been fixed for the last night of Carnival, and there were rehearsals, consultations, final agonies about the costumes, which would force the girls to send away their faithful cavaliers disappointed of a ride or a drive; the young men's engagements multiplied too, especially Roger's, so that they sometimes did not meet for a couple of days.

The last day of the Carnival is the only one on which the masquerade is allowed to go on after sunset; on Shrove Tuesday an hour or two of dark is given to the *moccoli*, the universal blowing out and lighting of little tapers which everybody carries, the maddest sport, the prettiest scene, of the festival. The whole winds up with the *veglione* or great public masked ball at one of the theatres, to which all the merry-makers carry their wrought-up spirits as to a grand final bonfire of fun and nonsense. Henrietta had with difficulty persuaded her parents to take herself and Marion, and they were to go after the tableaux, for the *veglione* (literally, great vigil) is hardly in force until midnight. Marion had besought Madame di Rocca Diavolo to let her hear the air from the Fall of Troy which she was to sing for Cassandra, and the marchesa had appointed that afternoon, as they both seemed to have their hands too full on any other day. Marion would rather she should have named any other time. That afternoon had been fixed for a last ride; there was to be a hunt on Thursday, which would carry off her cousin and Henrietta, and their friends were to start for Naples on Friday or Saturday. She could not allege this as an excuse to the marchesa, after so often begging to be allowed to come, but she was very loath indeed to give up the engagement. During the morning she was forced to go down to the Piazza di Spagna for half an hour's shopping, and as she came slowly up the Spanish stairs on her way back, amid the little crowd which

was watching the models dance, she longed for a sight of the Campagna and a breath of *tramontana* from the snow-capped mountains, before the ordeal of the evening. Although the Carnival is confined to the Corso, on the last day it begins covertly long before noon, and spreads through the neighboring streets; one meets masks and their capers at every corner, and Marion in her languid mood began to think that she had had enough of it. As she reentered their apartment Henrietta looked up from her ribbons and lace and said, "A change of programme, Mal: just after you went out, Count Rothenstein called to say that your cousin can't ride this afternoon; and as you can't go, you know, nor papa, mamma did not wish me to go; so the horses are countermanded, and I think it's quite as well. When do you go to the marchesa?"

"At four."

"Well, mamma and I are going for a turn in the Villa Pamfili, and she said we could take you there first."

But about three o'clock came a hurried note from the marchesa, saying that she was not well; she had had an attack of the heart, — an old trouble, — that morning, and the doctor had ordered her peremptorily to keep her room and see no one for the rest of the day, in view of the exertions of the evening. Likewise at four o'clock, when the carriage came, Mrs. Mason feared that the *moccoli*, *tableaux*, and *veglione* would be too much for her if she were not quiet until evening, so the girls set out alone. Henrietta proposed that they should go to a villa whither they had once found their way three months before, and had always meant to go again. It was about half an hour's drive. A narrow lane turned off from the main road between banks purple with great fragrant violets, surmounted by the slight lattice of cane which often does service for a fence in Italy, and here filled the gaps of a straggling bushy hedge which was breaking into little green leaves and almond-scented white blossoms. Half a mile of this, between vineyards, led to a large architectural gateway such as may be seen

everywhere near Rome, — an arch surmounted with scroll work and a coat of arms in stone, a grated door, through which was visible a long arcade of dark verdure ending in a great white vase of classic proportions, and in the background, as through a vaulted window of foliage, the many-colored, sun-bathed Campagna. It was the unutterable promise of this glimpse which had first tempted the girls to seek admittance. The rusty bell-handle woke a long, shrill ringing, which brought out a beggarly-looking beauty, who, after eying them through the bars with a harsh "*Chi è?*" recognized them and opened with many smiles. She had thought that they would not come again, — that they had forgotten the Villa Rosalba. Would they have some new milk, as before, and some flowers? The lingering autumn roses of December were gone, but in the tangled garden borders before the deserted and dilapidated *casino* were thickly blossomed stems of rich yellow-brown wall-flowers, filling the air with their delicious odor, stocks and gillyflowers, tufts of heart's-ease, some shrinking lilies of the valley. Against a hot south wall a few orange-trees were sunning their golden balls, sheltered from the western *tramontana* by a group of sombre cypresses, which towered above a dark, shining mass of myrtles and *laurustinums* covered with ivory-white clusters. The *contadina* followed them, full of news. Her husband and children had gone in to see the last of the Carnival; poor she, Heaven help her! must stay at home and keep the house; but the Madonna had sent her much pleasure that day: the *signorine* whom she had thought about so often, and two masks from the Corso in beautiful dominoes, who had spent all the early afternoon in the garden. "What could have brought them here?"

"To get flowers, perhaps," said Henrietta.

"No doubt the signorina is right," assented the woman, like all Italians of her class when they differ from you. "*Però — chi sa? some pazzeria di carnevale more likely.*"

"A gentleman and lady, I suppose?"

"Yes, — or two gentlemen; I don't know too well," said the woman, with a shrug. "They were both dressed as Don Pirloncino, so the saints in heaven alone can tell. But it was very *allegro* for me to see them there walking among the laurels."

She chatted on about the masks until, with true Italian tact, she saw that they had no interest in the topic, when she dropped it and returned to her dirty little house by the gate, to milk the unfortunate animal which stood on tap there. The girls wandered down a long, broad gravel walk, bordered by laurel hedges which shut out everything but the divine sky, leading to a little bower where the laurel-trees had been allowed to grow together overhead. Here was the moss-lined basin of an empty fountain, that still gathered moisture enough from rain and dew to foster a tender fringe of maiden-hair and tiny ferns; a semicircular stone seat showed that this had been a retreat from the sun of summers long past. The ground beyond fell off abruptly; they were at the edge of a sort of bluff, and between the close branches and the cool, polished greenery they could see the glowing Campagna rolling in long, solitary sweeps towards the dreamy sapphire mountains, a single square tower standing up, vermilion in the afternoon light. The laurel leaves whispered and pattered; at intervals a low, prolonged sighing, like the distant breaking of a summer sea, came to them from the cypresses; high in air a chorus of unseen larks were twittering, and the warbling of a host of other birds filled the surrounding shade. Amid all this melody there could not be silence, but a stillness, oh how sweet and deep!

The girls sat without speaking, lost to all sense of time, until Henrietta exclaimed, "Why, look there!" so suddenly that Marion started. "Look at that!" and she pointed to the ground with her parasol. Marion looked down expecting to see a snake or a scorpion, — they had long ago made acquaintance with the harmless little lizards, — but she saw, traced in the soft, sandy soil,

a number of letters twisted together as if somebody had been writing with the point of a stick; there were her own initials and Henrietta's, her cousin's in two or three combinations, and others partly effaced. She looked at her friend in amazement, but did not speak.

"Roger must have been here," said Netta; "you know his trick — yes, there is the very monogram he made for my note-paper. How odd! When could he have come, that he did not tell us about it?"

"Perhaps we have not seen him since," said Marion, who, without knowing why, was perturbed.

"We saw him the day before yesterday, — but stop! there was a heavy rain that night; he must have been here since, or the marks would have been washed out. Perhaps he was one of the masks."

"It must have been he and Count Rothenstein."

"Yes, — what a good joke! how we will tease them! But why did they come in domino, do you suppose?"

"I don't know," said Marion in a faltering voice. Netta was silent for a few minutes, looking at the initials; she knit her brows and pressed her full under lip beyond the upper one; at last she said, —

"Perhaps they came yesterday, and the masks drove them out of the woman's head; I'll ask her. There she is with the milk," as a figure was seen in the distance at the other end of the laurel walk. She rose; Marion caught her arm.

"Don't, dear, — don't ask her anything, please." Henrietta looked at her with a serious face.

"No, darling, not if you don't wish it. We ought to be going, I think; see how long the purple shadows are, out there on the uplands. Dear me, yes! six o'clock, and I want to gather some flowers."

"Go and get her to help you in the garden. I see some cyclamens in the field on the other side of the hedge they are the first I have seen; I can creep through, I think."

Henrietta ran off to meet the contadina, and Marion pushed between the stems of the great laurels of the bower to a meadow, where, amid dark green, silver-spotted leaves, the pale pink, startled-looking flowers with ruby centres were lifting their delicate heads on long, slender stalks. It was early for them, and she did not find many; as she crept back she saw that she had dropped her handkerchief in getting through; she picked it up, but as she emerged, there lay her own beside her parasol on the seat. She examined the one in her hand: it was very fine; she shook it out of the folds, and in the corner was an embroidered coronet above the name Fiammetta. She stood a moment transfixed, then seized her things and ran wildly up the walk. Near the other end she met her friend coming for her. She flung herself upon her shoulder and moaned out, "Oh, Netta, Netta!"

"What is it, dear? darling Marion, what is it? what has happened?" she replied, embracing her with all a young girl's intense sympathy.

"I can't tell you," said the girl between her sobs, true to a loyal impulse. "But — but — it's terrible!"

Henrietta led her to the carriage, where the contadina had heaped the flowers and was waiting with the milk. Marion tried in vain to swallow; a convulsive gasp contracted her throat; Henrietta excused her kindly to the poor, wondering woman, who kissed their hands with fervent gratitude for the few *lire* which were to her a princely recompense. In a moment more they were on their way to Rome, Henrietta holding Marion's hand and gazing with loving anxiety at the pale and closed eyelids with which her friend leaned back in the carriage. At length Marion opened them and sat upright.

"Netta, I cannot tell you what is the matter, and it may be only my own — folly; I may be all wrong; but do not ask me any explanation, dear, and promise not to speak about those initials on the ground to anybody, nor to say where we have been this afternoon."

They reached the Teupietto just as

the cannon was fired for clearing the Corso before the horse-race, and found Mrs. Mason a little anxious lest they should not arrive in time. Marion's head throbbed to such a degree that she could not go down to the balcony, and did not know how she was to get through the evening; and at her earnest entreaty Henrietta unwillingly went and left her alone. The exciting scene of the *moccoli* banished some of her painful preoccupation, and when she got back she found Marion perfectly quiet, though deathly pale and with traces of excessive crying. She tried to induce her to give up the tableaux, but Marion's strong sense of obligation forbade her failing the baroness at the last moment, if fit to appear. By nine o'clock the redness had faded from her eyes, to be replaced by heavy dark rings, and there was no sign of anything but of the nervous headache, to which they agreed she had better own.

The assembly at the Palazzo Caffarelli was very brilliant, and the hostess in great force. She announced that she intended to give her guests a true German evening; but few knew what that portended. It opened with music, a quartette by Hummel, Baron von Stockfisch himself playing the first violin. It was very well, very well indeed for amateurs; the Italians did not quite know what to make of it, but the baroness had long ago declared her intention of cultivating their taste for good music, so they listened with docility. Then followed a declamation by a stout, bald gentleman in spectacles, whose talents in this order were in high repute among his countrymen, and who, in compliment to the place, gave them neither more nor less than Schiller's *Huldigung der Künste* (Homage to the Arts), of which long and beautiful poem the greater part of the audience unfortunately understood not a word. Next came Beethoven's Sonata Pathétique, played in a masterly manner by a Russian lady; this, too, though sublime, is not short. After that, as a very special favor, a friend of the president of the Archæological Society, a well of learning, who happened to be

in Rome for a day or two only, read them his celebrated dissertation on Pælasgic civilization, which had excited so much controversy between Tübingen and Göttingen; this also was in German. By this time various emotions were apparent among the company: the Italians gazed about with large eyes of wonder, and fine, discreet smiles; the French looked wicked, and as if a good many witty things would be said next day; the English women wore a sullen, stolid aspect; the men were abominably bored, and said so aloud; the Americans tittered and whispered; the Germans were edified and beatified. The professor closed his discourse with the air of a man who has been throwing pearls before swine. At last, however, came the tableaux. Henrietta appeared in the first, and as the curtain rose, the stout gentleman in spectacles began reciting the scene from Molière, thus:—

"Hé bien, Matame! hé bien, ils zeront zatisfaits,
Je rombe afec fous, et j'y rombe pour chamais."

The curtain rose and fell three times during the recitation; the French guests fairly writhed. During this performance a movement near one of the doors caused the baroness to turn round, and the Marchesa di Rocca Diavolo entered, nearly two hours late, as usual. She drew the hostess aside, and an energetic dialogue with much gesticulation on the marchesa's part began. It afterwards came out that but for her vehement remonstrance, and positive refusal to sing if her advice were disregarded, a dramatic recitation would have accompanied every group. The baroness was as haughty and high-tempered as any Italian ever born; but she knew that she could not afford to quarrel with the marchesa, and with dull rage she abandoned this part of her programme. It was well, for otherwise the tableaux would have been spoiled, and they were really beautiful and most artistic in their arrangement. How the evening passed for Marion she did not know. With pulsing temples she listened intently to every note of the music, to every word of the harangues, as if she had to learn them by heart; from the room where the *dram-*

atis personæ of the tableaux were waiting in their costumes, she could not see what was going on in the outer one, nor who was there. Her condition of mind had one advantage: all fear and flutter about appearing before an audience were forgotten. When her turn came, and the curtain rose, she was standing beside a statue of Apollo, with one hand resting on the pedestal and the other extended in a gesture of warning and appeal. Her attitude and drapery had been carefully arranged by a sculptor; but who had taught her the tragic expression, the prophetic glance, the imploring eyes, the mournful mouth? She stood there, a girlish figure to which the fine lines of the shoulders and arms, more developed than the rest of her person, gave a sort of youthful majesty; her eyes unnaturally large in their heavy circles, her low brow pallid and solemn under the wavy bands of her dark hair bound close by their classic fillet. At the same instant heavy minor chords rolled from the piano under the powerful touch of the Russian lady, and distinct from the surrounding crowd Marion saw the Marchesa di Rocca Diavolo standing beside the instrument, which faced the stage. She was dressed in violet velvet, with a cloud of black Spanish lace over her head, shoulders, and arms, and on her bosom a bouquet of cyclamens. She began the adjuration of Cassandra in low tones which seemed to curdle Marion's blood; the warning accents rose higher, mingled with words of threat and supplication, with exclamations of despair at her own fate and passionate appeal to the deluded people who would not hear. She hardly seemed to sing; she declaimed; and yet the melody flowed on, with agonized discords in the accompaniment, and in the bass a dull, continuous *crescendo* movement like the distant march of doom. The hearers held their breath; some felt as if they were turning to stone; not a sound was heard but the ominous music in a silence such as might have fallen on the Babylonian feast when the handwriting appeared upon the wall. Three times the curtain rose and fell; three times Marion,

with unwavering gaze "like a seer in a trance" scanned the electrical face of the marchesa, illumined by excitement and genius, and beyond, in the shadow of a door-way, Roger Carey consuming her with his eyes. As the curtain dropped for the last time the music died hopelessly away. A storm of enthusiasm and applause such as is rarely heard even in a theatre broke from the audience, who had been in a state of tension very new to many of them. No comparison was worthy of the marchesa; Grisi, Pasta, Malibran, had never shown such inspiration! And where was the young American? her pose and expression had been perfect, worthy of Rachel or Ristori. They rushed into the other room and brought her out to share the triumph; in an instant she was face to face with the marchesa, the next she was in her arms. "Incomparable! How did you learn to look so, Marianna? You were my inspiration; I never sang so before." As she kissed the girl she felt her shudder and recoil; she drew back in amazement. Marion's eyes were closed, and she was holding out her hands helplessly as if for support; the marchesa gently pushed her back into an arm-chair and opened a little *vinagrette* of very powerful essence. The faintness passed away instantly. Marion was urged to have air, to drink wine; to avoid causing more confusion she averred herself to be perfectly restored, and said she would sit there and see the rest of the tableaux. She was soon joined by Henrietta and all the others who were not to appear again.

All the groups were beautiful, but Cassandra was pronounced the success of the evening. By and by Roger Carey came and stood behind Marion's chair; then she looked quickly round; Madame di Rocca Diavolo was gone. He began talking to Henrietta in an absent, pre-occupied way.

"Do you go on Friday or Saturday?" the latter asked presently.

"I hardly know,—I may stay on a little while, perhaps until Easter; my plans are not settled."

A few hours before she would have

exclaimed with surprise and pleasure, but she was on her guard now, and on the lookout too, and made no comment; the cyclamens on the marchesa's breast had given her the clew to Roger's mysterious companion at the Villa Rosalba, but she was at a loss what to infer. When the tableaux were ended servants brought trays with light refreshment, and as it was already past midnight, a number of guests who were going to the *veglione* began to withdraw; the baroness in a commanding voice bade them remain, as she had still another surprise for them. Herr R——, the stout, spectacled gentleman, was to pronounce an epilogue written for the occasion. At this ensued what can only be termed a stampede, and the ambassador and ambassadress were left to enjoy the epilogue in the exclusive society of their own cultured country-people.

To Henrietta's dismay Marion did not acquiesce in her affectionate suggestion that they should drop her at home on their way to the theatre; she expressed, on the contrary, a great desire to see the masked ball, and denied feeling tired or ill. Mr. Mason had prohibited masks, so they were to sit in a box, and change of dress was unnecessary. Of course this had not satisfied Henrietta, but she had been forced to compromise; now, rather worn by the evening's excitement, worried and perplexed beyond words by the incidents of the day and her friend's condition, she would have gladly given it up altogether. It was a glittering, dazzling sight, like a kaleidoscope of bits of humanity; all that was gayest and most fantastic in the Carnival was there in the body of the theatre. A great many masks accosted them, and Count Rothenstein came and laid aside his mask and domino and offered to take the young ladies about among the crowd. Henrietta went, but Marion remained in the box with Mr. and Mrs. Mason, unconscious of the music, the laughter, the shrill voices which almost deafened them, trying to recognize two figures among the mass which circulated, moved, and heaved under her eyes. All the stories which she had scorned as calumny now

crowded upon her memory: one Roman nobleman drawn away from his wife, involved in political intrigues, languishing for ten years past in a state-prison nobody knew where, if indeed he were still alive; a young Austrian officer of high rank tempted by a *rendezvous* with the marchesa to break his parole when under arrest, discovered, degraded from the army, living under a feigned name at the head of a gambling-house in one of the Danubian principalities; another Italian, of the middle class, who for his great personal beauty and musical talent had been taken up and petted by the high Roman society, thrown off by the marchesa after she had compromised herself totally in the eyes of even her indulgent world by her intimacy with him, and who then, learning that the young girl to whom he had been affianced had lost her mind in consequence of his desertion, committed suicide; these horrible tales now rushed back upon her, together with the marchesa's self-accusations. A thousand speculations chased each other through her mind. How long had this been going on? Could they have been practicing 'a profound deception ever since their first meeting in January? This seemed impossible; until the Carnival had begun, she could account for almost every moment of her cousin's days and evenings; until the last fortnight they had scarcely been separated two hours of the waking day. Then her mind went back with a flash to the morning at the Villa Medici, and she felt certain that then had been the beginning. Even after that, though, they had been almost as much together as before; it was only very lately that he could have been often with the marchesa; but ah, she thought, if he were in love with her, how little time, weeks, days, mattered! This evening he had looked as if in that great room full of people, as if in the whole world, he saw no one else. And who could wonder? Had not Marion herself been wholly captivated by that fatal charm? But the sin of it—the wickedness! There was another question round which her mind revolved incessantly, yet which she could not bring

herself to form into words: How far had it gone? All her maiden innocence shrunk from the thought; but that afternoon she had felt herself face to face with something terrible, and she was like a child who instinctively creeps back to the door of the dark room which fills him with nameless horror.

Roger did not go near his friends during their stay at the ball, but was rushing in uncontrollable impatience and agitation from domino to domino, seeking one who was to give him a cyclamen in token of recognition. All the foreigners had been gone from the theatre for an hour, and the police were warning out a few lingering Italians, before Rothenstein could induce him to come away. The former had seen for some days that things were going wrong, and for the first time since he had known Roger there was not perfect confidence between them. They walked silently back to the hotel through the deserted streets, faint and distant echoes of expiring merriment reaching them in fragments from remote parts of the town. The sleepy porter who let them in pointed to the frame in which the lodgers' names and numbers were inscribed, and Roger saw a note sticking in the rack opposite his. He snatched it down, but the lamp in the hall was too dim to read by, and he took his key and ran up-stairs, Rothenstein, whose room communicated, following gravely. Roger struck a light, tore open the envelope, and read a few lines in French:—

Midnight.

I cannot go to the veglione; my husband is called to Florence by telegram, and goes by the early train; I must stay and assist him to prepare his papers, for it is a lawsuit, and he will be gone a week, perhaps longer! Give up Naples, and to-morrow at one hour past noon be at the Porta San Sebastiano; I will come by in a carriage and take you up to Albano; you shall tell me whether you like best the Villa Rosalba or the Villa Crescenzi.

A rivederci, FIAMMETTA.

He sat down by the table, with his

head on his arms, and felt his heart beat like the piston of a great engine, sending the blood in jets to his brain. In the lucid moments of the last twelve hours he had repeatedly asked himself what it was all coming to, and it had come to this. The unconfessed frenzy of his desires had been revealed to him with startling distinctness. For a brief hour he was swept away by a whirlwind of triumph and wild delight; it seemed as if the room could not contain him, as if he could not contain himself; he must rush to the San Sebastiano gate and not stir thence until the starry glance, the siren smile, should lighten upon him. He read the note again; something in it jarred upon him, and his delirium fell; but a little while before, his whole being had aspired towards this vision of air and fire; now he was conscious of some grosser element, which mingled smoke with the flame of his passion. Roger had never done anything in his life to blunt his sense of honor, or to lower himself in his own eyes, and his unperverted instincts recoiled from an intimation of debasement. Why, why had she made that mention of her husband's absence? Why could she not have bidden him meet her and let the explanation follow? That one sentence put everything in its true light, and left no room for delusion or self-deception, and he could not quell the faint disgust and sense of degradation it produced. Yet at the thought of her the madness merely to see her and hear her speak again surged up as if nothing could stand before it.

- Through the rest of the night he fought his fight, and when day dawned the issue was still uncertain. He began to feel the weariness of prolonged excitement, and flung himself on his bed. His thoughts led him to the San Sebastiano gate and out along the Appian Way farther than he had ever gone, to where the blue escarpment of Monte Cavo overtops the mottled white patch on the hill-side which he had so often heard was Albano, most beautiful of mountain towns. He recalled his last drive along the Appian Way and how the delicious hours had

flown, the languid smile of the sunlight on the hazy hills, the voluptuous melancholy of the Campagna, the witching grace of the enchantress beside him, who had pointed to that white, irregular outline and told him that she owned a villa there, and how exquisite the beauty and impenetrable the seclusion of the spot were. Then his thoughts went over every day he had spent in Rome, back to the first drive on the afternoon he had come, and the calm, ineffable rapture of the moment when he stood on the little mound and felt the loveliness of Italy enfold his soul. Suddenly a mighty revulsion took place within him. Go to Albano by that road which he had first trodden with those pure girls, and return to them from his intrigue when the marchese might be expected back from Florence? No! It was six o'clock, and the sun was already full on the yellow towers of the Trinità de' Monti and the dark oaks of the Villa Medici. He went into his friend's room; Rothenstein was fast asleep; he woke in surprise at a hand on his shoulder, and saw Roger, rather pale and haggard, at his bedside, saying, —

“Wake up, old fellow, I want to talk to you.”

Notwithstanding the fatigue and late hours of the previous night, the ladies of the Tempietto were at the little English chapel just outside the Porta del Popolo in time for service on Ash Wednesday morning. When it was over, Mrs. Mason said she would go home over the Pincian.

“I should like to take a longer walk,” said Marion. “Alone, dear,” she added in a whisper to Henrietta, who had turned to offer her companionship. So the mother and daughter strolled slowly up the terraces of the Monte Pincio, already bordered with hyacinths and lilies of the valley, while Marion took her way along the Via Babuino. But the day had changed; the *sirocco* or south wind was blowing, the sky was overcast, there was an ashen hue over everything which took the color out of even the models' scarlet stripes, the atmosphere was oppressively close and lifeless. By the

time she reached the Piazza di Spagna she found the little, irregular stones of the pavement so painful to her feet, her knees trembled and her head ached so much, that she called a *legno* and bade it drive her to the Palazzo Satanasso. The marchesa was not yet up, but a footman took Marion's card, and the maid returned directly and carried her into the bed-chamber. The marchesa looked old, worn, sallow; her black hair, loose on the pillow in elf-locks, showed more gray than when it was rolled up, yet at her first smile Marion saw with terror how little her fascination depended on dress, freshness, youth, or even the remains of beauty which were often visible in so high a degree. The Italian saw, as her visitor crossed the threshold; that something was amiss, and intuitively knew in what quarter; yet she could hardly conceive how a breath of the affair could have reached Marion, for she was expert in mystery and fancied that this had been kept absolutely secret. The young girl looked so ill that she was shocked, and asked impulsively after her health.

"Yesterday was too much for me," said Marion, as she sat down at a little distance. "I shall be well to-morrow. I have come to bring you back something of yours; I thought you might be uneasy when you knew you had lost it; no one has seen it but I;" and she laid the handkerchief on the bed.

The marchesa took it with a look of perplexity. "Where did you find it?" she asked.

"At the Villa Rosalba yesterday afternoon, under the seat in the laurel bow-er."

"And how did you know with whom I was there?" she asked, sitting up and fixing her narrowing gaze on Marion, for she saw that she *did* know.

"There were some initials scratched on the ground with a cane." The marchesa burst into a fit of laughter and fell back among her pillows. If it had been any one else, Marion would have left the room indignantly; but she had worshiped this woman, and her heart was quivering with a double wound; the ring-

ing laughter tingled along her nerves for a second, and then she burst into tears. The marchesa was kneeling beside her in an instant.

"*Poverina, cara, Marianna mia!*" she exclaimed, and even yet her voice soothed the poor child's passion. "Forgive me; don't cry; I did not know you loved him."

Marion drew away with a proud movement, a pale red overspreading her wan face. She got up to go.

"No, listen; sit down," said the marchesa, shivering slightly and getting back into bed. "No more harm can be done now, and I should like to tell you what has happened. Your cousin pleased me—yes, he has come three or four times lately to hear me sing, and we have had some drives. Yesterday morning we met by accident. He proposed that I should go with him to the Corso in the afternoon and mystify some of our friends, so we got the costumes; then, when we were in all the riot, I said, 'Oh for a breath of fresh air!' and we made our way out of the crowd and called a *legno*, and drove to that little place because it was near. We were not there two hours; we were gone by five; you must have come late. That is all."

Marion looked at her without speaking. The marchesa had forgotten all about her illness and her doctor, and she could not remind her of it; indeed, the note might have been sent when they resolved to go to the Corso. But how much could she believe now? A sickening sensation passed over her, and she dropped her eyes. There was a silence.

The marchesa resumed, a little impatiently: "We did not exchange a word at the Palazzo Caffarelli, as you may have seen, yourself; when I came home to get my mask and domino I found that the marchese had to go to Florence by the early train this morning, and I was up all night helping him to get ready; I was not at the *veglione*. So that is the end of it."

"The end?" repeated Marion sorrowfully. "Do you suppose that he does not love you—that he will not see you

again? He is putting off his journey to Naples; I heard him say so last night; and I knew why."

"But he has gone!" exclaimed the marchesa.

"Gone?" cried Marion with a pang of joy and grief.

"Yes, here is his farewell note; it came an hour ago." She took it from under her pillow and held it up.

"Oh!" sighed the young girl, clasping her hands, "thank God!" She did not know how, when Roger was beginning note after note to Madame Rocca Diavolo until he almost lost the train, his courage more than once failing him between the strength of returning temptation and the sense of the sorry figure he should make to the marchesa, he had thought of Marion's words in the Villa Medici on the day when that siren smile had first kindled his fancy, and how he knew then that, ridiculous as he might seem, there was heroism in this act. It was a very difficult note to write; what he said he hardly knew; perhaps it was the poorest attempt which he sent, after all; at any rate it was short, and it was farewell.

The ejaculation, for some reason, touched Fiammetta's pride.

"Listen to me, young girl. He has fled, it is true, but flight is not always safety. Absence is hard to bear at first; the thoughts turn backward, the heart whispers all that might have been; a letter almost draws one back; it is not far from Rome to Naples. Do you think I would let a man I loved escape me so? No; if he did not return, I would follow him." Marion gave a gesture of fright and despair. "But I do not love him; it was a caprice. He is gone; let him go. I had written," and she drew a letter from a portfolio on a table beside her. "There!" and she tossed it upon the brazier in the middle of the room; "now that *comedietta* is finished."

Marion felt the magnanimity of the action, despite the touch of scorn in the tone. "Thank you," she said. "You are generous. I shall not be the gainer, but he will. God bless you!" And so with quivering lips but without another

word or look she left the presence of her shattered idol.

The Italian lay thinking it all over. It was the first time in her life that she had relinquished a victim, and at her age it was not so slight a thing as it would have been twenty years earlier; but she had no vanity in her composition. If the demons of passion, rivalry, jealousy, had been roused in her heart, it might have fared ill with Marion, for when they were awake she had never yet hesitated for the sake of man or woman; but it had been a whim, a fancy, and she had let it go. It was a new experience to stop half-way; she had acted on impulse, too; perhaps if she had waited three hours the letter might have gone. But she did not regret what she had done; she did regret the pain of the young girl to whom she had become attached, and with whom, she felt, all was over. She read poor Roger's farewell lines again. "He did not love me either, not yet; but I think he will not forget me very soon," she said to herself with some satisfaction. She took up the handkerchief, and thought of the dawning passion among the laurels. "Pest! why did not the child tell me she loved him?" she said, and then flung note and handkerchief upon the brazier to mingle their ashes with the letter's.

When Marion reached the Tempietto she found some of their American friends there, and all in a little commotion. On returning from church Mrs. Mason had received a note from Count Rothenstein, to tell her that in talking over their plans after the veglione they had determined to carry out their original project of going to Greece and Turkey, and on inquiry found that a steamer would leave Brindisi the following week, which gave them so little time at Naples that they were starting at once. It ended with many compliments and regrets, hopes to meet again, and a petition to be allowed to write on their journey. The lady who was to chaperon the party with which he was to have gone had also had a note from him, explaining their sudden departure and saying they would engage rooms, inquire about the expedi-

tions to Amalfi and Pæstum, and have everything ready for their friends' arrival.

"It strikes me as odd that Mr. Carey did not write," said Mrs. Mason.

"I suppose one packed and the other wrote; think how little time they had," said Henrietta carelessly. "I dare say we shall hear in a day or two." But Marion saw that she was troubled; when they were alone, she said, —

"Netta, you are sorry that they are gone."

"You could n't expect me to be glad, Mal, could you — after these two pleasant months we've spent together?"

"You would n't be sorry, dear, if you knew. I think Count Rothenstein saw that there was a great danger for Roger, and has persuaded him to go away." The tears swelled under Henrietta's lids, but she drove them back bravely, and nodded. Nobody but her friend saw that though her outer life continued the same, practical, unselfish, gay, she had little heart for pleasure or duty.

The marchesa knew what she was talking about when she said that absence is hard to bear at first; she had been right, too, in foreseeing that Roger would not soon forget her; he was not likely ever to see a woman who would make him forget her, and for some time he dragged the fragment of a half-riveted chain. In one way she had done the best for him herself by her Carnival pranks. Under the fascination of her presence he did not perceive the impression produced upon him; if they had met at the masked ball, if he had been at the Porta San Sebastiano, no doubt all such recollections would have been lost in utter intoxication; but as the violent attraction passed off like the effect of a philter, he measured the abyss which separated her from any woman he could truly love. Yet neither of the young men could get rid of a restless longing to be back in Rome. They both missed the companionship of those two months inexpressibly; not even constant change of scene could accustom them to separation from the sweet habit of intimacy into which they had so easi-

ly fallen. Rothenstein's regret was so enduring that Roger began to suspect that on the morning when he had thought himself making such a heroic effort, his friend had been the greater hero. They had both written to Mrs. Mason from Naples, and a joint letter to the young ladies; at Athens they had received an answer from Henrietta, who wrote for the whole party. They replied at once, and waited eagerly to hear again, but there were no more letters from Rome among their mails; still they continued to hope for them, and each disappointment was deeper than the last, until one evening on the Bosphorus, when another steamer had come, bringing them nothing from the Tempietto, the German confessed that if he had counted the cost he could not have come away. An uncomfortable conscience, a vague uneasiness lest some hint of his affair with the marchesa should have transpired and that this was the cause of their silence, prevented Roger's writing again, and the count did not venture to do so alone, not deeming his intimacy sufficient to warrant it.

It was June before they found themselves again in Italy. They reached Naples from Sicily in the night, and took the earliest train to Rome, unable to explain their own impatience. All along the route they saluted with joy sites which they had remarked when traveling the other way somewhat heavy-hearted. They talked over every incident of the winter as they had never done before; by tacit consent the marchesa had been rarely mentioned between them; Rothenstein had not known of the last day's adventure, nor the contents of the last night's note, but he had been aware of Roger's mysterious comings and goings for a week previous, and guessed very nearly how the affair had gone. Now for the first time they spoke freely of the party at the Palazzo Caffarelli, and that magnificent performance which, often as they had heard Madame Rocca Diavolo sing before, had been a revelation to them.

"She is surely a wonderful creature," said Roger, closing his eyes and leaning

back. "One could not see so much beauty, genius, charm, grace, sweetness, and power of passion, without — without a sort of divine thirst, a longing to dissolve it all in one cup like Cleopatra's pearl, and drain it at a draught."

"Dregs, dregs," replied the German. "Think how often the cup had been emptied before."

"True," said the other, with a half-sigh. "That thought would have given it a bitter enough after-taste; if one loved her, it would be maddening. But I did not love her. I'm glad to have known her, at all events; after being carried off one's feet once like that, one feels steady enough for all time to come; I doubt if even she could turn my head again, and love — love is very different from that. Rudolf, it was the recollection of those two girls which made me break away just at the crisis. I thought myself as free to do as I liked as any man alive, but after all, one is never so free but that there is some one to whom one owes it not to do wrong."

Rome was in her midsummer magnificence; the heat was great, but as yet nothing looked parched; veils of delicate verdure shrouded the sombre ilexes and cypresses, for thousands of deciduous trees, which are overlooked in winter amid the perennial foliage of the evergreens, were now in leaf everywhere; roses overspread the gardens and fell in cascades from the walls; silvery, plashing fountains were grateful to eye and ear. The deep, rich colors were gone from the landscape; the Campagna rolled in emerald billows to the base of the mountains, which were a faint lilac, and their little white towns twinkled through the hot haze. The foreigners had all left the city, which was not then the reviving capital of to-day, and had sunk back into somnolence on their departure. Now and then a red coach crawled through the dark avenues of the Villa Borghese, beside a cardinal who had got out to stretch his purple legs over the grass, and this was all that remained of the gay winter procession; the models had vanished from the Spanish stairs, for their season too was over; the beg-

gars sat in the shade instead of the sun. To the two young men there was an inexpressible sense of loneliness under all the beauty; it was pleasure and solace to be there again, but they now for the first time realized the sadness of Rome, of which they had heard so much.

It was late in the afternoon before they emerged from the hotel, refreshed from their hot and dusty journey, and turned their steps towards the Pincian to see the sunset. At the top of the Scalinata, Roger proposed that they should stop at the Tempietto for a last look at the rooms where they had spent so many happy hours. The woman in charge knew them well, for she had acted as housemaid to the Masons. They learned of her that their friends had been gone nearly two months: "They went to Florence as soon as the Signorina Marianna could bear the journey."

"Good heavens! has she been ill?" cried Roger.

"Oh, holy saints! does not the signore know? Very ill, ever since Carnival; the doctor said she took cold at the veglione, and that she neglected it and it ran into fever, a *perniciosa*. But I think she had a misfortune, some bad news that day, for she came in from driving with the Signorina Henrietta, pale, pale as the dead, and would not go to the *moccoletti*, but cried and sobbed as if her heart would break, all by herself in her room. *Dio mio!* Susanna and I tried to make her drink tea, but she would have nothing. She kept up for a few days, — what courage! what heart! — but then had to take to her bed. She was *molto appassionata* about something; she used to cry a great deal when she was alone; Susanna sat in the next room to sew, and she could hear her. How my signorina nursed her, as if they had been sisters! Two angels, those young ladies. At last she got better and they took her away."

"Are they in Florence still, do you know?"

"Oh no! Fortunato wrote me a letter for Susanna, and my signora and her family were going to Venice and then to Switzerland; but the Signorina Marianna was sick for her country, and was

to go home at once with some ladies, their friends."

"To go home!" said Roger, with a cold shock of disappointment. "How long ago was that?"

"Oh, a month ago, I believe, and there is a letter which came for my signorina afterwards, and I did not know where to send it. Perhaps the signori will take it for me."

"But we do not know their address. Why did you not take it to the bankers?"

"Ah, blessed Virgin! Poor fool that I am, I never thought of that." She went to look for the letter, and the young men, miserable at this news, sat down in the deserted drawing-room. It was literally as the Masons had left it; the very candle-ends had not been removed; some withered flowers were crumbling in a vase; the secretary at which Henrietta used to write her notes was open, and beneath it the basket which her neatness had provided, half full of visiting-cards and envelopes torn across. The German looked round, and tears filled his candid blue eyes. Roger pulled out a drawer in which lay some loose sheets of Italian exercises in Marion's bold, clear hand; he rolled them together tenderly to take them away with him. The woman returned with a soiled and crumpled envelope superscribed as often as if it had been forwarded from place to place round the world; Roger took it, and after a glance threw it to Rothenstein, who uttered a prolonged "So!" of vexation; it was their own letter from Athens. They questioned the woman further, but she could tell them no more, and in a melancholy mood they left the house and walked towards the Pincio.

"What could have made Marion ill?" said Roger.

"It was not the veglione; something had happened that day. Don't you remember how she looked in the evening?"

"But that was the music."

"Not at the first notes when the curtain rose. I saw her before the tableaux began; Mrs. Mason sent me to the actors' room with her daughter's fan, which

she had forgotten; Miss Sands was sitting apart like a statue of grief."

"There could have been no bad news from home, or they would have told us."

"No, there was no bad news. I spoke to Miss Mason at the veglione about her friend's looks, and she said it was only a violent headache, but she was nervous and worried about her, I could see, and altogether unlike herself. No headache ever gave any one such an expression."

"How very strange!" said Roger, pondering; "what could it have been?"

"To tell the truth, I have never been able to get it out of my head that she had found out something of your affair."

"I hope to God she had not! And what could she have heard? Yes, that afternoon, to be sure. Good heavens! could she have met and recognized us? Do you think she would have cared so much?" he added, a thrill of pleasure mingling with his distress.

"I don't know what she may have heard or seen," replied the other, gravely; "but I think any suspicion of such an affair would have shocked her deeply."

"It is inexplicable that Miss Mason did not write of her illness."

He did not understand a young girl's pride of sex; Henrietta had jealously guarded her friend's sufferings from him whom she knew to be the cause.

They were walking slowly, for the heat was intense, and opposite the Villa Medici they sat down on the parapet of the terrace-wall, under the dense shade of some ilexes whose last year's leaves were dropping into the brimming basin of a huge stone fountain-cup; the sinking sun was flooding the city with gold, the sublime cupola of St. Peter's bulged, violet, against the rosy sky. Roger absently turned over the papers he held in his hand. On one of them some verses in pencil fixed his attention; they were in trembling characters only just to be recognized as his cousin's; he held them nearer his eyes, and read:—

ASPETTARE NON VENIRE

She leans against the old gray wall,
The faded leaves around her fall,
And o'er her steals, unfelt and still,
The breath of autumn, sad and chill.

The hoary trees that sheltering spread
 Paternal arms above her head
 Have watched her yearlong since she played,
 A happy child, beneath their shade.

The withered beech leaves, sere and brown,
 Tell, as they rustle slowly down,
 Of all the changes of the year,
 From hopeful spring to autumn drear.

The low sun glimmers through a veil
 Of branches knit and vapors pale,
 And, growing fainter with the skies,
 The light expires within her eyes.

No need to ask, What does she here
 'Neath failing day, and waning year,
 And dying leaves which softly rain?
 She waits, alas! and waits in vain.

Next morning the young men were on
 their way northward, Count Rothenstein
 to seek Henrietta through the world
 until he found her, Roger to sail for
 home and see whether Marion would be
 waiting for him by the wall at Becchy
 Heights.

JANE REED.

A PENNSYLVANIA BALLAD.

"If I could forget," she said, "forget, and begin again!
 We see so dull at the time, and, looking back, so plain:
 There's a quiet that's worse, I think, than many a spoken strife,
 And it's wrong that one mistake should change the whole of a life.

"There's John, forever the same, so steady, sober, and mild;
 He never storms as a man who never cried as a child:
 Perhaps my ways are harsh, but if he would seem to care,
 There'd be fewer swallowed words and a lighter load to bear.

"Here, Cherry!—she's found me out, the calf I raised in the spring,
 And a likely heifer she's grown, the foolish, soft-eyed thing!
 Just the even color I like, without a dapple or speck,—
 Oh, Cherry, bend down your head, and let me cry on your neck!

"The poor dumb beast she is, she never can know nor tell,
 And it seems to do me good, the very shame of the spell:
 So old a woman and hard, and Joel so old a man,—
 But the thoughts of the old go on as the thoughts of the young began!

"It's guessing that wastes the heart, far worse than the surest fate:
 If I knew he had thought of me, I could quietly work and wait;
 And then when either, at last, on a bed of death should lie,
 Why, one might speak the truth, and the other hear and die!"

She leaned on the heifer's neck: the dry leaves fell from the boughs,
 And over the sweet late grass of the meadow strayed the cows:
 The golden dodder meshed the cardinal-flower by the rill;
 There was autumn haze in the air, and sunlight low on the hill.

"I've somehow missed my time," she said to herself, and sighed:
 "What girls are free to hope, a steady woman must hide,

But the need outstays the chance: it makes me cry and laugh,
To think that the only thing I can talk to now is a calf!"

A step came down from the hill: she did not turn, or rise;
There was something in her heart that saw without the eyes.
She heard the foot delay, as doubting to stay or go:
"Is the heifer for sale?" he said. She sternly answered, "No!"

She lifted her head as she spake: their eyes a moment met,
And her heart repeated the words, "If I could only forget!"
He turned a little away, but her lowered eyes could see
His hand, as it picked the bark from the trunk of a hickory-tree.

"Why can't we be friendly, Jane?" his words came, strange and slow;
"You seem to bear me a grudge, so long, and so long ago!
You were gay and free with the rest, but always so shy of me,
That, before my freedom came, I saw that it could n't be."

"Joel!" was all she cried, as their glances met again,
And a sudden rose effaced her pallor of age and pain.
He picked at the hickory bark: "It's a curious thing to say;
But I'm lonely since Phebe died and the girls are married away.

"That's why these thoughts come back: I'm a little too old for pride,
And I never could understand how love should be all one side:
'T would answer itself, I thought, and time would show me how;
But it did n't come so, then, and it does n't seem so, now!"

"Joel, it came so, then!" — and her voice was thick with tears:
"A hope for a single day, and a bitter shame for years!"
He snapped the ribbon of bark; he turned from the hickory-tree:
"Jane, look me once in the face, and say that you thought of me!"

She looked, and feebly laughed: "It's a comfort to know the truth,
Though the chance was thrown away in the blind mistake of youth."
"And a greater comfort, Jane," he said, with a tender smile,
"To find the chance you have lost, and keep it a little while."

She rose as he spake the words: the petted heifer thrust
Her muzzle between the twain, with an animal's strange mistrust;
But over the creature's neck he drew her to his breast:
"A horse is never so old but it pulls with another best!"

"It's enough to know," she said; "to remember, not forget!"
"Nay, nay: for the rest of life we'll pay each other's debt!"
She had no will to resist, so kindly was she drawn,
And she sadly said, at last, "But what will become of John?"

Bayard Taylor.

EARLY AMERICAN NOVELISTS.

THE problem of writing American novels, about which it has of late years become the fashion to talk with a great deal of artificial profundity and useless intricacy, is not a new one. Some of the prevalent theories about it are fortunately new; but the attempt to solve the difficulty began more than three quarters of a century ago.

In the colonial period of our literature, which may be called the period of unconscious beginnings, we find nothing of fiction. This is noticeable, but natural. A nation cannot know itself until, looking into imaginative writings, it suddenly catches the gleam of its own eyes, the responsive tracing of its own features there, and is uncertain how much the novelty of the sight depends upon itself, how much it may be due to the reflected image. Therefore, while men were laying in this country the foundations of a structure they did not dream of, and were still only dimly aware of the differences between themselves and other English, original fiction could hardly find a place among their productions.

Our first native novelist, Brockden Brown, did not appear until after the swift and thorough awakening which came with the Revolution. Before that, those gentlemen of the colonies who had a mind to adorn life for themselves with a decent literary style had learned to hold their pens in the manner of the Queen Anne wits, and that of the Georgian prosaists. They gracefully changed their fashion of expression to suit the London modes, and for a time were quite content with this genteel exercise. But suddenly they had occasion to make known ideas of their own, and the fashions were dropped promptly enough, giving way to the stately and simple utterance of political writing which has seldom been equaled. But pure literature lagged far behind political. As the people of the colonies were themselves reluctant to believe that total separation

must come, so the finer forms of literature, in spite of their protests and their independent spirit, still paid deference to British example, for many years after the Union had been formed. After the war, society in this country, like a person whose will and reason have thrown off certain inherited traits, strove to bring the same blood which had filled its veins before the revolt into obedience to the newly established intellectual rule. But the process was slow. Ardent democracy and lingering torism persisted together, while a stately republican element, careful of distinctions and countenancing slavery, held the balance of power, and for a time imposed its tie-wig on the teeming head of the young nationality with a picturesque enough result. Similar conflicts were represented by the contents of the book-shelf. Now this incongruity, this dispute between new ideas and old manners, was sure to make itself strongly felt in fiction, for, the period of national consciousness having arrived, certain people were dissatisfied at the bad sort of mirror of life furnished by foreign novels.

At first the dissonance of imported fiction with the tone of our new life was not so much attended to, for novels, though used in good measure "in our sea-ports," — according to Royall Tyler's preface to *The Algerine Captive*, in 1797, — "if known in the country, were read only by the families of clergymen, physicians, and lawyers, while certain funeral discourses, the *Last Dying Speeches* of Bryan Sheneen and Levi Ames, or some dreary somebody's *Day of Doom*, formed the most diverting part of the farmer's library." But the taste for romances spread until this same authority felt compelled to speak up boldly. He thus describes the influence of alien fiction upon the New England woman: "It paints the manners, customs, and habits of a strange country, excites a fondness for false splendor,

and renders the homespun habits of her own country disgusting. . . . There are two things wanting," said a friend to the author: "that we write our own books of amusement, and that they exhibit our own manners." Perfectly wholesome advice, no doubt; and Mr. Tyler attempted to follow it, by giving the world, in his *Algerine Captive*, an account of a fictitious Doctor —, who travels about the country a good deal (possibly in search of the name his historian's imagination failed to supply), goes abroad, is captured by the Algerine pirates, and eventually escapes and returns home. But the book is a failure as a novel; the effort to "exhibit our own manners" results in certain generalized sketches of little merit; and the most entertaining thing between the covers is the preface. This dry little volume was printed at Walpole, New Hampshire, a place not greatly suspected of being a literary centre at the present day; but the locality was favorable to a sanguineness of temperament which looked forward to rescuing readers, by so slight an expedient, from destruction at the hands of the British novelists. The *Algerine Captive*, indeed, was nothing more than a blank cartridge fired off as a signal of approaching danger; but it alarmed the camp. At all events, the very next year, 1798, brought to the front Brockden Brown, with his first novel, *Wieland*.

In the previous year Brown had published *Alcuin*, or *A Dialogue on the Rights of Women*, in which the same questions of marriage and divorce that are to-day so frequently and freely agitated were brought up for discussion. He thus began his career of authorship with dialectics, just as William Godwin, whom Brown took for his model in novel-writing, had done. Godwin's *Inquiry concerning Political Justice* was a stepping-stone to his Caleb Williams. But here Brown's course differed; he had chosen a difficult theme in *Alcuin*, and did not pursue it in his novels; prudently, perhaps, though the subjects of his fictions need a coherence which some sustained course of ideas might have sup-

plied. We get an amusing but pathetic glimpse of literary conditions in the liberated colonies through the obstacles which met Brown's wish to make authorship his profession. He was born in 1771, and his uncle, Charles Brockden, had drawn up, just forty years before, the constitution of the old Philadelphia Library Company, as if with a vague sense of obligation toward his non-existent nephew; books, too, were early made familiar to him in his father's house. Yet his family and friends all cherished a strong dislike for the scheme of his writing books himself. "Libraries," reflected they, "are all very well, as long as your own sons or near relatives do not attempt adding to their contents from their own inkstands." This objection was a part of the incredibly superficial respectability which then reigned in this country in matters of the arts. One finds plenty of wealthy people, at this day, who profess, and make their children profess, the utmost reverence for books and pictures, people who read with relish and indignation about the struggles of noted poets and painters against poverty or parental stupidity; but nothing could be more dreadful to them than to have their children seriously and generously devote themselves to either art in question. When Brown was still an infant, his biographer Dunlap tells us, a book was sufficient amusement to him even when left for some time alone. His parents allowed him to study much more than was good for him; at ten he was "a sort of gazetteer" to his father; at eleven, on the threshold of Latin and Greek, his health gave out. Returning from boarding-school at the age of sixteen, he very naturally set about planning three great epic poems founded on the discovery of America, Pizarro's conquest of Peru, and Cortes' campaigns in Mexico. Fortunately, they were never executed. It was now that he began the study of law, in which he distinguished himself; but the needful books having been read, and dry practice coming in view, his docile ardor failed him, and he openly resolved on giving his life to literature. It must be said for Brown that, in addition to

his natural bent, he had a clear perception of the need for an American school of writers, and wished to do something toward founding one. His friends represented his desire as being lawless and impetuous, as conflicting with filial and social duties. He was sensitive, and their harangues reduced him to a morbid and deeply wretched state of mind, ending in broken health. But he had been given books to play with, when a child, and children, from the small eminence of a quarto, often catch sight of strange things. I think Brown had seen a vision of himself enshrined somewhere far off, as an American classic. He went to New York, found two congenial friends there with names as easy to remember as his own, Smith and Johnson, to wit, and became an author. I am afraid he did *not* become an American classic, though his works are still kept on the shelves of certain book-preserving institutions, and a little mortuary heap of dust, a handful of the author's native soil, fell from the long-slumbering volumes when lately exhumed and examined for the benefit of readers of this article. All unconscious of predestined oblivion, nevertheless, *Wieland* came forth, and was successful, though only after surmounting many perplexities of printer and publisher, owing to the prevalent indifference for American-born romance at the time. Even Cooper at the beginning of *his* career, stuck for several years upon the harbor-bar of reluctant type.

Wieland is, on the whole, the best of Brown's novels, and possesses a sort of phosphorescent impressiveness. Yet it is a preposterous book. Opening with a terrible case of spontaneous combustion, gloomier but less powerful than Dickens's similar disaster in *Bleak House*, it proceeds with a chain of terrifying and shocking circumstances which end in madness and murder, but prove to have been occasioned merely by the pranks of a ventriloquist. One feels a sort of shame at participating in such wanton and wasteful horrors. But considered simply as a literary performance, the work has undoubted strength, though

of an unhealthy sort. It gives evidence of ability, hardly of genius, and cannot be called original in any sense. Clearly patterned after Caleb Williams, it smacks of the unearthliness of *Frankenstein*, and is founded on machinery of the Radcliffe kind. Still, it has a species of *keeping* with itself. The atmosphere which it generates is sombre, dank, miasmatic; a single ray of the fine humor belonging to all highest genius would have dispersed and destroyed the entire unhealthful exhalation. Neither is there any character in the story, as we now understand the development of character. This is true of all his books excepting *Ormond*, in which *Constantia* appears, — a heroine of some force. *Arthur Mervyn*, Brown's second novel, is a formless farrago of horrors, — the yellow fever, fraud, seduction, — with no redeeming trait in it. *Edgar Huntly*, another tale, deals in the adventures of a somnambulist, and Indian maraudings. Finally, *Clara Howard* and *Jane Talbot* are stories of love and misunderstanding, which are absurdly overwrought and excessively dull. Besides these, Brown wrote *The Memoirs of Carwin* (the ventriloquist in *Wieland*), with some singular imitation histories called *The Carrills and Ormes*, and *Sketches of a History of Carsol*, which are unutterably dry, and are filled with details about the ground-plans of huge royal abodes — the result of a passion which Brown is said to have had for architectural drawing. The meaning of these strange fantasies in sham fact no one has been able to divine. Such are the meagre and melancholy fruits of this man's life, aside from sundry volumes of *The Monthly Magazine and Literary Review*, and of a subsequent *Literary Magazine and American Register*, which he edited and mostly wrote, between 1799 and 1810. In the latter year, he died of consumption. Apparently he had accomplished nothing substantial of that which he aimed for: he had originated no new point of view in fiction; he had demonstrated that novels could be written in America, but not that there could be novels distinctively American. Nor did

he in any way reproduce the characteristics of the period in which he lived. What magnificent materials lay at his elbow! — the courtly life and splendid festivities of the Morrisises, the Binghamms, the Shippens, in Philadelphia; the conflict of English and French manners and ideas in our communities, the reflex action of the French Revolution on society in the States; or, had he reached back a little farther, there was the time of our own Revolution at command, with its manifold passionate situations, its dramatic contrasts: Washington's ragged and half-successful army beating about the country while Sir William Howe was entertained in Philadelphia with a tournament between the knights of the Burning Mountain and those of the Blended Rose. All this, and the dissensions that disturbed the new nation, also the clashing of honest and earnest democracy with the new aristocracy of wealth, combined with numberless picturesque details of period, place, and costume, supplies material worthy of a Thackeray and a Hugo united in one. But perhaps Brown stood too close to what looks so enticing in perspective, to perceive its pictorial value. Moreover, novel-writing was in its infancy, and his mind was fettered by Godwin's. One thing is noteworthy: in his novels the women are the strongest characters, and they have an air of semi-revolt, of strong despair at the comfortless position they occupy. This, too, was doubtless caught from Godwin and his association with Mary Woolstonecraft, author of *The Rights of Women*. But we may account it a merit; it was of good omen for the tone that should characterize subsequent American fiction, and Margaret Fuller hailed the trait with enthusiasm, many years later.

"I saw him a little before his death," wrote the painter Sully, of Charles Brockden Brown. "I had never known him, never heard of him, never read any of his works. He was in a deep decline. It was in the month of November, when the air was full of smoke. . . . I was caught by the sight of a man with a remarkable physiognomy, writing at a table in a dark room. The sun shone

directly upon his head. . . . The dead leaves were falling." I like this glimpse, because it makes a spot of sunshine in a somewhat dreary picture. Indeed, Brown deserves the aureole; for although none of his books are "works of genius," he himself was a man of genius, — genius misdirected and squandered, but not wholly wasted. He was the first man in America to lead a life of letters pure and simple; and though it was a short life, leaving no immortal results, his example was a brave one. Brown saw that a chasm was surely opening between literature and life in this country; an abyss yawned in the very market-place of the republic. Another Curtius, he leaped full-armed into the gulf, — and the ground has closed over him completely. Sometimes, in viewing more recent products of our soil, flimsy fictive growths far less deserving even than Brown's novels, I am tempted to question the gods, and to wonder why the gulf does not still yawn a little, now and then.

But Brown's valiant though brief and to us unsatisfactory endeavors resulted in recognition from England: one or two of his books found a place among Bentley's Standard Novels. No amount of success which had not the sanction of the London public could have availed to encourage native literature as this reception abroad encouraged it; so great was the dependence on England in matters of taste. But we have seen that Brown was in no way a peculiar outcome of American life, and represented nothing new. His success, therefore, was not at once followed by any other noticeable attempt. It was in 1807, to be sure, that James Paulding and Washington Irving wrote their *Salmagundi*, a work in its whole scope and manner aping *The Spectator* and the essays of Goldsmith, even to the point of a kind of perversion of borrowed suggestions which was half plagiarism. But it required the intolerance of the English reviews to arouse our countrymen to a consciousness of their subordinated attitude, and it was not until 1820 that Sydney Smith, in *The Edinburgh Review*, kindled beacons all along our coast

for a general rally of mind, by his supercilious observation, "Thus far we are the friends and admirers of Jonathan. But he must not grow vain and ambitious;" and by his offensive inquiry, "In the four quarters of the globe, who reads an American book, or goes to an American play, or looks at an American statue?" If one is surprised at the ignorance of Mr. Smith in putting these questions, one wonders still more that his frequently acute sense of humor did not save him from his succeeding queries: "Who drinks out of American glasses . . . or sleeps in American blankets?" But the obtuse and insolent attack was wholesome. Precisely as the British march upon Concord had opened the eyes of the colonists forty-five years before, this literary brutishness now called upon the thinking people of the country to assert a capacity for literature, similar to that which they had proved for government.

It is interesting to observe the results. Quite by accident, in the year preceding the Edinburgh article, a young United States naval lieutenant, lately married and then living in Westchester, New York, had been piqued into writing a little imitation English novel, *Precaution*. His next book, *The Spy*, was eminently patriotic, and turned out to be the first really American novel, rousing an unprecedented excitement among all native readers, and going forth into Great Britain and the European continent to gain equal acceptance there, not only as a spirited work of the imagination, but also as being freshly and adequately characteristic of this quarter of the world. *The Spy* was published in 1823. The change of theme and spirit in the author, after his first publication, is of course not to be ascribed solely to the Rev. Sydney Smith's rough gibes; though the comparison of dates is suggestive. In like manner, Paulding, who had begun so meekly in the footsteps of *The Spectator*, came forward stormily, in 1824, with his *John Bull in America*; a bulky trifle written in less than a month's time, to satirize some absurd articles in *The British Quarterly*, based upon Travels in

this country penned by certain ignorant and prejudiced Englishmen. But in the interval since Salmagundi, Paulding also had developed the American sentiment to some degree in his attempted poem, *The Backwoodsman*. Indeed, the preliminaries to an entire literature had been silently arranging themselves among us since the achievement of independence; and a critic of discernment, remembering how much had been produced in the colonies before the war, would have held his peace in discussing the literary outlook of America at a time when, for many years, revolution and political agitation attendant on the formation of government, together with a couple of foreign wars, held intellectual achievement somewhat in the background. It was in 1823 that Channing published his essay on National Literature; Audubon began two years later to publish his *Birds of America* in folio numbers; Prescott was already in 1820 studying deeply for his first history, and Bancroft, having in the same year taken his degree at Göttingen, was enriching himself with the ripest knowledge which Europe could yield, before commencing his massive and brilliant *History of the United States*. So that the Americans, conscious of abundant intellectual vigor and of aspirations which were soon, in their fulfillment, to command universal praise, felt keenly a taunt offered at the last moment when it could have been made with any show of justice; and doubtless their efforts were quickened by it.

Paulding's *John Bull* is a sufficiently amusing piece of exaggerative ridicule; yet I do not think we can any of us take great pride or pleasure in it now. The author had a coarse humor, which he used with equal bluntness against his own people when he thought that occasion called for it. Witness this scrap from his *New Mirror*, or *Guide to the Springs*, in which he enumerates the requisites for a young lady's outfit in summer travel: "Six beaux to amuse you on the journey. N. B. A poodle will do as well." In this *Guide to the Springs* he was influenced by an impression quite

prevalent at the time, that the witty thing to do was to satirize the manners of "the town," and in such writing we find another sign of the subserviency to British example which kept reappearing in one form or another through our light literature for many years. Paulding followed Cooper with several novels similar to the latter's in construction and in literary texture, though vastly inferior to them in native strength — *Koningsmarke*, *Westward Ho!* *The Old Continental*, *The Puritan* and his Daughter; but both he and his illustrious contemporary, it seems to me, unconsciously played to the British gallery a great deal more than was well. The title of "the American Scott," which was so repugnant to Mr. Cooper, from which we also should be glad to free him, sticks nevertheless. Irving, for his part, devoted himself with positively obsequious industry to the production of such close imitations of Addison and Goldsmith that we are reminded by them of the modern reproductions of antique furniture and gold work, often admirable in their way, but to be valued only as illustrations of what has already been done elsewhere. Goldsmith's work in electrotypes, and reproductions of old pictures by cheap processes, are useful, because we cannot have the originals. But these books must finally fall into the place of things not needed, although excellently wrought and still much in fashion. Paulding, who enjoyed the privilege of assisting to govern the country as Secretary of the Navy and in other offices, may perhaps retain immortality in the archives of a past administration; he certainly will not do so by virtue of his novels or other writings. Yet he was a sturdier American than his friend, and in one thing he is interesting, as setting in motion in his own mind two opposing currents of feeling which are still in active play among us. He was ferocious in his castigations of John Bull, but equally satirical, as we have observed, toward his countrymen. The same conflict appears in Cooper, who, on going to Europe, at first bitterly resented the criticisms of his

country which he encountered there, but ended by becoming the harshest of its critics, later. This fashion of bullying the offensive foreigner, and then seizing an early opportunity to castigate one's fellow-citizens, has its disadvantages, for the latter process is as public as the first. The fashion, accordingly, has gone out; and along with a general perceptible amelioration of international manners, there has come a greater circumspection among writers on this subject, though we yet meet daily with a snobbish rejection of America by Americans which is no less provincial than the traditional stump-orator's blind scorn for every other country "on the planet." Cooper justly made this complaint: "The governing social evil of America is provincialism; a misfortune that is perhaps inseparable from her situation. . . . The dramatist who should endeavor to delineate the faults of society would find a formidable party arrayed against him in a moment, with no party to defend." In this respect, he declares, the nation is "lamentably in arrears to its own principles." But, on the other hand, one cannot now read his *Home as Found* without frequent vexation and laughter at the hopeless pomposity of the writer, and his vain attempt to train Americans in manners as absolutely as he would beat gunners to quarters at sea, by holding up to them his tiresome Sir George and Miss Effingham with their everlasting "well-bred and concealed smiles," and opposing to these the buffoon, Aristobulus Bragg, as a typical American.

But no writer of fiction has yet succeeded in the delicate task of effecting an understanding on this troublesome point. It can never, in fact, be done, unless by some one of sprightly instinct and sound judgment, who shall measure the defections of society from the ideal by his own educated, honest consciousness, — not by any imported convention, however excellent in its place, — and shall then hit off his observations with wit enough to make laughter drown discontent. The reason of this is that with us there exists no social code to

which readers the country through defer; it will be very long before such a code can be established, and none will ever be generally recognized among us, it is to be hoped, not based on principles more generous than those governing Old World societies. American manners in the best and broadest sense — I do not speak merely of the polished surfaces, too closely resembling European results, which appear here and there in our older communities — as yet admit of only a partial definition, yet they exist, as distinguished from those of other nations. We find in them a prevailing tone of common sense, compensating for a great deal of vulgarity, a humorous perception of propriety, a fine tact, and great faith in human nature. These are healthy traits, and to these must be made the appeal of any one who aims to “exhibit our manners” with radical and repaying success. It is, I believe, contended by a small number of superior persons that no “novel of society” can be founded on American life, because we have no society. I await with great interest and curiosity, however, novels which shall do justice to the extraordinary and thrilling situation of forty million people who unite in pining for a society, and who, meanwhile, remain absolutely destitute of emotions and in some unaccountable way deprived of their human nature. Even Cooper complains¹ that with us “there are no annals for the historian; no follies (beyond the most vulgar and commonplace) for the satirist; no manners for the dramatist; no obscure fictions for the writer of romance;” and that “the weakest hand can extract a spark from the flint, but it would baffle the strength of the giant to attempt kindling a flame with a pudding-stone.” It is true, the exterior structure of our society recalls that of the pudding-stone; but “the giant” should be able to accomplish something even with this. Possibly, with due exertion, he might discover the granite of an untried continent lying at the bottom of this superficial appearance.

But the only novelist who has shown

¹ *Travelling Bachelor.*

the manners of this country in at all the right spirit, was a mysterious German, whose stories, published under the pseudonym of Charles Sealsfield, at intervals from 1828 to 1842, attracted, it is said, a great many readers; though they have now passed into deep obscurity. Sealsfield's supreme advantage was that of an impartial and very impressible mind, to which the immense and varied stretches of our many-chambered life were suddenly revealed. The vast range, the richness of the material, awoke an exhaustless enthusiasm in him, and his life was passed in journeying through every part of these States, and into the outlying wildernesses, and in reporting, through the medium of novels, his curious and almost limitless discoveries. Nothing escaped him; he did not close his eyes to a single foible or error, and all that he has to tell us of our manners is based on a frame of fact as unyielding and coldly certain as iron. Yet, withal, he possessed a comprehension of our entire system and the quality of our national being which would be rare in a native American. His *Life in the New World* is a series of novels opening one into another with a continuousness which he must have caught from the Mississippi and the Red River, along whose shores the scenery of the stories is unfolded; and rough, diffuse, ragged in plan as they are, they give a panoramic view of American character which is surely one of the most singular things in literature. I say literature; yet you are haunted, in reading him, by a suspicion that it is not fiction, but hugely agglomerated fact, that you have before you. And this is partly true. The German critic Mundt declared that Sealsfield had come nearer to reality than any previous novelist. But the author, in his preface to *Morton, or The Grand Tour*, admits in a measure that to secure this he incorporated fact with his work just as it presented itself; and he even sets up a theory, after reviewing the standpoints of the great novelists, that the new departure in this art should be to draw distinctly from living persons. “The tendency of this book,” he says

of Morton, "is a higher one than that of the romance proper; it approaches the historic motive. I wish to do my share in giving to the historical romance that higher tone by means of which it may more beneficently work itself into the culture of the age; to assist in replacing, by stronger nourishment, the thousand imbecile, damaging, dull books called novels of manners, and written in order to make still more unnaturally stiff social relations which are already stretched unnaturally tense enough." Certainly a vigorous and splendid design; and whatever we may say of the theory in itself, one cannot deny that in Morton — which treats of the scorn of an American Know-Nothing for foreign-born citizens, and the revelation to him of a power on the part of one or two of them which preserves his life and gives him great wealth, besides making him the instrument of an almost absolute money-power — he opens a gaping depth of insight into the possibilities of a single person's command over thousands, into the subterranean reaches of society, which, with more art, would have broken into and usurped the dark territory of Balzac. In this story, or rather enormous fragment, — all his books are more or less such, — he uses a Philadelphia magnate with the scarcely masked name of Stephen G——d. In Rambleton, he tries the case of family pride in the republic, and of American flirtation; for there is something judicial in his whole treatment of his themes. We have elsewhere planter-life, and the extraordinary race of Creoles, with their luxurious squalor, depicted, and slavery discussed. The Squatter Chief is a bold, bloody, and yet unspeakably vigorous story, with a deep pathos about it; the figure of old Nathan, "the squatter regulator," who rules autocratically but wisely, and retires before the advance of law and civilization, abandoning the ground it has cost so much loss of life and ceaseless struggle to reclaim from the forest, — this figure rivals Cooper's Natty Bumppo. Yet there is a rawness, a lingering exaggeration, in these powerful frescoes. Sealsfield, though a pro-

found genius, missed being an artist. In modeling life on so large a scale, too, he loses the individuality of persons in the low relief of the whole. One peculiar trait of nearly all his people is that they constantly declare, in justification of the most absurd whims and outbursts of anger, "We live in a free country!" — an acute piece of generalized character. Another singularity is the marking of different traits by the names of the States where they are supposed to be most frequent, as, "The man had explained the case with real Ohio minuteness;" "Annoyed at the Pennsylvania coolness of the man," etc. There is a certain resemblance between his broad way of taking things, and Walt Whitman's enthusiasm of enumeration; and one misses in his creations that tender and intimate personality which can alone insure remembrance to the offspring of the poet's or the novelist's imagination. He sacrificed this to a more immediate end of rousing the German nation to unity by his pictures of our Union; and it was a wise and suggestive remark of his, in refusing to sanction a second edition of his books, that conditions changed so rapidly here that what he had written a few years before would no longer be true, and should not be perpetuated.

It is this very tenderness which puts Cooper, who succeeded in imparting it, quite above a writer like Sealsfield, superior as the latter was in breadth and variety of perception. No criticism, I imagine, however much justice it may have, will quite dislodge Cooper's leather-stockinged hunter — Deerslayer, Pathfinder, Hawk-Eye — from his high seat in our hearts. There is deep poetry in the conception of this life, with its different divisions so aptly characterized by the different names of the man: first the Deerslayer, who has not yet been forced to stain his conscience with even Indian blood; then the Pathfinder, a man of stern and settled purposes, with a tender heart amid them all; later, Hawk-Eye; lastly the aged wanderer, in *The Prairie*. In *The Spy*, Cooper had sounded a *réveille* to American fiction; and in *The*

Pioneers he awakened to the reverberations of fame our deep forests, which had so long lain silent. But it is on the Leather-Stocking tales and two or three of his sea-romances, *The Red Rover*, *The Pilot*, *The Water-Witch*, that his most lasting reputation will probably rest. *The Pioneers*, with its shadowless figures set into the topography here and there, resembles a quaint and primitive map of the frontier settlement which it describes. Yet it was from this region that the author recruited his forces for many another book. Here already stands Leather-Stocking, leaning on his rifle, that "noiseless laugh" of his in full play over "the lineaments of his ingenious countenance." Near him reposes Indian John, the Chingachgook of a later time, in all the ease of a first sketch. The hearty old gentleman, the lovely young female, and the alert, romantic, and well-oiled youth who were afterward so incessantly put under requisition, are all on the stage; even the honest and useful tar lies coiled up in the person of Benjamin Penguillian. These various persons the author, finding them popular, sent off on extended scouting-expeditions, in after years, to obtain fresh material. They invaded the prairies, endured the hardships of storms on lake or sea and the perils of war and murder in sundry places; they colonized the most distant regions, and even through some strange error got turned back through the past, and operated on the reader from behind the bulwark of centuries. Sometimes they suffered by these changes, and came before the public in a rather emaciated condition. Apart from *Natty*,—

"All his other men-figures are clothes upon sticks," as Mr. Lowell has said,

"And the women he draws from one model don't vary,

All as sappy as maples and as flat as a prairie."

Yet the one true star lights the horizon, and everything borrows beauty from the single creature who displays in full the tenderness of heart, the lonely grandeur of imagination, that belong to Cooper. I must include another person, however; Cooper has positively made Solitude a

character in these dramas of ocean and open plain. The solemn rustling of the league-losing forest, the formless murmur of the incessant Atlantic surge, entered into his spirit and found embodiment from him. The novelist of a new continent could not, had he consciously deliberated, have made a wiser choice for one of the chief players in his histories; and in the spacious theatre which Cooper has provided will be found room for a large posterity of praisers.

For myself, recognizing his numberless defects, his many absolute failures, I am still inclined to repeat, in leaving him, the epitaph which his own pious hand placed over the grave of *Pathfinder*: *Let no wanton hand ever disturb his remains.*

Curiously similar to the literary twin-birth of Cooper with Scott was that of Miss Sedgwick with Miss Edgeworth. Miss Sedgwick's many tales might easily have been many more than they are; for of the making of such books, as they require but little genius, there is no end. Hope Leslie, containing the impossible but rather effective Indian girl, Magawisca, is the only one, perhaps, that needs even mention. In like manner, Mrs. Child's *Hobomok*, *The Rebels*, and *Philothea*, having no definable character or merit, must be left to define and speak for themselves. A swarm of historical and romantic tale-tellers, and sketchers of American life have attempted to follow Cooper's pioneering: Robert Bird; William Ware, whose Roman stories reflected Lockhart's antique fictions; Fenno Hoffman, with his *Greyslaer*; J. P. Kennedy, author of the good-natured but heavy *Swallow Barn*, so full of negroes and fried chicken; John Esten Cooke, whose *Virginia Comedians* is remembered; and William Gilmore Simms, with a baggage-train of some seventy volumes of *Border Beagles* and the *Lord* knows what besides. But all these gentlemen have fared badly in the bush, and somehow the bush never gets cleared away. They may be ranked with the early novelists, because they represent an early and not a mature manner. Some of them are afflicted by

an indecision between history and fiction, as even Cooper himself was, at times. Irving finally invested in history his possibilities as a novelist, and it was well that he did so. Even Mr. Motley, in Morton's Hope and Merry Mount, hovered for a time among this light advance of historical novelists, but, fortunately falling back, he found himself a leader in the main body of the world's chroniclers, and has remained there.

If, then, we review the achievements in novel-writing, as distinguished from the writing of romances, during the period from Brown to Cooper and his satellites inclusive, what do we find? Noticeably, a great lack of simplicity, of *naïveté*, that primary charm in most dawning literatures; and secondly, with much assumption of maturity, there is to be observed a lamentable crudity, a want of ripe literary development, which gives even to the best productions, so far as workmanship goes, a universal air of amateurishness. Cooper's books were made like kites—a great deal of paper to a small supply of stick. No one of the numerous laborers in this direction had been able to create a style. It is true, they imitated the best thing they could find to imitate, and coming into the field so suddenly as they did, all unequipped too, they had perforce to copy weapons the efficacy of which had already been proved. Yet the fact remains, and it is time to recognize it, that, in spite of the palliations of encyclopædias and the easy consciences of manual-makers, there has been, until recently, no complete originality in our fictitious literature, with the exception of that which Poe and Hawthorne secured. Of these two, and of the qualities of Irving in detail, I have written elsewhere.

Meanwhile, it was perhaps natural that a protest against this staleness of style should have been made. It was made, and in full vigor, though with a thoroughly spread-eagle air, by John Neal, of Maine, a man of power, whose strength led him into the folly of writing several novels, Errata, Seventy-Six, Logan, and Randolph, each within from

twenty-seven to thirty-nine days—a rapidity of action from which, unfortunately, the public has taken a hint in forgetting them. From Mr. Neal's wild and incoherent protest, prefacing his novel of witchcraft, Rachel Dyer (1828), I take some fragments that follow a question whether reputations like Irving's should properly satisfy "the ambition of a lofty-minded original thinker."

"No—up to the very key-stone of the broad blue firmament! he would say, or back to the vile earth again. . . . Yes, to succeed, I must imitate nobody, I must resemble nobody. . . . That were no easy matter; nor would it be so difficult as men are apt to believe." Then, after speaking rather dangerously of "launching forth into space" as a good expedient for American authors to adopt, he observes, "True, we might not be certain of finding a new world, like Columbus, nor a new heaven, like Tycho Brahe; but we should probably encounter some phenomenon in the great unvisited moral sky and ocean,—we should at least find out . . . that there remained no new world or system to be discovered." By way of "launching," Mr. Neal was resolved to discard good English. "I have the modesty to believe that in some things I am unlike all the other writers of my country, both living and dead. . . . For my own part, I do not pretend to write good English. . . . I do not, and I hope to God . . . that I never shall write what is now worshiped under the name of *classical* English. It is no natural language; it never was, it never will be, spoken alive or dead on this earth, and therefore ought never to be written." In conclusion, he called for a "Declaration of Independence in the Republic of Letters."

In such a declaration, Mr. Neal would have had sympathizers, doubtless, if he had made it properly, and not simply uttered an unorganized howl. As it is, we have been obliged to leave him to the proud consciousness of having done his duty in so writing as to remove all inducements to worship *his* style. Per-

haps it is not now too late for independence; and, viewing the bulky mass of early novels, one is tempted to gratitude for the fact that the writers of them have not all turned out to be immortals.

But though they no longer threaten our happiness as classics which *must* be read, they have served another purpose: their presence has brought reputation, criticism, opportunity. Within ten years from the scribbling of Mr. Neal's noisy preface, there had appeared the first volume of a man destined to create a new order of fictitious writing: it was in 1837 that the *Twice-Told Tales* were collected. The author of them has

shown what has been recognized as a better way of doing than "launching into space." And, with a reverent and simple spirit always characteristic of him in touching upon other men's creations, Mr. Hawthorne wrote, on the occasion of Cooper's death, in 1852, a sentence which seems to me to sum up the most subtle and pathetic trait of the men we have been recalling: "It may not be too much to hope that, in the eyes of the public at large, American literature may henceforth acquire a weight and value which have not heretofore been conceded to it: time and death have begun to hallow it."

G. P. Lathrop.

TO A TEA ROSE.

DEEP-FOLDED flower, for me your race
 Bears what no kindred blooms have borne,
 That gleam in memory's vistas—
 A charm, a chastity, a grace
 The loveliest roses have not worn,
 Of all your lovely sisters!

Half-tinged like some dim-yellow peach,
 Half like a shell's pink inward whorl
 That sighs its sea-home after,
 Your creamy oval bud lets each
 Pale outer petal backward curl,
 Like a young child's lip in laughter!

And yet no mirthful trace we see;
 Rather the grave, serene repose
 Of gentlest resignation;
 So that you sometimes seem to be
 (If one might say it of a rose)
 In pensive meditation!

Ah! how may earthly words express
 This placid sadness round you cast,
 Delicate, vague, unspoken?
 As though some red progenitress,
 In some old garden of the past,
 Had had her young heart broken!

Edgar Fawcett.

AT LÜTZEN.

I WAS not quite easy in mind when I stood on the tower of St. Stephen's Church, in Vienna, to find that what I sought most eagerly in the superb landscape was not the steep Kahlenberg, not the plummy woods of Schönbrunn, not the Danube pouring grandly eastward, nor the picturesque city at my feet; but the little hamlet just outside the suburbs, and the wide-stretching grain-field close by, turning yellow under the July sun, where were fought the battles of Aspern and Wagram. Nor was I quite easy when I set out to climb the St. Gotthard Pass, to find that although the valley below Airolo was so green with fertile pasture, and from the glaciers above me the heavens were pricked so boldly by the splintered peaks, I was thinking most where it was precisely that old Suwarrow dug the grave and threatened to bury himself, when his army refused to follow him; then how he must have looked when he had subdued them, riding forward in his sheep-skin, or whatever rude Russian dress he wore, this uncouth hero who needed no scratching to be proved Tartar, while his loving host pressed after him into every death-yielding terror that man or nature could throw across his path.

That I had good reason for my uneasiness, on second thoughts, I do not believe. Nor do I believe it is just for you, my high-toned friend, to censure me as somewhat low and brutal, when I confess that of all one can see in Europe, nothing thrilled me quite so much as the great historic battle-fields. Nothing deserves so to interest man as man himself; and what spots, after all, are so closely and nobly connected with man as the spots where he has fought? That we are what we are, indeed that we are at all, — that any race is what it is or is at all, — was settled on certain great fields of decision to which we as well as every race can point back. And then, for another thing, are we not so made that

nothing absorbs us like a spectacle of pain and pathos? Tragedy enchants, while it shocks. The field of battle is tragedy the most shocking; is it doing indignity to our puzzling nature to say it is tragedy most enchanting? Then here, again: once at midnight, in the light of our bivouac-fire, our captain told us in low tones that next day we were to fight. He was a rude fellow, but the word or two he spoke to us was about duty. And I well remember what the men said, as we looked by the fire-light to see if the rifles were in order. They would go into fire because duty said, "Save the country!" and when, soon after, the steeply-sloping angle of the enemy's works came into view, ominously red in the morning light, and crowned with smoke and fire, while the air hummed about our ears as if swarming with angry bees, and this one and that one fell, I believe there was scarcely one who, as he pulled his cap close down and pushed ahead in the skirmish-line, was not thinking of duty. They were boys from farm and factory, not greatly better, to say the most, than their fellows anywhere; and we may be sure that thought of duty has always much to do with the going forward of weaponed men amongst the weapons. Men *do* fight, no doubt, from mere recklessness, from hope of plunder or glory; and sometimes they have been whipped to it. But more often, when they go where one out of every four or five is likely to fall, it is with the nobler motive uppermost, and felt with a burning earnestness, too, which only the breath of the near-at-hand death can fan up. No! there is reason enough why battle-fields should be, as they are, places of pilgrimage. The remoteness of the struggle hardly diminishes the interest with which we visit its scene; Marathon is as sacred as if the Greeks conquered there last year. Nor, on the other hand, do we need poetic haze from

a century or two of intervening time; Gettysburg was a consecrated spot to all the world before its dead were buried. There need be no charm of nature; there are tracts of mere sand in dreary Brandenburg, where old Frederick, with Prussia in his hand, supple and tough as if plaited into a nation out of whip-cord, scourged the world; and these tracts are precious. On the other hand, the grandest natural features seem almost dwarfed and paltry beside this overmastering interest. On the top of the Grimsel Pass there is a melancholy, lonely lake which touches the spirit as much as the Rhone glacier close by, or the soaring Finster-Aarhorn, — the Todter See (Sea of the Dead), beneath whose waters are buried soldiers who fell in battle there on the Alpine crags. Had I defined all this, I need not have felt uneasy on St. Stephen's spire or the St. Gotthard. We are not necessarily brutal if our feet turn with especial willingness toward battle-fields. There man is most in earnest; his sense of duty perhaps at its best; the sacrifice greatest, for it is life. Theirs are the most momentous decisions for weal or woe; theirs the tragedy beyond all other tremendous and solemn. It is right that the blood which has soaked them should possess an alchemy to make their acres golden to us.

Crabb Robinson, in his Diary, gives a report of a singular judgment of Wieland respecting Luther, which he had from him in a conversation at Weimar in 1801. Wieland, a freethinker, declared that the Reformation had been "an evil and not a good; it had retarded the progress of philosophy for centuries. There were some wise men among the Italians, who, if they had been permitted, would have effected a salutary reform. Luther ruined everything by making the people a party to what might have been left to the scholars. Had he not come forward with his furious knock-down attacks on the church, and excited a succession of horrible wars in Europe, liberty, science, and humanity would slowly have made their way. Melancthon and Erasmus were on the right road, but the violence of the age was triumphant." It so hap-

pens that this passage falls in my way when I am studying details of the Thirty Years' War; and this circumstance, no doubt, helps me to think that there is a certain plausibility in Wieland's view, and to wish that some good scholar would follow it out, and see if here too, as in the case of so many other historic figures, there is not reason for reversing the verdict of the world. Goethe had a similar notion about Luther. But whatever judgment may come to be put on Luther's work, the man himself must always tower heroic.

In the Castle of Coburg, next in interest to Luther's room (for here as everywhere the burly, God-worshipping devil-fighter subordinates everything to himself), is a great hall in which hang side by side the life-size portraits of two martial figures. Both wear the military dress of two hundred years ago. One portrait represents a man of tall, large frame, with light hair, large intense blue eyes, a full lower face with the pointed mustaches and chin-beard of the time, in attire of blue and buff set off with point-lace; a man, one would say, of action rather than thought, with a full store of impetuous will, and sound stomach and muscles to carry out purposes with. The healthful countenance, too, has suggestions of warm temper, but also of joviality; and one thinks that the capacious doublet might upon occasion shake mightily with laughter, — a figure of bearing most manly, frank, and winning. The other person is also tall but meagre, in gloomy attire, with hair dark but showing a tinge of red; a complexion somewhat sallow; a deeply wrinkled forehead, high rather than broad; and small, sparkling eyes; a countenance and mien that repel approach, as the open face and bearing of the companion picture court it. One is Gustavus Adolphus, the other Wallenstein, Duke of Friedland, the eminent leaders on the two sides in a struggle the longest and most cruel that Europe has ever known. Hung about the hall are arms and armor from the Thirty Years' War, in which they played their part; the steel caps and corselets, the pikes and muskets, dented with battle

blows and still gleaming as they gleamed before the eyes of these men in life. A purer fame than that of Gustavus, hero never left behind. If there was in his motive a taint of selfishness, history has been silent about it. He was chaste, tolerant,¹ devout, fearless. No man was ever more loved. Wallenstein, who contrasts with him as black with white, almost, is even more impressive; as saturnine and inscrutable as Gustavus was cheerful and frank. Although leader of the Catholics, he was religionless as his rival was religious; given over to mysterious superstitions, for want of a better faith; a practitioner of magic and patron of astrology; a man of such genius that the world gave way before him marvelously, until he came to be believed by others, and perhaps fancied himself, a sort of superhuman being with a charmed life. He was not so much cruel and treacherous, as persuaded that he was absolved from ordinary human obligations; and he seemed often shielded in a wonderful way against the operation of natural laws. On his character and the events of his career the lights fall so weirdly that from that time to this he has fascinated painters and poets. He is the hero of what Carlyle calls the greatest tragedy of the eighteenth century, the Wallenstein of Schiller. In the new Pinacothek at Munich, which contains perhaps the best paintings of our day, there is no one more striking than that by Piloty of the murdered Wallenstein lying in his blood, while over him stands his astrologer Seni. Still more remarkable is that other modern picture of Wallenstein entering the fortress of Eger, where the assassination is to take place, in which the circumstances, although only those of an ordinary military cavalcade, have been made in an indefinite way to convey the impression of boding evil.

¹ "Gustave Adolphe, élevé dans les sentiments étroits d'une église aussi intolérante que le catholicisme, étonna et scandalisa ses amis d'Allemagne, en assistant à la messe. Il traita avec une rare indulgence ses plus grands ennemis, les moines, même les jésuites. Les protestants ne comprenaient pas le héros du nord; les historiens modernes ne le comprennent pas davantage, quand ils attribuent à des calculs politiques des sentiments qui étaient

Through the lowering heavens swoops a raven; the backs of the rank of troopers preceding the duke's litter somehow suggest the thought that the world's favor is averted; while the form and visage of Colonel Buttlar, the instrument of the murder about to take place, riding darkly behind, though, when examined, only those of a fierce chieftain of the period, indescribably bring to mind an avenging fury. Wallenstein by a strange force, while he repelled, subdued men about him by the thousand. Half the world Gustavus drew by love, the other half Wallenstein held overwhelmed by an inexplicable awe. The two men contrast in history most picturesquely, as in the two portraits at Coburg. They confronted one another in the devastated plains of Germany like the two opposite poles of a magnet, the one attracting, the other repelling and yet subjecting, the whole world swayed by force from the one or the other.

The slopes of the hill that descend from the Castle of Coburg are to-day pleasure-grounds. In 1632 they were white for a time with the tents of Wallenstein's imperialists, beleaguering here a brave garrison of Swedes whom the king had thrown into the fortress. Breaking up his camp in the fall, Wallenstein swept northward in a devastating march to Leipsic. A short day's journey will take the traveler through the wide tract seared by the gloomy and silent soldier, dealing as he went with spells and charms. I reached Leipsic on a day of doubtful weather, and went soon to the old tower of the Pleisenburg, the citadel of the town, and looked out from the summit into the wide plains of Saxony. The castellan went with me to the summit, and between the showers pointed out the memorable spots. Carlyle rather coarsely calls this neighborhood "the bull-ring of the na-

l'instinct du génie. Il y a un trait qui le caractérise admirablement: il se fit aimer des catholiques comme des protestants, et les chroniqueurs contemporains lui sont tous également favorables, à quelque parti qu'ils appartiennent. La religion de Gustave Adolphe est la religion de l'avenir, de l'humanité. Il plane au-dessus des confessions et de leur haineuses rivalités." (F. Laurent, *Les Guerres de la Religion*.)

tions," from the number of great battles that have here been fought. The field of Jena, where the French shattered the Prussian power in 1806, is not so far away that the cannon-thunder from there might not have been heard at Leipsic; and Rossbach, perhaps Frederick's most memorable field, where Prussia shattered France in 1757, is hardly out of sight. Ten miles away, again, is the village of Gross Görschen, where in the spring of 1813 Napoleon smote the Russians and Prussians, and did something to win back the prestige lost during the Russian campaign. All about the city and within it, took place in the fall of 1813 the mighty "battle of the nations," in which seven hundred thousand combatants took part. The enviring fields where this was fought lay all in the deepest peace, as I looked down upon them; in the distance the rainbows among the mist; near at hand the broad levels, green and dripping with the abundant moisture. The grain stood everywhere, the country stretching smooth and unbroken almost as natural prairie, to the verge of the horizon. A straight line of poplars or fruit-trees here and there marked a high-road; now and then there was a clump of wood, or the compact roofs and steeple of a village. I could see the monument, surmounted by a cocked hat, where Napoleon stood on the decisive day, while Maedonald, Augereau, and Regnier fought in front of him, outnumbered two to one; and the castellan told how the cannonade (from some say two thousand pieces) sounded into his childish ears, coming muffled, as he sat shut up with his frightened mother in the city, his chin moving, as he represented the booming, like a man's whose teeth chatter with cold.

Following the old man's pointing finger again, I saw just beyond the city's suburbs the steeple and windmill of Breitenfeld, where in the Thirty Years' War the Swede Torstenson, a cripple who was carried about in a litter, and yet one of the most vigorous of commanders, defeated the army of the Austrian Kaiser; and where a few years before, on the same ground, fierce old Tilly first

suffered defeat, and Gustavus Adolphus first made his greatness felt. To this hour, in old New-England families, any piece of especial devilry is "like old Tilly;" and probably the phrase comes clear from the Puritans of 1631, who, like the rest of the Protestant world, were made to stand aghast by the sack of Magdeburg. But there is pathos as well as horror in the story of the unrelenting old tiger. He was brave and faithful and honest as he was cruel, and, in spite of all his plundering, died poor. At Dresden you may see his *bâton*, the pearl and gilding as tarnished as its former possessor's fame. A singular figure he must have been: generally in a Spanish doublet of bright green satin with slashed sleeves; on his head a little cocked hat, from which a red ostrich feather hung down his back; under this a long nose, withered cheeks, and a heavy white mustache; for he was past seventy. But it was more thrilling to me even than Breitenfeld, when, looking westward, I saw dimly through the mist the little steeple of Lützen, ten miles distant, where Gustavus Adolphus fell.

Leaving the tower of the Pleissenburg; I took the train to Markranstätt, a village in the suburbs, from which it was my plan to walk the league to Lützen in the long summer twilight, crossing the battle-field on the way. The high-road runs as it did two hundred years ago, broad, white, and smooth. That evening it had been washed clean by the rain, and cherry-trees full of ripening fruit stood in fullest freshness on either hand. On the far-extending fields each side the grain stood high; barley, wheat, rye, and oats rolled out in parallel strips. It was after sunset when the Lützen *Eilwagen* went past with its passengers; the pedestrians disappeared one after another, and soon I was the solitary footman. The dusk kept deepening as I sauntered forward, my mind filled with thoughts of the struggle whose scene I was soon to behold. It was a dark day in November, 1632, when a heavy triple boom of cannon-thunder from Weissenfels, ten miles westward, apprised Wallenstein, lying

at Leipsic, that the Austrian general at that outpost had caught sight of the advancing Swedes. Defoe, in the little-known *Memoirs of a Cavalier*, has so photographed this stormy time that his story was long believed to come from an eye-witness. His hero, then a captive with Wallenstein in Leipsic, says, "We that were prisoners fancied the imperial soldiers went unwillingly out, for the very name of the King of Sweden was become terrible to them." "Rugged, surly fellows they were," he declares. "Their faces had an air of hardy courage, mangled with wounds and scars; their armor showed the bruises of musket-bullets and the rust of the winter storms. I observed of them their clothes were always dirty, but their arms were clean and bright; they were used to camp in the open fields and sleep in the frosts and rain; their horses were strong and hardy, like themselves, and well taught their exercises." It is not hard to draw a picture of Gustavus's army as it advanced. It was a mixed host of twenty thousand. The best warriors were Swedes, men yellow-haired and florid, marching with the vigor of troops used to success and confident in their leader; not a straggler, not a plunderer. They wore, some suits of leather, others of cloth. They carried pikes or flint-lock muskets. One regiment was in buff, and so known as the yellow regiment; others were in blue, others in white. There was powerful cavalry, the riders half-way between the steel-covered knight of former warfare and the modern horseman. The cannon (they were the first "field batteries") were singularly enough composed of cylinders of iron cast thin for lightness, then wound round tightly with rope from breech to muzzle, and covered at last with boiled leather. There were Germans as well as Swedes, and among these rode as leader a young man of twenty-eight, who, however, for ten years already had been a warrior of fame, and was destined to be yet more famous. His portrait, too, hangs by that of his teacher in war and friend, Gustavus, at Coburg, the features most handsome, and a pro-

fusion of curling brown hair falling upon the shoulders. His rusted sword, too, with that of the king, hangs upon a pillar in the Wartburg, by the side of the pulpit from which Luther used to preach. It was Duke Bernhard of Saxe-Weimar. There were also whole troops of English and Scotch, for the fame of the king drew recruits from every Protestant land, who no doubt sometimes, among psalms, hummed the quaint recruiting song which antiquaries tell us had a great popularity at the period, and did much to stimulate enlistment:—

"Germani, Suedden, Denmark are smoking
With a crew of brave lads others provoking.
Up, lads! up, lads! up and advance,
For honor is not gotten by a cringe or a dance.
Charge, lads! fall in a round,
Till Cesar shall give ground!
Hark! hark! our trumpets sound, Tan! ta-ra-ra!
Vivat Gustavus Adolphus! we cry,
Here we shall either win honor or dy."

The king himself had a wide-brimmed hat; in which he sometimes wore a feather of green, and a suit made in great part from buff leather, with boots of wide, slouching tops. His nobles, Horn, Banier, Torstenson, famous then and afterwards, martial in aspect but not splendid, rode beside him. As he swept along the column, the blue-eyed youths from Smaland and Gothland, and the darker Finns, grave and self-willed, at that time his subjects, looked at him with love and pride, and marched firmly along the muddy road, where they sank sometimes to the knee.

Here is a racy bit of prose from the hand that gave us *Robinson Crusoe*, that will let us into what had just before been the life of this army. Gustavus is about to cross the Lech, where Tilly receives his death-wound:—

"The king resolved to go and view the situation of the enemy. His Majesty went out the 2d of April with a strong party of horse, which I had the honor to command; we marched as near as we could to the banks of the river, not to be too much exposed to the enemy's cannon, and having gained a little height, where the whole course of the river might be seen, the king halted and commanded to draw up. The king alighted, and, calling me to him, examined every

reach and turning of the river by his glass, but finding the river run a long and almost straight course, he could find no place which he liked; but at last, turning himself north and looking down the stream, he found the river, fetching a long reach, double short upon itself, making a round and very narrow point. 'There's a point will do our business,' says the king, 'and if the ground be good, I'll pass there, let Tilly do his worst.'

"He immediately ordered a small party of horse to view the ground, and to bring him word particularly how high the bank was on each side and at the point; 'And he shall have fifty dollars,' says the king, 'that will bring me word how deep the water is.' I asked his Majesty leave to let me go, which he would by no means allow of; but as the party was drawing out, a sergeant of dragoons told the king, if he pleased to let him go disguised as a boor he would bring him an account of everything he desired. The king liked the notion well enough, and the fellow, being very well acquainted with the country, puts on a plowman's habit and went away immediately with a long pole upon his shoulder; the horse lay all this while in the woods, and the king stood undiscerned by the enemy on the little hill aforesaid. The dragoon with his long pole comes boldly down to the bank of the river, and calling to the sentinels which Tilly had placed on the other bank, talked with them, asked them if they could not help him over the river, and pretended he wanted to come to them. At last, being come to the point where, as I said, the river makes a short turn, he stands parleying with them a great while, and sometimes pretending to wade over, he puts his long pole into the water; then, finding it pretty shallow, he pulls off his hose and goes in, still thrusting in his pole before him, till being gotten up to his middle he could reach beyond him, where it was too deep, and so, shaking his head, comes back again. The soldiers on the other side, laughing at him, asked him if he could swim. He said no. 'Why, you fool, you,' says one of

the sentinels, 'the channel of the river is twenty feet deep.' 'How do you know that?' says the dragoon. 'Why, our engineer,' says he, 'measured it yesterday.' This was what he wanted, but, not yet fully satisfied, 'Ay, but,' says he, 'maybe it may not be very broad, and if one of you would wade in to meet me till I could reach you with my pole, I'd give him half a ducat to pull me over.' The innocent way of his discourse so deluded the soldiers that one of them immediately strips and goes in up to the shoulders, and our dragoon goes in on this side to meet him; but the stream took the other soldier away, and he, being a good swimmer, came swimming over to this side. The dragoon was then in a great deal of pain for fear of being discovered, and was once going to kill the fellow and make off; but at last resolved to carry on the humor, and having entertained the fellow with a tale of a tub, about the Swedes stealing his oats, the fellow, being cold, wanted to be gone, and as he was willing to be rid of him, pretended to be very sorry he could not get over the river, and so makes off.

"By this, however, he learned both the depth and breadth of the channel, the bottom and nature of both shores, and everything the king wanted to know. We could see him from the hill by our glasses very plain, and could see the soldier naked with him. Says the king, 'He will certainly be discovered and knocked on the head from the other side; he is a fool,' says the king, 'if he does not kill the fellow and run off;' but when the dragoon told his tale, the king was extremely well satisfied with him, gave him one hundred dollars, and made him a quartermaster to a troop of cuirassiers."

This had taken place in April. It was now November, and the army, the cool quartermaster, no doubt, with his troop of cuirassiers, — unless the poor fellow was in the number of those who laid down their lives at Nuremberg in the summer, — was pressing on to meet a foe that had long eluded them.

By nightfall, that 5th of November,

the Swedes were at Lützen; and in the fields just beyond, the "rugged, surly fellows" of the host of Wallenstein lay waiting, the skirmishers, who had been watching the Protestant march, retiring upon the main body. Gustavus led his army south of the village in a circuit, until he had gained its eastern end, drawing it up at last in two lines a few yards south of the high-road. In the centre stood the foot, upon which, perhaps, the king especially relied; to the left were the Germans under their Duke Bernhard; to the right he rode himself, at the head of the Swedish horse. In the rear was a reserve commanded by a Scotchman; the artillery were placed along the whole front. On the side of the imperialists, but a few rods removed, beyond the road in the darkness, there was sufficient vigilance. Wallenstein had made the ditches broader that lined both sides of the road, and filled them with skirmishers. In the centre of his line, just north of the high-road, a battery of large guns was placed, the infantry close behind in large brigades. Opposite Duke Bernhard, near a windmill, was a larger battery. At the other end of his line were cavalry, and a quantity of servants and camp-followers whom Wallenstein compelled to arm and stand in the lines, that the Swedes might be deceived as to his strength. As Gustavus had Horn and Banier, so Wallenstein had, as lieutenants, Piccolomini and Poppenheim; though the latter had been dispatched with a portion of the army on an expedition. Gustavus's army numbered twenty thousand; that of Wallenstein was probably greater, and couriers were dispatched to recall Poppenheim, riding through the night as if for life. "The enemy is marching hitherward," wrote Wallenstein. "Break up instantly with every man and gun, so as to arrive here early in the morning. P. S. He is already at the pass and hollow road." One may still see this note in the archives at Vienna, stained with the blood of Poppenheim, who had it on him when he received his mortal wound. The poets have filled the shadows of that night be-

fore the battle with romance. The silent Wallenstein had consulted the stars before deciding to engage, and been assured by his astrologer that the planets threatened destruction to Gustavus in November. As he slept on the field in the midst of the desultory firing of the outposts, a dream came to him. Schiller makes him to say, —

"There exist moments in the life of man
When he is nearer the great soul of the world
Than is man's custom, and possesses freely
The power of questioning his destiny;
And such a moment 't was, when, in the night
Before the action in the plains of Lützen,
I looked far out upon the ominous plain,
And, thinking, there I fell into a slumber;
And midmost in the battle was I led
In spirit. Great the pressure and the tumult!
There was my horse killed under me; I sank;
And over me all unconcernedly,
Drove horse and rider; and thus trod to pieces,
I lay and panted like a dying man;
Then seized me suddenly a general;
'My leader!' said he, 'do not ride to-day
The dapple, as you're wont; but mount the horse
Which I have chosen for thee;
A strong dream warned me so.'
It was the swiftness of that horse that snatched
me

From the pursuit of Banier's dragoons!
My cousin rode the dapple on that day,
And never more saw I or horse or rider."

When the late dawn came, the two armies lay wet and chilled, shrouded in a mist that was loath to rise; and it was not until eleven in the forenoon that it was clear enough for the Swedes to see the imperialist position. Then at length the king, a head taller than those of his retinue, mounted his superb white charger, a creature of superior size and beauty, said to have been thrown in his way by his enemies that he might become a more conspicuous mark, and rode from troop to troop clad simply in his suit of buff leather. I saw at Dresden the armor he left behind at Weissenfels, and which, had he worn it, might have saved his life. Plates of steel, brown in hue, the head-piece and corselet made to fit an ample brow and breast; but these the king, too intrepidly, threw aside. He alighted, knelt before his whole army, who also knelt, and, with uncovered head, prayed.¹ Then, accompanied stormily by the drums and trumpets of all the

¹ According to Laurent, his exclamation on landing upon the shore of Germany was, "La prière aide à combattre; bien prier, c'est à moitié vaincre."

regiments, the thousands sang the great psalm of Luther, "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott," the powerful tones of the king ringing highest. Was it ever more memorably sung? Then followed a hymn which the king himself had written, "Fear not, little flock." Here is a verse of it, as given by Gfrörer:—

"Verzage nicht, du Häuflein klein!
Ob schon die Feinde Willens sein
Dich gänzlich zu zerspalten;
Gott wird durch einen Gideon
Den er wohl weiss dir helfen schon,
Dich und sein Wort erhalten."¹

Most simple and manly it was in its piety. The south wind, then blowing, carried the thunder of the soldiers' voices to the hostile lines. The hymn died away; the voices of the priests, too, who had been celebrating mass in the other host, became silent. Then came the shouts of the Swedish captains commanding the assault. The cannon on both sides opened with fury, and over the stubble of the bare field, with pike and musket, the foot sprang forward. To the ditch it was only a few steps, and there the enemy met them with obstinacy. The king sprang from his horse, when the vigor of the attack appeared for a moment to slacken, caught a partisan from the hand of a soldier, and went himself to the front, chiding them as he hurried through their ranks, and bidding them "Stand firm at least some minutes longer, and have the curiosity to see your master die in the manner he ought and the manner he chooses."² At length the enemy were dislodged; the host of men, pursuers and pursued, streamed across the high-road into the farther field. The dark host of Piccolomini's cuirassiers charged toward them. "Grapple with these black fellows!" cried the king to the colonel of the Finland horse. There was clash and tumult; in another moment the smoking battery at Wallenstein's centre was in Swedish hands, and presently three of the brigades of infantry were in confusion. Wallenstein himself here came riding

forward on the red steed which he mounted as the fight became hot. His usual dress in the field, which he probably wore on this day, was a coat of elk-skin, a red scarf, a richly embroidered cloak of scarlet, a gray hat with red feathers, and about his neck the order of the Golden Fleece.³ Behind him galloped a body of chosen horse, who obeyed him as if he had been a demi-god.

Wallenstein's dress was again and again shot through. Step by step the Swedes were forced backward, the cannon recaptured. The battle became a wild *mêlée* where the intermingled combatants fought for the most part with pike and musket-butt, until at length the assailants were driven beyond the road once more, and stood at last, a broken company, on the ground from which they had advanced. Lützen, close by, was now in flames, and Bernhard's Germans were sorely harassed by the fire of the guns from the windmill. The king, however, charging at the head of the Swedish horse, threw into confusion the imperialist left; then, hearing of Bernhard's danger and the repulse of the centre, he set out on the gallop to stay the reverse. His horse was powerful. He leaped the ditches at the roadside, the regiment of Smalanders galloping after him. His pace, however, was so rapid that he left them behind, and only one or two of his retinue could keep up with him. He was near-sighted, and in his ardor went too near the enemy's line. "That must be one of their leaders," said an imperialist corporal, "fire upon him." There was shooting at close quarters, and a ball pierced the king's arm. Faint with pain he reeled a little in the saddle. "The king is bleeding! the king is bleeding!" cried the approaching dragoons. Leaning upon the Duke of Saxe-Lauenburg, Gustavus besought him to get him to one side. They avoided the press by a little *détour*, which, however, carried them again too near the enemy. There was further firing;

¹ "Fear not, O little flock! although
Against thee burst the furious foe,
Destruction on thee raining;
For God shall through some Gideon

Whom he well knows, with snecor run,
Thee and his Word maintaining."

² Harte.

³ Gualdo.

the pallid and tottering king gasped out, "My God! my God!" and fell from his horse, pierced through and through. His foot hung in the stirrup, and his horse, likewise wounded, dragged him farther among the enemy, where he was again shot, exclaiming, as he gave up the ghost, "My God! my God! Alas, my poor queen!" A murderous fight took place over his body as he lay. Now the Croats were in possession, swarthy ruffians, such as one sees still in Austrian uniforms in the towns along the Danube, as he goes toward Vienna. Now the Swedes had the advantage, only to be driven off again, until the heap of bodies grew high above the king, and neither friend nor foe knew longer where he lay. The body had been stripped, however, and the doublet, pierced with bullet-holes and stained with blood, is still shown at Vienna. A turquoise of extraordinary size which he wore attached to a chain, one of the crown jewels of Sweden, has never been recovered. The white steed, covered with blood and mad with his wounds, galloping along the line, gave the army the first intimation that misfortune had befallen the king. There was some talk of retreat, but Duke Bernhard, himself wounded in the arm, rode to the front. In the presence of the army, for the moment appalled, he ran through and through with his sword the commander of the Smalanders, who had guarded the king too negligently. The Swedes, recovering heart in a moment, before the decision of the new leader, stormed madly forward; the voice of the king's blood seemed to cry to them from the ground; and German and Scot, Hollander and Englishman, were not far behind. Over the road again they poured in a torrent; the battery, already taken and retaken, smutched and heated with incessant discharge, was again in their hands. The guns at the windmill were captured; troop after troop, put utterly to rout, fled toward Leipsic. In vain Piccolomini exposed himself until seven horses were killed under him, and he was wet with his own blood. The spell of Wallenstein himself seemed broken. The powder wagons in the rear roared into the

air in a sudden explosion, raining balls and bursting bombs in every direction. All was on the brink of utter rout, when, with galloping hoofs and corselets reflecting the late afternoon light, the horse of Poppenheim, six fierce, fresh regiments, rushed upon the field; their leader rode ahead, a most impetuous chieftain, whose brow, it was said, when he was on fire with battle, bore in deep crimson the mark of two sabres crossed. I saw at Dresden the bâton which he carried as field-marshal, and now, no doubt, while the fighting sabres were flaming on his forehead, pointed forward to mark the path for his troopers. The Swedes were outnumbered and exhausted by their successes, but a fight of utter recklessness went forward. The ghost of the dead king seemed to hover in the battle-smoke. With a sort of demon grandeur, Wallenstein, in his red attire, towered in the tumult, with an eye that burned upon the fray with, as his host had some reason to think, a supernatural flame. His retinue were all shot down; a cannon-ball tore the spur from his heel; several musket-balls were found to have lodged in the folds of his dress. It was a confusion of blood, shrieks, prayers, curses. "It was wonderful to see how [among the Swedes] the whole yellow regiment, after half an hour, in the same beautiful order in which it had stood, living, lay dead by its arms,"¹ and the Gothland and Smaland blues had fought also to an extermination as utter. The Swedes were driven back to their position of the morning. As the twilight, however, was giving way to darkness, they advanced again, and fought until, in the November blackness, friend could no longer be told from foe. Wallenstein, like a baffled goblin, withdrew silently in the gloom, without standards, without artillery, the soldiers almost without arms, bearing with him Poppenheim, who had saved him, at the last gasp from a mortal wound. In the darkness the Swedish colonel, Oehm, heard a voice commanding him to "follow to Leipsic." It was a messenger from Wallenstein, who mistook his regi-

¹ Khevenhüller.

ment for Hoffkirk's imperialists; and then first the Swedes knew that the foe had yielded.¹ One fourth of all engaged had been slain outright. And as to wounded, in the host of Wallenstein scarcely a man was unhurt. The Swedes encamped close upon the field. They hunted with lanterns among the corpses, in the low-hanging gloom, until at length they found the king, face downward, close by a great stone, naked, gashed, trampled. That great stone on the plain of Lützen long before the time of the battle had had a notoriety, perhaps been an object of some reverence. It is a solitary boulder, brought hither by natural forces, or perhaps by human hands, to lie here alone, whence and for what no man can say. But since that day mention of the *Schwedenstein* comes in again and again in history and poetry, coupled with solemn lamenting, until, through association, the words to a German ear have come to have almost the sound of moaning. The king's corpse was carried, by torchlight, accompanied by a little retinue of troopers, in an ammunition-wagon, to a village in the rear of the Swedish line, where it was laid before the altar of the little church. The village school-master tells the story; how a simple service took place, conducted by himself and a trooper yet covered with the dust and sweat of battle; then how, while the body lay at length on a table in a peasant's house, he made a plain coffin, in which the hero was borne to his weeping queen at Weissenfels.²

I went alone over the plain of Lützen, the twilight deepening at every step, bearing in my mind the story I have told. The rattle of the wheels from the receding Eilwagen had long been hushed; there was no footfall on the highway but my own. Between the rows of trees at length I saw dimly the buildings of Lützen, and knew I had reached the spot. I waited in the road until the night had wholly set in. The moon behind a thin cloud gave a ghostly light; there was now and then a lightning flash in the horizon, and a sullen roll of thunder like

the sound of distant cannon. I looked out upon the fields to the north, showing faint and mysterious, — those in which Wallenstein had lain, when in the black darkness he dreamed or awoke to deal with charms and incantations; whence on the morrow, as the mist cleared, he looked across and beheld the bareheaded Swedes upon their knees. There it was that he rode stern and calm with his invulnerable breast. I was now on the spot where the fight had been fiercest, on the broad level of the high-road, alone where those thousands had struggled. I tried to call up a vision of the swarming Norsemen, yellow-haired and vigorous, with frames and courage exercised in the woods and fiords that had nursed the sea-kings before them. It must have been just here that the yellow regiment lay dead, all ranked as they stood; and just here the blues. It was here that the cannon wheels furrowed the sod; and it was yonder that Poppenheim burst in with his sweating horses and remorseless sabres. I left the road and went down into the field to the south, in a spot where the grain had been reaped, and stood where the Protestant line stood when their hearts heaved as they prayed with the king and shook the air with their manly chanting. Here it must have been that he flung himself from his horse and went forward, pike in hand, when the foot hesitated; and now at length I came to the great stone at the foot of which they found the king's body. It rose in the plain two feet or so above the soil, gray, indistinct under the moon, dumb but eloquent. I thought of the stain that had lain among the lichens there; the cold mist charged heavily with the sulphurous reek of the combat; the Swedes, weeping and wounded, searching wearily among the corpses with their lanterns, then at last throwing their arms, stiff with smiting, about their golden hero,³ stretched tall and noble just in front.

It was near midnight when I went on at last into the deserted street of the village. The morning came, bright and

¹ Harte.

² Gröfner.

³ The Italians called him "rè d'oro," "golden king," from the color of his hair.

cheerful. A company of merry fellows of the village climbed with me on top of the Eilwagen, on which I was to ride back to Markranstätt. These were bound for Leipsic for a holiday, for it was Sunday. Two or three were members of a band, and as they lifted up the bass-viol a string caught in the step and groaned and twanged in a dismal way. "Jetzt geht die Musik los!" they laughed, and some struck attitudes for dancing. As the vehicle rattled through the village, over the rough pavement, I ventured upon a remark or two to a jovial shoemaker whose place was next to mine, and who told me of a tradition that the region was once more populous than now. The fields, fresh and sweet from the rain, were full of a bright red blossom. They swept away limitless from the ancient houses of the village, the walls of many of which withstood the conflagration of the battle day, and, roofed anew, are still substantial shelters. The front of the gray Schwedenstein had carved upon it the letters "G. A." and the date 1632, the initials of the king, with the year of his death. It was covered with a canopy of ornamental iron-work, and the ground in the neighborhood, for a half-acre or so, was laid out as a garden. It would have been in better taste, I thought, to leave the place wild and uncared for, as it was when the armies clashed. If there were no association with Gustavus and Wallenstein, there is enough of interest connected with this road to make it memorable. Westward here, in 1757, marched still another army, in cocked hats, with high black gaiters coming to the knee, and hair gathered in queues down the back. In the vanguard rode a man straight and stiff, with a cold gray eye in which the light glittered sharp as from a bayonet, marked as a

leader by a star on his breast. So at least Kaulbach has painted him in the Treppen-Haus at Berlin. It was Frederick on his way to Rossbach, close at hand. In May, 1813, too, hither came the army of Napoleon, a slender column stretching several leagues. A little to the left they were struck suddenly on the flank by Wittgenstein and nearly cut in two. Twelve thousand Russians and Prussians died in the effort to do it, and thirteen thousand French perished to prevent it; for the line, forsaking the high-road here, swept down into the fields toward the danger, and grappled with it long and doubtfully. The young guard had bivouacked at the Schwedenstein; and it was precisely there that Napoleon, on the ground, looking at a map, started up to listen to the sudden cannonade from the southward; and presently after rode toward it on the gallop, jerking the reins in his nervous way.

At Markranstätt I went to the service in the ancient church. Again and again it has been a hospital after great battles. As if to bring to mind the scenes of pain its walls had witnessed, a huge crucifix was placed conspicuously, the life-size figure upon which was so ghastly in its pallor and wounds as to suggest the thought that it had been raised up there at some time from among the scores of wounded that had covered the floor, and been allowed to remain. The service was that of the Protestantism that the hero king died to maintain. The circumstances were all after Luther's pattern. Best of all were the sounding chorals, pealed out in fine volume and harmony by the united congregation. So the devout Swedes themselves might have rung them out. I was glad to hear them on the plain of Lützen, and felt that they closed my pilgrimage well.

J. K. Hosmer.

AUTUMN DAYS.

(TO M. F. F.)

RED springs the rye
As autumn days decline,
And from the brilliant sky
Less florid splendors shine.
Its airy lustrous line
The gossamer displays,
And faintly breathes the pine
In autumn days.

And solemn is the hush
That on the heart doth fall;
And of all birds the thrush
Alone is musical.
The sparrow on the wall
Shivers in pallid rays,
And the frog has ceased its call
In autumn days.

But oh! the life, the life
That summer poured around!
The merry, ringing strife
And jocundry of sound
In wood and sky and ground—
What a chorus! what a maze
Of beauty there was found
In summer days!

'Tis gone! you hear no more
The bee hum in the flower;
Nor see the swallow soar
Around the hoary tower;
Nor the shrieking swifts devour
The distance in their plays.
'Tis now the voiceless hour
Of autumn days.

Brown little owl that hauntest
That aged, giant tree,
And thy small wisdom vauntest
In one-note minstrelsy,
What is become of thee
And thy summer night displays?
Dost thou too southward flee
In autumn days?

The hoopoo's hollow shout
And blaze of coloring
Went with the cuckoo out—
Mere memories of spring.
Even the quail has found her wing,
Nor for the reaper stays;
She dreads the sickle's ring
In autumn days.

And all the friendly faces
A-coming and a-going,
The young ones in their graces,
The old ones grave and knowing,
Who made these haunts o'erflowing
With mirth's electric blaze,
Such bliss are not bestowing
In autumn days.

The mothers, girls, and wives,
Like the honey-laden bee,
Are away into their hives
With the men-folk o'er the sea;
And 't is surely time that we
Should gather up our strays,
Nor here sit lonesomely
In autumn days.

So, soon the daily walk
Through heather and through woods,
And the evening muss¹ and talk
When the lamp's radiance floods
The hall, and fog-winds scud
Without o'er naked sprays,
Will be a dream that broods
O'er autumn days!

Lo! her banner of all dyes
Nature, in gorgeous show,
Hangs on the forest rise
Where the cherry's crimson glow
Gleams to the vale below,
And shouts through all our ways,
'T is time for you to go
From autumn days.

'T is time, ere burst at length
The mountain rains and hails,
And the torrents in their strength
Rush roaring through the vales;
Their shock the bridge assails

¹ A favorite Tyrolean dish.

And our flight in midway stays;
 Friend pent-up friend bewails
 In autumn days.

Anon, and this will be
 A dream, like all the rest
 Of the life that fondly we,
 Here pilgriming, possessed.
 But the lasting and the blessed
 We must gather yet, in ways
 That know no passing guest
 Nor autumn days.

William Howitt.

TYROL, October 10, 1875.

RURAL ARCHITECTURE.

ESSAYS on art, it is generally supposed, ought to be written by artists, because they are more familiar with both its theory and its practice, and possess more general information concerning it than others. But a technical knowledge of art is not necessary for understanding its relations to the wants of men, any more than a practical knowledge of agriculture for estimating the commercial value of its products. Architecture, the most important branch of art, may be considered with reference not alone to the material wants of man but also to the different effects in landscape scenery of the various styles of buildings. An artist is not in a position to understand these effects any better than outside observers of equal intelligence who have made them a special study. I take this opportunity to present a few ideas on rural architecture, that the readers of *The Atlantic* may see how this subject is viewed by one who is only a spectator of these things, who is not an artist, nor in a technical sense even a connoisseur. It may be somewhat instructive even to artists to obtain the views of one who is in a situation that would cause him to think and feel more like the great mass of the people than any one who is either an ama-

teur or a professor. I do not propose, however, to treat of art in any other way than as a painter who is not a botanist might discourse of trees and flowers.

Many essays have been written upon "truth to human nature" as one of the general principles of art in its application to the wants of man. But the authors have treated the subject so metaphorically that the reader would obtain from their remarks only certain pleasant gleams of thought, affecting him more like poetry than like a luminous and practical lesson of wisdom. This truth to human nature in architecture is but little more than a synonym for fitness and propriety. If a house be adapted to the wants of the family that occupies it, and significant in its exterior of the general condition and pursuits of the family, so far it is true to human nature. But it has been generally observed that all "improved" landscape scenery is tame and insipid compared with hundreds of village scenes in the country, which have never been embellished by art, and where the houses have been built without reference to any principle except that of utility.

As soon as an artist enters the town and studies the effects of the buildings which he designs as parts of a composition in landscape, he thinks more of what would

please artists and critics, than of what is suitable to the character of those who are to be the occupants of the buildings. Each community contains but few artists. We must consider the influence of certain styles of building and landscape upon the moral sentiments, passions, and sympathies of men of all classes; how they will affect the rich and the cultivated, the amiable and conformable part of the community, and no less how they will affect the poor and the ignorant, or the jealous, the envious, and even the malignant, whose criticisms often contain truths which are never spoken by other people.

It is the most sympathetic and intelligent minds which are the most delighted with simple scenes. They like to see the face of the landscape indicative to a certain extent of the occupations of the inhabitants. Though it would be absurd to expect or desire a strict uniformity in these matters, such an approximation to it as we observe in many of our old country villages, which are distant from railroads and other commercial thoroughfares, will generally be acknowledged as charming. It is pleasant to see the evidence of all that is comfortable and happy in the condition of a community displayed in its scenery, and to learn by the style of the houses, shops, and other structures how far the village is occupied by farmers, and how far by mechanics and men of other employments. Even if scenery of this character be consequently homely, and present but few attractions to one who views it only with an artistic eye, it is sympathetic; it commends itself to our love of our fellow-men, and amuses our minds by presenting many scenes and incidents to the imagination in the drama of village life. Many plain houses, when considered in relation to their rustic surroundings and the simple manners and character of their occupants, are far more beautiful in the eyes of a person of sensibility than any amount of decorative ornament could make them.

We will take for an example one of those houses which are among the few remaining specimens of the general style

of farmers' homesteads during the last century in New England. I will quote my own description of one from *Studies in the Field and Forest*: "The old house, containing two stories in front, with the roof extending down to one story in the rear, is seen half-protected by the drooping branches of a venerable elm. A woodbine hangs in careless festoons around the low windows, and a briar-rose bush grows luxuriantly over the plain board fence that incloses the garden. The house stands some distance from the road, and is surrounded in front and on one side by a spacious grass-plot, neatly shorn by the grazing animals while sauntering on their return from pasture. An old barn is near; and the flocks and the poultry seem to enjoy an amount of comfort which we might look for in vain in the inclosures of an ornate dwelling-house. The exterior is associated with its interior arrangements no less than with the scenes around it. We see, in fancy, the wide entry into which the front door opens; the broad and angular staircase; the window in the upper entry, that looks out upon a rustic landscape dotted with fruit-trees, and patches of plowed land alternating with green meadow. By the side of the staircase on the lower floor stands an ancient clock, whose loud striking and slow stroke of the pendulum are associated with the old style of low-studded rooms."

The good man and woman who occupy this house are honest and industrious people, and are interesting and agreeable in their humble situation. Their manners and character adorn the house, which in its turn reflects a pleasant lustre of fitness and propriety upon this worthy pair. The rough but serene and intelligent countenance of the man, and the womanly dignity and simplicity of his consort, render them a hero and heroine in this their proper sphere. But they are neither elegant nor cultivated. They are sensible, frugal, industrious, and good; and the house they occupy is adapted to their wants, their character, and their habits, and the evidence of this fitness is plain to all observers.

Their house is picturesque though not ornate. It has something about it that is superior to architectural beauty; and while this honest couple are its occupants, their place of residence harmonizes with their life.

Suppose this plain farmer, in compliance with the demands of "taste," should build in the place of his homely cottage an ornate residence in villa style. He immediately finds it necessary to dispense with his plain furniture, and to supply the house with such as will befit his new and elegant apartments. The "genteel" furnishing of their best rooms puts this rude couple to the necessity of living afterwards in their kitchen. Not being ornate in their persons and manners, they feel discomposed when surrounded by the finery of their other apartments, and they long for the freedom and comfort of their old home. We must also bear in mind that this worthy couple, who were so interesting and poetic in their former home, have now lost character. They have placed themselves unwittingly in a position which they cannot maintain, and they feel like an actor of servile parts on the stage, who should suddenly be called to personate a gentleman or a prince. Their elegant house and furniture render their presence a solecism; and their rude dialect and untutored manners, that did not abate our regard for them in their old house, now make them ridiculous. And inasmuch as the new house does not befit the character and habits of its inmates, it is a false object in the landscape.

It may be objected, however, that by adding elegance to the style of living of the humble classes, you elevate them in the scale of refinement and taste. But can it be said with as much truth that the same improvements elevate them as moral and intelligent beings? The teachers of this sort of æsthetic morality are misled by a fallacy which consists in mistaking etiquette for refinement, and fashion for taste, as faith in the religious code and in its religious sense is mistaken for goodness. So far is an elegant style of living from elevating men and women in their moral feelings, that

the surest way of corrupting the honesty of young men and the virtue of young women is to inspire them with an ambition for such a style of living. They cease thereafter to think of simple and homely happiness, and will cheerfully sacrifice comfort and independence that they may possess a showy house and costly furniture. The reader must bear in mind that neatness, which is a virtue, must not be mistaken for elegance, which is only an artistic quality. Just in the same degree as you instill into young people of either sex a desire for that sort of distinction which wealth alone can confer, you supply them with a motive to indulge in a certain kind of elegant profusion which only the wealthy can display without the sacrifice of honesty and virtue.

The moral expression of village scenery is overlooked by our teachers of the "beautiful." But those who have reflected upon it are aware that if a country scene contain only ornate houses and grounds, the landscape cannot be suggestive of that simplicity of habits, nor of those sensible and frugal traits of character, which we admire in a rustic population; nor would it remind us of the various occupations of the villagers. The absence of plain houses and their significant outbuildings, and the appearance in their place of counterfeit villas, having their workshops and other structures for rural and mechanical operations fashioned in such a way as to conceal their purpose from the spectator, would despoil the scene of all its romantic charms. If we believe the place to be inhabited by workingmen, we are disagreeably affected by the indications of a vicious love of fashion and display. On the other hand, if we know nothing of the population, we imagine the village to be only a place of residence for merchants and merchants' clerks. These men are a very useful class; but it is not agreeable to think that the community is wholly made up of them. A style of building and of landscape that suggests these reflections wants that poetical character which always attaches to a genuine rural scene.

A blacksmith's shop is a favorite subject for painters and poets, and is in a remarkable degree one of the significant buildings in a village landscape. The independent occupation of the blacksmith renders him a striking character in any poetic description of a village, and his shop an important and interesting object among its scenes. The offices required of him also command our attention, and we are interested by the animals led thither to be prepared for their burdens. Many authors have written with delight of the old smithy in their native village, and have always gained the sympathy of their readers. Now as an object in a village scene, the smithy must be a simple structure without any ornaments, and it is usually of such a form as to distinguish it from other workshops. But if some lover of decorative art were to persuade the village blacksmith to put up in the place of his homely and significant workshop an ornamental building, that its artistic decorations might beautify the prospect, no sooner is this done than the spell of enchantment that made the old smithy both interesting and impressive is broken. The plain and appropriate workshop is transformed into a *gazabo*; and the artistic structure has no attractions at all, except as a study for some pedantic connoisseurs. Its ornaments are as absurd and ridiculous as kid gloves upon the hands of the stalwart mechanic who swings the hammer under its roof.

When we are journeying in the country we are pleased with the visible proof on the face of the landscape that the workers are plain and hardy yeomen, and that the tillers of the soil are veritable "rural swains," contented with their lot, and happy because they are humble in their ambition. Some might object that ignorance is the necessary accompaniment of this simplicity. But the ignorance of the rural classes is one of the attractions of rustic society. It is not a disagreeable quality when joined with native good sense. The ignorant are the poetic and picturesque classes of the village; not that they are either poets or sentimentalists; but they have a cer-

tain *naïveté* about them which in cultivated people is displaced by the imitation of models. Ignorant men are not disagreeable, save when wealth or some political accident has elevated them into positions that show them in a ridiculous light. Men who live by their wits and pursue elegant occupations may be more intelligent companions, and are preferred as members of our social circles. But we see the most natural expression of character among the uneducated classes, if they have not lived in cities. They act with less reference to conventionalities, and display their native humor, while the refined classes act a part which has been assigned them by their system of education. There is more individuality among the ignorant, more that affects us with that sort of interest which attends a well-drawn character in romance. Now if we make the dwellings of the rural classes ornate, the landscape containing them becomes as tame and insipid as the conversation of that kind of *élite* society in which no person expresses an opinion. But our "improved" system of rural architecture is based upon perverted ideas of what is good and interesting in human character. Writers of romance are superior in this respect to artists, because the latter are supported chiefly by the rich, and strive to flatter their ambition.

Landscape gardening is based on the same fallacies. The idea of personal grandeur is the leading thought that governs the artist. This is all he strives to develop, and all that is demanded by the proprietor for whom he plans his work. The villa must express magnificence and cost; and the "lodge" must be built in the same style, that it may be recognized by the spectator as a part of the lordly estate, and that the occupant of it may not be taken for any one but a servant. It would be more agreeable to a spectator of sensibility to see evidence that the superintendent is an independent laborer, as he undoubtedly is. But this would not be in harmony with the principles of landscape gardening, which is a direct importation of the sentiments of the aristocratic classes

of Great Britain in their most offensive shape, and is the most egregious folly that was ever dignified with the name of science.

The various works which have been published in this country on landscape gardening differ from the English works on the same subject only in pointing out methods by which, with less wealth, our people may make as great a display as the English lords. Hence they have done more to destroy those features in village scenery which are needful to all good and truthful expression, than the spontaneous vanity of the people would have done in a century. Men who would have been very well pleased with that modest style of building which is expressive of all that is most admirable in a country landscape have been converted to the notion that it is their moral duty to build ornate residences. The whole community has been seized by a sort of æsthetic monomania, and the possession of a fine house has grown to be one of the surest passports to public consideration.

I do not deny the right of a poor man to live in a fine house; but he cannot be so happy, or so thrifty, or so respectable, as in a plain house adapted to his moderate wants and his limited means. An educated poor man in such a house might not seem out of place to one who is not aware of his poverty. But an ignorant man with clownish manners cannot live in a palace without making his personal defects both conspicuous and ludicrous. Yet how often do we observe that the most ostentatious house in a village belongs to some unlettered clown who has by a blind turn of Fortune's wheel become rich. Conscious that wealth alone can distinguish him above his equals, he seizes the first opportunity to gain distinction by building a costly house. But its splendor does not blind him to his own personal defects, and when he approaches his mansion with a stranger, he shrinks from acknowledging it as his own property, because he is sensible of a practical absurdity when the splendor of his house is contrasted with his awkward manners, his

ungrammatical speech, his hard hands, and his rustic visage.

It may be said, in defense of all this show, that it is a faithful index of the character of the people; that it is true to the weak side of human nature. But it is not the follies or the vices of men which we would see faithfully indexed on the face of the country. We want that kind of scenery which is true to their material occupations, and to those customs and habits which are interesting as well as characteristic. We do not like to see any man's estate covered with the idols of his ambition, if that is either foolish or vain. Neither, on the other hand, if the inhabitants are filthy, is it agreeable to see this principle of truth to human nature literally carried into operation. The advocates of the ornate fully understand this principle; but they err in overestimating the effect of displaying the proprietor's ambition. They think chiefly of setting forth in the landscape what pleases the wealthy and fashionable part of society, and work as if they thought the way to improve the aspect of the country was to conceal the evidence that any other classes exist.

But it would be difficult to imagine anything more uninteresting than society in the actual absence of those classes whose presence these artists would conceal in the style of their architecture. Let us suppose that by some impossible invention all labor should be performed by self-acting and self-adjusting machinery; and that those useful and happy citizens who now live by the labor of their hands and by the exercise of some manual art were entirely exempted from toil, and metamorphosed into æsthetic gentlemen of leisure. We should then behold a community having little to do beside eating and drinking, except to discover every possible method of assuaging the tedium of life. The idea of such a state of society, in spite of the leisure of its members to cultivate "aspirations," is a painful one, because we know that its members would be both miserable and vicious. Health, virtue, and contentment come from the necessity of moderate la-

bor and its wholesome restraints; and our most poetic images of human happiness are associated with a people consisting in great part of workmen, enjoying political freedom and a comfortable store of the good things of life. It may be truly said that any signs in the landscape of the numerical predominance of the cultivated classes would spoil our interest in it. It is with the humble classes that we feel the most sympathy, on account of the benevolence of our nature, which pride alone is able to destroy. To this sympathy the novelist makes his most successful appeals; and the charm of rude and pastoral scenery comes from the same sentiment.

Our ideas of beauty are greatly modified by our moral sentiments; and he who has studied art without reference to anything save the ambition of his fellow-citizens will be prone to think more of the display of art than of its poetic expressions or moral significations, not understanding by these the symbolic or historic meaning of certain architectural ornaments. Painters are much more true to these homely qualities of art than architects; for the reason, perhaps, that the architect works by formulas and by mathematical rules, and by habit loses his appreciation of the picturesque. It may be added that the mathematical character of architecture would naturally draw into its ranks those who are fond of precision and method, while the art of painting would attract those whose proclivities are more like those of a poet or writer of romance. Above all, the architect, being chiefly employed by wealthy men, soon learns that it will be better for his material interest and credit to flatter their ambition than to be governed by his own taste and sentiments. It is impossible to determine how much of our ostentatious architecture is attributable to a want of true genius on the part of the artist; but I think if he had the power to divest himself of all considerations except his own ideas of beauty and of fitness and propriety, our rural architecture would be vastly more plain, modest, and picturesque than any which is now in existence. It is difficult, also,

for an artist to escape being enamored of the pedantry of his art. There is so much that is fascinating to a warm imagination in the historical meanings of the different forms in architecture, and in what has been called the language of decoration, that but few artists can avoid the temptation of using them too profusely.

In the town of Andover, in the early part of this century, there lived an old negro named Pomp, with Dinah his wife, in a little plain cottage near the pond that still bears his name. Pomp and his wife were unlettered and poor, but they lived by honest labor and industry; they were not beggars. He owned a few acres of land, and on this little farm he raised fruits and vegetables, and sold the milk of one cow that was often seen feeding by the green roadside. Pomp was a skillful gardener, and earned many an honest day's wages by working for the people of the village. Dinah raised herbs and flowers in her garden, and was a kind of simpler for her neighborhood; she was also hired for various humble services. And when there was a call for charitable labor, gratuitous nursing for the sick, or any other simple offices of kindness, this worthy pair were always ready with their offers and their services, which were useful, sincere, and without affectation. There was not a couple in the whole town who enjoyed more of the esteem and affection of the inhabitants than this old negro and his wife.

Pomp's house was a cottage of very neat and simple construction, of one story, having a small close porch, with a gable, for the front entrance, and a small wing opposite in the rear for a kitchen. The roof had two gable ends, and two dormer windows in front. These simple appendages made the house a very pretty and suggestive building, beside its beauty of proportion. The house was unpainted, except its facings, which were yellow, and its want of color caused it to harmonize well with the homely landscape about it. But there was so much neatness in the grounds that surrounded it, so many marks of care and industry

in the well-constructed wood-piles and the clean footpaths that led through the greensward to the doors of the house, and such a charming though simple variety of flowers in the garden, that the place became one of the sights which people visiting the town were always invited to see, among the interesting objects of classic Andover. Another of its attractions was the amiable and original character and habits of its occupants. Their neat little cottage was the picturesque representation of their humble life, the scene of the charming romance of their simple biography.

It may be objected that the house would have no charms for a spectator who knew nothing of its occupants. I reply that they would only be weakened, as the pleasure with which we contemplate a ruin is weakened by our ignorance of its history and purpose. But neither the cottage nor the ruin is entirely dependent on this knowledge for its attractions. The ruin, though its history were unknown, would still affect us with an agreeable sensation of grandeur and mystery; and in viewing the cottage, its appendages, and its grounds, we should immediately picture to our minds some worthy and humble family as having dwelt there, and the neatness and simplicity of its whole appearance would awaken our sympathies and cause it to be admired as the scene of some pleasing domestic romance. We are affected by all these things when we examine pictures. There is hardly a person of moderate culture who would not admire a well-executed painting of Pomp's cottage and grounds; and if any person would not admire the same object in real landscape, it is because he needs the genius of the painter to fix his attention upon it and assist his imagination. Our mistake when we view such pictures is to suppose that it is the painting we admire, and not the scene it represents. But if the spectator has no sympathy with the humble classes, the picture of the cottage would be nothing to him except as a work of art, and the real cottage would only disfigure the prospect. In like manner would the

ruin appear, to one who is both ignorant and stolid, as a mere ugly heap of earth and stones.

Some of the picturesque objects that have affected me with the most pleasure, when passing over the old roads that lead from one village to another in the rural districts of New England, are certain neat farm cottages near the roadside, which we meet at frequent and irregular intervals. They generally stand upon an inclosure of a few acres of land, with a barn and barn-yard near, indicating that the owner is a tiller of the ground, while a small building not far from the house, but seldom adjoining it, reveals that the farmer is also a shoemaker, and that when he lays aside the spade and the reaping-hook, he takes up the lapstone for his winter occupation. These buildings, which resemble each other in their general form and appearance, seldom contain more than two or three windows, affording room for as many workmen, and are usually placed a little nearer the road than the dwelling-house. But the beauty of these workshops, which are in the plainest style, consists in the expression of the industrious habits of the people who occupy them. There are no artificial objects in a village landscape that so beautifully harmonize with the pleasant scenes of nature as these little homely buildings. The simple and economical system of agriculture that still prevails in many parts of the country has left the face of nature undespoiled of that spontaneous embroidery which constitutes the most interesting landscape. We may walk in some counties over a distance of many miles of such scenery, interspersed with hundreds of plain farm-houses, as beautiful as they are plain and simple, and as lovely as the wild vines that clamber over their fences. But these cheerful objects are rapidly disappearing, and in the same ratio is village scenery growing rapid and ostentatious, showing forth the vanity of the people and the pedantry of artists, and concealing the interesting habits of the population.

There are many who admire these objects and look upon them with affection,

but will not admit that they deserve to be called beautiful or ornamental to the landscape. They acknowledge that their presence awakens agreeable sensations, but will not consent to name the cause of these sensations beauty; beauty is for them some mystical æsthetic quality

which is too vague to be defined. These simple and homely objects excite in our minds the most agreeable sensations, often surpassing the effects of the most beautiful scene in nature; still they are not beautiful, and they deface and deform the landscape!

Wilson Flagg.

BRIDE BROOK.

WIDE as the sky Time spreads his hand,
And blindly over us there blows
A swarm of years that fill the land,
Then fade, and are as fallen snows.

Behold, the flakes rush thick and fast;
Or are they years that come between,
When, peering back into the past,
I search the legendary scene?

Nay; marshaled down the open coast,
Fearless of that low rampart's frown,
The winter's white-winged, footless host
Beleaguers ancient Saybrook town.

And when the settlers wake, they stare
On woods half-buried, white and green,
A smothered world, an empty air:
Never had such deep drifts been seen!

But "Snow lies light upon my heart!
"An' thou," said merry Jonathan Rudd,
"Wilt wed me, winter shall depart,
And love like spring for us shall bud."

"Nay, how," said Mary, "may that be?
Nor minister nor magistrate
Is here, to join us solemnly;
And snow-banks bar us, every gate."

"Winthrop at Pequot Harbor lies,"
He laughed. And with the morrow's sun
He faced the deputy's dark eyes:
"How soon, sir, may the rite be done?"

"At Saybrook? There the power's not mine,"
Said he. "But at the brook we'll meet,

That ripples down the boundary line;
There you may wed, and Heaven shall see 't."

Forth went, next day, the bridal train
Through vistas dreamy with gray light.
The waiting woods, the open plain,
Arrayed in consecrated white,

Received and ushered them along.
The very beasts before them fled,
Charmed by the spell of inward song
These lovers' hearts around them spread.

Four men with netted foot-gear shod
Bore the maid's carrying-chair aloft;
She swayed above, as roses nod
On the lithe stem their bloom-weight soft.

At last beside the brook they stood,
With Winthrop and his followers;
The maid in flake-embroidered hood,
The magistrate well cloaked in furs,

That, parting, showed a glimpse beneath
Of ample, throat-encircling ruff
As white as some wind-gathered wreath
Of snow quilled into plait and puff.

A few grave words, a question asked,
Eyelids that with the answer fell
Like falling petals,—form that tasked
Brief time;—yet all was wrought, and well!

Then "Brooklet," Winthrop smiled and said,
"Frost's finger on thy lip makes dumb
The voice wherewith thou shouldst have sped
These lovers on their way; but, come,

"Henceforth forever be thou known
By name of her here made a bride;
So shall thy slender music's moan
Sweeter into the ocean glide!"

Then laughed they all, and sudden beams
Of sunshine quivered through the sky.
Below the ice the unheard stream's
Clear heart thrilled on in ecstasy;

And lo, a visionary blush
Stole warmly o'er the voiceless wild,
And in her rapt and wintry hush
The lonely face of Nature smiled.

Ah, Time, what wilt thou? Vanished quite
Is all that tender vision now;
And like lost snow-flakes in the night,
Mute lie the lovers as their vow.

And O thou little, careless brook,
Hast thou thy tender trust forgot?
Her modest memory forsook,
Whose name, known once, thou utterest not?

Spring wakes the rill's blithe minstrelsy;
In willow bough or alder bush
Birds sing, with golden filigree
Of pebbles 'neath the flood's clear gush;

But none can tell us of that name
More than the "Mary." Men still say
"Bride Brook" in honor of her fame;
But all the rest has passed away.

G. P. Lathrop.

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

XI.

EASTON began to show signs of decided convalescence. Day by day he became more susceptible of the kindnesses which his sympathizers yearned to lavish upon him, all the more ardently for being so long held aloof by the certainty that the best thing they could do was to let him alone; the ladies got out their recipes for sick-room delicacies again, and broths and broils were debated. One day he sat up in a chair to have his bed made, and then a great wave of rejoicing ran through the house. Mrs. Farrell created a wine-jelly which, when it was turned out of the mold upon a plate, was as worshipfully admired as if it had been the successful casting in bronze of some great work of art.

Her spirits had begun to rise; that day she moved as if on air, and as he grew better and better, she put off the moral and material tokens of her lingering bondage to fear. For some time she had suffered herself to wear those great

hoops of Etruscan gold in her ears; now she replaced her penitential slippers and sober shoes with worldly boots; she blossomed again in the rich colors that became her; on the following Sunday she celebrated her release in a silk that insulted her past captivity, and sang for joy as she swooped through the house in it. On Monday she bought out the small stock of worsteds at the West Peckin store, and sat matching them in her lap when Gilbert came out upon the piazza. He stopped to look at her, and she asked him if he had any taste in colors. "Men have, a great deal oftener than women will allow," she said. "At least they are quite apt to have inspirations in color."

"I don't believe I have," answered Gilbert, still looking at her radiance and not at the worsteds. "I lived long and happily without knowing some colors from others by name."

Mrs. Farrell laughed. "Oh, I did n't mean the names. Women are glibber than men with those. But you'd have

been able to criticise the effect, would n't you? You'd have known that blue would n't do for a brunette, if you'd seen it on her?"

"I'm not so sure," said Gilbert.

"Why, look!" cried Mrs. Farrell, taking up a delicate shade of blue, and holding it against one cheek, while she fixed her eyes upon his with business-like preoccupation. "There! don't you see how we take the life out of each other? Don't you see that it perfectly kills me?"

"Well, I don't know. I should say that the worsted was getting the worst of it."

"Worsted and worsted; a pun or an opinion?" demanded Mrs. Farrell, still holding the color to her cheek, and her eyes on his.

"Oh, either; one's as good as the other."

"I don't believe you meant either. I'm sorry you can't help me about matching these wools, and I've a great mind to make use of you in another way. But I don't suppose you would do it," she said, glancing up at him as she straightened the skeins of yarn by slipping them over her two hands.

"What do you wish to do?"

"Why, I wish to wind these skeins into little balls, and"—

"Me to hold them, as you're doing, whilst you wind? I don't mind that."

"Really? I think it's the silliest position in the world for a man; and I can't let you. No, no; you shall not."

"Yes, but I will. Come. I wish to show you that my manly dignity can rise superior to holding worsteds."

He took up a skein and stretched it on his hands; she loosened a thread and began to wind; both with gloomy brows. When she had half done, she flung down the ball, and burst into a laugh. "No, no; you can't face it out. You look silly in spite of that noble frown. How do you suppose you appear to those ladies down there under the trees, with your hands raised in that gesture of stage-supplication? You look as if you were imploring me for your life—or something; and here I am making all these

cabalistic motions," she resumed her winding, "as if I were weaving a spell around you! Do let us stop it! And I'll get Miss Jewett to help me."

"No, go on," said Gilbert. "If you offer to stop, I shall clasp my hands!"

"Oh, oh!" shouted Mrs. Farrell.

"Don't, for pity's sake! Was ever a poor sorceress so at her victim's mercy before? This skein is nearly done. Will you put down your hands, you cruel object of my unhallowed acts?"

"I will, if you'll let me put them up again, and help finish the other skeins. If you don't consent, I'll keep holding them so."

"Well, then I'll leave you in that interesting attitude."

"If you dare to rise, I'll follow you all about in it."

"Oh dear me! I really believe you would. There, take up another skein."

"No, you must put it on, yourself; I've just got my hands in the right places."

"But you said you'd put them down if I'd let you put them up again," lamented Mrs. Farrell.

"I've changed my mind. I said that before I perceived that I had you in my power. If you don't hurry, I'll exaggerate the attitude. Quick!"

She was laughing so that she could hardly arrange the yarn upon the framework so rigidly presented to her.

"Don't hold your thumbs like sticks," she besought him. "Have a little flexibility, if you have no pity. It's some satisfaction to think you *do* look foolish."

"I have the consolation of suspecting that you *feel* so. I'm quite willing to do the looking."

Mrs. Farrell said nothing, but swiftly wound the yarn upon the ball, and "Don't hurry!" commanded Gilbert. "I'm not going to put my hands down till I like, any way. So you may as well take your time."

"Oh, Mr. Gilbert," pleaded Mrs. Farrell. "How can you threaten me, when I'm so meekly letting you have your own way! I never should have supposed you were that kind of man."

"Neither should I," said Gilbert. "This is the first opportunity I've had to play the tyrant to one of your amiable sex, and I'm determined to abuse it."

"Oh, that's a likely story! With that conceited air of yours, when you are so good as to address a woman! Don't be a humbug, if you are a faithless despot."

"And don't you employ harsh language in addressing me, Mrs. Farrell, or I'll sit here all day with my hands outstretched to you."

"All day? Oh, — happy thought! Wind very slowly and tire him out!"

"Do! I could stop here until I changed into a mere figure in a bas-relief — a profile and the back of a lifted hand; and you a classic shape intent upon the flying thread" —

"That's not fair, Mr. Gilbert. To make remarks upon me when you know I can't help myself."

"Don't you like to have remarks made upon you?"

"Not when I can't help myself."

"Why not? I have n't forbidden you to answer back."

"But you would, if my answers did n't suit you. How is it, if you don't know anything about colors, that you dress in such very tolerable taste?"

"Do I? Mrs. Farrell, don't take advantage of my helplessness to flatter me! I suppose it's my tailor's taste — which I always go against. And then, it's New York."

"Yes, New York is well dressed," sighed Mrs. Farrell. "Oh dear me! The style of some New York girls that I've seen! I suppose men can't feel it as we do."

"Don't be so sure of that. We can't give any but the elementary names of things that a woman has on, but I don't believe the subtlest effect of a dress is ever lost upon men; and I believe the soul of any man of imagination is as much taken with style in dressing as with beauty. Americans all adore it, — perhaps because it's so characteristic of American women that they seem almost to have invented it. It's a curious thing, — something different from

beauty, something different from grace, something more charming than either, and as various as both. I should say it was the expression of personal character, and that American women have more style than any other women because they have more freedom, and utter themselves in dry-goods more fearlessly."

Mrs. Farrell stopped winding the yarn a moment, and instinctively cast down her eyes over her draperies. He smiled.

"For shame!" she cried indignantly, while her eyes dimmed with mortification at her self-betrayal. But she boldly grappled with the situation. "Did you think I was thinking you thought me stylish? I know I am so; I had no need to think that. I was thinking that if ever you left the law and followed the true bent of your genius, New York ladies need n't go to Worth for their dresses."

"Is n't that an unnecessarily elaborate bit of insult, considering that I had n't said a word to provoke it?"

"You smiled."

"Why, you've been laughing all the time."

"But I was n't laughing at you."

"Whom were you laughing at?"

"I was laughing at myself."

"Well, I merely smiled at you."

But Mrs. Farrell was plainly hurt past jesting for the present. She wound furiously at the worsted, and they both kept silence.

At last Gilbert asked, "What is all this yarn for?"

"To knit a smoking-cap for Mr. Easton," she said coldly, and then neither spoke again. Presently she caught a half-finished skein from his hand, tossed the balls and skeins together in her lap, and gathering them up swept in-doors, leaving him planted where he had sat confronting her.

In spite of the careless gayety of his banter, Gilbert had worn a look that was neither easy nor joyous. He did not seem much irritated by her excessive retaliation, but presently rose and walked listlessly up to the village to get his letters, and when he came back, he went

to his sister-in-law's room with a letter which he showed her.

"Shall you go?" she asked eagerly.

"I don't know. I don't know why I'm not on fire to go, but I don't happen to be so. There's a day or two for thinking it over. If it were not for Easton" —

"He's a long while getting well," said Mrs. Gilbert with an impatient sigh; "I don't see why he's so slow about it."

"Well, Susan," languidly reasoned Gilbert, "you've been about fifteen years yourself getting well, and you have n't quite finished yet. You can't consistently complain of a few weeks, more or less, in Easton. I dare say he would be well at once, if he could; but it is n't a matter that he can hurry, exactly."

"No," said Mrs. Gilbert. "But are n't you losing a great deal of time here, William? You came for two weeks, and you've stayed nearly six. Don't you think Easton could get on without you, now?"

"Why, considering that Easton came here because he thought I'd like to have him, when I was merely a little under the weather, I don't think it would be quite the thing for me to go off now, and leave him before he's fairly on his legs."

"That's true," sighed Mrs. Gilbert. "And I'm glad to have you so faithful to your friend, William. I'm sure you never could forgive yourself if you were recreant to him in the slightest thing. Your friendship has sacred claims upon you both. I have sometimes thought it was a little too romantic, but it's a great thing to have the highest standard in such matters, and you could never let your fidelity be less than Easton's."

Gilbert looked at her and pulled his mustache uneasily, but Mrs. Gilbert kept her eyes upon the sewing she had in hand. "You and Mrs. Farrell seem to be friends at present. I have heard of your holding worsted for her to wind, just now. The ladies who saw you at a little distance thought it a very picturesque group, and seemed grateful for

the topic you had given them. They talked about it a good deal. I suppose it was picturesque—at least her part of it. I don't think manly grace is at its best under such circumstances, though I dare say you were n't posing for spectators."

"I had no quarrel with Mrs. Farrell," said Gilbert, choosing to ignore the other points.

"No? I thought there seemed to be a little coldness at one time."

"Perhaps the shyness of comparative strangers, Mrs. Gilbert."

"William," said Mrs. Gilbert, "I wish you would talk seriously with me a moment."

"Then you must start a serious subject. You can't expect me to be very earnest about genteel comedy, or even melodrama."

"Do you mean that she's always playing a part? Why, don't you believe"—

"Excuse me, Susan," said Gilbert, "I have n't formulated any creed on that subject, and I'd rather you'd make your conversation a little less Socratic, this morning, if it's quite the same to you."

"I beg your pardon, William; I know that with your notions of loyalty to your friend, you would n't allow yourself to speculate about the nature of the woman he hoped to make his wife, and I honor you for your delicacy, though she's only another woman to me. Easton would deal the same with himself, if the case were yours."

Gilbert listened with a stolid but rather a haggard air, and his sister-in-law continued:—

"I suppose she must make it difficult to treat her at times with the lofty respect that you'd like to use, and that you have to keep *him* in mind pretty constantly. And yet, I don't know, after all. It seems to me that if you interpret her behavior generously,"—Gilbert winced a little at the words, used almost as Easton had once used them,— "and make due allowance for her histrionic temperament, it can't be so very hard for an honorable man."

"The clemency of your sentiments in regard to Mrs. Farrell is a continual surprise to me, Susan, when I remember what an outfit you gave her the time we first talked of her," said Gilbert.

"Oh, you can easily convict me of inconsistency on any point," answered his sister-in-law. "But why should n't I see a change for the better in her? why should n't I sincerely believe her capable of nobler things than I once did?"

"You have all the reasons in the world; and if you had none, still, optimism is amiable. But really, do you know this is getting very tiresome? Am I to spend all my leisure moments with you in philosophizing Mrs. Farrell? I'm willing to take any version of her that you give me. How can I doubt her devotion to Easton when I see her getting ready to knit him a smoking-cap? I know she's sorry for having made that misunderstanding between him and me, for she said she was. Who would n't believe a handsome young woman when she says she's sorry? Perhaps another handsome young woman. Not I."

"Now you're talking in a very silly, cynical way, William, and you'd better say good morning, and come again when you're in a different mood."

"I'm willing enough to say good morning," returned Gilbert, and went.

He went by an attraction which he could not resist to Easton's room, and experienced again that heartquake with which he now always met his friend's eye, and which he was always struggling to prevent or avert. It was a thing which his nerves might be reasoned out of, with due thought, and it did not come, when he was once in Easton's presence and confronted him from time to time. But in the morning, when their eyes first met, or after any little absence, the shock was inevitable; and he knew, though he would not own it to himself, that he had been trying somehow to shun the encounter. The bitterest rage he had felt against his friend was bliss to this fear of the trust he saw in Easton's face. He could best endure it when he could

meet him in Mrs. Farrell's presence. In the gay talk which he held with them together, he could persuade himself that the harmless pleasure of the moment was all. He found a like respite when alone with her. He did not pretend to himself that he tried to avoid her; he knew that he sought her with feverish eagerness; now and then in the pauses of her voice a haggard consciousness blotted his joy in her charm, but when he parted from her, he was sensible of a stupid and craven apprehension, as if the fascination of her presence were also a safeguard beyond which he could not hope for mercy from himself. At such times it was torture to meet Rachel Woodward, and the shy friendship which had sprung up between them died of this pain. His haunting inward blame seemed to look at him again from her clear eyes; he accused himself in the tones of her voice; she confronted him like an outer conscience, even when her regard seemed explicitly to refuse intelligence of what was in his heart.

At dinner, that day, Mrs. Farrell was very bright-eyed and rather subdued; she looked like a woman who had been having a cry. She talked amiably with everybody, as was now her wont, and when she found herself, late in the afternoon, again on the piazza with Gilbert, she said, "You're sorry, I suppose."

"Not the least," he answered, with nervous abruptness. "Why should I be sorry? Because you made an outrageous speech to me?"

"You are rather a vindictive person, are n't you?" she asked, beginning again.

"No, — I don't think so," returned Gilbert. "Do you?"

"You cherished a grudge against me a good while, and if you had n't happened to overdo it, you'd be still bearing malice, I suppose."

"And because you overdid it this morning you're able to pardon me now. I see the process of your reasoning. Well, hereafter I shall not offend you by smiling; I'm going to frown at everything you do."

"No, don't do that! I want you to be very kind to me."

"Yes? How is a gentleman to be kind to a lady?"

"Everything depends upon character and circumstance. If she is n't the wisest of her sex, — so few of us are, — and has been used to doing and saying quite what she pleased, without regard to consequences, and she finds herself in a position where circumspection is her duty, he ought to look about for her and guard her."

"From what?"

"Oh — hawks, and lynxes, and — cats. They're everywhere."

Mrs. Farrell sat down on the benching and drew from her pocket the balls of worsted which she had loosely rolled in a handkerchief, together with some knitting already begun, and went on with the work, while Gilbert stood before her, looking down at her.

"You ought n't to have helped me with these this morning," she said, pushing the little balls about, and sorting them for the right colors.

"You asked me to do it!"

"But you ought to have refused. It was because I thought you were trying to embarrass me, and take advantage of my foolishness, that I got angry and was rude to you."

Gilbert said nothing, and after a little more comparison of the worsteds Mrs. Farrell made her decision, and took her knitting in hand.

"Help me, don't hinder me!" she went on in a low voice. "Don't be amused at me; let me alone; keep away from me; don't make me talked about!"

"Shall I go now?" asked Gilbert, huskily.

Mrs. Farrell looked up at him in astonishment that dispersed all other emotions. "Oh good gracious!" she cried, "they're all alike, after all! No, you poor — *man*, you! You must stay, now, till some one comes up; and don't run off the instant they do come! And you must keep on talking, *now*. Come, let us converse of various matters —

'Whether the sea is boiling hot,
And whether pigs have wings.'

There, thank Heaven! there comes Mrs. Stevenson. Pay some attention to her. Ask her about her art, as she calls it, and try to seem interested. Mrs. Stevenson, I'm in despair over these worsteds. I can make nothing of them. Did you see any at the Bazar, the other day, when you were at Quapsaug? There ought to be crewels in that immense assortment. Where is that lavender? Where, oh tell me where, is that little lavender gone? Perhaps it's in my pocket — no! Perhaps it's rolled under the bench — no! Then I've left it in my room, and I'll have to go after it. Excuse!" She caught her worsteds against her dress, and, turning a sidelong glance upon him as she whirled past, made "Talk!" with mute lips, and left him.

When she came back, neither he nor Mrs. Stevenson was there. They had apparently dispersed each other. She sat down a while and knitted contentedly, and then went with her work to visit Mrs. Gilbert, who had not been at dinner.

"I'm very glad to see you," said Mrs. Gilbert, who had a flask of cologne in her hand, and moistened her forehead with it from time to time as she talked.

"Headache?" suggested Mrs. Farrell.

"Yes, only a minor headache, — nothing heroic at all. It's merely something to occupy the mind. Do you happen to know where my brother is?"

"I left him with Mrs. Stevenson on the piazza, a few moments ago — talking art, I suppose." Mrs. Farrell adventured this. "They're not there, now; perhaps he's gone to look at her works."

"That's the smoking-cap, is it?" asked Mrs. Gilbert.

Mrs. Farrell held up at arms-length the small circle of the crown which she had so far knitted, and, gazing at it in deep preoccupation, answered, "Yes. These are the colors," she added. She leaned toward the other, and held them forward in both hands. "I think it's pretty well for West Pekin."

"I've no doubt it will be charming," said Mrs. Gilbert. "I don't approve of smoking, of course, but I hope he'll soon be able to use his smoking-cap. I was just thinking about you, Mrs. Farrell. I want Mr. Easton to get well as soon as possible, so that you can begin to have a good, long, commonplace courtship. If you were a daughter of mine" —

"I should be a pretty old daughter for you, Mrs. Gilbert," said Mrs. Farrell, flatteringly.

"Oh, I fancy not so very. How old are you?"

"I'm twenty-four."

"And I'm forty-five, and look fifty. You're still in your first youth, and I'm in my first old age. I could easily be your mother."

"I wish you were! I should be the better for being your daughter, Mrs. Gilbert."

"I don't know. I should n't like to promise you that. But sometimes I think I could have been a good mother, or at least that children would have made a good mother of me, for I believe that half the goodness that women get credit for is forced upon them by those little helpless troubles. Men could be just as good if they had the care and burden of children — men are so very near being very good as it is."

"I know it," sighed Mrs. Farrell. "I never knew my own mother," she added; "if I had, I might have been a better woman. But are we to blame, I wonder, that we are not so good as we might have been, — you if you'd had children, and I if I had had a mother?"

"Oh, I don't know. I dare say we shall never be judged so harshly anywhere else as we are in this world."

"That's true!" said Mrs. Farrell, bitterly.

"Not that we don't stand in need of judgment," continued the other, "as much as we do of mercy. It's wholesome, and I've never been unjustly blamed yet that I did n't feel I deserved it all, and more. Oh, Mrs. Farrell, if I were really to speak to you as my daughter" —

"Don't call me Mrs. Farrell! Call me by my own name," cried the younger woman impulsively. "Call me — Rosabel."

"Is that your name? I took it for granted you were Isabel. It's a very pretty name, very sweet and quaint; but I won't call you by it; it would make you more of a stranger to me than Mrs. Farrell does."

"Well, no matter. You shall call me what you like. Come; you said if you were to speak to me as your daughter" —

"Oh, I'm not certain whether I can go on, after all. Perhaps what I was going to say would degenerate into a kind of lecture on love and marriage in the abstract. If I had a daughter whose love affair had been so romantic as yours, I believe I should tell her to make all the surer of her heart on account of the romance. I'm afraid that in matters of love, romance is a dangerous element. Love ought to be perfectly ordinary, regular, and every-day like."

"Those are very heretical ideas!" said Mrs. Farrell, shaking her head.

"Yes, yes, I dare say," answered Mrs. Gilbert; "but, as I said before, I hope for both your sakes that you and Mr. Easton will have a good stupid wooing — at least a year of it — when he gets well."

"I shall not object to that, I'm sure," said Mrs. Farrell demurely.

"No, I should hope you were too much of a woman. That's a woman's reign, the time of courtship. Her lover is never truly subject to her again. Make it as long as you can — long enough to get the romance out of your heads. And I wish you a sound quarrel or two."

"Oh! Now you are joking."

"Yes, I am. I hope you may never say an unkind word to each other. Have you a temper?"

"Not much, I believe."

"Has he?"

"I've been a little afraid of him once or twice."

"Already? Well, I think it's a pity you have n't a temper, too. Don't be one of the coldly self-possessed kind

when he is angry; it's far better to be frightened."

"I will try always to be frightened. But I'm not sure that it was any violence of his that scared me, so much as his" —

"What?"

"Well, his goodness — or somebody else's badness. Mine, for example."

"Ah, yes! He is a good man. It's a merit in a husband, goodness is; though I doubt very much if young people often think of that; they're so blinded by each other's idolatry that they have no sense of good or bad; they adore one quite as much as the other. And you must consider yourself a young person. You must have been very young when you were married, Mrs. Farrell."

"Yes, I was very young indeed. It seems a great while ago. And afterwards my life was very unhappy — after his death — they made it so. Mrs. Gilbert," she cried, "I know you don't like a great many things in me; but perhaps you would like more if you knew more."

"Yes, but don't tell them. One must have something to disapprove of in others, or how can one respect one's self?"

"I don't say that the fault was all theirs; I don't pretend that I was a very meek or manageable sister, but only that I could have been better with better people. They were vulgar to the tips of their fingers. And that drove me from them at last."

They sat some moments without saying anything, Mrs. Gilbert keeping her eyes intent upon Mrs. Farrell's face, whose fallen eyes in turn were fixed upon her work. Then the former said with a little sigh, "So you think I don't like some things about you! My dear, I like altogether too many. Yes," she continued absently, studying the beautiful face, "I suppose I should, too."

"Should what?" asked Mrs. Farrell.

"Make a fool of myself, if I were a man. I never could resist such a face as yours; I only wonder they don't have more power. But recollect, my dear,

that somehow, sometime, you'll be held responsible for your power, if you abuse it, even though we poor mortals seem to ask nothing better than to be made fools of by you."

"Was that what you were going to say?" asked Mrs. Farrell, lifting her eyes from her work, and looking keenly at Mrs. Gilbert.

"No, it was n't. But I'm so far off the track, now, I won't say it. After all, it might seem like a glittering generality about" —

The women relaxed their wary regard; the elder did not offer to go on, and the younger did not urge her. Mrs. Farrell knitted half a round on the smoking-cap, as if to gain a new starting-point, and then dropped her work in her lap, and laid her hands, one on top of the other, over it. "Did you ever try inhaling the fumes of coffee for your headaches?" she asked.

"Oh, my dear, I gave that up away back in the Dark Ages," returned Mrs. Gilbert, resorting to the cologne.

"I suppose the cologne does you no good?"

"Not the least in the world. But one must do something."

"Yes," said Mrs. Farrell, drawing the word in with a long breath, "one must do something." She took up her work again and knitted a while before she added, "I wonder if a man would go on forever doing something that he knew did him no good, as a woman does?"

"No, I suppose not. Men are very queer," said Mrs. Gilbert, gravely. "They're quite inert. But that gives them some of their advantages."

"They have pretty nearly all the advantages, have n't they?" asked Mrs. Farrell, quickly. "Even when some woman makes fools of them! At least when that happens they have all the other women on their side." As she knitted rapidly on she had now and then a little tremulous motion of the head that shook the gold hoops in her ears against her neck.

"Well, then they have a right to our pity."

"Oh, do you think so? It seems to

me that *she* has a right to more." She looked down on either side of her at the floor. "I thought I brought both balls of that ashes of roses with me." Mrs. Gilbert looked about the carpet in her vicinity. "Don't trouble yourself. It's no matter. I think I won't use it here, after all. I'll use this brown. A woman never makes a fool of a man unless she respects him very much. Of course there must be something fascinating about him, or she would n't care to have him care for her, at all; it would be disgusting."

"Yes," said Mrs. Gilbert.

"And then," continued Mrs. Farrell, keeping her eyes on her work, and knitting faster and faster, "if she has any heart at all, it must be half broken to think of what she's done. The falsest coquette that ever was would feel like bowing down to true love in a man; and what is she to do if ever the worst comes to the worst, and she finds she's afraid she does n't love him? She must know that his good faith is ten million times stronger than her looks, and that it has a claim which she must try to answer somehow. Shall she marry him out of pity, and put him to the shame of finding it out some day? That would be the worst kind of treachery. No, no; she could n't do that! And can she tell him how wicked she has been, and ask him never to see her face or breathe her name or hear it spoken again? That would be easy, if it were only for her! But if she did this, if she could have the courage to kill his faith in her with such a blow as that, and to blacken his life with shame for having loved her, what better would she be than a murderess?"

She grew pale as she spoke, but no tremor now shook the hoops in her ears; she only wrought the more swiftly and kept her eyes upon the flying needle, while a kind of awe began to express itself in the gaze that Mrs. Gilbert bent upon her.

"What should you think *then* of the power of a pretty face?" asked Mrs. Farrell, flashing a curious look of self-scorn upon her. "What could the pret-

ty face do for her, or for him? Could it help her to forgive herself, or help him to forget her? And which would have the greatest claim to the pity of the spectators?—supposing there were spectators of the tragedy, and there nearly always are. Come, imagine some such woman, Mrs. Gilbert, and imagine her your daughter,—you were imagining *me* your daughter, just now,—and tell me what you would say to her. You would n't know what to say, even to your own daughter? Oh! I thought you might throw some light upon such a case." She had lifted her eyes with fierce challenge to Mrs. Gilbert's, but now she dropped them again upon her work. "But what if the case were still worse? Can you imagine so much as its being worse?"

"Yes, I can imagine its being worse," said Mrs. Gilbert, whose visage seemed to age suddenly with a premonition that a thing long dreaded, long expected, was now coming, in spite of all attempted disbelief.

"Oh yes, certainly! You were wondering just now that beauty did n't have greater power! Suppose that even in all this wretchedness, this miserable daughter of yours was afraid— Ah! Mrs. Gilbert," she cried, starting violently to her feet, "you were trying a minute ago—don't you think I knew your drift?—to peep into my heart! How do you like to have it flung wide open to you?" She confronted Mrs. Gilbert, who had risen too, with a wild reproach, as if she had made the wrong another's by tearing the secret of it from her own breast. Mrs. Gilbert answered her nothing, and in another instant she faltered, "Don't blame him, don't be harsh with him. But oh, in the name of mercy send him away!"

XII.

It was already dark when Gilbert knocked at his sister's door. She was sitting in the chair from which she had risen at parting with Mrs. Farrell, and into which she sank again at her going.

Gilbert sat down before her, but did not speak.

"Have you made up your mind when you shall go, William?" she asked, gently.

"I haven't made up my mind that I shall go at all," he answered, in a sullen tone.

"But I think you had better," she said as before.

"I am always glad, Susan, of advice that costs me nothing," he returned, with an affectation of his habitual lightness.

"I have been thinking about you, William, and I want you to go to New York at once. Your friend is out of all danger, now, and it's you who are in danger."

"You know I never was good at co-nundrums, Mrs. Gilbert. May I ask what particular peril is threatening me at present?"

"A peril that an honest man runs from — the danger of doing a great wrong, of committing a cowardly breach of faith."

"Upon my word, Susan, you are using words" —

"Oh, don't catch at my words, my poor boy. Have you nothing to reproach yourself with? If you haven't, I beg your pardon with all my heart, and I will be glad to take back my words, yes, take them back upon my knees!"

"What is all this coil about? What are you worrying me with these emotional mysteries for?" demanded Gilbert, angrily, yet with a note of ungenue bluster in his voice. "What are you trying to get at?"

"Your heart, William; your conscience, your honor, your self-respect. Do you think I am blind? Do you think I have not seen it all? If you will tell me you don't know what I mean, and make me believe it, I will never call myself unhappy again."

"If you have suffered yourself to be made uncomfortable by any affair or condition of mine," said Gilbert, "I advise you to console yourself by reflecting that it does n't really concern you. How long is it," he demanded, savage-

ly, "since you have felt authorized to interfere in my questions of honor and conscience?"

"Ever since a motherless boy let a childless woman love him. Oh, think that I do love you, my dear, and speak to you out of my jealousy for your stainless good faith, your sacred friendship, your unsullied life! You know what I mean. Think that she is pledged by everything that is good in her to your friend. If you believe she does not love him, let her break with him how and when she will. But don't you be her wicked hope — wickeder a thousand times than she! — don't be the temptation, the refuge of her falseness. Leave her to herself! You could only add your treason to hers by staying!"

"Wicked hope, temptation, treason — this is all rather theatrical for you, Susan," said Gilbert, with an attempt to smile. He frowned instead. "And what do I owe to Easton in the way of loyalty? Do you know how little care he has had for me? Do you know?" —

"No, no, no! I don't know, I *won't* know! If he has wronged you in any way, you are only the more bound to be faithful to him in such a case as this. But I will never believe that Easton has wronged you willingly, and you don't believe it, either, whatever the trouble is that she made between you — you know you don't. You are talking away your own sense of guilt, or trying to. Well, I can't blame you for that; but keep these things to silence your conscience with when you are alone; you will need them all. How long have you watched by your friend's pillow with the hope of revenge in your heart?"

Mrs. Gilbert rose from her chair and walked to one of the windows, and then came and paused in front of Gilbert, where he now stood leaning against the mantel-piece. "Come," she entreated, "you *will* go away, won't you, William? I know you never meant him wrong. It has all been something that has stolen upon you, but you will go now, won't you?"

"No, I will not go!"

"You will remain?"

"Till such time as I see fit. I am not a boy, to be sent hither and thither."

"What good will you remain for?" demanded the woman, sternly. "Or do you choose to remain for evil? Every hour that you remain deepens your responsibility. Some things have been talked of already. How long will it be before the whole house sees that you are in love with the woman promised to your friend?"

"Do you suppose I care what this houseful of spying, tattling women see or say?"

"They are no spies and no tattlers; but if they were, a man who had n't shut his senses against his own conscience *would* care. No one blames you as yet, but the time will soon be when you will make the blame all your own."

"I would n't ask her to share it."

"Oh, very fine! you think your brave words will make a brave affair of a cowardly, sneaking treason!"

"Susan!"

"William! These people who are beginning to talk you over do not know what I know. They see that you are beginning to be fascinated with her, as *he* was. They don't know that you have believed her false and shallow from the first, and that if you have any hopes of her love now, they are in your belief that after all that has happened she is still too false and shallow to be true to him. *He* was taken with what was best in her, with all that he believed was good. But you have dared to love her in the hope that she had no principles and no heart. You are ready to lay your honor at her feet, to give all that makes life worth having for what would make your whole life a sorrow and a shame. If you could commit this crime against Easton and yourself and her, if you could win the heart you think so empty and so fickle, what would you do with it? If you could make her false enough to love you, how could you ever have peace again? How could you ever meet each other's eyes without seeing the memory of your common falsehood in them? Think — Oh, my dear, dear boy, forgive me! I know that it is n't your *fault*;

I take it all back, all that I have said against you; I don't blame you for loving her — how could you help it? She is charming — yes, she charms me too; and to a man she must make all other women seem so blank and poor and plain! But now you must n't love her: she cannot be yours without a wrong that when you're away from her you must shudder at. And — and — you will go, won't you, William?"

Gilbert's arm dropped from the mantel where it lay, to his side. "I will go," he said, sullenly. "But I acknowledge nothing of all that you have chosen to attribute to me, motive or fact. And you must be aware that you have said things to me that are not to be forgiven."

He turned to go out of the room, without looking at her, but she cried after him, "Never mind forgiving me, my dear. Only go now, in time to forgive yourself, and I will gladly let you hate me all your life. Good-by. good-by; God bless you and keep you!"

He did not answer, nor turn about, but closed the door behind him and left her standing with her hands clenched, in the gesture of her final appeal. She sank into her chair, spent by the victory she had won.

Gilbert went to the room which he had been occupying since his constant attendance upon Easton had ceased to be necessary, and began to gather together the things scattered about the room. It was a great and bewildering labor, but he had succeeded in heaping many of them into his valise when Rachel Woodward appeared with his lighted lamp. Then he knew that he had been working in the dark. "Oh, thank you, thank you," he said, in a strange voice of unconscious, formal politeness. "I — I was just going away, and it's rather difficult getting these things together without a light."

"You are going away?" she asked.

"Yes; I had a letter this morning recalling me to New York, but I had n't made up my mind to go until just now. I'm going to try to catch the express; I'll get a man to drive me over from

the hotel, and I'll send him back from there for this bag."

"And you are going at once?" she said, almost gladly.

"Yes," he said; and he gave her an address, to which he asked her to have her mother send the account of her charges against him. With a little hesitation he offered her his hand, and she took it with something like a show of penitence. "Good-by," said he, "I hope if you ever have occasion to think of me, you'll be lenient to my memory; and if it is n't the thing for me to say that I feel as if I somehow owed you a debt of gratitude for being what you are, why, I hope you'll excuse it to the confusion of the parting moment."

Rachel's face flushed a little, but she did not try to respond to the odd compliment, and Gilbert said he must go and take leave of Easton. He went abruptly to his friend's room, but faltered a moment before he softly turned the door-knob. It was dark within, and the long and even breathing from the bed where Easton lay revealed that he was asleep. Gilbert stood a moment beside him, and then leaned over and peered through the darkness with his face close to the sleeper's. Neither stirred. Gilbert waited another moment, and with a heavy sigh crept from the room. He went to his sister's door, at which he knocked, but impatiently opened it without waiting to be bidden enter. Mrs. Gilbert looked at him without surprise.

"I came back on a small matter of business, Susan. I neglected to say, a moment ago, that I think myself an infamous wretch, totally unworthy of your pains and affection. You are right in everything. I thought I'd mention it in justice to you; we all like to have our little impressions confirmed. Good-by."

"Oh, my dear, good boy! I knew you would n't leave me so; I knew you would come back." She took his hand between her own, and he bent over and kissed the pale fingers that clasped his with their weak, nervous stress. "You're so good, my dear, that I've half a mind not to let you go; but I think you had better go. Don't you?"

"Yes; I don't wish to stay. Very likely I should be able to behave myself; but it would be an experiment, and I have n't time for it. On the whole," he said, with a smile, "I'd as lief be innocent as virtuous."

"Oh, yes indeed," answered Mrs. Gilbert, "it's preferable in some cases, decidedly. You're not so young as you were when I used to kiss you, William," she added, "but neither am I, and I'm really going to give you a kiss now for your exemplary obedience, and for good-by."

"You overwhelm me, Susan. None of the women at Woodward farm seem able to resist my fascinations. I think perhaps I had better go away on *your* account."

He stooped down and took the kiss she had volunteered, and then with another clasp of the hand he went.

The moon had risen, and was striking keenly through the thin foliage of the avenue of white birches which the highway became in its approach to the farmhouse, and in the leaf-broken light he saw drifting before him a figure which he knew. He stopped, and trembled from head to foot. Then, whatever may have seemed the better part for him to choose, he plunged forward again, and overtook her.

"You are going away," she said, half-turning her face upon him. "I came here so that you could not go without seeing me. I could not bear to have you go away thinking I was such a heartless woman as you do, with no care or regret for all the trouble I've made you."

"I was n't thinking of that," said Gilbert; "I was n't thinking so much of you as of a man — excuse the egotism — who has a great deal more to answer for."

"Oh, no, no!"

"Sometime, when you tell Easton about it all, as you must, I want you to excuse me to him; no one else can. Tell him — tell him that all I had to urge in my own behalf was that I loved you."

"No, no, no! You must n't speak to me in that way! It is too dreadful."

"Oh, yes, it's dreadful. But you

can excuse it if he could n't. How could you excuse me if I did n't love you? Why else should we be parting? I must have loved you from the first—before I knew. What else could have made me so bitter with poor Easton about what he told you? I knew he never meant me any harm; I knew he could n't; he was a man to have died for me. I was mad with jealousy. Did you mean it? You managed it well! But I loved you—What a fool I am! Don't come any farther; in Heaven's name go back! No," he said, perceiving that she faltered in her steps, as if she were about to sink, "don't stop—come on." He had caught her hand, and now he drew it through his arm, and hurried forward. "Yes, come! I have something to ask you. I want you to tell me that since you have felt yourself bound to him, you have never—I want you to tell me that I was altogether in a delusion about you, and that you have done nothing to make me recreant to him."

"Oh, oh, oh!" she moaned. "How pitiless you are! How hard, how hard you make it for me!" She released her hand and pressed it against his arm in

the eagerness of her entreaty. "Leave me—do leave me—the poor hope that I have seemed worse than I was!"

He threw up his arm across his forehead and started a few paces onward.

She hastened after him. "And do believe," she implored him, "that I only wanted to meet you to-night to say—to—to—somehow to make it easier for you to go. Indeed, indeed—Don't leave me to despair!"

He halted, and confronted her. "Was that what you came for? I thought it might have been to see if you could n't make me say what I have just said; I fancied you might have wished to send me away beggared in everything that makes a man able to face the past and the future, and to meet the eyes of honest men. I deserved it. But I was mistaken, was I?" he asked, with a bitter derision. "Well, good-by!"

"No, no! You shall never go, believing such a thing as that! If I *hated* you,—hated you to death,—how could I wish to do that to you? Ah, you *don't* believe it. You"—

But he turned from her, and hurried swiftly down the lane without another look or word.

W. D. Howells.

TOLD IN CONFIDENCE.

Vow you'll never, never tell him!

Freezing star now glittering farthest, fairest on the winter sky;

If he woo me,

Not your coldest cruel ray

Or can or may

Be found more chill and still to him than I.

Swear you'll never, never tell him!

Warm red roses lifting your shy faces to the summer dew;

If he win me,

Blush your sweetest in his sight

For his delight,

But I can be as sweet, as sweet as you!

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

OLD WOMAN'S GOSSIP.

IX.

I WAS coming home one day from a tramp towards Cramond Beach, and was just on the brow of a wooded height looking towards Edinburgh and not two miles from it, when a heavy thunder-cloud darkened the sky above my head and pelted me with large drops of ominous warning. On one side of the road the iron gate and lodge of some gentleman's park suggested shelter, and, the half-open door of the latter showing a tidy, pleasant-looking woman busy at an ironing table, I ventured to ask her to let me come in till the sponge overhead should have emptied itself. She very good-humoredly consented, and I sat down while the rain rang merrily on the gravel walk before the door, and smoked in its vehement descent on the carriage-road beyond.

The woman pursued her work silently, and I presently became aware of a little child, as silent as herself, sitting beyond her, in a small wicker chair; on the baby's table which fastened her into it were some remnants of shabby, broken toys, among which her tiny, wax-white fingers played with listless unconsciousness, while her eyes were fixed on me. The child looked wan and wasted, and had in its eyes, which it never turned from me, the weary, wistful, unutterable look of "far away and long ago" longing that comes into the miserably melancholy eyes of monkeys, to suggest the dismal doom of their descent from us, rather than Mr. Darwin's more cheerful theory of our ascent from them.

"Is the baby ill?" said I.

"Ou na, mem; it's no to say that ill, only just always peaking and pining like," and she stopped ironing a moment to look at the little creature.

"Is it your own baby?" said I, struck with the absence of motherly tenderness in spite of the woman's compassionate tone and expression.

"Ou na, mem, it's no my ain; I hae nane o' my ain."

"How old is it?" I went on.

"Nigh upon five year old," was the answer, with which the ironing was steadily resumed with apparently no desire to encourage more questions.

"Five years old!" I exclaimed, in horrified amazement; its size was that of a rickety baby under three, while its wizened face was that of a spell-struck creature of no assignable age, or the wax image of some dwindling life wasting away before the witch-kindled fire of a diabolical hatred. The tiny hands and arms were pitifully thin, and showed under the yellow skin sharp little bones no larger than a chicken's; and at her wrists and temples the blue tracery of her veins looked like a delicate map of the blood, that seemed as if it could hardly be pulsing through her feeble frame; while below the eyes a livid shadow darkened the faded face that had no other color in it.

The tears welled up into my eyes, and the woman, seeing them, suddenly stopped ironing and exclaimed eagerly, "Ou, mem, ye ken the family, or maybe ye'll hae been a friend of the puir thing's mither!" I was obliged to say that I neither knew them nor anything about them, but that the child's piteous aspect had made me cry.

In answer to the questions with which I then plied her, the woman, who seemed herself affected by the impression I had received from the poor little creature's appearance, told me that the child was that of the only daughter of the people who owned the place; that there was "something wrong" about it all, she did not know what, — a marriage displeasing to the grandparents perhaps, perhaps even worse than that; but the mother was dead, the family had been abroad for upwards of three years, and the child had been left under her charge. This was all she told me, and probably

all she knew; and as she ended she wiped the tears from her own eyes, adding, "I'm thinking the puir bairn will no live long itsel'."

The rain was over and the sun shone, and I got up to go; as I went, the child's dreary eyes followed me out at the door, and I cried all the way home. Was it possible that my appearance suggested to that tiny soul the image of its young lost mother?

The other incident in my rambles that I wish to record was of a far pleasant-er sort. I had gone down to the pier at Newhaven, one blowy, blustering day (the fine Granton Pier Hotel and landing-place did not yet exist), and stood watching the waves taking their mad run and leap over the end of the pier, in a glorious, foaming frenzy that kept me fascinated with the fine uproar, till it suddenly occurred to me that it would be delightful to be out among them (I certainly could have had no recollections of seasickness), and I determined to try and get a boat and go out on the frith.

I stopped at a cottage on the outskirts of the fishing town (it was not much more than a village then) of Newhaven, and knocked. Invited to come in, I did so, and there sat a woman, one of the very handsomest I ever saw, in solitary state, leisurely combing a magnificent curtain of fair hair, that fell over her ample shoulders and bosom and almost swept the ground. She was seated on a low stool, but looked tall as well as large, and her foam-fresh complexion and gray-green eyes might have become Venns Anadyomene herself, turned into a Scotch fish-wife of five-and-thirty, or "thereawa." "Can you tell me of any one who will take me out in a boat for a little while?" quoth I. She looked steadily at me for a minute, and then answered laconically, "Ay, my man and boy shall gang wi' ye." A few lusty screams brought her husband and son forth, and at her bidding they got a boat ready, and, with me well covered with sail cloths, tarpaulins, and rough dreadnaughts of one sort and another, rowed out from the shore into the turmoil of the sea. A very little of the

dancing I got now was delight enough for me, and, deadly sick, I besought to be taken home again, when the matronly Brinhilda at the cottage received me with open-throated peals of laughter, and then made me sit down till I had conquered my qualms and was able to walk back to Edinburgh. Before I went, she showed me a heap of her children, too many, it seemed to me, to be counted; but as they lay in an inextricable mass on the floor in an inner room, there may have seemed more arms and legs forming the radii, of which a clump of curly heads was the centre, than there really were.

The husband was a comparatively small man, with dark eyes, hair, and complexion, but her "boy," the eldest, who had come with him to take care of me, was a fair-haired, fresh-faced young giant, of his mother's strain, and like her looked as if he had come of the Northern vikings, or some of the Niebelungen Lied heroes.

When I went away, my fish-wife bade me come again in smooth weather, and if her husband and son were at home they should take me out; and I gave her my address, and begged her, when she came up to town with her fish, to call at the house.

She was a splendid specimen of her tribe, climbing the steep Edinburgh streets with bare white feet, the heavy fish-basket at her back hardly stooping her broad shoulders, her florid face sheltered and softened in spite of its massiveness into something like delicacy by the transparent shadow of the white handkerchief tied hoodwise over her fair hair, and her shrill sweet voice calling "Caller haddie!" all the way she went, in the melancholy monotone that resounds through the thoroughfares of Edinburgh, and is the only melodious street cry (except the warning of the Venetian gondoliers) that I ever heard.

I often went back to visit my middle-aged Christie Johnstone, and more than once saw her and her fellow fisher-women haul up the boats on their return after being out at sea. They all stood on the beach clamoring like a flock of

sea-gulls, and, as a boat's keel rasped the shingles, rushed forward and seized it; and while the men in their sea clothes, all dripping like huge Newfoundland dogs, jumped out in their heavy boots and took each the way to their several houses, their stalwart partners, hauling all together at the rope fastened to the boat, drew it up beyond water-mark, and seized and sorted its freight of fish, and stalked off each with her own basket full, with which she trudged up to trade and chaffer with the "gude wives" of the town, and bring back to the men the value of their work. It always seemed to me that these women had about as equal a share of the labor of life as the most zealous champion of the rights of their sex could desire.

The men took, it is true, the risk and peril of the sea for their part, but I doubt if their positive toil was harder than that of their helpmates, though the latter escaped the exposure to life and limb of the fishing itself; it seemed to me a very fair division, for the women bore and nursed the children that swarmed in all directions, the elder bairns "minding" the younger, and Heaven minding them all.

I did not indulge in any more boating expeditions, but admired the sea from the pier, and became familiar with all the spokes of the fish-wife's family wheel; at any rate enough to distinguish Jamie from Sandie, and Willie from Johnnie, and Maggie from Jeanie, and Ailsie from Lizzie, and was great friends with them all.

When I returned to Edinburgh, a theatrical star of the first magnitude, I took a morning's holiday to drive down to Newhaven, in search of my old ally, Mistress Sandie Flockhart. She no longer inhabited the little detached cottage, and divers and sundry were the Flockhart "wives" that I "speired at" through the unsavory street of Newhaven, before I found the right one at last, on the third flat of a filthy house, where noise and stench combined almost to knock me down, and where I could hardly knock loud enough to make myself heard above the din within and without.

She opened the door of a room that looked as if it was running over with live children, and confronted me with the unaltered aspect of her comely, smiling face. But I had driven down from Edinburgh in all the starlike splendor of a lilac silk dress and French crape bonnet, and my dear fish-wife stared at me silently, with her mouth and gray eyes wide open; only for a moment, however, for in the next she joyfully exclaimed, "Eeh, sirs! but it's yer ain sel' come back again at last!" Then seizing my hand she added breathlessly, "I'se gotten anither ane, and ye maun come in and see him;" so she dragged me bodily through and over her surging progeny, to a cradle where, soothed by the strident lullabies of its vociferating predecessors, her last-born and eleventh baby lay peaceably slumbering, an infant Hercules.

The old Newhaven pier was once the scene of a pretty piece of rough-and-ready gallantry, of which a young lady relation of mine was the object, and which I think deserves recording. On a stormy day she and a girl companion had walked out to the end of the pier, fascinated, I suppose, as I had been, by the fine aspect of the sea; when they turned to retrace their steps they were suddenly assailed by a furious gust of wind, that alarmed them by almost blowing their clothes over their heads. My friend, who was an extremely timid, shy, feminine girl, was either too slow in her movements or too frightened to keep pace with her companion (who had rushed back along the pier), and, struggling against the wind in her endeavors to follow her, became so perfectly helpless with apprehension that she stopped short in the middle of the blast, against which she could make no head, vainly endeavoring in an agony of distress to hold her clothes down. A rough sailor who was on the lookout on the pier, and who saw the poor girl's trouble, came straight to her, spread his arms over the fluttering, rebellious garments, furling them dexterously round her figure towards her feet, and lifting her up in his arms carried her rapidly off the pier and set her

down out of reach of the insolence of "rude Boreas;" and, without saying a word to her, returned to his station at the pier-head.

Sir Walter Raleigh could not have done better, and such an adventure could hardly have befallen a woman of more natural delicacy and modesty than the lassie who was the heroine of it, —

"A maiden never bold,
Of spirit so still and gentle that her motion
Blushed at itself,"

sweet and low voiced, with a carriage of the utmost refinement and reserve; so that the painful position from which she was rescued by this kind-hearted man could hardly, I think, have affected any one more terribly.

A curious little incident illustrative of her extreme constitutional shyness occurs to me at this moment. She had been persuaded one evening to play on the piano, and sing, which she did very sweetly, to a small circle of very intimate friends; and as she rose to resume her gloves after her performance, an old gentleman, with the rather demonstrative gallantry of his earlier day, took her hand, saying, "Ah, do not put on that glove yet!" The hand, which was a peculiarly pretty, soft, white, dimpled hand, blushed to the taper finger-tips as it was thus made an object of observation, and in spite of the kindly smile which the delicate little sensitive hand excited, I felt quite a painful sympathy with the confusion which overwhelmed its owner, as she hastily drew it away and hid it in her glove.

Among Mrs. Harry Siddons's intimate friends and associates were the remarkable brothers, George and Andrew Combe, the former a lawyer by profession, but known to the literary and scientific world of Europe and America as the Apostle of Phrenology, and the author of a work entitled *The Constitution of Man*, and other writings, whose considerable merit and value appear to me more or less impaired by the craniological theory which he made the foundation of all his works, and which to my mind diminished the general utility of his publications for those readers who are not prepared

to accept it as the solution of all the mysteries of human existence.

His writings are all upon subjects of the greatest importance and universal interest, and full of the soundest moral philosophy and the most enlightened humanity, and their only drawback, to me, is the phrenological element which enters so largely into his treatment of every question. Indeed, his life was devoted to the dissemination of this new philosophy of human nature (new, at any rate, in the precise details which Gall, Spurzheim, and he elaborated from it), which, Combe believed, if once generally accepted, would prove the clew to every difficulty, and the panacea for every evil existing in modern civilization. Political and social, religious and civil, mental and moral government, according to him, hinged upon the study and knowledge of the different organs of the human brain, and he labored incessantly to elucidate and illustrate this subject, upon which he thought the salvation of the world depended. For a number of years I enjoyed the privilege of his friendship, and I have had innumerable opportunities of hearing his system explained by himself; but as I was never able to get beyond a certain point of belief in it, it was agreed on all hands that my brain was deficient in the organ of causality, *i. e.*, in the capacity of logical reasoning, and that therefore it was not in my power to perceive the force of his arguments or the truth of his system, even when illustrated by his repeated demonstrations.

Of the general accuracy of some part of the phrenological theory I feel quite convinced, and have no doubt whatever that the outward conformation of the whole skull indicates with considerable precision, and with no more frequent exceptions than go to the proving of every rule, the general tendency of the character and disposition. I believe that the deep, broad forehead indicates intellectual power; the finely-arched and elevated crown of the head, a preponderating moral element; and the thick and heavy back head and neck, predominating animal propensities and passions.

In the minute division and subdivision of the brain into separate chambers for every conceivable quality to which a specific name or place could be assigned, I do not believe.

But by far the most important element in the system, in my opinion, was the weight attached by George Combe and his disciples to the general original organization and temperament of each individual. This, indeed, seemed to me very often to modify so much the effect of cerebral development, according to them, that it really rendered the deductions drawn from observations of the skull of very little reliable utility, and was the ready refuge to which my phrenological friends invariably betook themselves to account for the frequent discrepancies between their theory and manifest facts which contradicted it.

The conformation of the head might be such as to warrant certain conclusions, which not being corroborated, however, by the characteristics exhibited in the subject of observation, his or her temperament was then considered answerable for the disagreement; and of course if any such cause was always actively affecting the very substance of the brain itself, as well as its functions, no conclusion drawn from the separate organs and their demonstrations could be of any value either for observation, education, or any purpose whatever. Latent insanity, or even insanity in the family to which an individual belonged, scrofula, or any physical cause affecting unfavorably the tissue of the brain itself, rendered any deductions from the development quite fallacious; and I know one instance in which a very over-average cerebral endowment was adjudged by Mr. Combe to a person whose conduct and character tallied so little with the phrenological report of the organs, that the fact of two severe attacks of brain fever undergone in youth, and afterwards mentioned to Mr. Combe, was, he said, quite sufficient to account for the discrepancy between his verdict as to the brain and what he subsequently learned of the individual.

But this seemed to me to reduce the

"infallible" mode of judging, from people's heads, of people's characters, below even the measure of accuracy which the uninitiated achieve by dint of mere common observation, aided by common-sense. And I am bound to say that my cousin Cecilia Combe had quite as much trouble with her household, her lady's-maids were quite as inefficient, her house-maids quite as careless, and her cooks quite as fiery-tempered and unsober, as those of "ordinary Christians," in spite of Mr. Combe's observation and manipulation of their bumps previous to engaging them.

The scrutiny to which one was liable from these phrenological professors was not a little comical, and it might be some comfort to know that they were not infallible in their estimate of one's organs. I remember, once, when I was sitting to Lawrence Macdonald for my bust, which was one of the first he ever executed, before he left Edinburgh to achieve fame and fortune as the most successful marble portrait-maker in Rome, an absurd instance of Mr. Combe's insight into character occurred at my expense.

Macdonald was an intimate friend of the Combes, and I used to see him at their house very frequently, and Mr. Combe often came to the studio when I was sitting. One day while he was standing by, grimly observing Macdonald's absorbed manipulation of his clay, while I, the original *clay*, occupied the "bad eminence" of an artist's studio throne (of all seats but a dentist's chair surely the most miserable), my aunt came in with a small paper bag containing raspberry tarts in her hand. This was a dainty so peculiarly agreeable to me that, even at that advanced stage of my existence, those who loved me, or wished to be loved by me, were apt to approach me with those charming three-cornered puff paste propitiations.

As soon as I espied the confectioner's light paper bag, I guessed its contents, and, springing from my dignified station, seized on the tarts as if I had been the notorious knave of the nursery rhyme. "There now, Macdonald, I told you so!" quoth Mr. Combe, and they both

began to laugh; and so did I, with my mouth full of raspberry puff, for it was quite evident to me that my phrenological friend had impressed upon my artistic friend the special development of my organ of alimentiveness, as he politely called it, which I translated into the vulgate as bump of greediness. In spite of my reluctance to sit to him, from the conviction that the thick outline of my features would turn the edge of the finest chisel that "ever yet cut breath," and perhaps by dint of phrenology, Macdonald succeeded in making a very good bust of me; and some time after, to my great amusement, having seen me act in the Grecian Daughter, he said to me, "Oh, but what I want to do now is a statue of you."

"Yes," said I, "and I will tell you exactly where—in the last scene, where I cover my face."

"Precisely so!" cried my enthusiastic friend, and then burst out laughing, on seeing the trap I had laid for him; but he was a very honest man, and stood by his word.

The attitude he wished to represent in a statue was that when, having stabbed Dionysius, I raised the dagger towards heaven with one hand, and drew my drapery over my face with the other. For my notion of heroic women has always been, I am afraid, rather base, —a sort of "They do not mind death, but they cannot bear pinching;" and though Euphrasia might, could, would, and should stab the man who was about to murder her father, I have no idea that she would like to look at the man she had stabbed. "O Jupiter, no blood!" is apt to be the instinct, I suspect, even in very villainous feminine natures, and those who are, and those who are not towards alike shrink from sights of horror.

When I made Macdonald's acquaintance I was a girl of about seventeen, and he at the very beginning of his artistic career; but he had an expression of power and vivid intelligence which foretold his future achievements in the exquisite art to which he devoted himself.

My second visit to Edinburgh was made when I was about twenty, immediately after my first season in London. I returned to Scotland in a sort of blaze of notoriety, which contrasted very drolly with the school-girl appearance, character, and deportment under which my friends had known me during my previous stay among them. I found Macdonald already successfully launched in his career, having executed some excellent busts and achieved considerable reputation in Edinburgh as an artist of great power and promise. To the innate consciousness of genius he had now added the proof which compels acknowledgment from others; his conversation, always original and vivid, had acquired ease, his manner had lost its early roughness, and he was altogether a striking and interesting person. We always had a great deal to say to each other, generally in the shape of lively discussion, for I dissented from most of his notions, and we were both of us vehement rather than courteous disputants. Byron was an especial theme of disagreement between us, Macdonald knowing no bounds to his enthusiasm for him, while I qualified my admiration for the poet's genius with a youthful and femininely severe expression of moral disapprobation.

When next I met Macdonald, it was after a long lapse of time, in 1846, in Rome. Thither he had gone to study his divine art, and there he had remained for a number of years in the exercise of it. He was now the Signor Lorenzo of the Palazzo Barberini, the most successful and celebrated maker of busts, probably, in Rome, having achieved fame, fortune, the favor of the great, and the smiles of the fair, of the most fastidious portion of the English society that makes its winter season in Italy. He dined several times at our house (I was living with my sister and her husband); under his guidance we went to see the statues of the Vatican by torchlight; and he came out once or twice in the summer of that year to visit us at our villa at Frascati.

I returned to Rome in 1852, and saw Macdonald frequently, in his studio, in

our own house, and in general society; and shortly before leaving Rome I met him at dinner at Mrs. Archer Clive's (the authoress of Paul Ferrol). I had a nosegay of snowdrops in the bosom of my dress, and Macdonald, who sat next me, observed that they reminded him of Scotland, that he had never seen one in all the years he had passed in Italy, and did not even know that they grew there.

The next day I went to the gardener of the Villa Medici, an old friend of mine, and begged him to procure a pot of snowdrops for me, which I carried to Macdonald's studio, thinking an occasional reminiscence of his own northern land, which he had not visited for years, not a bad element to infuse into his Roman life and surroundings. Macdonald's portraits are generally good likenesses, sufficiently idealized to be also good works of art. In statuary he never accomplished anything of extraordinary excellence. I think the Ulysses recognized by his Dog, his best performance in sculpture. His studio was an extremely interesting place of resort, from the portraits of his many remarkable sitters with which it was filled. Not only the beauty of our English female nobility was worthily represented in the countless exquisite 'heads, shoulders, and profiles, but all the eminent men who during the last thirty years have distinguished themselves, or been distinguished by genius or station, were gathered round its walls. It was one of the most interesting galleries of celebrities that could be seen.

I remember among the beautiful casts in his studio one of Lady Walpole's feet, which were in *puris naturalibus*, and admirably formed, moreover; on a cushion of clay reposed another pair of wonderfully exquisite feet, duly clothed in stockings and slippers, which were Lady Coventry's beautiful extremities. Macdonald was an intimate friend of hers, and, during her residence in the Palazzo Barberini, constantly spent his evenings there, and on one occasion when she was indisposed, and lying on her sofa, he copied her feet exactly as they rested on the cushion of her couch; they certainly were very lovely.

I met dear old Macdonald in the winter of 1873, creeping in the sun slowly up the Pincio as I waddled heavily down it (*Eheu!*), his snow-white hair and mustache making his little-altered and strongly-marked features only more striking. I visited his studio and found there, ardently and successfully creating immortal gods, a handsome, pleasing youth, his son, inheriting his father's genius and, strange to say, his broadest of Scotch accents, though he had himself never been out of Rome, where he was born.

When my sister and myself visited Mr. Combe in Edinburgh, not long after his marriage to my cousin, Cecilia Siddons, I took that occasion to endeavor to prevail with her to alter her fashion of wearing her hair, which all her family thought ugly and unbecoming. She brushed it so smooth, and fastened it back so tight, that she looked as if she had a brown satin skull-cap on. The morning after we arrived in Edinburgh, as she was plastering her hair upon her head after her usual fashion, I reminded her of the opportunity she was giving our host of ascertaining at a glance every peculiarity of her character and disposition. Terrified at this suggestion, she declared she would go down-stairs disheveled, she would put on a cap, she would wear a wig, all of which I repeated to Mr. Combe, to his great amusement. "But," said he, very quietly, "tell your sister not to take the trouble to alter her head-dress. I had an admirable opportunity of observing her development yesterday evening when you arrived, as soon as she took off her bonnet." So the mischief was done, and she continued to wear her brown satin skull-cap. On one occasion Mr. Combe was consulted by Prince Albert with regard to the royal children, and was desired to examine their heads. He did not, of course, repeat any of the opinions he had given upon the young princes' developments, but said they were very nice children and likely to be capitally educated, for, he added (though shaking his head over cousinly intermarriages among royal personages), Prince Albert was well acquainted with the writings of Gall and

Spurzheim, and his own work on the constitution of man. Prince Albert seems to have known something of everything that was worthy of a wise man's knowledge.

In spite of my inability to accept his science of human nature, and my impertinent practice, which he always laughingly resented, of calling *organs* by the unvenerable name of *bumps*, Mr. Combe was always a most kind and condescending friend to me. He was a man of singular integrity, uprightness, and purity of mind and character, and of great justice and impartiality of judgment; he was extremely benevolent and humane, and one of the most reasonable human beings I have ever known. From first to last my intercourse with him was always delightful and profitable to me. Of the brothers, however, the younger, Dr. Andrew Combe, was by far the most generally popular, and deservedly so. He was one of the most excellent and amiable of men; his countenance, voice, and manner were expressive of the kindest benevolence; he had none of the angular rigidity of person and harshness of feature of his brother; both were worthy and distinguished men, but Andrew Combe was charming, which George Combe was not, at least to those who did not know him. Although Dr. Combe completely indorsed his brother's system, he was far less fanatical and importunate in his advocacy of it; nor are his writings, like his brother's, so completely saturated with the theory of phrenology as to detract from their general interest and utility. Indeed, his works upon physiology, hygiene, and the physical education of children are of such universal value and importance that no parent or trainer of youth should be unfamiliar with them. Moreover, to them and their excellent author society is indebted for an amount of knowledge on these subjects which has now passed into general use and experience, and become so completely incorporated in the practice of the present day that it is hardly remembered to whom the first and most powerful impression of the importance of the "natural laws," and

their observance in our own lives and the training of our children, is due. I knew a school of young girls in Massachusetts, where taking regular exercise, the use of cold baths, the influence of fresh air, and all the process of careful physical education to which they were submitted, went by the general name of *Combeing*, in honor of Dr. Combe.

Dr. Combe was Mrs. Harry Siddons's medical adviser, most trusted friend, and general counselor; the young people of her family, myself included, all loved and honored him, and the gleam of genial pleasant humor (a quality of which his worthy brother had hardly a spark) which frequently brightened the gentle gravity of his countenance and demeanor made his intercourse delightful to us; and great was the joy when he proposed to take one or other of us in his gig for a drive to some patient's house, in the lovely neighborhood of Edinburgh. I remember my poor dear mother's dismay when, on my return home, I told her of these same drives. She was always in a fever of apprehension about people's falling in love with each other, and begged to know how old a man this delightful doctor, with whom Mrs. Harry allowed her own daughters and my mother's daughter to go *gigging*, might be. "Ah," replied I, inexpressibly amused at the idea of Dr. Combe in the character of a gay gallant, "ever so old!" I had the real school-girl's estimate of age, and honestly thought that dear Dr. Combe was quite an old man. I believe he was considerably under forty. But if he had been much younger, the fatal disease which had set its seal upon him, and of which he died, — after defending his life for an almost incredible space of time from its ultimate victory (which all his wisdom and virtue could but postpone), — was so clearly written upon his thin, sallow face, deep-sunk eyes, and emaciated figure, and gave so serious and almost sad an expression to his countenance and manner, that one would as soon have thought of one's grandfather as an unsafe companion for young girls. I still possess a document, duly drawn up and engrossed in the form of a deed

by his brother, embodying a promise which he made to me jestingly one day, that when he was dead he would not fail to let me know if ever ghosts were permitted to revisit the earth, by appearing to me, binding himself by this contract that the vision should be unaccompanied by the smallest smell of sulphur or flash of blue flame, and that instead of the indecorous undress of a slovenly winding-sheet, he would wear his usual garments, and the familiar brown great-coat with which, to use his own expression, he "buttoned his bones together" in his life. I remembered that laughing promise when, years after it was given, the news of his death reached me, and I thought how little dismay I should feel if it could indeed have been possible for me to see again, "in his image as he lived," that kind and excellent friend. On one of the occasions when Dr. Combe took me to visit one of his patients, we went to a quaint old house in the near neighborhood of Edinburgh. If the Laird of Dumbiedikes's mansion had been still standing, it might have been that very house. The person we went to visit was an old Mr. M——, to whom he introduced me, and with whom he withdrew, I suppose for a professional consultation, leaving me in a strange, curious, old-fashioned apartment, full of old furniture, old books, and faded, tattered, old nondescript articles, whose purpose it was not easy to guess, but which must have been of some value, as they were all protected from the air and dust by glass covers. When the gentlemen returned, Mr. M—— gratified my curiosity by showing every one of them to me in detail, and informing me that they had all belonged to, or were in some way relics of Charles Edward Stuart. "And this," said the old gentleman, "was his sword." It was a light dress rapier, with a very highly cut and ornamented steel hilt. I half drew the blade, thinking how it had flashed from its scabbard, startling England and dazzling Scotland at its first unsheathing, and in what inglorious gloom of prostrate fortunes it had rusted away at last, the scorn of those who had opposed and

the despair of those who had embraced its cause. "And so that was the Pretender's sword!" said I, hardly aware that I had spoken until the little withered, snuff-colored gentleman snatched rather than took it from me, exclaiming, "Wha' did ye say, madam? it was the *prince's* sword!" and laid it tenderly back in the receptacle from which he had taken it.

As we drove away, Dr. Combe told me, what indeed I had perceived, that this old man, who looked like a shriveled, russet-colored leaf for age and feebleness, was a passionate partisan of Charles Edward, by whom my mention of him as the Pretender, if coming from a man, would have been held a personal insult. It was evident that I, though a mere chit of the irresponsible sex, had both hurt and offended him by it. His sole remaining interest in life was hunting out and collecting the smallest records or memorials of this shadow of a hero; surely the merest "royal apparition" that ever assumed kingship. "What a set those Stuarts must have been!" exclaimed an American friend of mine, once, after listening to Bonnie Prince Charlie, "to have had all those glorious Jacobite songs made and sung for them, and not to have been more of men than they were!" And so I think, and thought even then, for though I had a passion for the Jacobite ballads, I had very little enthusiasm for their thoroughly inefficient hero, who, for the claimant of a throne, was undoubtedly *un très pauvre sire*. But in 1828 it was not a little curious to find still warm and breathing this antique loyalty for a cause so long dead, if it ever had anything but a mere galvanized appearance of life. Talking over this with me, as we drove from Mr. M——'s, Dr. Combe said he was persuaded that at that time there were men to be found in Scotland ready to fight a duel about the good fame of Mary Stuart.

Sir Walter Scott told me that when the Scottish regalia was discovered, in its obscure place of security, in Edinburgh Castle, pending the decision of government as to its ultimate destina-

tion a committee of gentlemen were appointed its guardians, among whom he was one; and that he received a most urgent entreaty from an old lady of the Maxwell family to be permitted to see it. She was nearly ninety years old, and feared she might not live till the crown jewels of Scotland were permitted to become objects of public exhibition, and pressed Sir Walter with importunate prayers to allow her to see them before she died. Sir Walter's good sense and good nature alike induced him to take upon himself to grant the poor old lady's petition, and he himself conducted her into the presence of these relics of her country's independent sovereignty; when, he said, tottering hastily forward from his support, she fell on her knees before the crown, and, clasping and wringing her wrinkled hands, wailed over it as a mother over her dead child. His description of the scene was infinitely pathetic, and it must have appealed to all his own poetical and imaginative sympathy with the former glories of his native land. I suppose there are people born with their heads set, as one may say, retrospectively, hind part before, on their shoulders. Dante has made it a punishment in the other world; it is not unfrequently a cause of persecution in this, though it seems to me rather an agreeable deformity than otherwise, and pleasant, upon the whole, to its possessors. It is certain that nothing either in the past or future can be *common-place*; that must be the especial property of "things present," which these amiable people who live backwards, as it were, avoid. If I had my choice, however, I would rather live forwards, that is, have my head in my hand (martyr fashion, which is an allegorical representation of what befalls people with a propensity for living before their time), and carry it a little in advance of my body. Neither fashion is altogether safe, however, the majority of people are so prejudiced in favor of the stupid, common usage, and so ill-natured towards those who depart from it, by either peculiarity; but more especially by the one that I should prefer.

My mother's anxiety about Dr. Combe's age reminds me that my intimacy with my cousin, Harry Siddons, who was now visiting his mother previous to his departure for India to begin his military career, had been a subject of considerable perplexity to her while I was still at home and he used to come from Addiscombe to see us. Nothing could be more diametrically opposite than his mother's and my mother's system, if either could be called so, of dealing with the difficulty, though I have my doubts whether Mrs. Harry perceived any in the case; and whereas I think my mother's apprehensions and precautions would have very probably been finally justified by some childish engagement between Harry and myself, resulting in all sorts of difficulties and complications as time went on and absence and distance produced their salutary effect on a boy of twenty and a girl of seventeen, Mrs. Harry remained passive, and apparently unconscious of any danger; and we walked and talked and danced and were sentimental together after the most approved cousinly fashion, and Harry went off to India with my name engraved upon his sword, — a circumstance which was only made known to me years after, by his widow (his and my cousin, Harriet Siddons), whom he met and loved and married in India, and who made me laugh, telling me how hard he and she had worked, scratched, and scrubbed together to try and efface my name from the good sword, which, however, being true steel, and not inconstant heart of man, refused to give up its dedication. I should have much objected to any such inscription, had I been consulted; for if the sword was to see service (as it undoubtedly would, if Harry Siddons had lived till the Indian mutiny), I should have thought with horror of my name being plunged into some wretch's heart, though the blade that bore it was avenging English men and women on Hindoo savages. My cousin Harry's wife was the second daughter of George Siddons, Mrs. Siddons's eldest son, who through her interest was appointed, while still quite a young man,

to the influential and lucrative post of collector of the port at Calcutta, which position he retained for nearly forty years. He married a lady in whose veins ran the blood of the kings of Delhi, and in whose descendants, in one or two instances, even in the fourth generation, this ancestry reveals itself by a type of beauty of strikingly Oriental character. Among these is the beautiful Mrs. Scott-Siddons, whose exquisite features present the most perfect living miniature of her great-grandmother's majestic beauty. In two curiously minute, highly-finished miniatures of the royal Hindoo personages, her ancestors, which Mrs. George Siddons gave Miss Twiss (and the latter gave me), it is wonderful how strong a likeness may be traced to several of their remote descendants born in England of English parents.

To return to Edinburgh; another intimate acquaintance, or rather friend, of Mr. Combe's whom I frequently met at his house was Duncan McClaren, father of the present member of Parliament, the able editor of *The Scotsman*. Between him and the Combes all matters of public interest and importance were discussed from the most liberal and enlightened point of view, and it was undoubtedly a great advantage to an intelligent girl of my age to hear such vigorous, manly, clear expositions of the broadest aspects of all the great political and governmental questions of the day. Admirable sound sense was the characteristic that predominated in that intellectual circle, and was brought to bear upon every subject; and I remember with the greatest pleasure the evenings I passed at Mr. Combe's residence in Northumberland Street, with these three grave men. Among the younger associates to whom these elders and betters extended their kindly hospitality was William Gregory, son of the eminent professor of chemistry, who himself has since pursued the same scientific course with equal success and distinction, adding a new lustre to the honorable name he inherited.

Mr. William Murray, my dear Mrs. Harry's brother, was another member

of our society, to whom I have alluded, in speaking of the Edinburgh Theatre, as an accomplished actor; and sometimes I used to think that was all he was, for it was impossible to determine whether the romance, the sentiment, the pathos, the quaint humor, or any of the curiously capricious varying moods in which these were all blended, displayed real elements of his character or only shifting exhibitions of the peculiar versatility of a nature at once so complex and so superficial that it really was impossible for others, and I think would have been difficult for himself, to determine what was genuine thought and feeling in him, and what the mere appearance or demonstration or imitation of thought and feeling. Perhaps this peculiarity was what made him such a perfect actor. He was a very melancholy man, with a tendency to moody morbidness of mind which made him a subject of constant anxiety to his sister. His countenance, which was very expressive without being at all handsome, habitually wore an air of depression, and yet it was capable of brilliant vivacity and humorous play of feature. His conversation, when he was in good spirits, was a delightful mixture of sentiment, wit, poetry, fun, fancy, and imagination. He had married the sister of Mrs. Thomas Moore (the Bessie so tenderly invited to "fly from the world" with the poet, and who, having done so, was left in her little Sloperton nest, while the poet flew back to the world alone), and I used to think that he was like an embodiment of Moore's lyrical genius: there was so much pathos and wit and humor and grace and spirit and tenderness, and such a quantity of factitious flummery besides in him, that he always reminded me of those pretty and provoking songs in which some affected attitudinizing conceit mingles with almost every expression of genuine feeling, like an artificial rose in a handful of wild flowers.

I do not think William Murray's diamonds were of the finest water, but his *paste* was; and it was difficult enough to tell the one from the other. He had a charming voice and sang exquisitely,

after a fashion which I have no doubt he copied (as, however, only original genius can copy) from Moore; but his natural musical facility was such that, although no musician and singing everything only by ear, he executed the music of the Figaro in Mozart's *Nozze*, admirably. He had a good deal of his sister's winning charm of manner, and was (but not, I think, of malice prepense) that pleasantly pernicious creature, a male flirt. It was quite out of his power to address any woman (sister or niece or cookmaid) without an air and expression of sentimental courtesy and tender chivalrous devotion, that must have been puzzling and perplexing in the extreme to the uninitiated; and I am persuaded that until some familiarity bred — if not contempt — at least comprehension, every woman of his acquaintance, his cook included, must have felt convinced that he was struggling against a respectful and hopeless passion for her.

Of another acquaintance of ours in Edinburgh, a Mrs. A——, I wish to say a word. She was a very singular woman; not, perhaps, in being tolerably ignorant and silly, with an unmeaning face and a foolish, commonplace manner, an average specimen of vacuity of mind and rapidity of conversation, but undoubtedly singular in that she combined with these not unfrequent human conditions a most rare gift of musical and poetical interpretation, — a gift so peculiar that when she sang she literally seemed inspired, taken possession of, by some other soul, that entered into her as she opened her mouth and departed from her as she shut it. She had a dull, brick-colored, long, thin face, and dull, pale green eyes, like boiled gooseberries; but when in a clear, high, sweet, passionless soprano, like the voice of a spirit, and without any accompaniment, she sang the old Scotch ballads which she had learnt in early girlhood from her nurse, she produced one of the most powerful impressions that music and poetry combined can produce. From her I heard and learnt by ear *The Douglas Tragedy*, *Fine Flowers in the Valley*, *Edinbro'*, and many others, and became

completely enamored of the wild beauty of the Scotch ballads, the terror and pity of their stories, and the strange, sweet, mournful music to which they were told. I knew every collection of them, that I could get hold of, by heart, from Scott's *Border Minstrelsy* to Smith's six volumes of *National Scottish Songs* with their *Musical Settings*, and I said and sang them over in my lonely walks perpetually; and they still are to me among the deepest and freshest sources of poetical thought and feeling that I know. It is impossible, I think, to find a truer expression of passion, anguish, tenderness, and supernatural terror, than those poems contain. The dew of heaven on the mountain fern is not more limpid than the simplicity of their diction, nor the heart's blood of a lover more fervid than the throbbing intensity of their passion. Misery, love, longing, and despair have found no finer poetical utterance out of Shakespeare; and the deepest chords of woe and tenderness have been touched by these often unknown archaic song-writers, with a power and a pathos inferior only to his. The older ballads, with the exquisite monotony of their burthens soothing and relieving the tragic tenor of their stories, like the sighing of wind or the murmuring of water; the clarion-hearted Jacobite songs, with the fragrance of purple heather and white roses breathing through their strains of loyal love and death-defying devotion; and the lovely, pathetic, and bewitchingly humorous songs of Burns, with their enchanting melodies, were all familiar to me, and, during the year that I spent in Edinburgh, were my constant study and delight. For their sake I love the memory of S——, in spite of the dull days I occasionally spent there, and of the picture, forever framed in them, of Mrs. A—— sitting in the midst of her children, and, when they baaed at her anything more than commonly foolish, turning upon them the maternal tenderness of her sheep's face and bleating back at them, at the rate of a syllable a second, "Eh, my lammie!"

I am reminded, by contrast with Mrs.

A——, of another of our Edinburgh friends, a delightful original woman, humorous, funny, witty, and withal a *grande dame* of the old school—Miss ——, whose name will remind every one who had the good fortune of her acquaintance of one of the most entertaining persons they have ever known. Miss —— was the descendant of John Graham of Claverhouse, the Dundee of Scottish history and ballad poetry and Scott's novels; and there was a great deal in her character and manner to warrant this heroic strain. She was more like a *gentleman* than a *lady*; I don't mean more like a man than a woman, for there was nothing masculine about her; but she was a gallant lady, frank, fearless, prompt, active, energetic, a little impatient, a little imperious, with that sort of high-bred air and manner which Jules Janin has so admirably discriminated in his essay on *La grande Dame* and *La Femme comme il faut*. She showed blood, as used to be said formerly of such a person, and I think that element in her must have been a kind of justification and protection to her in some of the freaks she was seduced into by her singular faculty of dramatic personation. This peculiar gift perpetually suggested to her the perpetration of practical jokes upon her friends, which she carried out with the most wonderful power of assumption, presence of mind, and ludicrous success. There is extant a small book recording her curious feats in this kind, and recounting, among other comical incidents, her taking in Lord Jeffrey, who was intimately acquainted with her, and had defied her skill to deceive him in any disguise or by any assumption of character, and before whom she nevertheless presented herself as an old huckster woman, who came with an appeal to him about some paltry matter of traffic in which her interests were concerned, and loudly and garrulously remonstrated with him until he dismissed her, without entertaining the remotest suspicion of her identity. She was for many years a kind friend of mine, and I seldom visited Edinburgh without renewing my

agreeable intercourse with her. The last tidings that reached me from Scotland of this valiant old gentlewoman (now upwards of ninety years of age) were of her driving into Dundee from her country residence, to launch and christen a new ship.

On one occasion when I had the honor and pleasure of dining with her, I sat by Robert Chambers and heard him relate some portion of the difficulties and distresses of his own and his brother's early boyhood (the interesting story has lately become generally known by the publication of their memoirs); and I then found it very difficult to swallow my dinner, and my tears, while listening to him, so deeply was I affected by his simple and touching account of the cruel struggle the two brave lads—destined to become such admirable and eminent men—had to make against the hardships of their position. I remember his describing the terrible longing occasioned by the smell of newly baked bread in a baker's shop near which they lived, to their poor, half-starved, craving appetites, while they were saving every farthing they could scrape together for books and that intellectual sustenance of which, in after years, they became such bountiful dispensers to all English-reading folk. Theirs is a very noble story of virtue conquering fortune and dedicating it to the highest purposes. I used to meet the Messrs. Chambers at Mr. Combe's house; they were intimate and valued friends of the phrenologist, and I remember when the book entitled *Vestiges of Creation* came out, and excited so great a sensation in the public mind, that Mr. Combe attributed the authorship of it, which was then a secret, to Robert Chambers.

Another Edinburgh friend of ours was Baron Hume, a Scottish law dignitary; a charming old gentleman, of the very old school, who always wore powder and a pigtail, knee breeches, gold buckles, and black silk stockings; and who sent a thrill of delight through my girlish breast when he addressed me, as he invariably did, by the dignified title of "madam;" though I must sorrowfully

add that my triumph on this score was considerably abated when, on the occasion of my second visit to Edinburgh, after I had come out on the stage, I went to see my kind old friend, who was too aged and infirm to go to the theatre, and who said to me as I sat on a low stool by his sofa, "Why, madam, they tell me you are become a great tragic actress! But," added he, putting his hand under my chin and raising my face towards him, "how am I to believe that of this laughing face, madam?" No doubt he saw in his memory's eye the majestic nose of my aunt, and my "visnomy" under the effect of such a contrast must have looked comical enough, by way of a tragic mask. By the bye, it is on record that while Gainsborough was painting that exquisite portrait of Mrs. Siddons which is now in the South Kensington Gallery, and which for many fortunate years adorned my father's house, after working in absorbed silence for some time he suddenly exclaimed, "Damn it, madam, there is no end to your nose!" The *restoration* of that beautiful painting has destroyed the delicate charm of its coloring, which was perfectly harmonious, and has as far as possible made it coarse and vulgar: before it had been spoiled, not even Sir Joshua's Tragic Muse seemed to me so noble and beautiful a representation of my aunt's beauty as that divine picture of Gainsborough's.

Two circumstances occurred during my stay in Edinburgh which made a great impression upon me: the one was the bringing of the famous old gun, Mons Meg, up to the castle; and the other was the last public appearance of Madame Catalani. I do not know where the famous old cannon had been kept till it was resolved to place it in Edinburgh Castle, but the event was made quite a public festival, and by favor of some of the military authorities who presided over the ceremony we were admirably placed in a small angle or turret that commanded the beautiful land and sea and town, and immediately overlooked the hollow road up which, with its gal-

lant military escort of Highland troops, and the resounding accompaniment of their warlike music, the great old lumbering piece of ordnance came slowly, dragged by a magnificent team of horses, into the fortress. Nothing could be more striking than the contrast presented by this huge, clumsy, misshapen, obsolete engine of war, and the spruce, trim, shining, comparatively little cannon (mere pocket-pistols for Bellona) which furnished the battery just below our stand, and which, as soon as the unwieldy old warriorress had occupied the post of honor reserved for her in their midst, sent forth a martial acclaim of welcome that made the earth tremble under our feet, and resounded through the air, shivering with the strong concussion more than one pane of glass in the windows of Princes Street, far below.

Of Madame Catalani, all I can say is that I think she sang only God save the King and Rule Britannia, on the occasion on which I heard her, which was that of her last public appearance in Edinburgh. I remember only these, and think had she sung anything else I could not have forgotten it. She was quite an old woman, but still splendidly handsome. Her magnificent dark hair and eyes, and beautiful arms, and her blue velvet dress with a girdle flashing with diamonds, impressed me almost as much as her singing; which, indeed, was rather a declamatory and dramatic than a musical performance. The tones of her voice were still fine and full, and the majestic action of her arms as she uttered the words, "When Britain first arose from the waves," wonderfully graceful and descriptive; still, I remember better that I saw, than that I heard, Madame Catalani. She is the first of the queens of song that I have seen ascend the throne of popular favor, in the course of sixty years, and pretty little Adelina Patti the last; I have heard all that have reigned between the two, and above them all, Pasta appears to me preëminent for musical and dramatic genius, alone and unapproached, the muse of tragic song.

Frances Anne Kemble.

A MEMORIAL TRIBUTE.

READ AT THE MEETING HELD AT MUSIC HALL, FEBRUARY 8, 1876, IN
MEMORY OF DR. SAMUEL G. HOWE.

I.

LEADER of armies, Israel's God,
Thy soldier's fight is won!
Master, whose lowly path he trod,
Thy servant's work is done!

No voice is heard from Sinai's steep
Our wandering feet to guide;
From Horeb's rock no waters leap;
No Jordan's waves divide;

No prophet cleaves our western sky
On wheels of whirling fire;
No shepherds hear the song on high
Of heaven's angelic choir,

Yet here as to the patriarch's tent
God's angel comes a guest;
He comes on heaven's high errand sent,
In earth's poor raiment drest.

We see no halo round his brow
Till love its own recalls,
And like a leaf that quits the bough,
The mortal vesture falls.

In autumn's chill declining day,
Ere winter's killing frost,
The message came; so passed away
The friend our earth has lost.

Still, Father, in Thy love we trust;
Forgive us if we mourn
The saddening hour that laid in dust
His robe of flesh outworn.

II.

How long the wreck-strewn journey seems
To reach the far-off past
That woke his youth from peaceful dreams
With Freedom's trumpet-blast!

Along her classic hill-sides rung
The Paynim's battle-cry,
And like a red-cross knight he sprung
For her to live or die.

No trustier service claimed the wreath
For Sparta's bravest son;
No truer soldier sleeps beneath
The mound of Marathon;

Yet not for him the warrior's grave
In front of angry foes;
To lift, to shield, to help, to save,
The holier task he chose.

He touched the eyelids of the blind,
And lo! the veil withdrawn,
As o'er the midnight of the mind
He led the light of dawn.

He asked not whence the fountains roll
No traveller's foot has found,
But mapped the desert of the soul
Untracked by sight or sound.

What prayers have reached the sapphire throne.
By silent fingers spelt,
For him who first through depths unknown
His doubtful pathway felt,

Who sought the slumbering sense that lay
Close shut with bolt and bar,
And showed awakening thought the ray
Of reason's morning star!

Where'er he moved, his shadowy form
The sightless orbs would seek,
And smiles of welcome light and warm
The lips that could not speak.

No labored line, no sculptor's art,
Such hallowed memory needs;
His tablet is the human heart,
His record loving deeds.

III.

The rest that earth denied is thine, —
Ah, is it rest? we ask,
Or, traced by knowledge more divine,
Some larger, nobler task?

Had but those boundless fields of blue
 One darkened sphere like this;
 But what has heaven for thee to do
 In realms of perfect bliss?

No cloud to lift, no mind to clear,
 No rugged path to smooth,
 No struggling soul to help and cheer,
 No mortal grief to soothe!

Enough; is there a world of love,
 No more we ask to know;
 The hand will guide thy ways above
 That shaped thy task below.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

THE SIEGE OF BOSTON.

THE battle of Bunker Hill had the effect of determining the relation which New England held toward the mother country, and went far toward defining the attitude of all the thirteen colonies. The British army in Boston represented England, and when the forces, already called American, issued from camp in Cambridge on the 16th of June to plant themselves with menace on the hill that overlooked the town, the act was an unquestioned assertion of armed hostility. England had no other alternative than to meet it promptly with sharp rejoinder; but in doing this she as inevitably confirmed the foregone conclusion of American independence. The victory which the British army won gave them the hill on which the battle was fought, but it gave them nothing more; the effect of the battle on the defeated forces was to increase their number at once, and to drive them forward in that siege of Boston which had begun after the battle of Concord and Lexington, but had thus far been scarcely more than an armed watch of the army in possession of the town.

A fortnight only elapsed before the arrival of Washington, in possession of that authority to command which was

the first requisite of the unorganized, restless body of men who clustered upon the hills that surrounded Boston and camped on the broad farms that lay by the river, which then more than now separated the town from the main-land. Behind Washington, the coming leader, was the Continental Congress, rude anticipation of the legislative government yet to come, and the army itself under its colonial divisions had been adopted by that Congress; but though news of the engagement was at once sent off, there was no interruption in the course begun upon months before. In Boston there was constant expectation of an attack; in the camp there was a similar apprehension that the enemy would follow up the advantage gained; in the country, wherever the news penetrated there was sharper division than ever into two parties. No one seemed to know, in the excitement that followed the thunder-clap of a battle, just what was to happen, but inaction was no part of the temper either of the besieging forces or of the British army. On the night of the 17th of June, when General Howe was throwing up breastworks on the northwestern declivity of Bunker Hill, General Putnam was hard at work on

Prospect Hill, engaged in the same task. "I found him," his son says, "on the morning of the 18th of June, about ten o'clock, on Prospect Hill, dashing about among the workmen, throwing up intrenchments, and often placing a rod with his own hands. He wore the same clothes he had on when I left him on the 16th, and said he had neither put them off nor washed himself since."¹ Work was constantly going forward during the fortnight upon this important hill, and a large body of men was stationed there; the hill, which has since been razed and is still under the pick and spade, was a commanding eminence under which lay the road from Cambridge to Charlestown; and from whose summit both the British and the American lines were in full view. The New Hampshire troops, which before the battle had been in camp at Medford, retreated in that direction, but stopped at Winter Hill and began to fortify it, continuing in possession during the fortnight. General Thomas, who had been in command of the forces posted in Roxbury and had not been at Bunker Hill, was at work strengthening his position, at the point where the main avenue from Boston issued, a point which had hitherto been strangely neglected, and his men received the liveliest attention from the Boston guns. Volunteers and curious visitors came down all the country roads; refugees struggled out of Boston, Tories hurried to get under shelter of the king's arms; and while there was confusion inevitably incident to the condition, there was evidence on all sides of what a writer of that day declared: "This battle has been of infinite service to us; made us more vigilant, watchful, and cautious." The troops were in high spirits, and the whizzing of balls to and fro was the accompaniment to their work at the intrenchments.

The town of Boston, which was to be watched thus by these men for nine months, can be held in the reader's mind only by an effort of the imagination and

memory in lopping off the extraneous portions which from time to time have been added to the original peninsula. Up to the year of the siege this remained, in its physical features, much the same as when occupied by the solitary Blackstone a hundred and fifty years before. The peninsula, which could have been made an island in a few hours by cutting through the sandy neck, only some three hundred paces broad, was marked by its rough hills, — Copp's, Fort, and the three-headed Beacon Hill; its coves, including the mill pond, bounded we may say by Prince, Salem, Hanover, Hawkins, Green, and Leverett streets, dammed by the causeway, now Causeway Street, and connected with the harbor by the sluggish mill creek; its Common, ending in a marsh a little below where Charles Street now borders it; its pastures and fields, covering the tract first ravaged by the great fire of 1873; its wharves and ship-yards, occupying the water front from Barton's Point, at the end of Leverett Street, around the peninsula to the neck, which was narrowest where Dover Street now crosses Washington, over which the tides sometimes washed, and by the margin of which unwary travelers sometimes floundered and lost their way, until the road was hedged in by pickets. The peninsula comprised less than a thousand acres, being about a mile and three quarters long from the neck to Winnisimmet Ferry, and a little more than a mile wide at its widest point. There were no bridges connecting it with the neighboring points of land: an old mile-stone has lately been dug up in Cambridge and reinstated in comfortable vicinity to Massachusetts Hall, with the legend in blushing red, "Boston 8 miles;" that was the distance Lord Percy had to travel when he set out on April 19th to reinforce Colonel Pitcairn, for he had to cross Boston Neck, traverse Brookline, and cross the Brighton bridge, the only one then spanning Charles River. People living in Chelsea then had a trip of a dozen miles to make if they

¹ Quoted from Colonel Swett's MS. Memoirs by Daniel Putnam in Frothingham's *Siege of Boston*. I again acknowledge an indebtedness to Frothing-

ham's History, which must be shared by all who follow him in treating this subject.

would reach Boston on foot or in a wagon. A ferry-boat ran to Charlestown and one to Winnisimmet, and if the wind was contrary the scow would take an hour in making the trip. There was an occasional ferry to Cambridge also, but the ice in the river in winter made the passage irregular and difficult.

Upon this ragged peninsula lived some fifteen or sixteen thousand people, but even before the affair of April 19th the number had begun to be reduced by the withdrawal of those disaffected toward the government and suspicious of the coming difficulties, and by the depression of trade consequent upon the enforcement of the Port Bill. After the warning of the Concord fight the exodus was greatly increased, and after the battle of Bunker Hill no one of the patriot party stayed behind who could well help it, so that in July, before the last permission to leave the town was given, a count showed only six thousand five hundred and seventy-three inhabitants, exclusive of the troops with their wives and children. It had been the policy of the governor, who was also commanding officer, to get rid of as many inhabitants as possible, foreseeing the incumbrance which a great and hungry population would be, should the colonial forces succeed in closing the avenues to the town; and the anxiety which he felt to be rid of the people was equaled only by that of the people to get away. The governor took care also to secure their arms, under a formal agreement with the town authorities, which he afterward violated, and to make it difficult for those escaping from the town to carry much personal property with them. But there was a small counter-migration of Tories living in the neighborhood of Boston, who sought the protection of the government from the persecution of their angry neighbors; and these, with the Tories resident there, remonstrated against a course which would leave in the town no hostages to deter the besiegers from destroying the place altogether. So effectual was their remonstrance that the governor broke faith with the patriots, and pursued a policy by which the mis-

ery of the siege was increased by the separation of families and the retention in the town of helpless women and children.

It is intimated that some of the bold-er kept up a communication with their friends outside, by means of signals from the church steeples. "About three weeks ago," a letter-writer of July 25th says, "three fellows were taken out of one of the latter [steeples] who confess they had been so employed for seven days." There were yet a few men of character who remained, notably the Rev. Andrew Eliot and Dr. Isaac Rand, though the latter may perhaps be classed among the quiet Tories. Both of these did much to lighten the distresses of the poor, for the great majority of the patriot families that remained were of the humbler sort, trades-people and artisans, whose daily bread depended on their toil in their shops. There certainly was no demonstration of patriotism inside the town. *Madam Draper's News Letter*, the only paper published in Boston during the siege, copies in its issue for July 13th a notice by William Cooper, the town clerk, which had appeared in one of the outside papers, calling upon the dispersed freemen of Boston to meet at Concord in order to choose a representative to general court, and adds, mockingly, "Some have been wondering of late at the peaceableness of this town; it is to be hoped that their surprise will now cease, when they find that Mr. Cooper and the rest of our town-meeting folks have adjourned to Concord."

The few patriots were necessarily looked upon with suspicion by the officers, and with hatred by the loyalists; they were closely watched, and thrown into prison upon slight pretenses. The loyalists, confident of the final success of the king's arms, joined the troops in excessive demonstration of their loyalty. They formed a company entitled *The Loyal American Fencibles*, and took much of the patrol duty. They made a valiant attack upon the famous liberty-tree that stood opposite the present Boylston Market, and, regarding it as in some sort an incarnation of the spirit of lib-

erty, made months at it, disported themselves in insolent antics about the dignified, silent witness, and finally chopped it down. There were more than a thousand living thus under protection of the British guns, and these included all classes of society, farmers, traders, and mechanics being numbered among them, as well as gentlemen connected with the government, rich merchants, and clergymen.

The people who from choice or necessity spent those nine dreary months in Boston could hardly have led a very cheerful life, though the officers of the garrison took some pains to break up the monotony. Business was at a standstill. The Port Bill had already destroyed for a time the commerce of the town, and the warehouses on the wharves, deserted by their owners, were used as *dépôts* for military and naval stores. The custom-house was ironically reopened, and trade resumed — on paper. There were auctions held by Joshua Loring, Jr., one being the stock of Henry Knox, whilom bookseller, and now, while the auction was going on, making his way from Ticonderoga, bringing the "noble train of artillery" which Washington was so glad to get. Occasional straggling advertisements appear in the News Letter of goods for sale, but there was small temptation to buy anything beyond the daily necessities of life. The public schools were dispersed, Master Lovell, of the Latin school, casting in his lot with the crown, while his son James, an usher in the same school, was thrown into prison under suspicion of being a spy, and carried off in chains by the army with which his father decamped as a loyalist. One solitary school was kept gratuitously by Mr. Elias Dupee; the only other educational offer seems to have been that of Daniel McAlpine "to instruct all lovers of the noble science of Defense, commonly called the Back Sword, in that art." Of the churches, King's Chapel was the customary place of worship for the officers, and the rector, Dr. Caner, went off with his congregation at the evacuation, carrying with him, in his zeal, the church registers,

plate, and vestments. The officers stationed at the north end of the town worshiped at Christ Church, but troops were quartered in Hollis Street Church, the old West Church, and Brattle Street Church, though services were sometimes held in the last named, as reference is made in the News Letter to a very edifying discourse on sedition and conspiracy delivered to a genteel audience by Dr. Morrison, successor to the wicked Dr. Cooper. The Old North was pulled down for fuel. The Old South was used by Burgoyne for a riding-school, the pulpit and pews removed, and gravel brought in to cover the floors. The religious dissipation of the Thursday lecture, so dear to excellent old Bostonians, finally gave way near the end of the siege. "We hear," says one of the papers in a sympathetic tone, "that the Thursday lecture, which has been held in Boston for upwards of one hundred and thirty years without any interruption, was closed about a fortnight since by the Rev. Dr. Eliot, who delivered a discourse well adapted to the occasion." We fancy that the minister had more funeral than other services to perform that winter, and that he must have reckoned the Thursday lecture as having but a flickering life, those dark months. One of the first acts of the people, however, after Boston was restored to them, was to revive this venerable institution.

The officers of the British army were gentlemen, and while of course they took possession of the best houses in town, they used them well; even Hancock's house, upon General Washington's report, received no damage worth mentioning, the furniture being left in tolerable order and the family pictures untouched. We should have been badly off if the Copleys in town had been hacked and hewed. Hancock's house was occupied by General Clinton, while Burgoyne occupied the Bowdoin mansion on Beacon Hill, near where the street named from Bowdoin now runs, and Lord Percy at one time held Gardiner Greene's house on Pemberton Hill; Howe, like his predecessor Gage, had his headquarters at the Province House.

The houses occupied by the soldiery, however, were a good deal abused, and several hundred buildings, most of them old, were pulled down for fuel as the winter grew deeper, among them the parsonage attached to the Old South, and the house built by Governor Winthrop. The town, being under military rule, was kept clean, and, suffering very little from occasional bombardment, it was subjected to no greater damage than I have indicated.

It was dull work for the officers and ladies and gentlemen to stay cooped up in the little peninsula through the dismal winter, their eyes and ears besieged by the forlorn condition of the inhabitants, and enjoying small show of that dignified merry-making for which Boston has been famous. The officers found time enough for gallantry, and two ladies living then in town, daughters of the famous Dr. Byles, used to tell, half a century later, when they were still unflinching loyalists, of their promenades with General Howe and Lord Percy on Boston Common, and of the music of his lordship's band, played under their window at his lordship's order. A new regiment arrived from England in December, and the *News Letter* chirped at mention of the excellent band it brought, with promise of a concert for the diversion of the town. When the new year set in, a series of subscription balls was announced, to be held at Concert Hall once a fortnight. The last ball at the Province House was the queen's ball, given, curiously enough, on the 22d of February. The festival of St. John the Evangelist was duly celebrated by a dinner at Free Mason's Hall, a march to Brattle Street, and an appropriate sermon, but there is no mention of any public festivity at Christmas. The most

elaborate effort at entertainment was in the theatrical representations given under the patronage of General Howe. A number of officers and ladies formed a Society for Promoting Theatrical Amusements, a title which somehow seems to give a certain solemnity to the proceedings, and they did this, the announcement frankly stated, for their own amusement and the benevolent purpose of contributing to the relief of distressed soldiers, their widows, and children. Faneuil Hall had been fitted up with a stage, and the performances began at six o'clock. The entrance fee was not immoderate, one dollar for the pit and a quarter of a dollar for the gallery. The surplus over expenses was to be appropriated to the relief of the poor soldiers. For some reason, either because the play was immensely popular or from some difficulty with the currency, the managers were obliged to announce, after a few evenings, "The managers will have the house strictly surveyed, and give out tickets for the number it will contain. The most positive orders are given out not to take money at the door, and it is hoped gentlemen of the army will not use their influence over the sergeants who are door-keepers, to induce them to disobey that order, as it is meant entirely to promote the ease and convenience of the public by not crowding the theatre." The theatre gave some business to the printer, who announces that he has ready the tragedy of *Tamerlane* as it is to be acted at the theatre in this town. The tragedy of *Zara* seems to have been the favorite, and the comedy of *The Busybody*, with the farces of *The Citizen* and *The Apprentice*, were also given. The most notable piece, however, was the local farce of *The Blockade of Boston*, by General Burgoyne,¹ whose

¹ I cannot find that Burgoyne's farce was ever printed, but it met easily with ridicule, and after the siege a literary revenge was taken by an anonymous writer in the farce of *The Blockheads*, or the Affrighted Officers, a not overnice production, which jeers at the situation of officers and refugees when forced to evacuate the town. The characters are—

Captain Bashaw . . . Ad l.
Puff G l.

L . . d Dapper	L . . d P . . . y .	} Officers.
Shallow	G . . . t .	
Dupe	Who you please .	} Refugees
Meagre	G . . . y .	
Sarley	R . . . s .	and
Brigadier Paunch . . .	B . . . e .	Friends
Bonny	M . . . y .	to
Simple	E . . . n .	Government.
Jemima, wife to Simple.		
Tabitha, her daughter.		
Dorsa, her maid. Soldiers, women, etc.		

reputation as a wit and dramatist has kept quite even pace with his military fame. On the evening of the 8th of January it was to be given for the first time. The comedy of *The Busybody* had been acted, and the curtain was about to be drawn for the farce, when the actors behind the scenes heard an exaggerated report of a raid made upon Charlestown by a small party of Americans. One of the actors, dressed for his part, that of a Yankee sergeant, came forward upon the stage, called silence, and informed the audience that the alarm guns had been fired and a battle was going on in Charlestown. The audience, taking this for the first scene in the new farce, applauded obstreperously, being determined to get all the fun there was to be had out of the piece, when the order was suddenly given in dead earnest for the officers to return to their posts. The audience at this was thrown into dire confusion, the officers jumping over the orchestra, breaking the fiddles on the way, the actors rushing about to get rid of their paint and disguises, the ladies alternately fainting and screaming, and the play brought to great grief. Whether it was ever given or not does not appear, but the *News Letter* in reporting the incident intimates that the interruption was likely to last: "As soon as those parts in the Boston Blockade which are vacant by some gentlemen being ordered to Charlestown can be filled up, that farce will be performed, with the tragedy of *Tamerlane*."

But the idle sports and the festivities at the Province House and the houses of the few rich loyalists could scarcely have covered, with their feeble blaze, the wretchedness of the town during that winter. In the first place, there was not enough to eat, and what there was they were sometimes forced to eat with squeamishness. The Yankees outside

had a joke that the Town Bull, aged twenty, was killed and cut up for the use of the officers, and we are not sure how much there may have been of a jest in the letter of an officer in town to his father: "Why should I complain of hard fate? General Gage and all his family have for this month past lived upon salt provision. Last Saturday General Putnam, in the true style of military complaisance which abolishes all personal resentment and smooths the horrors of war when discipline will permit, sent a present to General Gage's lady of a fine quarter of veal, which was very acceptable, and received the return of a very polite card of thanks." At one time during the siege, we are told, only six head of cattle were in the hands of butcher master-general Hewes, as entire stock for troops or inhabitants, and the rejected portions of the slaughtered animals found purchasers among those who were both rich and dainty. One account, dated the middle of December, says, "The distress of the troops and inhabitants in Boston is great beyond all possible description. Neither vegetables, flour, nor pulse for the inhabitants; and the king's stores so very short none can be spared from them; no fuel, and the winter set in remarkably severe. The troops and inhabitants absolutely and literally starving for want of provisions and fire. Even salt provision is fifteen pence sterling per pound."

It is likely enough that accounts from without as well as some from within exaggerate the actual suffering. Provisions were dear and scarce, but the communication by sea was open, and the vessels went on foraging excursions along the coast, while provisions and even fuel were sent from England. Perhaps as good a picture of the life of a well-to-do inhabitant as can be found, with hints of the condition of the poorer, occurs

It is not difficult to supply the omitted letters in the names and read Lord Percy, Gilbert, Gray, Ruggles, Brattle, Murray, Edson. Lord Percy is represented as a libertine, and there is some attempt at characterizing the several loyalists. Brattle had the reputation of being a good liver, and Ruggles of being a rough-spoken man; probably the hits in the piece were more telling to those closer to

the characters in time. In the prologue are the lines,—

"By Yankees frightened too! oh dire to say!
Why Yankees sure at red coats faint away!
Oh yes—they thought so too—for lackaday,
Their general turned the blockade to a play:
Poor vain poltroons—with justice we'll retort,
And call them *blockheads* for their idle sport."

in one of the letters of John Andrews. Writing at the end of the siege, and looking back over the winter, this good-natured and merry merchant says, "I am well in health, thank God, and have been so the whole of the time, but have lived at the rate of six or seven hundred sterling a year; for I was determined to eat fresh provisions while it was to be got, let it cost what it would; that since October I have scarce eat three meals of salt meat, but supplied my family with fresh at the rate of one shilling to one shilling and sixpence sterling the pound. What wood was to be got was obliged to give at the rate of twenty dollars a cord, and coals, though government had a plenty, I could not procure (not being an addressor or an associator¹), though I offered so high as fifty dollars for a chaldron, and that at a season when Nabby and John, the only help I had, were under inoculation for the small-pox, that if you'll believe me, Bill, I was necessitated to burn horse-dung. Many were the instances of the inhabitants being confined to the provost for purchasing fuel of the soldiers, when no other means offered to keep them from perishing with cold, yet such was the inhumanity of our masters that they were even denied the privilege of buying the surplusage of the soldiers' rations. Though you may think we had plenty of cheese and porter, yet we were obliged to give from fifteen pence to two shillings a pound for all we ate of the former, and a loaf of bread of the size we formerly gave threepence for, thought ourselves well off to get for a shilling. Butter at two shillings. Milk, for months without tasting any. Potatoes from nine shillings to ten shillings and sixpence a bushel, and everything else in the same strain. Notwithstanding which, Bill, I can safely say that I never suffered the least depression of spirits other than on account of not having heard from Ruthy,

in one season, for near five months; for a *persuasion* that my country would *eventually* prevail kept up my spirits and never suffered my *hopes* to fail."²

The number of troops occupying the town during the siege was about fourteen thousand, including women and children. The sailors were perhaps the most comfortably off, especially in the summer time, but under General Howe's management great care seems to have been taken of the health and condition of the troops. By the middle of winter affairs had been reduced to order, and the life in barracks went on with monotonous uniformity. About seven hundred men occupied the barracks on Bunker Hill, while the remainder were in Boston, upon the Common, on board the fleet, at the Castle in the harbor, quartered in houses, and holding the intrenchments at the neck and the battery on Copp's Hill. General Howe held his forces with a strong hand, but the records show that he had a turbulent and unruly set of men to manage. The large number of deserted houses, the destruction of others for fuel, the defenseless condition of the families of patriots who had left the town, all conspired to tempt plundering and depredation. In one case the wife of one of the privates, convicted of receiving stolen goods, was sentenced "to receive one hundred lashes on her bare back with a cat-o'-nine-tails, at the cart's tail, in different portions of the most conspicuous parts of the town, and to be imprisoned three months." The small-pox broke out both in the army and among the inhabitants, and was still ravaging the town when it was taken possession of by Washington, after the evacuation.

Excepting the naval expeditions in search of provisions, upon one of which Falmouth was burned, there were only occasional sallies out of town, and noth-

¹ An addressor was one of those, presumably loyalists, who joined in congratulatory addresses to Gage and Howe on different occasions; an associator was one of the military company of Loyal American Associators, volunteers who had offered their services to the commander-in-chief, and were enrolled under that name.

² Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society, July, 1865. From some expressions in the earlier part of Andrews's letters I am inclined to suspect that his great confidence in his country was in part an emotion after the fact.

ing that looked like an attempt to drive the Americans from their position. Captain Hall, in his History of the Civil War in America, says, "Little was attempted against the enemy save a design of burning the town of Roxburgh, which was imperfectly executed from the obstacles and superior force it was discovered we should have had to contend with, had matters been pushed further than they were at that time." General Howe from the beginning refused to entertain the idea of attacking the works, unless compelled to by the enemy's movements, since it was plain that even if success were had, there would be but a barren advantage to show for what would cost an enormous loss of life and property. The ministry indeed had desired Howe to remove the army to New York before winter, but the general was compelled to reply that he could not convey the entire force at once for lack of transports, and dared not divide his army. The winter's stay was forced upon him, and his inaction was equally beyond his control, though it is difficult to understand now why, when the American army was so miserably equipped, Howe did not push out with his forces and occupy some of the posts commanding the town, especially why he did not take possession of Dorchester Heights. Yet he had the experience of Bunker Hill, and he was not one to sneer at the courage of the besieging army. That army was not, he wrote to Lord Dartmouth, in "any ways to be despised;" it had in it "many European soldiers, and all or most of the young men of spirit in the country, who were exceedingly diligent and attentive in their military profession." It is perhaps sufficient to consider that the almost entire absence of a loyal *party* in Massachusetts would have rendered any advance into the country, even if the

American works were passed, nugatory. If they went inland from Boston, where should they go? and what was to be gained by capturing the forts that commanded the town, if it could be done, when it would only give them more ground to occupy and defend?¹

If Howe's inaction and the general attitude of the British army excited the jeers of the party in England that opposed the war, the delay of General Washington to turn the siege into a bombardment and an attack caused impatient criticism in America; but with our full information of the actual condition of the besieging forces, and especially with Washington's letters before us, the delay is perfectly intelligible, while the historic value of the delay is more evident the closer one inquires into the growth of the national spirit. What was the American army, how was it equipped, and what were its resources? It may almost be characterized as a recruiting force stationed behind Quaker guns charged with sand. When Washington took command, and the several colonial forces were constituted as one continental army, the lines extended from the extreme left at Winter Hill, overlooking the Mystic River, through Cambridge, where was the centre, to Roxbury and the borders of Dorchester, where the right rested. A line of intrenchments had been thrown up and points were constantly being strengthened, and these lines were held by about seventeen thousand men, quite unused to military tactics. The total number did not much exceed this at any time during the siege, and fell off in the middle of winter to less than twelve thousand. These men, moreover, had come upon short terms of enlistment, and the very spirit of patriotism which had suddenly called many from their firesides

¹ "The blockade of Boston cannot be effectually relieved. Not that I think it impossible, even with our disparity of numbers, to dislodge the enemy from their present posts; but that neither having bread-waggons, bat-horses, sufficient artillery horses, nor other articles of *attirail* necessary for an army to move at a distance, nor numbers to keep up posts of communication and convoys (had we even magazines to be conveyed), it would be im-

possible after success to open the country so as to force supplies." (Major-General Burgoyne to Lord George Germain, in the recently published Political and Military Episodes of the Latter Half of the Eighteenth Century; derived from the Life and Correspondence of the Right Hon. John Burgoyne.) The chapter containing this letter gives an interesting view of the siege of Boston as seen from the point of view of a British officer undergoing siege.

was very nearly akin to that domestic spirit which made them exceedingly eager to get back to the same firesides, to their wives and children. Immediately after the first return of the state of the army ordered by Washington upon his arrival, he wrote to the President of Congress:—

“Upon finding the number of men to fall so far short of the establishment, and below all expectation, I immediately called a council of the general officers, whose opinion as to the mode of filling up the regiments and providing for the present exigency I have the honor of inclosing, together with the best judgment we are able to form of the ministerial troops. From the number of boys, deserters, and negroes that have been enlisted in the troops of this province, I entertain some doubts whether the number required can be raised here; and all the general officers agree that no dependence can be put on the militia for a continuance in camp, or regularity and discipline during the short time they may stay. . . . The deficiency of numbers, discipline, and stores can only lead to this conclusion, that their spirit has exceeded their strength. . . . It requires no military skill to judge of the difficulty of introducing proper discipline and subordination into an army while we have the enemy in view, and are in daily expectation of an attack; but it is of so much importance that every effort will be made to this end which time and circumstances will admit. In the mean time I have a sincere pleasure in observing that there are materials for a good army, a great number of able-bodied men, active, zealous in the cause, and of unquestionable courage.” The infusion of order and discipline¹ into this mob of men, brought together from all manner of motives, was a slow and painful one. The orderly books of the day show the character of the offenses, and the frequent courts-martial indicate that the process of discipline was a rugged one. Steal-

ing and drunkenness were most common, but disobedience, desertion, and even mutiny testified to the undisciplined condition of the troops; the whipping-post, pillory, and wooden horse were set up in the camp. It was the custom then as it is now to ascribe to the common people of New England at that time a lofty and heroic standard of duty, which enabled them to meet the exigencies of the war with an unconquerable, unselfish spirit. There must have been a sturdiness of temper and a resolution, or the stand could not have been made; but war brings with it a touch-stone for all the baser elements of human nature as well, and those who stood nearest to the army almost despaired of ever finding in it a strong instrument for attack or defense. “His Excellency,” writes General Greene of Washington, “has not had time to make himself acquainted with the genius of this people. They are naturally as brave and spirited as the peasantry of any other country; but you cannot expect veterans of a raw militia of only a few months’ service. The common people are exceedingly avaricious; the genius of the people is commercial, from their long intercourse with trade. The sentiment of honor, the true characteristic of a soldier, has not yet got the better of interest. His Excellency has been taught to believe the people here a superior race of mortals; and finding them of the same temper and dispositions, passions and prejudices, virtues and vices of the common people of other governments, they sink in his esteem. The country round here set no bounds to their demands for hay, wood, and teaming. It has given his Excellency a great deal of uneasiness that they should take this opportunity to extort from the necessities of the army such enormous prices.” And also in another place, when considering the chances of an attack on the British army, he says, “There must be some cowards among them as well as among us.” The army, dirty. The freedom to which the New Englanders have always been accustomed makes them impatient of control, and renders it extremely difficult to establish that discipline so essential to troops in order to success.”

¹ Gordon writes under date of July 12th, “Since the arrival of the continental general, the regulations of the camp have been greatly for the better. Before, there was little emulation among the officers, and the soldiers were lazy, disorderly, and

far from consisting of picked men, was made up of anybody that could be had, and the greatest anxiety was felt as the enlistments dragged and it seemed impossible to fill the regiments to the required standard. Moreover, the generals were embarrassed, precisely as at the outset of the late war, by the short terms of enlistment and the failure of more than a few minds to foresee the necessity of adequate preparation for the coming conflict.

If Great Britain was for us squeezed then into the crooked town of Boston, America with ampler promise was to be seen in a nutshell in the camp before the town. It was a strange medley of good and bad material. The officers were by military discipline further removed from the soldiers than these quite liked at first; but Washington and Lee were great men to those about them, the former giving at once the full face of his character, which was to grow in the minds and hearts of men, the latter giving only occasional profile views, by which every one read him differently from his neighbor; while the rough-and-ready Putnam early parted with half of his surname to catch the whole of the affection of the men, and Greene, commanding respect everywhere, was building slowly and surely his solid reputation. The men were all from New England, with the exception of a few from Pennsylvania and the South, who were objects of curiosity to their Yankee comrades. Great stories were told of their sharp-shooting and dash. "Two brothers in the company," runs one veracious anecdote, "took a piece of board five inches broad and seven inches long, with a bit of white paper, about the size of a dollar, nailed in the centre, and while one of them supported this board perpendicularly between his knees, the other at the distance of upwards of sixty yards, and without any kind of rest, shot eight bullets through it successively, and spared a brother's thigh." This is one for the Southern troops, and I cannot forbear taking a passage from one of merry John Andrews's earlier letters, for its droll testimony not only to the ex-

cellence of New England marksmen, but also to the dialect and dry humor which are of no recent birth: "It's common for the soldiers to fire at a target fix'd in the stream at the bottom of the *common*. A countryman stood by a few days ago, and laugh'd very heartily at a whole regiment's firing, and not one being able to hit it. The officer observ'd him and ask'd why he laugh'd? Perhaps you'll be affronted if I tell you, reply'd the countryman. No, he would not, he said. *Why then*, says he, I laugh to see how awkward they fire. *Why*, I'll be bound I hit it ten times running. Ah! will you, reply'd the officer; come try: Soldiers, go and bring five of the best guns, and load 'em for this honest man. Why, you need not bring so many: let me have any one that comes to hand, reply'd the other, but I chuse to load *myself*. He accordingly loaded, and ask'd the officer where he should fire? He reply'd, to the right — when he pull'd tricker, and drove the ball as near the right as possible. The officer was amaz'd — and said he could not do it again, as that was only by chance. He loaded again. Where shall I fire? *To the left* — when he perform'd as well as before. Come! once more, says the officer. — He prepar'd the third time. — Where shall I fire *naow*? — In the centre. — He took aim, and the ball went as exact in the middle as possible. The officers as well as soldiers star'd and tho't the Devil was in the man. *Why*, says the countryman, I'll tell you *naow*. I have got a *boy* at home that will toss up an apple and shoot out all the seeds as it's coming down."

The diaries of officers and soldiers reveal the different phases of character which the army presented. Here is Paul Lunt, who scrupulously sets down "nothing remarkable" against one day after another, and does not forget to go to church whenever it is possible, and record the text. Benjamin Craft, too, on the 23d of June remarks that it remains very dry, and "God's judgments seem to be abroad on the earth; may we forsake our sins." He goes to church, also, and hears Mr. Murray, who prayed

well, affecting Benjamin and his other hearers. "He was very successful in gaining the attention of his hearers," which is not unlikely, from the solitary passage in the sermon which is set down: "He said he believed the devil was a tory." One Sunday, just after meeting, two floating batteries came up Mystic River, and the alarm was given. We "fired several shot at the regulars which made them claw off as soon as possible. General Gage this is like the rest of your Sabbath day enterprises." Little David How — we know he must have been little — keeps a diary with infinite pains, as judged by his struggles with the spelling-book, and innocently draws a picture of himself as irrecoverably given over to swapping and trading. He buys cider and chestnuts and leather breeches and half boots, and trades the same with an eye to profit, setting down complacently on the 30th of January, "We have sold Nuts and Cyder Every Day This Weak." His passion for trade was too much for his military ardor, and he was finally given leave to set up in business as a boot-maker. But I cannot let him go without extracting one further entry from his diary: "March 5. Our people went to Dodgster hill Last Night and built a fort there. There was afiring of Bums all Night and they killed one man at Litchmors point with A Bum. They have ben firing At Dogester almost all Day."¹

There were simple, affectionate men in camp who longed to return to their families, but remained steadfast at their posts. One cannot read such artless letters as those of William Turner Miller² without finding in the uncouth garb the tenderness of the Puritan nature; it is easy to pass to them from the earlier letters between John Winthrop and his wife. "Dearest Lydia," he writes, "I received your Kind Letter by Mr. Burr as also the Inkstand Corn & Cucumbers you sent Every Letter & Present from you is Like a Cordial to me in

my absence from you my Heart is delighted in Reading Your Letters Especially when on the Countenance of them you Appear to be in Health and when you appear by your Letters to be in Trouble I Long to participate with you." And again, "I received Yours wherein you Expressed your Joy in my Not going to Quebeck Remember the Psalmists Expression, if I take the wings of the Morning and fly to the uttermost Parts of the Sea behold Thou art there I doubt not but where Ever I am god will be there and be my Stay and Support my Love I had it under Consideration whither to offer my Self to go to Quebec and had so far Concluded upon the matter that If I had been Requested to go I should not have Refused though I think it Carries the Appearance of a Desperate undertaking."

The soldiers in camp were at first sheltered by canvas tents or huts rudely constructed. "It is very diverting," writes the Rev. Mr. Emerson, who visited the camp just after Washington's arrival, "to walk among the camps. They are as different in their form as the owners are in their dress, and every tent is a portraiture of the temper and taste of the persons who encamp in it. Some are made of boards and some of sail-cloth. Some partly of one and some partly of the other. Again, others are made of stone and turf, brick and brush. Some are thrown up in a hurry; others curiously wrought with doors and windows done with wreaths and withes in the manner of a basket. Some are your proper tents and marquees, looking like the regular camp of the enemy." It was late in the season before regular barracks were provided, and in the poverty of the troops one great-coat would be made to serve the purpose of each relieving sentry. But the winter, according to a British officer, was the mildest in the memory of the oldest man. The soldiers had games and wrestling

¹ The struggles of this diarist with the name Dorchester resulted in substantial victory for the spell-er. Besides the above forms, he experiments on Docester and Dodesther.

² New England Historical and Genealogical Register, April, 1857.

matches to relieve the tedium, but they never were long without the excitement of an alarm of some sort.

The critical time came at the close of the year, when the term of the old soldiers' enlistment expired and the ranks were filled with the newly enlisted. "It is not in the pages of history, perhaps," writes Washington to the President of Congress on the 4th of January, "to furnish a case like ours. To maintain a post within musket-shot of the enemy for six months together without —, and at the same time to disband one army and recruit another, within that distance of twenty-odd British regiments, is more, probably, than ever was attempted. But if we succeed as well in the last as we have heretofore in the first, I shall think it the most fortunate event of my whole life." The blank purposely left in this letter, lest it should fall into the hands of the enemy, was filled at once, from the knowledge of Congress, with the word "powder;" for as at Bunker Hill, so now the crying need was of ammunition. At one time it was suddenly discovered that there were only thirty-five barrels of powder in the magazine, or not half a pound a man. General Sullivan writes that when General Washington heard of this he was so much struck by the danger "that he did not utter a word for half an hour. Every one else was equally surprised. Messengers were dispatched to all the Southern colonies to call in their stores," and the secret was kept within the knowledge of the council of war only. The orders show how uneasy the officers were on this score, and how much the soldiers regarded their occupation as a kind of lark. "Every person that fires his gun without positive orders to be punished immediately by a regimental court-martial." "It is impossible to conceive upon what principle this strange itch for firing originates, as it is rather a mark of cowardice than bravery to fire away ammunition without any intention." "There being an open and daring violation of a general order in firing at geese, as they pass over the camp, General Greene gives positive orders

that any person that fires for the future be immediately put under guard. Every officer that stands an idle spectator, and sees such a wanton waste of powder and don't do his utmost to suppress the evil, may expect to be reported."

The gradual unification of the army was significant of the increasing solidarity of the young nation, and ideas which had been slowly spreading were quickened and made vigorous during that winter before Boston. The very existence of the army was a visible, tangible evidence of a common country. "I found," Dr. Belknap writes, when visiting the camp in October, "that the plan of independence was become a favorite point in the army, and that it was offensive to pray for the king." Thacher in his *Journal* notes that a public fast had been appointed throughout the colonies, "the first general or continental fast ever observed since the settlement of the colonies," and Madam Draper's *News Letter* calls attention to the circumstance that the Thanksgiving proclamation in November ends with "God save the people" instead of "God save the king." The tories in Boston were quick to catch that sound; they had heard something like it before from Sam Adams. The first day of the new year witnessed in a peculiar degree the outward sign of this national growth. On that day, amidst much anxiety, the new continental army was mustered in, and that army was the result of Washington's absorbing endeavor to construct an army representing the entire country; on that day, too, was received in camp the king's speech at the opening of Parliament, in which the rebellious war was denounced and the purpose of the government declared to hold with an iron hand the colonies in America. On that day, most significant of all, the Union flag of thirteen stripes was for the first time raised. "A volume of them" (the king's speeches), writes Washington, "was sent out by the Boston gentry, and, farcical enough, we gave great joy to them without knowing or intending it; for on that day, the day which gave being to the new army, but before the proc-

lamation came to hand, we had hoisted the Union flag in compliment to the United colonies. But behold, it was received in Boston as a token of the deep impression the speech had made upon us, and as a signal of submission. So we hear by a person out of Boston last night. By this time I presume they begin to think it strange that we have not made a formal surrender of our lines."

From the first there had been occasional encounters of the two armies, which were made quite as much of by the country as the facts would warrant. The courage of the soldiers was tested by these frequent encounters, and the confidence of their officers in them increased, although the daring was sometimes looked upon by the moderate men as foolhardiness. So Dr. Belknap, after relating an exploit in October when a couple of floating batteries annoyed the enemy, says, "This manœuvre is not generally approved by thinking people; it seemed to be rather a military frolic than a serious expedition." But in truth the condition of the Americans required them much of the time to repress their military ambition rather than give vent to it. "We are just in the situation," writes Joseph Reed, "of a man with little money in his pocket; he will do twenty mean things to prevent his breaking in upon his little stock. We are obliged to bear with the rascals on Bunker Hill, when a few shot now and then in return would keep our men attentive to their business and give the enemy alarms." Meanwhile the brilliant capture by Captain Manly of the British ordnance brig Nancy, laden with military stores, not only added to their scanty stock of ammunition, but gave an impetus to their courage and resolution. The coming in of recruits also, during the last month of the year, to take the place of those whose term of enlistment expired with the last day of the year, brought fresh vitality into camp and gave evidence of the energetic measures taken by the colonies.

To attack Boston was Washington's first wish. From the beginning, with all his sense of the inadequacy of the

material at his command, he was ready at any time, when he could bring the officers to agree with him, to strike the blow. He called a council for this purpose early in September, and again in the middle of October, but each time he was overruled in his purpose. He persisted, however, in urging it, and on the 22d of December, after long and serious debate, Congress passed a resolution authorizing Washington to make an assault upon the British forces, "in any manner he might think expedient, notwithstanding the town and property in it might be destroyed." On receipt of the resolution, he again called a council of war, throwing the whole weight of his influence in favor of an early attack. The terms in which he expressed himself illustrate the political view of the conflict which still lingered in men's minds. In his judgment "it was indispensably necessary to make a bold attempt to conquer the ministerial troops in Boston before they could be reënforced in the spring, if the means should be provided and a favorable opportunity should offer." Men still clung to the delusion that they were fighting an administration, but that the king was on their side. So the government party and forces in Boston were frequently termed Gageites. The result of the council was a requisition on Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New Hampshire for thirteen regiments of militia, to remain until the end of March, with the expectation of making a movement as soon as they should arrive.

Meanwhile, as the new troops came in, Washington still found himself miserably supplied with military stores. "There are near two thousand men now in camp without firelocks," he writes on the 9th of February, and he is at his wits' end to procure arms; and on the next day, writing to Joseph Reed, he declares, "My own situation is so irksome to me at times, that if I did not consult the public good more than my own tranquillity, I should long ere this have put everything on the cast of a die. So far from my having an army of twenty thousand men well armed, I have been here

with less than one half of that number, including sick, furloughed, and on command, and those neither armed nor clothed as they should be. In short, my situation is such that I have been obliged to use art to conceal it from my own officers.”

Once more, on the 16th of February, Washington called a council of war and urged the attack, planning to cross the ice, which was solid from Dorchester Point to Boston Neck and from Roxbury to the Common; but he was overruled by the other generals, who maintained that they had not powder enough, and that the enemy's force was larger than Washington estimated it to be. But action of some kind was determined upon. The possession of Dorchester Heights was the point, and it was held that since that hill commanded the harbor, the British must be drawn into some movement, should it be occupied. Washington proceeded with alacrity to act upon the decision, with an ulterior purpose of following up the possession of the hill by attack if the opportunity was presented. He notified the Council of Massachusetts of his intention, and requested them to order the militia of the towns next to Dorchester and Roxbury to repair to the lines at these places with their arms, ammunition, and accoutrements, instantly upon a signal being given. It was now the beginning of March. The militia called for by Washington were rapidly coming in, and every preparation was made for the approaching venture. The minds of the men were impressed; a general order forbids games of chance, and the soldiers are reminded of the greatness of the cause in which they are engaged, reminded too of other things by the words, “It may not be amiss for the troops to know that, if any man in action shall presume to skulk, hide himself, or retreat from the enemy without the orders of his commanding officer, he will be instantly shot down as an example of cowardice; cowards having too frequently disconcerted the best-formed troops by their dastardly behavior.” The activity in the camp was a more forcible reminder.

Material for intrenching, in the shape of bales of hay and movable parapets; bandages for dressing broken limbs; *bateaux* and floating batteries in the Charles River, — all indicated the approaching movement, and people within the town could see that the besieging forces were busy with some plan.

What the plan was, Washington took good care not to divulge. For three nights, those of Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, the 2d, 3d, and 4th of March, a furious cannonade was kept up from Cobble Hill, Lechmere's Point, and Lamb's Dam, directed against Boston and intended to divert attention, for on the third night, when the sun had been down an hour, General Thomas, stationed in Roxbury, marched over to South Boston to take possession of Dorchester Heights. He had with him two thousand men with intrenching tools and material. It was an expedition differing from that of the June before, as the more settled purpose and knowledge of the men who marched differed from the ignorant bravery of the defenders of Bunker Hill. They were an hour reaching the hill. The moon was shining brightly, and the roar of cannon was heard all about them, as they set to work throwing up intrenchments. Along the road by which they had come they made a temporary barricade of hay to protect the carts as they moved back and forth, while two detachments of troops, four hundred each, were posted as watch and guard. The working party was under the direction of Gridley, who had planned the works at Bunker Hill, and of Colonel Rufus Putnam, a son of the general, and worked steadily for eight hours. Now, as before, the British commander discovered in the morning what the enemy had been doing while he slept. Two forts rose before him; Dorchester Heights was occupied with works that commanded both the harbor and the town. Now, as before, he must attack if he would hold his own, and there was no delay in the decision. Howe at once began his preparations for attack the following night, and Washington prepared to meet it. The works on Dorchester Heights were

strengthened; the forces there were increased by two thousand fresh troops; barrels filled with earth were ranged at the top of the hill, which were to be rolled down upon the advancing troops;¹ we can imagine the eagerness with which this frolicsome part would be carried out by the boyish soldiers. The bateaux on Charles River were ranged near the Cambridge shore, and four thousand men were drawn up under arms, ready to embark for a direct attack upon Boston. They were in two divisions, under command of General Greene and of General Sullivan, and were to land, one at the powder house, about half-way between Cambridge Street and Beacon Street, the other at the end of Leverett Street, and, meeting, to force the gates and works at the solitary land entrance on the neck, opening the town thus to the forces without.

A battle that was never fought has great possibilities in it, and when one considers the nine months' siege, the pressure brought to bear by the country, and the professional pride which a general must feel in an army which he has organized and equipped, it is easy to believe that Washington's eagerness to bring on an attack was the expression of a thorough conviction that an engagement then and there would have brought victory to the American forces, such a victory, moreover, as might have vast political results. The battle was not to be fought. The men were there, and the occasion; it was, besides, the anniversary of the Boston Massacre, six years before, thus far the event that had laid strongest hold upon the minds of the people. "Remember it is the 5th of March, and avenge the death of your brethren," said Washington, as he moved among his men; but as the day wore on and all were breathlessly awaiting the attack, the March winds began to blow, the sea to rise, and when the night had come, the time set by Howe

for the attack, there was a tempest which came as an angel with a two-edged sword to smite both armies: the British could not cross to Dorchester Heights, the forces under Greene and Sullivan could not embark in their boats. The storm continued all through the next day, and the Americans took advantage of the delay to strengthen their works. When the storm was over, the situation was graver than before. The Americans were firmly intrenched, their works commanded the fleet in the harbor, and the batteries in the river could at once bombard the town. The delay had made an attack upon the hill more dubious than at first.

Howe called a council and presented the alternative of a disastrous attack or the saving of the army by evacuation. His own judgment was decisive in favor of evacuation, and his officers agreed with him, glad enough, also, no doubt, to get away from their cooped-up quarters. But the loyalists who had remained or had sought shelter in Boston were beside themselves with rage. They had in their zeal added contempt of the rebels to their loyalty, and it was impossible for them to remain. They made ready to leave with their military friends, but it was the scramble into the boats of selfish men from a sinking wreck. The whole town was thrown into agitation and confusion when the decision of the commander was known.² For ten days there was sleepless anxiety. The army was embarking and carrying away such stores as it could, destroying much that it must leave; plunder was going on upon all sides, authorized and independent, and as the day drew nearer for the departure of the troops, the excesses increased in spite of the following order from General Howe: "The commander-in-chief finding, notwithstanding former orders that have been given to forbid plundering, houses have been forced open and robbed, he is therefore under

¹ "A curious provision," says Stedman in his history, "by which whole columns would have been swept off at once. This species of preparation will exemplify in a striking manner that fertility of genius in expedients which strongly characterized the American army during the war."

² "Nothing can be more diverting than to see the town in its present situation; all is uproar and confusion: carts, trucks, wheelbarrows, handbarrows, coaches, chaises, are driving as if the very devil was after them." (*The Blockheads*, Act III., Scene 3.)

a necessity of declaring to the troops that the first soldier who is caught plundering will be hanged on the spot." The wind and weather delayed the departure, and Washington, who had been waiting impatiently for the troops to take their leave, began to suspect that Howe might be making only a show of leaving, in order to gain time for expected reinforcements to arrive. On the 16th of March, therefore, another forward step was taken in the fortifying of Nook's Hill, not far from the present Dover Street Bridge, a point still nearer to Boston and more completely commanding it. The British cannonaded it, but the fire was not returned, and as the act was one that threatened an immediate attack, Howe so understood it and obeyed the menace. Early the next day, Sunday, the garrison at Bunker Hill embarked. The movement was observed from the Cambridge shore, but as sentries still were seen in the fortress, there was some doubt as to the exact state of affairs. Two men were sent out to reconnoitre, and discovered that the sentries were wooden, whereupon a detachment immediately took possession, and another detachment was sent over to Boston to take possession there. From the camp at Roxbury the troops in Boston had been seen to embark, and a body of men came down the neck, unbarred the gates at the entrance, and marched into town, carefully avoiding

the crows' feet — iron points so arranged that, however the instrument was thrown on the ground, one point would always be thrust up — which had been sown by the British to impede the passage of cavalry; a somewhat ironical proceeding in the then state of that arm of the service. So a bloodless victory followed, instead of the encounter to which the troops had been looking. "The event," a British historian says with such complacency as he can muster, "justified the measure on our side by offering a larger field of action for the ensuing campaign, and baffling the conjectures of the enemy as to the object we had next in contemplation."

For two days restrictions were placed upon entrance and exit, until the town could be freed from the infection of small-pox, but on the 20th of March the army marched into Boston, the citizens began to flock back, the siege was raised, and a signal victory recorded for American generalship. Bunker Hill makes a sharper impression upon the imagination; daring, and grim, stubborn resistance were there; but in taking note of the characteristics of the conflict which accompanied the formal institution of the nation, the siege of Boston gives us, in clear, unmistakable lines, the resolution, self-reliance, patience, and far-sightedness which were as distinctly present in the character of the people and their leaders.

H. E. Scudder.

LIERNUR'S PNEUMATIC SYSTEM OF SEWERAGE.

THE important problem of town sewerage seems to be seeking its solution by the aid of all the natural elements. Water and earth have had their trials and have been more or less successful, and now an ingenious Dutch engineer has called air into requisition, and promises to solve all the difficulties which have been but partially overcome by previous systems.

Captain Charles T. Liernur, of Holland, a military and civil engineer of much experience (long a railroad engineer in America), has devised a system for which he claims great results, and which, theoretically at least, seems to possess advantages far beyond those of any other that has been applied to densely populated town areas. This system has, as yet, been too incompletely tested, and some of its important supplementary details have been too little experimented with, for one to say definitely that it is an assured success which is entirely to drive from the field the water sewerage now in such general use; but its claims are set forth with such positive assurances of merit, and its various parts seem to have been so well considered, that it is worthy of more than passing notice as merely a curious mechanical contrivance.

As every important invention in connection with the removal of the faecal matter of towns should be approached in a hopeful spirit, and encouraged by the fullest opportunity for its development, it will be best first to state what are, and what are to be, the mechanical details of Liernur's process, and what its adherents believe that it will accomplish.

The initial principle of the system lies in the suction to a central public reservoir of the accumulation of faecal material deposited in receptacles at separate houses, these being connected with this reservoir by air-tight pipes. The reservoir being exhausted of its air, the accumulations

are drawn toward it by pneumatic pressure. No matter how large may be the area occupied by the sewered houses, each district has its central reservoir, and these reservoirs are in turn and in like manner themselves discharged into a main vacuum chamber at any convenient point, being connected with this by a similar system of pneumatic pipes. The deposits at each house are first removed to central points in their districts, and the whole mass is by a second or even by a third operation drawn to the main depot, where it is to be disposed of according to the requirements of the conditions of health, and most conveniently for agricultural use.

The invention has grown gradually from small beginnings, and it has been in one or two instances applied over large areas with very satisfactory results. As the system in a town of even the largest size is merely an aggregation of smaller systems, to describe one of these latter will suffice for an understanding of its principles.

We will assume, then, a level town area of from one hundred to one hundred and fifty houses of medium size. In the centre of this area, in the middle of a street, and far enough below the surface to be secured against frost, there is sunk an air-tight iron reservoir having two openings at its surface, to either of which an air-pump connection, or the connecting pipe of an exhausted receiver may be attached. The air-pump attachment, used to create a vacuum, opens into the top of the reservoir, while the attachment of the exhausted receiver, being intended to suck out the liquid contents, is connected with a pipe reaching nearly to the bottom.

When the air-pump is applied for the exhaustion of the air of the reservoir, it creates a partial vacuum, which extends through the whole series of pneumatic pipes connected with it, and the pressure of the air entering at the remote open

ends of the pipes drives forward toward the vacuum-centre all of their liquid accumulations.

After the reservoir has become filled, the pipe reaching to its bottom is attached to the previously exhausted receiver, into which the liquid is drawn. Main pipes, under ground, running through the streets, or through the spaces between the backs of houses, and with branches to or under the houses themselves, allow the accumulations of the house closets to flow to the reservoir whenever a vacuum is established and is, by the opening of stop-cocks, brought to bear upon them. The closets of each house, which may be placed one over the other on the different stories, are connected with the branch pipe described, having a vertical or nearly vertical fall to the point of junction. When the cocks are opened, so that these branch pipes are brought into direct communication with the vacuum, every house pipe, being open at its upper end, becomes a source of pressure, and the air in seeking to fill the vacuum carries before it whatever matters may be accumulated within it.

In the earliest introduction of the system, each house branch was supplied with a cock, so that after the reservoir had been exhausted of air the opening of each of these, for a moment, caused the contents of its pipe to be thrown rapidly forward toward the street reservoir; but as there was no means of knowing the exact time needed for the emptying of the contents of each pipe, either there was necessarily incomplete work, or more air was admitted than the work required. Later, there was substituted for these stop-cocks an arrangement of self-acting air-traps which entirely overcame the difficulty. These traps give equal barometric resistances, and by their aid the accumulations of each house, be they great or small, far or near, are discharged with absolute uniformity and regularity by the opening of a single cock in the main pipe with which the house branches are connected. These automatic traps, depending for their action on this equal barometric

resistance, are not merely effective for the purpose for which they were intended: they are also interesting as a most ingenious and curious invention. Their action may be easily explained.



Figure 1.

The accompanying diagram (Figure 1) shows two tumblers containing water. One is nearly filled and the other has but an inch of water at its bottom; the difference in height between the two levels of the water we will assume to be two inches. The barometric resistance (against suction) is greater, by the pressure due to a column of two inches of water, in the one than it is in the other. Into each of these two tumblers a glass tube is inserted, and the ends of both tubes are taken into the mouth at the same time. We will assume that the vertical height between the surface of the water in one of the tumblers and the mouth is four inches, and between the surface of the water in the other tumbler and the mouth is six inches; consequently in one case there is a column of four inches of water to be lifted, and in the other a column of six inches. Now if

one sucks very gently on both tubes, that is, if both are *slowly* exhausted by the same mouth, water will flow only from the tumbler which is the fuller, or from which the shorter column is to be lifted, until the level of its water is reduced to the level of the water in the other tumbler; then, the height to be overcome being equal, there will be an equal flow from each tumbler until both are exhausted. No matter how much water there may be in one vessel nor how little in the other; if the same slow draft is made on both at the same time, the flow will always be entirely from the one standing at the higher level, and after the equilibrium is established there must be an absolute equality of level preserved until both are exhausted. The same effect will be observed if we experiment with a dozen tumblers, all having their contents at different elevations; that one in which the liquid stands at the highest level will be discharged first; when this reaches the level of the second, these two will be discharged together; when these descend to the level of the third, the three will deliver equally; and so on until the whole series, offering an equal resistance to an equal force, deliver their contents at the same rate.

Captain Liernur has applied this principle of barometric resistances to his pneumatic tubes by giving to each (for convenience, before it leaves the premises by which it is supplied) a break, or abrupt change in elevation, of exactly one foot. It is necessary that there should be always a distinct fall, or inclination toward the direction of the flow of the pipe, so that its liquid contents may move forward without halting at any point to deposit silt, which might in time obstruct them. Practically, it is said to be best to give an inclination of one foot in a length of fifty feet. This is the minimum; the maximum may be whatever circumstances require. In a level district all the pipes of the system may have this minimum inclination, but where the town is built on irregular surfaces one pipe may lie at this slight pitch, and the very next one may, without detriment, have an inclination of

forty-five degrees or more. All tend toward the same central point, and may have more or less fall in that direction. But each pipe has its flow interrupted by the trap or vertical step referred to.

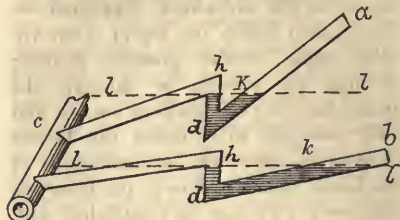


Figure 2.

Figure 2 shows two such pipes, leading from two different houses and delivering to the same street main: *a* is a pipe with a very steep inclination, and *b* is a pipe at the minimum inclination. The dotted lines *l l* show the height to which the liquid must rise in the pipes toward *a* and *b* before it can begin to flow over the high points *h*. If the production of either house is more than enough to fill the depression in the pipe below the dotted lines, any addition to the quantity will simply cause a discharge by gravitation over the angle *h*, and the liquid will flow on by its own force toward the reservoir. This flow will of course continue so long as there is an addition to the volume at the higher end, but the amount of liquid standing below the level of the dotted lines must always remain there until some artificial force is applied to move it. Now suppose the suction of a vacuum to be applied at the main pipe *c*, the pressure of the air is brought to bear on the surfaces of the liquid at the points *k*, forcing the whole mass forward over the high points *h*. The flow begins at the same instant in both pipes, but as there is a larger volume in the pipe having the more gradual (and longer) slope, and as the vertical descent of the two surfaces must be exactly the same, the amount flowing out of the pipe *b* will be greater than that flowing out of the pipe *a*, until *k* has descended to the lowest point *d*, when in both pipes there are equal columns to be overcome (from *h* to *d*), each twelve inches high, and, as the

pressure is equal, these are drawn over simultaneously. This principle is applied in practice even to one hundred and fifty pipes subjected to the force of the same vacuum, so that those of a whole district are exhausted at the same moment.

In addition to the difference of inclination, there is also a great difference in the quantity of material to be treated, and these different quantities are equally well managed by the same system.



Figure 3.

In Figure 3, *c* is the main pipe connected with the vacuum chamber. We will suppose *a* to be the outlet pipe of a large hotel, and *b* that of a small cottage in which only two persons are living. The pipe *a* receives an amount of liquid which will fill the space below the lines *l-l* in an hour. During the remaining twenty-three hours of the day its sewage matter flows on directly toward the central reservoir; but the accumulation in the pipe *b* is only sufficient during twenty-four hours to fill the vertical part of the pipe between *h* and *d*. Of course this matter will lie level in the angle, and will rise but a part of the distance between *d* and *h*. When the vacuum is applied, the atmospheric pressure at *b* bears down upon the small supply and tends to raise it toward *h*, but at the same time an equal pressure in the pipe *a* is forcing forward the contents of that pipe and pouring them over the height. The contents of *b* cannot reach the point *h* until the quantity in the pipe *a* is reduced to the same amount, that is, until the whole pipe between *d* and *a* and *d* and *b* is emptied; then there will stand in the two pipes two columns, each twelve inches high, ready to pass over at the same moment.

This device has enabled Liernur to do away with every faucet or stop-cock in his whole system of pipes, except a single one in the main. By opening this the force of the vacuum is brought to

bear equally and instantly upon the house pipes of the whole system, with a quick pneumatic shock whose suddenly applied force is deemed important. It is thus made certain that there can at no point be a useless escape of air, until every one of the pipes has been exhausted of its contents; of course, at the angle, a small quantity will fall back after the air begins to flow over.

The arrangement of house closets is very simple: they are, wherever practicable, for economy's sake placed vertically one over the other on the different floors, in order that they may reach the outflow through the same down-pipe. The closet, as originally made, is a simple funnel of iron or earthenware with a bend trap at the bottom, as shown in

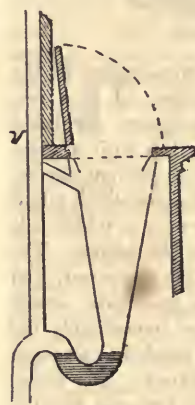


Figure 4.

Figure 4, a pan of enameled iron or whitened earthenware being inserted at the top for better appearance. From the highest point of the main pipe, outside of the trap, there rises a ventilating pipe *v*, reaching above the top of the house, and this pipe has a branch for the ventilation of the funnel, which it enters near its top, at a point behind the pan. The action of this branch is to afford an outlet for gases forming in the funnel and to cause a down draught when the lid is opened, so that there may never be an escape of foul air into the room. It is recommended, when practicable, to place these closets next to the outer wall of the house and to supply each with an open window, or in some manner to give a thorough ventilation. The pipes descending from the closets, the service pipes of the different houses, and the mains in the streets (in each district) are all five-inch cast-iron pipes, secured at the joints in the same manner as gas pipes.

So far as the emptying of the closets

is concerned, it is claimed that the system, as described, is entirely complete and satisfactory. The next problem was to apply it to the solid matters of the kitchen waste pipe. The amount of water flowing from the kitchen, from bath-tubs, etc., is much greater than it would be economical to treat by the pneumatic process, and a separate out-flow is provided for them to the same system of sewers that is used for the removal of storm and subsoil waters.

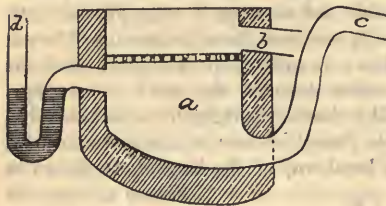


Figure 5.

Figure 5 shows the arrangement of the kitchen drain apparatus. *A* is a reservoir, say one foot square, furnished four inches below its top with a grate or screen fine enough to prevent the escape of any coarse matters which might obstruct the street sewer, or which it is worth while to preserve as manure. The bottom of the reservoir is curved, and is connected with a pneumatic sewer pipe; the outlet *c* takes, immediately, the rise of twelve inches needed to preserve the barometric resistance. The house drain *d* discharges its contents into the reservoir below the screen; it has a bend trap deep enough to give a decided resistance to atmospheric pressure. The flow from the house passes into the reservoir *a*, and its excess of water rises through the screen and flows off at *b*. During the day, more or less solid matter is accumulated below the screen, and when the pneumatic pressure is brought to bear, by opening the main pipe near the vacuum chamber, it is, simultaneously with the closet pipes, emptied of its contents, and at the same time whatever matters have adhered to the bottom of the screen are forcibly withdrawn by the pressure of air descending through it. In this way, while the chief volume of water or other liquid matters

is got rid of at once through the sewers, the more valuable solid material, which would create inconvenience in the sewers, and which has a manurial value, is added to the products of the closets for treatment with them during the subsequent processes of the system.

A locomobile engine having somewhat the appearance of a steam fire-engine, carrying a steam-engine and air-pump, and followed by a tender in the form of an iron tank, to which its air-pump may be attached, is used during the construction of the work, before the different street reservoirs are connected with a main central pumping station. The air-pump is attached to the opening at the top of the street reservoir, from which it exhausts the air, making about a three-quarter vacuum. The reservoir is then closed, and the air-pump exhausts the tank of the tender. This is then closed and its supply pipe is connected with the pipe reaching to the bottom of the reservoir, when, the valves being opened and the air being admitted to the top of the street reservoir, the contents of the latter are sucked into the tank, which may then be driven away to the point of discharge.

This locomobile serves to demonstrate the practicability of the system, and is an indispensable accompaniment of the earlier steps of construction. But its purpose is only a temporary one, and as fast as may be the street reservoirs are connected with the central station, by pipes which it is often necessary to make larger than five inches, owing to the quantity of liquid to be discharged through them. Each central station may answer for a district of say fifty thousand or sixty thousand inhabitants.

At this station a fixed engine and large receiving tanks serve for the numerous street reservoirs the same purpose that these (with the locomobile) originally served for the houses of their separate districts. The tanks at this station have sufficient capacity to receive the contents of the whole set of street reservoirs with which they are connected, and the engine has a sufficient power to maintain the required vacuum in these and in

the main pipes. By precisely the process heretofore explained the contents of the reservoirs are drawn to these tanks, and are made ready for their subsequent treatment.

The receiving tanks at the central station, which may be one or more in number, are large enough to store the contents of all the street reservoirs of the district. They are located in the basement, and each has an indicator by which the engineer can see when it is filled. We will now assume that all of the street reservoirs have been emptied, and that the tanks in the basement are filled. These tanks communicate by suction tubes with a similar tank elevated above the main floor of the building, which has also an indicator showing the level of its contents. This upper tank is exhausted of its air by the air-pump, and the communication between it and the bottom of one of the tanks in the basement being open, it fills itself with the liquid, which is now ready to be treated by the poudrette apparatus. For this purpose it is allowed to flow into a vertical tank, in the bottom of which there are coils of pipe connected with the exhaust pipe of the steam-engine.

The steam, on its escape from the exhaust valve, passes through a superheating chamber where the products of combustion on their way to the chimney, flowing around the coil, give the steam an additional heat. This reheated steam passing through the coils in the evaporating tank produces a furious ebullition and a rapid evaporation of the water of its contents. The vapors thus formed, being at the next stage of the process condensed, tend to produce a partial vacuum over the boiling liquid, so that this rapid evaporation may even take place at a temperature below that of boiling water. The condenser into which these vapors pass is a copper drum, the temperature of which they raise probably to two hundred degrees Fahrenheit. This drum revolves slowly, its lower part passing through the semi-desiccated, pappy liquid drawn from the evaporator first described. As it makes its slow

revolution it carries up a film of the pappy liquid, which the heat within renders perfectly dry, so that near the end of the rotation it may be scraped off by a stationary knife, and fall into a receiver below in a perfectly desiccated state, ready to be packed in bags or barrels for agricultural use.

This desiccated poudrette contains all or nearly all of the organic refuse of the household, not only the contents of the closets, but the particles of unused food, grease, and other solid constituents of the kitchen waste. The chief difference in condition between this poudrette and guano, or the manufactured poudrette of commerce, is that the matters it contains have had no opportunity to pass into a state of decomposition. Ordinarily, within thirty-six hours from the time of their production in the house they have all been transported to the central station without exposure to the air, desiccated, and packed away. As during the evaporating process a small quantity of sulphuric acid is added to the liquid, any ammonia produced by incipient fermentation is rendered non-volatile.

Concerning the value of this Liernur poudrette I have no other evidence than the report of Professor Voelcker's analysis given in Mr. Adam Scott's description of the system, in the Sanitary Record of November 21, 1874.

An analysis by Professor Voelcker, chemist of the Royal Agricultural Society, dated August 15, 1874, of a sample submitted to him by Sir Philip Rose, Bart., showed it to contain:—

Moisture	8.64
Organic matter ¹	62.96
Oxide of iron and alumina	3.29
Phosphoric acid	1.76
Lime	0.86
Chlorine	6.22
Sulphuric acid	6.02
Alkaline salts	8.20
Silica	2.05
	<hr/>
	100.00

So far as I have been able to learn there has been no sufficient practical

¹ Containing nitrogen 9.35, equal to ammonia 11.35.

test made of the value of this poudrette, but when we consider the substances from which it is produced, it seems impossible that it should not have a great value, and Liernur and his advocates bring ample theoretical evidence in support of its claims. If it is true that the waste of the constituents of food which characterizes the domestic habits of all our towns is leading to the ultimate impoverishment of our fields, we can hardly regard with too much interest any process that promises to restore so nearly the entire amount consumed and squandered in our households.

Mr. Scott, in the article referred to, thus describes the practical working of the system:—

“The air-pump engine is set in motion, and maintains during the day a three-quarter vacuum in certain central reservoirs, placed below the floor of the building, and at the same time in the central pipes. Workmen perambulate the town, visiting each tank once a day. To drain the houses commanded by one tank, they alternately open the connecting cock of the central pipe and the stop-cock of any main pipe; the first to obtain a vacuum in the tank, the second to utilize this by emptying the closet-pipes connected with that particular main. After all the mains of the tanks in question have been operated upon, and their contents collected in the tank, the workman turns the discharging cock to send the whole mass to the central building for immediate conversion into poudrette. He then proceeds to the next tank, there to repeat the operation.”

One of the minor objections anticipated by its inventor to the general introduction of this system is to be found in the fact that an influential class in every community where the water system has been introduced may object to any less fastidious substitute for the water-closet. To meet this objection there has been devised an apparatus, in which water is used, that seems completely to compass the requirements, but the practical need for its use is too slight for it to be considered as an essential part of

the system. And indeed it is better that at every step of the process there should be as little extraneous water as practicable thrown into the pipes. The natural product of liquid matters in every household is sufficient to insure the proper pneumatic action, and all additions beyond this create an increased demand for fuel for the final evaporation.

It is claimed by the advocates of the pneumatic sewerage that all other systems thus far tried, in addition to their danger to the public health, are necessarily and always very expensive, there being no offset in the way of profit that can possibly lessen the taxable charges required for their construction and operation. It is claimed also that these taxable charges are an excuse for the raising of rents, and consequently for the crowding of the working classes into smaller and less commodious and healthful quarters than they might have were the town free from the necessity for making this excessive yearly outlay.

It is no doubt too early in the history of pneumatic sewerage for figures based on actual experience to be adduced in support of its economy, but the published estimates, which so far as one can judge are based entirely on similar uses of steam, cost of laying pipes, etc., and which are apparently reliable and correct, show that so far from being a source of expense, the faecal matters of the town may constitute a reliable source of income. Such estimates have too often to be modified, in the light of subsequent experience in actual practice, to be relied upon with great confidence, but there seems to be a sufficient margin to cover any unforeseen contingencies and still to leave an important amount to be credited against the costs of working.

It is stated that the cost of the work in Amsterdam, including royalties, engineering, plant, machinery, and the necessary changes in houses, was not quite £2 10s. per inhabitant. To be on the safe side, Mr. Scott estimates that the cost in an English town would be £4 per inhabitant, and he applies his calculation to a town area of 250 acres,

with a population (75 per acre) of 18,750, placing the total cost of the works at £75,000. So far as the Liernur system alone is concerned, without referring to the storm-water sewerage, the cost would be, *pro rata*, the same for a small town as for a large one, provided the population is of the same density.

"Using the figures and proportions given by Captain Liernur, the following would be the estimate of working expenses per day:—

Coal,—Power of air-pump engine required, 80 indicated horse-power. Consumes, at 5 lbs. per horse-power per hour, in twelve hours, 4800 lbs. coal. Of the calorific due to this there is converted into work eight per cent., or calorific due to 384 lbs., leaving the calorific of 4800—384=4416 lbs. on hand for evaporating purposes. There are, however, to evaporate 54 ounces per day for 18,750 persons, making 63,281 lbs. water, requiring with drying apparatus <i>à double effet</i> , 63,281÷12=5273 lbs. of coal, for which there is left the above 4416. There is hence wanted 5273—4416=857 lbs. additionally to the 4800 lbs. of the air-pump engine, making in all 4800+857=5657, or say 2½ tons of coal per day, which, at 25s. per ton gives	£	s.	d.
Oil		3	2 6
One machinist and eleven laborers		0	4 0
Administration, repairs, and sundries		2	0 0
		6	0 0
Making per year, £6×365	2190	0	0
To this would have to be added,—			
For interest on capital of £75,000 borrowed from local board, including redemption, at four per cent. per annum	£3000		
For renewal fund of machinery, at eight per cent. on £3000	240		
	3240	0	0
Total expenses	5430	0	0

"The income would be, however, the poudrette manure of 18,750 persons, which, at 10s. per head, gives annually the sum of £9375, leaving, after deducting above expenses, nearly £4000 annually as clear profit, after paying every charge."

This calculation is based on an estimate of ninety per cent. of water and ten per cent. of solid matter in the liquid as it is received at the central station. By an application of the same data to liquid containing ninety-five per cent. of water, the cost of evaporation with coal at twenty-five shillings per

ton would be £1081 in addition, which would reduce the net profit from £3940 to £2869. It is to be observed that with us his data would have to be materially changed, the cost of coal and labor being much greater, interest being at least six per cent. instead of four per cent., and the agricultural value of the product being certainly no larger.

What has been thus far given covers my knowledge of the Liernur system as derived from the various publications concerning it. It seemed worthy of further investigation, and I devoted some time to its study during a recent visit to Europe.

At Captain Liernur's office, in Frankfurt-on-the-Main, I was shown the working drawings of every part of the system, and had all its details clearly explained by its very intelligent inventor, who to a thorough familiarity with modern sanitary engineering adds the most unbounded and enthusiastic belief in the merits of his own invention. I learned that steps are now being taken for an important trial in the city of St. Petersburg, at the hands of a company, who, upon its success being demonstrated, hope for a concession for the sewerage of the whole town. The conditions there existing are the same as in other places where actual trials have been made, save that the intense cold and the consequent necessity for placing the apparatus deep below the surface of the ground must increase the cost of construction, and, so far as house-pipes are concerned, may present many difficulties to be overcome. The use of the system at military barracks in Austria and Hungary was described as having been successful and profitable, but I was directed, for an ocular demonstration of pneumatic sewerage in actual operation, to visit Amsterdam and Leyden, in Holland, where the earliest trials were made, and Dortrecht, where the whole invention in its entirety is being adopted.

At Dortrecht, Liernur's partner, Mr. De Bruyn Kops, is constructing works for a large part of the town, to be subsequently extended over the whole. The central station was nearly finished, and

contained a thirty-five horse-power steam-engine, and an air-pump suited to its capacity; basement tanks capable of holding two days' product of the whole town; an elevated tank through which to transfer the liquid to the poudrette apparatus; and the apparatus itself, which was complete and had been in use. The superheating effect of the escaping products of combustion had been found insufficient, and a separate furnace with a small fire had been provided to raise the heat of the steam to the required point. The attempt to manufacture poudrette had not been entirely successful, that is, the product was rather moist and pasty than dry, and some modifications were being made in the machinery which rendered it impossible for the station to be at work during my visit. Pending these repairs the street reservoirs were being emptied by the locomobile, but as I was to see this in operation in Amsterdam, it was not thought worth while to bring it out. From the station we visited the poorest quarter of the town in which the pipes had been laid, passing through a district that still depended for its cleansing upon a sluggish canal, — a canal of the most offensive description, its surface constantly bubbling with the gases of the decomposing filth it contained. Similar canals had been filled up in front of the house connected with the pneumatic system, and this of itself should be a sufficient improvement to satisfy the Dortrecht authorities with their outlay. We visited closets in houses and in yards, and so far as I could judge from the manner of those who exhibited them, these were perfectly satisfactory in their operation. Equally unobjectionable closets in the houses of people of a corresponding class I have never before seen, and my general impression of the condition of the work in this town was that it may be in a fair way to prove all that its inventor claims for it, except possibly in the manufacture and value of the poudrette.

The next day we went to Amsterdam, where (and at Leyden) the first experiments with the system were made. It is now in universal use in nine consid-

erable sections of the town, and is being gradually extended. The poudrette apparatus is not in use there; indeed, the only set thus far put up is the one now being experimented with at Dortrecht. At all the stations in Amsterdam the liquid is run into barrels and transported to the country by canal-boats, being sold, thus far, for a nominal sum, very much less than would be its value here.

At the first station which we visited the engine was out of order, and we could see nothing; but at the second station it was demonstrated in my presence that the working of the air-pump and its effect on the street reservoirs of its district are entirely satisfactory. The liquid was transferred from house pipes to several street reservoirs, from these to the basement tanks at the station, and from these to the elevated tank from which the barrels are supplied, with certainty and regularity. In one case it was necessary to carry a main pipe, by a siphon, under a canal, and the transferring of the liquid through this was entirely successful. Indeed, if the object were only to transport in a quiet, inoffensive, and entirely hidden manner the products of private houses to a depot whence they can be inoffensively shipped to the country, my investigation seemed to prove clearly that entire success had been attained.

I hoped before leaving Holland to be able to see the Dortrecht poudrette works in successful operation; but a further trial, although it showed a great improvement, left something still to be desired, and the apparatus was not in satisfactory working at the time of my leaving the country.

In Amsterdam we visited a great number of houses of all classes, — a large children's hospital, private houses of the best class, tenement houses occupied by working people, an old ladies' home, and in one case a nest of sailor boarding-houses, which were said to be the worst in the whole town. This examination was of course made under the guidance of one who was interested in the success of the system, and it is possible that, had I been conducted by one op-

posed to it (and there are such), I might have been shown instances of failure. As it was, I can only say that under all the circumstances and conditions, both where the greatest attention was given to cleanliness and where the greatest neglect seemed to prevail, I found the condition of affairs in all cases good, and among the lower classes infinitely better than would be found in similar establishments in London or in New York, where the water system and the common vault prevail, though to the eye a well-kept water-closet is preferable.

Subsequently I took occasion to talk with several gentlemen of intelligence in Holland about the success and the prospects of the system. Of these, none were opposed to it, and some favored it very strongly. Mr. Van der Poll, the Dikegraaf of the Haarlem Lake Polder, who is an engineer of high standing and of sound judgment, gave it as his opinion that it must inevitably come into universal use in all the towns of Holland, although he was not prepared to say that it is better than water sewerage for places where a good and suitably located outfall can be had. Another friend was glad to get my opinion, for the reason that so much passion had been shown in all discussions of the subject in Amsterdam that it was impossible for disinterested persons to weigh the evidence for or against it. It was stated that there had been very serious opposition, and that the early introduction and working had been embarrassed by the fiercest opposition of the chief official who was directed with its execution, but that in spite of this, and of all the drawbacks attendant upon the education of the people in a new process, and all the mistakes inseparable from the practical development of a new invention, it had steadily made its way in popular favor, and had especially won the approval of the city officials, under whose direction it is now carried on. (An official told me this.) In one instance a large speculator in real estate, one who buys blocks of ground and builds houses for sale, had been originally a very strong opponent, protesting most earnestly against the in-

troduction of the system in districts in which he was interested. He is said now to petition for its introduction in each new district in which he buys property.

These statements are made with the reiterated qualification that my investigation was made under the guidance of one who is pecuniarily interested in the invention, and who had it in his power to mislead me, but who, I am glad to say, impressed me as a frank and fair-minded gentleman, who made no attempt to conceal defects, or to bias my judgment. Since my return I have learned that Dr. Folsom, Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Health, found his inspection of the working of the system in Amsterdam very unsatisfactory.

The question that naturally suggests itself is whether Liernur's pneumatics are to solve the whole sewerage problem. It would no doubt be safe to answer this, at once, in the negative, but it should be a negative with many qualifications. The whole problem is now so entirely unsolved, and is so embarrassed with intricacies and difficulties at every turn; it is of such vital consequence when regarded from the point of view of the public health; and it appeals so directly to the strongest interest of every householder, that no one interested in the subject can fail to give very careful attention to any suggestion of relief which promises so much as Liernur's does promise, and which is in all its details so complete and so well-balanced, and is apparently so successful in each department of its mechanical action.

On the other hand, we have been so long relying on the system of water carriage, and we have so long ascribed to it every advantage, only to find it riddled and honey-combed with faults, as time has brought us better acquainted with it; and a large class has placed such implicit confidence in the dry-earth system, only to find it almost impossible of introduction in an average community, that no one who has been long interested in the general question can be expected to glow with enthusiasm over any new

process that may be brought to notice. Liernur has struck out a new path, but it is a new path in an old field, in which we have learned to look out for pitfalls and ambushes at every step. We may well hope (and I unreservedly believe) that there is much in his invention that is of intrinsic value, and that it will perhaps accomplish all that we have so long sought. At the same time its success is certainly not to be achieved through a blind enthusiasm, ready to accept it as the final cure of the great and universal disease in our domestic economies against which it proposes to contend.

While, therefore, it is to-day unquestionably the most interesting new fact in sanitary engineering, and is worthy of the most careful experiment and even the most expensive investigation at the hands of local governments, the investigation and the experiment should be made with a clear understanding that the time given to them and the money spent upon them may bring but little return. The difficulties we are contending with are so grave, and the dangers to life and health and usefulness are so threatening, that we may well afford to tax ourselves as largely as may be necessary in order to demonstrate whether this new process, for which so much is claimed and which has so many firm adherents among those who have been living under its daily operation for some years, is or is not to open the door for our escape. Much that has hitherto been written about it has been of that enthusiastic and confident character that made its success appear at first blush a foregone conclusion. It seems to be better that, however great our individual confidence may be, — and I repeat that my own is very great, — we should undertake this trial resolutely and determinedly, but should at the same time be quite prepared for entire or partial failure.

The more ardent advocates of the system lay great stress upon its economical features, and seem to depend very much upon the prospect of profit for the reinforcement of their arguments. Let us rather take the wiser course of throw-

ing the questions of profit and economy entirely into the background, where they belong. This is a subject that reaches much further than any pecuniary interest, and it is one whose pecuniary interest centres much more in the lengthened life and full, healthful efficiency of our populations than in any question of the cost of constructing works, or of proceeds from the sale of manure. If it is found that with our price of machinery, labor, fuel, interest, and manure we can sell the product of Liernur's *poudrette* apparatus or the liquid drawn from Liernur's vacuum tanks at a price that will give a profit, or even will help materially to defray the expense of the system, it will be so much gained; but our people are quite prepared to take such a view of the sanitary question as makes all this far less than secondary. If the elements of fertility can be saved for return to our fields, and so continue and increase our prosperity, the benefit resulting will be immeasurable; but this benefit is, to the common understanding, too vague and theoretical to have much influence on the minds of the average denizens of towns.

Any prudent community, interested in the reformation of its present health-destroying process, will naturally and properly set aside all considerations of this character, and make their investigations of Liernur's pneumatic sewerage, or of any other system that may promise them relief, with an almost sole view to the completeness of its sanitary advantages, and to its practicability from a mechanical and commercial point of view.

All that it is safe to say about the system now, in its relation to our own condition, is that it is, as regarded in the light of what we know about the water system and the dry-earth system, sufficiently promising to justify the most energetic investigation. So far as I know, its opponents have adduced nothing against it that may not be remedied by practicable mechanical improvements, and its advocates, who are many, speak of its advantages with a confidence that, often at least, has grown from favorable experience of its practical working.

George E. Waring, Jr.

RECENT LITERATURE.

MR. LOWELL's new volume¹ is made up of essays on five poets, Dante, Spenser, Wordsworth, Milton, Keats, — names which loose the imagination upon as long and wide a flight as any others in literature can give it. These poets, superficially so different, are fitly grouped together, for they have all in greater or less degree become types, and they are all alike in that something personal of which Mr. Lowell says, "Some men seem always to remain outside their work; others make their individuality felt in every part of it; their very life vibrates in every verse; . . . the virtue that has gone out of them abides in what they do."

This is especially true of Dante and Keats, of the latter of whom Mr. Lowell said long ago, when he wrote the essay here reprinted with some slight changes, "Every one of Keats's poems was a sacrifice of vitality; a virtue went away from him into every one of them; even yet, as we turn the leaves, they seem to warm and thrill our fingers with the flush of his fine senses and the flutter of his electrical nerves." The whole essay on Keats is an exquisite piece of thinking and feeling, and is worthy to be ranked as it is here with the critic's maturest work. It is as solidly done as that on Spenser, and has an advantage over the paper on Milton because it is devoted almost wholly to the consideration of Keats, and very little to the consideration of his biographer and editor. In the case of Milton there is too much of Mr. Masson, — not for Mr. Masson's good, or that of the reader who might otherwise come unwarned to his work, — but too much for an essay which we would rather have all about Milton. We could wish that Mr. Masson, having once been well laughed at for his follies in general and particular, could be turned bodily out of the book, and his room filled up with what more Mr. Lowell might have to say of the poet. It can be answered, of course, that Mr. Lowell is at least ostensibly a reviewer, and that he must consider somewhat the book under review. Nevertheless one resents the intrusion of anything between him and the great matter of his

discourse, and would have him as little like other reviewers in this as he is in everything else. Most critics approach the book or author they are to treat with a certain fever of preference or of prejudice, but in Mr. Lowell the difficult science of determining whether a thing is good of its kind seems nature. A broad and vivifying light of common sense shines upon all the facts and traits which his conscientious study and his subtle perception reach; his art is a sort of constructive criticism, which gives you the part criticised as a living whole, and not a bundle of dead particulars, as critical analysis is apt to do. Dante is as tangible a presence in Mr. Lowell's book as if a commentator had never lived, and that august figure, which so many have labored to obscure, stands out in the relief and noble proportion of which any sincere and faithful reader of his poem may have glimpses if he will keep his mind clear of the rubbish of centuries of supposition and attribution. The Dante of Mr. Lowell is not a political dreamer, not a vindictive refugee, punishing in his hell the parties and persons who have exiled him, not a ferocious bigot, but a man full of devout reverence for philosophy and truth, deeply religious, and a patriot wiser than most statesmen of his time, and willing to own a larger country than Florence, but by no means forecasting a united Italy. But above all, he is, what we chiefly know him to be when we read him, a poet, — mystical in form, because he was a literary man of the thirteenth century, and in his art and essence sublimely simple, because he is a poet for all the centuries.

"He discovered that not only the story of some heroic person but that of any man might be epical; that the way to heaven was not outside the world, but through it. Living at a time when the end of the world was still looked for as imminent, he believed that the second coming of the Lord was to take place on no more conspicuous stage than the soul of man; that his kingdom would be established in the surrendered will. A poem, the precious distillation of such a character and such a life as his through all those sorrowing but independent years, must have a meaning in it which few men have meaning enough in

¹ *Among my Books*. Second Series. By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1876.

themselves wholly to penetrate. That its allegorical form belongs to a past fashion, with which the modern mind has little sympathy, we should no more think of denying than of whitewashing a fresco of Giotto. But we may take it as we may nature, which is also full of double meanings, either as picture or as parable, either for the simple delight of its beauty or as a shadow of the spiritual world. . . . The secret of Dante's power is not far to seek. Whoever can express *himself* with the full force of unconscious sincerity will be found to have uttered something ideal and universal. Dante intended a didactic poem, but the most picturesque of poets could not escape his genius, and his sermon sings and glows and charms in a manner that surprises more at the fiftieth reading than the first, such a variety of freshness is in imagination."

To the lover of Dante this essay will be a delight, and to the student an instruction, such as our tongue does not otherwise afford. We are hardly willing to claim less for either of the other essays in its way. Hazlitt alone is worthy to compare with Mr. Lowell as a critic of English poetry, and even he has not our countryman's vast reach and thorough study. Imagine criticism with the appreciative humor of Lamb's, the keen, poetic sympathy of Hunt's, the artistic insight of Hazlitt's, and you have something like Mr. Lowell's, but nothing quite like it till you have added his own erudition. It is an infinite pity that the same hand which has given us these delightful desultory papers on English poets should withhold that continuous history of English poetry which no other has ever been so able to write. To think of M. Taine deepens the sense of deprivation almost insupportably. Besides, if Mr. Lowell had once set about so spacious a work as this, he might feel like economizing somewhat the affluence of imagination and suggestion that now floods his page, to the embarrassment of people accustomed to have thoughts come at longer intervals in their reading. His work is, in truth, not to be hastily run over by any, and one must read slowly if he would receive everything that is said. This lavishness is not merely the poet's present mood; it marks the paper on Keats, mainly written in 1856, as strongly as that on Milton, which was written last year. They are alike full of a mellow and long-hoarded pleasure in the study of

the poet, and of a wise and ripe judgment. The Keats seems to us an almost perfect treatment of the subject, and it has passages that haunt the memory like the highest verse. We have quoted one of these, but the same tender yet restrained feeling for the poet makes the whole essay beautiful, and gives its criticism a tone that we find nowhere else.

The Spenser is imaginably one of those things in which the writer has taken the greatest pleasure. It advances from point to point with a sort of luxurious leisure, which has its response in the charmingly informal manner—a manner more personal than that of any other of the essays.

The criticism of Wordsworth is rather sketchy in structure as compared with the mellow perfection of the Spenser and the Keats, but we fancy it is of equal value as an estimate of the poet. It comes, after Wordsworthism has long triumphed in our poetic art and is, as it were, waiting to be superseded,—

"Lest one good custom should corrupt the world,"

and renews our sense of his greatness, while it follows his foibles with a most good-natured and delightful humor, and contrives with a sort of reverent amusement to set that outwardly formless greatness on high, where if any will climb he can see how inwardly beautiful and perfect it is.

—Mr. Bancroft has at length completed the publication of his valuable history of the native races of the Pacific coast,¹ and it stands to-day as one of the most valuable productions of American scholarship. From the vastness of the ground covered, the careful research it displays, and its unflinching, impartial treatment of the material collected, it is by all odds the most important contribution made to the subject of the early history of this country. In speaking of the preceding volumes we have expressed the feeling which they must inspire in all who read them, of respect and gratitude to the author for his admirable execution of so heavy a task. In mentioning the appearance of this last one we can only repeat the praise already given.

In this volume Mr. Bancroft runs over briefly, as they deserve, all the various conflicting theories concerning the origin of the native races of this country, which trace them back, according to the fancy of the investigator or manufacturer of the hypothesis. Primitive History. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1875.

¹ *The Native Races of the Pacific States of North America.* By HUBERT HOWE BANCROFT. Volume

esis, to their Chinese, Hindu, Japanese, Tartar, Egyptian, Phœnician, Carthaginian, Hebrew, Scandinavian, Celtic, Welsh, Scotch, Irish, Greek, or Roman ancestors. Since it has been impossible to come to any definite solution of this perplexing question, and since also the antiochthony of the Indian races had to be denied because they were not accounted for in the early chapters of Genesis, hypothesis has run wild, and the arguments employed by some in defense of their theories read like a caricature of the approved methods of science. The early history of comparative philology alone shows similar unwisdom. The first Spaniards proved to their own satisfaction that Quetzalcoatl¹ was St. Thomas, while Lord Kingsborough, who asserted that the Indians were derived from the Hebrews, thought that that great ruler was the Messiah himself. The notion that the Indians are descended from the lost tribes of Israel has its only sure ground in the apocryphal book of Esdras; from that point on it is wholly obscure and uncertain. The theory of Chinese origin which inspired Mr. Leland to write his *Fusang*, which we lately noticed in these pages, comes in for a few lines of unenthusiastic comment. All of these explanations are put before the reader without prejudice; he can choose his favorite theory, or, more wisely, leave them alone. He certainly has plenty to choose from. Lord Monboddo's patriotic belief that the Indians spoke the language of the native Highlanders is mentioned, as well as his statement that several lines of "Ossian's celebrated majestic poem of the wars of his ancestors" are to be found in the Indian war-songs. Dr. Johnson should have known this. By the way, it is probably a misprint that makes Lord Monboddo a writer of the seventeenth century, as is done on page 121; it should read eighteenth. Mr. Bancroft is very brief with regard to the learned Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg, with his wild notion of a now submerged continent reaching from the shores of Central America to Europe, by means of which all the civilizations of Europe and Asia were derived from America. This explanation does not commend itself to most students, even if they have no other to put in its place, and Mr. Bancroft considered that an abridgment of the abbé's arguments would be unfair to him, while their full exposition would require too much space. It is with quiet humor that he goes

over this confused mass of theories, pointing out with the faintest possible sign of amusement some especially dreamy hypothesis. For himself he holds, until something different is proved, to the assumption that the Indians are antiochthones; but whether they are or not is a question that may very possibly never be satisfactorily settled. Meanwhile, it is to be hoped that this synopsis of all the theories, which Mr. Bancroft has made, may inspire with modesty those persons who consider that the origin of the American Indians is one of those questions which can be solved by a week's study.

Mr. Bancroft has ransacked ancient chronicles for the early history of the civilized tribes, and has put together out of them a complete although often contradictory record; for when authorities differ he gives both sides. This, it would seem, must have been one of the more difficult parts of his task. The Spanish historians accepted everything they heard with blind credulity; they were always on the lookout for corroborations of their theological tenets and of biblical history, and moreover their work even then had to go through the hands of the censors, who were anxious to remove anything derogatory to the church. Consequently our information reaches us by a very tortuous channel, and with flavors which were unknown at the fountain-head. No two men would agree, probably, about what was the true mean between skepticism and credulity in the matter, and Mr. Bancroft, whose opinion would inspire the greatest confidence, contents himself with merely submitting the evidence. That is his position throughout the book, and it is one deserving of the highest respect. We cannot help regretting that he has not at times spoken out more clearly, or at least we should regret it if he had not made it plain that his attitude of expectant doubt was after all the wisest one possible under the circumstances. A great deal will apparently have to be left in blank obscurity.

—Michelet says, at the close of his last book, that "it has sprung wholly from the heart; nothing has been given up to the intellect, nothing to systems." If he had added "little to truth," the confession would have been complete. The *Insect*¹ is plainly the work of an imaginative, impressionable, passionate man, who has sought to enter Nature's temple, but who, on the very threshold, has recoiled with horror before

¹ *The Insect*. By JULES MICHELET. With One Hundred and Forty Illustrations by GIACOMELLI, il-

lustrator of *The Bird*. London: T. Nelson and Sons. 1875.

a spider at its meal, been struck dumb with amazement at the glow-worm's light, or lost his wits at the near approach of a butterfly. He is enthusiastic, often charmingly so: he abandons himself utterly to his enthusiasm; but one wearies of it, and sighs for fewer adjectives and a little relief from the inexorable fury of his words. Worse than all, he frequently expends his enthusiasm upon imaginary objects, and in his statements mingles the true and the false in the most grotesque manner. Notice the following passage from his introductory chapter: "In the masses men have supposed to be mineral or inorganic, animals are now revealed to us of which it would take a thousand millions to form one inch in thickness, — the which do not the less present us with a rough sketch or outline of the insect, and have a right to be spoken of as insects commenced. And what are the numbers of these? A single species accumulates the Apennines out of its *débris*, and with its atoms has raised up that enormous backbone of America, the Cordilleras.

"Having arrived at this point, we think our review is ended. Patience! The mollusks, which in the Southern Seas have created so many islands, — which literally pave, as recent soundings have shown, the twelve hundred leagues of ocean separating us from America, — these mollusks are qualified by many naturalists with the name of embryo insects; so that their fertile tribes form, as it were, a dependency of the higher race; candidates, one might say, for the rank of insect.

"This is sublime."

Sublime indeed! The mysteries and marvels of the natural world need little embellishment; at least they are in themselves sufficient to provoke the interest and attention of the contemplative mind; but first to manufacture the marvel and then to revel in its mystery is the audacious delight of our new master.

A worse feature of the book, and one which marks other works of this author, is a certain looseness of expression and of ideas concerning the higher human emotions, as if they were quite one with brutish sensations. The same phrases are used in describing the animal instincts of a beetle as would be employed in expressing the most sacred human feelings and aspirations; in Michelet's terms a common sensual vehemence embraces both. This is indeed not everywhere apparent, but it lurks throughout the entire book, degrading the moral

tone; if the prevalent conception were always frankly stated, we should be appalled by its baseness, but it is none the less the undertone of the work. No single passage will fairly convey our meaning; but here is one selected at random: —

"Among most insects, marriage means the death of the father, maternity the death of the mother. Thus the generations pass away without knowing one another. The mother loves her daughter, anticipates her birth, often immolates herself for her sake, but will never see her.

"This cruel contradiction, this harsh denial which Nature opposes to the most pathetic aspirations of love, apparently inflames and irritates it. It gives everything unreservedly, knowing that it is for death. It draws from it two powers: on the one hand, unheard tongues of light and color, ravishing phantasmagorias, in which love is not translated, but expands in rays and pharos-fires and torches and burning sparks. It is the appeal to the rapid present, the lightning and thunder of happiness. But the love of the to come, the foreseeing tenderness for that which as yet is not, is expressed in another fashion by the astonishingly complex and ingenious creation of a store-house of implements, whence all our mechanical arts have derived their most perfect models."

But if we speak so harshly of the work itself, we must dwell in quite another strain upon the illustrations by Giacomelli. Anything so light, so graceful, so tropical, it would be hard to find. The designs are exquisite and the execution wonderful. The insects are full of the poetry of their own freedom of motion. They peer at you through the herbage, flutter among the vines, sip the honey from a hundred flowers, or dance a *pas de deux* in mid-air in most delightful wantonness. Whether it be a fly crawling up a wall, a swarm of ants on the march, a bee buzzing about an open flower, or a moth on swift wing, the naturalness of the objects is unsurpassable and the expression of their movement most delightful.

It has been the fashion with naturalists (as one of whom we speak) to praise with little discrimination all works which beckon the unattracted into the Elysian fields of nature. But if they are to be enticed by such false allurements as this work presents, new and still more seductive novelties will turn their unstable feet toward other realms, and leave us wishing that

these fantastic rhapsodies had been restricted to the language in which they were born.

—At the present day, when the Indian has fallen from his former high estate as hero of fiction and is generally treated with contempt and cruelty, it is interesting to come across a book that gives so unprejudiced an account of the red man as does this unpretending volume¹ by Mr. Thomas C. Battey. The author lived for eighteen months among the Kiowa Indians and eight months among the less savage Caddoes, and devoted himself to teaching the young braves and squaws. This is not a book made up for the market; it is marked by many literary faults, for which, however, the author apologizes, but it brings us something better than conventional smoothness, in the light it throws on the savage life of the West. Mr. Battey writes with the antique simplicity of Bunyan; here, for instance, is the beginning of the entry under Third month, 30th: "This morning, on awakening, a thought presented itself to my mind in such a manner as to affect me deeply through the day. It was as though I had distinctly heard the question audibly addressed to me, 'What if thou shouldst have to go and sojourn in the Kiowa camps?' The thought was entirely new to me, and, coming in the manner it did, it affected me to tears, looking as I have, and still do, upon the Kiowas as the most fierce and desperately blood-thirsty tribe of the Indian Territory." Although then in no bed of roses among the mischievous Caddoes, he yielded to the entreaties of Kicking Bird, a Kiowa chief, and went among the Kiowas to teach. The first day his school was opened, "a middle-aged man came in with an uplifted hand-ax, his face hideously painted with black lines, expressive of intense anger, advanced towards me with a most horrid oath in broken English, and, suiting his actions to his words, was, in appearance, in the attitude of striking me with the edge of his weapon;" but Mr. Battey "seized" this conservative "middle-aged man" "by his uplifted arm and put him out of" his tent. In general he seems to have been very little troubled, and when menaced he managed to get out of his difficulty by fearlessness or tact. Trotting Wolf had him to a breakfast of stewed wild plums, boiled corn and pumpkins, bread, and coffee,

and he was invited to witness the various war-dances, which he describes fully and entertainingly, but at too great length for quotation. The following story, however, deserves to be recorded: "To-haint (no-shoes), the great medicine chief, made medicine for clouds and rain. The rain came, with a tempest of wind and the most vivid lightning. Peal after peal of thunder shook the air. The ground was literally flooded. Two Cheyenne women were killed by the lightning. The next morning To-haint apologized for the storm. He was a young man, and had no idea of making such strong medicine. He hoped the tribe would pass by his indiscreetness. He trusted that as he grew older, he would grow wiser. The Cheyenne women were dead, not because of his medicine, but because of their wearing red blankets. All Indians know they should not wear red during the gust medicine dance of the Kiowas."

The book is filled with just such incidents as this, which throw a great deal of light on the manners of the Indians. Their superstitions are recorded, their dread of "bad medicine," and many of their peculiar traits. On the whole, this book is charming for its simplicity and unpretentiousness, as well as valuable for the amount of rare information it contains. It well deserves reading.

—Dr. S. Edwin Solly's pamphlet on the mineral-springs and climate of Colorado² is clear, sensible, and scientific, and appears to contain exactly the kind and degree of information which an invalid always wants about the health-resorts to which he is wildly recommended by his friends. The long list of initials appended to Dr. Solly's name, U. R. C. S. England, L. S. A. London, etc., advise us that if he does not know what he is talking about it is not the fault of the schools at home or abroad, and the modesty and lucidity of his style still farther confirm our conviction that he does know. Prefixed to the pamphlet is an analysis of the water of the six mineral springs at Manitou, by Prof. O. Leow, mineralogist and chemist of the Wheeler expedition. Dr. Solly goes on to show briefly and in popular language why it is that a smaller quantity of certain remedial agents, when found in natural solution in spring water, will usually influence the system

¹ *The Life and Adventures of a Quaker among the Indians.* By THOMAS C. BATTEY. Illustrated. Boston: Lee and Shepard; New York: Lee, Shepard, and Dillingham. 1875.

² *Manitou, Colorado, U. S. A. Its Mineral Waters and Climate.* By S. EDWIN SOLLY.

much more powerfully than a larger quantity in artificial combination. He then divides the famous mineral springs of the world into four principal groups, the chalybeate, the sulphureous, the acidulous or carbonated, and the saline, and assigns to the springs of Manitou their proper place in this classification. The general conclusion is that, with slight individual differences, they all come under the head of weak compound carbonated soda waters, resembling those of Ems and excelling those of Spa; that the Manitou and Navajo springs are especially to be recommended for those unsafe plethoric conditions which physicians bring under the head of increased vascosity, the Shoshone and Little Chief are adapted to give relief in chronic derangements of the liver, and the Iron Ore is unhesitatingly advised for anæmic conditions and incipient phthisis.

With regard to the climate of Colorado, Dr. Solly launches into no raptures, but appends to his dissertation on the waters a synopsis of the weather at Colorado Springs during a single average year. This last page of the book will be to many the most interesting and impressive of all. From this we learn that during the three winter months of 1872-73 (a specially stormy and unpleasant season here) there were at Colorado Springs sixty entirely cloudless days, twenty-two more which were overshadowed but without storm, and only eight of actually "falling weather." We do not see how any Bostonian, with a memory of past years and a presentiment of future ones, can peruse this statement without a throb of impatience to be following the star of empire. It has occurred to most of us, during the few fine days of November and December, to cherish a fond but fleeting dream of a winter which should be all like these, with serene skies, moderate cold, little snow, and a relief to the eye, in constant soft, neutral tints, from the terribly refreshing green of growing vegetation. He who reads Dr. Solly's pamphlet, and afterwards devours, by way of dessert, H. H.'s eloquent *Symphony in Yellow and Red* in the December Atlantic, will perceive that upon the upland plateau of North America this dream may be realized, with the added delight to the eye of new and exquisite combinations and effects of color.

¹ *From Everglade to Cañon, with the Second Dragoons (Second U. S. Cavalry), 1836-1875.* Compiled by THEO. F. RODENBOUGH, Colonel and Brevet Brigadier-General U. S. A. Illustrated. New York: D. Van Nostrand. 1875.

—Colonel Rodenbough's history of the regiment in which he was formerly a captain ¹ is a curious, thorough, and valuable work of its kind. A map accompanying the volume gives all the great marches made by this body, its principal stations, and its battle-fields for nearly half a century, and impresses very forcibly upon one the varieties and vicissitudes which the regular soldiers of so vast a country as ours must encounter. The text still further illustrates this, and in the most vivid way. It is rather startling to read of "troops, barefooted, their pantaloons cut off as high as the knee by the saw-palmetto," in the old Florida war, campaigning in a heat without relief, and sinking to their waists in pestiferous black mud. But the Second Dragoons have journeyed through and fought in more than half the States and Territories, as well as in Mexico, with experiences much more thrilling in some of these places. Several of the narratives contributed by officers of the regiment are extremely spirited, and some of the best of the many songs scattered through the pages are also by them. The book is a mine for romancers and historians, and should be followed by similar histories of other organizations.

—The *Notes of Travel* ² by Mr. C. J. Andersson is a very painful record of almost fruitless energy on the part of an intrepid but unfortunate man, who is already known to science by his explorations in Africa. In this last volume the main incidents are the combination of mischances by which he lost all his money; the way in which he became seriously crippled in a fight between two bands of natives; and his last illness. It is impossible to read the book without feeling that Mr. Andersson was a brave man, and this fact only adds to its depressing influence. Everything seems to have conspired to baffle and defeat him, yet he pushed on his way with indomitable energy, only to die in the wilds of Africa. While talking of this part of the book it may be permitted us to protest against the retention on the part of the editor of so much of Andersson's diary as referred to his illness. There is a sort of desecration in thus baring to us his last sufferings; surely it would have been sufficient to tell us that he died where and how he did, without giving us

² *Notes of Travel in South-Western Africa.* By C. J. ANDERSSON, author of *Lake Ngami*, *The Okavango River*, etc. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1875.

the painful particularity to be found in almost every one of the last fifty pages.

Of a very different sort are Andersson's numerous and interesting ornithological notes, such as those discussing whether the vultures and birds of that class are led to their food by the sense of sight or of smell. He believes that both serve as guides to these useful scavengers. Another noteworthy chapter is that on the lung-sickness, which was very fatal among the cattle. As he says, he spoke with authority, having lost more than two thousand head by the plague. The only cure with any pretensions to success was vaccination. What he has to say about the leopard will be found entertaining. The animal is about two feet seven inches high at the shoulder, and seven feet six inches is its maximum length. With these exceptions, the book is wholly made up of the author's adventures in South-western Africa, a good part of the space being devoted to an account of the internecine strife of the wild tribes. We cannot place the book very high among the many volumes devoted to African travel; it is by no means without value, but the confused arrangement of its contents and the faults we have already noted greatly mar it. A more liberal comprehension of the editor's duties would have obviated all these objections.

— Very rarely, we believe, is there given to the world a controversial book so fit to enlighten and do it good, as Mr. Matthew Arnold's last.¹ It is indeed controversial in form, merely. It answers objections urged against a previous work, but every fair-minded reader of God and the Bible must feel that the answer is published not to gratify personal pique or to display argumentative dexterity, but because the author is so very sure of the need and worth of the truth which he labored to tell in *Literature and Dogma* that he cannot help reiterating and enforcing it. And, for a wonder, which says much for the fine spirit and high motives of the man, the second affirmation, though unflinching, is a great deal more moderate, patient, and respectful in tone than the first.

Yet even so, and convinced as we are that the views maintained so ably in these two books are singularly adapted to clear and uphold a troubled mind, we cannot anticipate for these views, in precisely their present shape, an immediate or general

acceptance. The chief obstacle lies in the peculiarly *unpopular* temperament of the author. Matthew Arnold was born and bred (at Winchester School, not Rugby) an intense intellectual aristocrat. Like many another aristocrat, he has a heart really tender toward the human race, and a strong desire to help, and even serve it; but his manner continually belies him. He is earnest, he is rigidly simple in speech, he is even pathetically unpedantic; but it will not answer. The mass of both skeptics and believers feel that his attitude is *haughty*, and *hauteur* is what all masses hate, with anything but a holy hatred. Haughty, in their sense of scornful and unsympathetic, he is not, but it is no use denying that he is *dainty*; that he cannot for his life repress an occasional shudder, a movement of whimsical repugnance, at the vulgarity of the minds and the stupidity of the faiths he is forced to encounter; that he is, in short, irremediably *fine*, and, what is a little worse, less like a fine gentleman than a fine lady. It is no crime, and he cannot help it; but again and again his mien and method remind us of certain dear and delicate women, who are possessed by the generous desire of extending their own privileges to their less fortunate sisters, and who therefore seek the latter out in what are oddly called their "humble homes" or maybe even summon them to their own, and make most anxious and self-denying efforts to establish a community of interests with them. They are almost sure to fail. Anxiety cannot avail, self-denial still less, where in look and manner, speech and raiment, outline and color even, there is a tacit and, so to speak, helpless assertion of superiority. Just so with Matthew Arnold and his efforts at imparting to the base world of readers his own luminous views. By difficult and expensive processes he has won what he feels to be a precious conception of truth, and he wants to share it. Curiously, almost painfully, he seeks the very choicest words in which to express his thought, then utters it, and feels it ineffective. And then he tries to mend the matter by repeating his formula. We believe this to be the true history of most of those stereotyped definitions for the reiteration of which he has been so freely abused; "The Eternal not ourselves which makes for righteousness;" "the method" and "secret" and "sweet reasonableness of Jesus," and the "sweetness and light" of earlier days. To us, his manner grows every year more win-

¹ *God and the Bible. A Review of Objections to Literature and Dogma.* By MATTHEW ARNOLD. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1875.

ning; but even yet, as it would seem, he cannot quite understand why the phrase which to himself so perfectly embodies the result of his own long research and refined reasoning should be obscure and even irritating to the ordinary mind. It is always hard to say who is most to blame in cases like this and the parallel we have ventured to cite. It may be that there is very little blame due anywhere; that they are cases of misfortune rather than fault; but we strongly suspect that, of the two, the futile benefactor is to be justified rather than the stiff-necked beneficiary. And it is for this reason, and because we would so gladly persuade even one of the perplexed religious inquirers of the day to lay aside an idle prejudice and listen teachably to a noble voice, that we have dwelt so long on the author before speaking of his book. And also because we can well afford to allow his weak point, since the whole personality of the man, as revealed in his writings, has always appeared to us irresistibly attractive; his aim lofty and single, his courage admirable, his achievements durable, the swift and *reflex* action of his wit delightful even when it stings, and his very petulance a sort of grace.

The aim of Mr. Arnold in *God and the Bible* may best be described in his own words: "The reader will do well to keep in mind what is the one object we set before him in the present inquiry; *to enjoy the Bible and to turn it to his benefit.*" "Of biblical learning we" (in England, and a *fortiori* in America) "have not enough. Yet it remains true, and a truth never to be lost sight of, that in the domain of religion as in the domain of poetry, the whole apparatus of learning is but secondary, and that we always go wrong with our learning when we suffer ourselves to forget this. The reader of Literature and Dogma will allow, however, that we did not there intrude any futile exhibition of learning to draw off his attention from the one fixed object of that work, — religion. We did not write for a public of professors; we did not write to interest the learned and curious. *We wrote to restore the use and enjoyment of the Bible to plain people who might be in danger of losing it.* We hardly subjoined a reference or put in a note; for we wished to give nothing of this kind except what a plain reader, busy with our main argument, would be likely to look for and use. Our reader will trust us, therefore, if we now take him into this subject of the criticism

of the Canon, not to bury him in it, not to cozen him with theories of vigor and rigor, not to hold a brief for either the conservative side or the liberal, not to make certainties where there are none; but to try and put him in the way of forming a plain judgment upon the plain facts of the case, so far as they can be known." "We seek not to produce a complete work of ingenious criticism on the Bible, or on any one document in it; but to help readers, sick of popular and conventional theology, and resolved to take the Bible for nothing but what it really is, — to help such readers to see what the Bible really is, and how very much, seen as it really is, it concerns them." This is an aim very unlike the rude and lusty iconoclasm of the ordinary rationalist, whether learned or unlearned. It is almost identical with that of the most pungent of our own writers, Gail Hamilton, in her amusing yet admirable *Sermons to the Clergy*. Wide as is the contrast in method and style between these two writers, they labor for the self-same end, and alike make their direct appeal to the most sincere and stable class of minds in the community.

Before proceeding to his criticism of the Canon, first of the Old and then of the New Testament, Mr. Arnold gives us a chapter on Miracles, and one on Metaphysics. He rejects without reservation the supposed proofs derived from either source of the existence of God and the authority of his revelations to man. The reasons drawn from miracles he dismisses "with tenderness," "for they belong to a great and splendid whole, — a beautiful and powerful fairy-tale which was long believed without question, and which has given comfort and joy to thousands. One abandons them with a kind of unwilling disenchantment, and only because one must." The reasons drawn from metaphysics, on the other hand (as illustrated principally by the famous argument of Descartes, *Cogito ergo sum*, etc.), he owns that he dismisses with "sheer satisfaction. They have convinced no one, they have given rest to no one, they have given joy to no one. People have swallowed them, people have fought over them, people have shown their ingenuity over them, but no one has ever enjoyed them. Nay, no one has ever really understood them. No one has ever fairly grasped the meaning of what he was saying, when he laid down propositions about God's finite and infinite substance, and about God's essence involving existence." "Sometimes," he says in

another place, "a youthful philosopher, provoked at our disrespect for metaphysics, tells us that he has been reading Hegel and would greatly like to have a word with us about *being*. Our impulse is to reply that he had much better have been reading Homer, and that about Homer we at any rate had much rather he should talk to us." To this cavalier *congé* the old accusation will of course be retorted, which Mr. Arnold so cheerfully admits, that he has himself no aptitude for metaphysics; and as a refutation of Hegel the above is certainly unsatisfactory. But whatever disgust such treatment of some of the sweetest studies that ever engaged the human mind may inspire in the few to whom metaphysics are a delight, it ought rather to attract that very much larger number to whom metaphysics are and ever will be a despair.

With regard to the Old Testament Canon, Mr. Arnold affirms that we can trace, "without coming down below the Christian era to listen to late and untrustworthy traditions," exactly how this Bible came together. To the strenuously guarded books of the Law were added, during the great revival of religion among the Jews under Ezra and Nehemiah, "the things concerning the kings and prophets, and David's things" or the Psalms (2 Maccabees ii. 13). And to this venerable collection he is far from assigning a merely historical value. Insisting still, as in *Literature and Dogma*, that of all nations the Jews have had the highest and truest ideal of righteousness or right conduct, and the clearest conception of an Eternal Power impelling to righteousness, he finds the more meditative portions of the Old Scripture unique in literature and altogether priceless.

In tracing the history of the New Testament Canon the author dwells chiefly upon the Gospels, as the earliest of these later records, and naturally the most mysterious in their literary origin; and to the Fourth Gospel—the favorite fighting-ground of modern skepticism—he devotes a minute critical discussion, occupying nearly one half of his volume. It is much the most valuable portion of the work, and seems to us the most valuable positive work which Mr. Arnold has yet accomplished. His theory, supported both by tradition and documentary evidence, is that the Apostle John, living at Ephesus in extreme old age, was entreated to make some record of his own reminiscences of the *sayings* of Jesus, rather than of the facts of his career, al-

ready recounted by the earlier evangelists John, being either unable or, as the tradition says, unwilling to make the record himself, told what he remembered to his brethren at Ephesus, and these fragments of actual recollection were subsequently combined and arranged by some Christian Greek of literary culture, Gnostic proclivities, and an ardent, poetical mind. This view is very strikingly supported both by external and by internal proofs; and the patient reader, saddened and baffled hitherto by the incongruities and even absurdities of this beautiful Gospel on the old theory of its authorship, while yet he has shrunk from the wholesale brutality of German criticism, branding as empty sentimentalism or deliberate romance some of the sweetest and most inspiring words ever recorded, will be amazed to find what trouble will vanish, what new force will be given to more than one distorted word, what clearness and quiet of mind will return to him, if he re-reads the Gospel of Saint John under our author's guidance.

Mr. Arnold's summing up of the results of his last labor is very impressive: "The Canon of the New Testament, then, is not what popular religion supposes; although on the other hand its documents are in some quarters the object of too aggressive and sweeping negations. The most fruitful result to be gained from a sane criticism of the Canon is that by satisfying one's self how the Gospel records grew up, one is enabled the better to account for much that puzzles us in their representation of Jesus—of his words more especially." "That miracles *cannot* happen we do not attempt to prove; the demonstration is too ambitious. That they *do not* happen, that what are called miracles are not what the believers in them fancy, but have a natural history of which we can follow the course, the slow action of experience, we say, more and more shows; and shows too that there is no exception to be made in favor of Bible miracles." "The charge of presumption, of setting one's self up above all the great men of past days, above 'the wisdom of all nations,' which is often brought against those who pronounce the old view of our religion to be untenable, springs out of a failure to perceive how little the abandonment of certain long-current beliefs depends upon a man's own will, or even upon his sum of powers, natural or acquired. Sir Matthew Hale was not inferior in mind to a modern chief justice because he be-

lieved in witchcraft. Nay, the more enlightened modern who drops errors of his forefathers by help of that mass of experience which his forefathers aided in accumulating may often be, according to the well-known saying, 'a dwarf on giant's shoulders.' His merits may be small compared with those of the giant. Perhaps his only merit is that he has had the good sense to get up on the giant's shoulders instead of trotting contentedly along in his shadow. Yet even this surely is something." "We have to renounce impossible attempts to receive the legendary and miraculous matter of the Scripture as grave historical and scientific fact. We have to accustom ourselves to regard henceforth all this part as poetry and legend. In the Old Testament, as an immense poetry growing round and investing an immortal truth, the secret of the Eternal: *Righteousness is salvation*. In the New, as an immense poetry growing round and investing an immortal truth, the secret of Jesus: *He that will save his life shall lose it; he that will lose his life shall save it.*"

God and the Bible will make more converts than did Literature and Dogma, partly because, as we began by saying, it is more patient and respectful in tone; partly because the world has rolled on even in the two years since the earlier volume appeared, and the direction of its motion is unmistakable. The point at which many will pause, and perhaps recoil from their guide, is where he touches on the hope of immortality. He does not believe, or seems not to believe, that Jesus himself expected his conscious personality to continue after death. "He lives in the Eternal Order, and the Eternal Order never dies," he affirms to be the sum of Christ's clear teaching about this life and the future. But this, after all, is the ringing of a knell. It may be that nothing more is proven. It may well be, and history would seem to show that it is not needful to making the highest use of this life that one should have a clear vision of another; it may even be that the true child of God should be ready in spirit for this last, most intimate sacrifice. But surely we need not feel ourselves, like the poet Horace, *forbidden* to cherish a far-off hope: "*Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam.*" May there not be,

even in that profound saying which may well contain the whole "secret of Jesus," the hint of a more definite promise than this of a life incorporated with the Eternal Order? And may not he—the very he—who "will lose his life" in the service of truth "find" it again "unto life eternal"?

—The second volume of Mr. Hart's series of German classics for American students has appeared, and is marked by the same merits as its predecessor. The book chosen is Schiller's *Piccolomini*.¹ Mr. Hart has taken especial pains to secure the purest text and to throw as much light as possible on the history of the time of the play. The introduction consequently contains a tolerably full sketch of the life of Wallenstein, and the notes are prepared with especial reference to the teaching of history and geography; but yet grammatical points are by no means neglected. At times we find the German idioms simply translated without a word of comment; e g., page 146, line 499, "*es ist gethan um, it is all over with;*" p. 165, l. 2402, "*ein schlechter Streich, a poor trick;*" p. 156, l. 1566, "*sieht sich heiter an, is fair to look upon;*" etc. The bane of these translations is, that they unnecessarily aid the scholar. Why should he not look out the meaning of these phrases for himself, and so remember them? As they stand, they are of no real service to him and are the detestation of the teacher. Here our criticisms end; for everything else in the volume we have only praise.

—In a very interesting volume² Mr. Andrew Wilson describes his journey through the lofty upper valleys of the Himalaya Mountains from Northern India to the Valley of Kashmir. It was in April, 1873, that he arrived at the hill-station of Masūri, in a weak state of health and requiring a cool and invigorating climate. Thereupon he pushed on to Simla, but a glimpse at the distant mountains tempted him "to make a closer acquaintance with these wondrous peaks—to move among them, upon them, and behind them." To carry out his speedily formed determination he had to take with him everything he should need, "house, furniture, kitchen, cooking-pots, bed, bedding, a certain proportion of our food, and all our potables, except water," and moreover, so feeble was he, he had to arrange to be carried. At first he was carried in a

¹ Schiller's *Die Piccolomini*. Edited, with an Introduction, Commentary, Index of Persons and Places, and Map of Germany, by JAMES MORGAN HART. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1875.

² *The Abode of Snow. Observations on a Tour from Chinese Tibet to the Indian Caucasus, through the Upper Valleys of the Himalaya*. By ANDREW WILSON. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1875.

dandy, which is a very rudimentary seat of carpet with a rest of the same for the feet, slung over a long bamboo. The objection to this contrivance in mountainous countries is the extreme likelihood of bumping the person carried against rocks and stones. The greater part of his journey he rode, on yaks, zo-pos, cows, Spiti ponies, a Khiva horse, and blood-horses. The general direction of his journey was given up. He had endeavored to enter into Chinese Tibet at Shipki; but the orders of the Chinese government forbade the entrance of foreigners, and he was compelled to turn back, much against his will. He met with enough savageness and wildness, however, one would think, to make up to him for his exclusion from the society of Tartars. In the first place, his journey was a very perilous one, over wild, snow-covered mountains, often amid heavy snow-storms, then with men who at the most dangerous times were inclined to desert him, although they did not give him all the trouble they might have, and entirely secluded for many days at a time from any Europeans. But through everything he went on, overcoming the timidity of his men, conquering even his own physical weakness, and enjoying his strange life to the utmost. The writer is a very acute observer of human beings, as well as of inorganic nature, and has a delightful humor, with a very seductive way of running on through fact and fancy, which gives the volume a great fascination.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.¹

Quinet's last volume, *L'Esprit Nouveau*,² is in many ways a remarkably entertaining book, and, more than that, it has the advantage of being very suggestive and novel. In his introductory address to his readers the author says that it summed up the work of his life, that it contained all the conclusions he had reached in the main subjects of human thought; and when a man of the intellectual calibre, the strong individuality, and the wide erudition of Quinet, utters, with honesty like his, his final opinions on such matters, the result cannot fail to be interesting and instructive. It has so happened that for a long time Quinet has not been as well known as he has deserved; he made his first appearance in literature, when

a young man under twenty-six, as the translator of Herder's *Philosophy of the History of Humanity*, to which he prefixed a valuable essay on Herder, and from that time he became a herald of German progress to the French public. Meanwhile, however, he did not neglect original work; he wrote poems which are said on good authority to lack charm, and as a historian he exposed freely what there was of hollowness in imperialism, at a time when it was not so much the fashion to laugh at the Bonaparte family as it is at present. Another feeling of his was strong detestation of the Jesuits; indeed, his ardor lost him his professorship at the Collège de France in 1846. At and after the revolution of 1848 he became very much interested in politics, and the prominence thus gained made the world forget his worth as a scholar and thinker. He died in March of last year.

This book, like almost every one written by a Frenchman, is arranged in the most orderly way, the first division containing chapters on the origin of the intellectual and moral worlds; the next, on social physiology; the third, on the new spirit in political science, and so forth. The reader, however, will not find it necessary to follow the author's rigid order; he can open at any chapter and he is pretty sure to be repaid by coming across some original and thoughtful remark expressed tersely and clearly. The book was written from day to day during the melancholy period of civil war in Paris, for, as the author said, he found it necessary in those disturbed times to turn for support to those things which were eternally firm and true, and not the sport of the moment. From the large number of subjects treated briefly in this volume, it is impossible to select enough to give a notion of the wide field the author covers, but a few extracts may very well show how intelligently he thinks and utters what he has to say. For instance: "In the eighteenth century, the philosophers thought that virtue was only what was the best policy. And I ask, 'How does it happen that there are still men who remain faithful to the truth? It is the best policy, do you say?' Absurdest of absurdities! In what respect are depression, misery, persecution, and contempt the best policy? I have always seen people of little conscience arm themselves with the maxim that virtue is the best policy, in order to crush

¹ All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter St., Boston, Mass.

² *L'Esprit Nouveau*. Par EDGAR QUINET. Paris. 1875.

the man of conscience with it. 'Never mind him,' they say, 'he is a sage, an eccentric; he needs nothing.' His conscience is enough for him; it would only pain him to leave him what is his by right.' So saying, they rob and strip him out of deference, or for some scruple, or for love of justice, one may guess which. . . . 'Why do the wicked live, yea, are mighty in power?' This single question of Job gives the date of the Idumæan poem. You may be sure that the author was living in a period of decay. The ideas of Socrates about justice, which he regarded as the first condition of happiness, are those of a still prosperous society, of the last calm days of Greece. Pericles in matters of government and Socrates in philosophy belong together, just as do Machiavelli and Borgia. . . . Consider this first advantage of the wicked man—the good are afraid of him. It is just the same as if they loved him, because, from fear, they do everything they would do for love. Another advantage of the wicked man is that he has the skill to circumvent the efforts of those unlike himself." A few pages farther on he proceeds: "When theologians go on repeating that the just man should not seek for happiness in this life on earth, they implicitly recognize all I have just said, of the advantage the rascal enjoys in the struggle for existence. False theology and false morality. We, on the contrary, are anxious to struggle bitterly with the wicked man and deprive him of his power. Let us not postpone the victory of the just man until the day of judgment. That is too easy for the wicked man. . . . You argue about the right to punish. When I see so many men carrying their callous indifference to the pitch of madness, I believe in the excellence of punishment. He who was sure of escaping every penalty would, like Caligula, be anxious to get rid of the whole human race with a single blow. That is the vice of the Cæsars. Observe the vicious, count the steps of their fall. They have become what they are by only continually eluding punishment; they, with their head high, have walked more quickly than justice, which is lame and could not get up to them. They despise it; hence arises their cynicism."

He by no means confines himself to these more serious and gloomy questions, although naturally enough, considering the circumstances under which the book was written, they have a certain prominence. In another part he turns to subjects of literary criticism, and attacks with much elo-

quence and good sense the often received opinion of many German scholars that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were the work of many joint authors. He points out differences between Homer and Hesiod, and, coming down to modern times, he lays great weight on Schliemann's excavations at Troy; he asks, "If this city is not Troy, what one can it be? How could antiquity know one and not know the other?—As to the fact that the things exhumed are of an older age than that of Homer, it can be explained by the fact that every epic poet sings an earlier period. We are told that this newly dug up Troy is too small a city; but did Homer need a great city to make a great poem?"

Perhaps the most interesting part of the volume is that which contains a description of the modern German pessimistic philosophy of which Schopenhauer was the founder and Hartmann is now the apostle. Quinet had drunk deep of German philosophy at a time when it took less hopeless views of the universe, and all of this turn towards gloom which it has lately taken is to him a matter of surprise. From Germany, a country which has succeeded in everything it has undertaken, one would expect to receive a metaphysical system which should give expression to a feeling of triumph and of indomitable strength; but, on the contrary, what one does find is a succession of variations on the one theme of despair, or, rather, proofs are given that there is nothing about which human beings ought not to despair profoundly. With all this Quinet has no sympathy, and after setting forth the views of these philosophers in a short series of imaginary dialogues between himself and them, he proceeds to point out the refutation which he has learned to draw from his own experience. With this closes the entertaining volume, which is noteworthy, not because it carries within its covers a complete explanation of everything in the universe which puzzles the thinker, but because it presents to us the picture of the mind of an honest and intelligent man who is setting down to the best of his ability the solution he has chosen for many important and baffling matters. It has the misfortune of being written in an epigrammatic style which at times is very suitable, but again is likely to jar on the reader's sense of what is proper; but this does not result from any flippancy or cheapness in Quinet. If for nothing else his book would be remarkable from the fact that it is so fair-minded and so free from any hostility against Germany.

—Mention has already been made in these pages of the volume of Brandes' work¹ on the literature of this century, and now an opportunity presents itself to speak with renewed praise of the two volumes continuing the German translation of his lectures. In the first place, great credit is due to the translator, Adolf Strodtmann, author of the only complete life of Heine, for the capital way in which he has done his work. As for Brandes, he is a man of originality and a careful student, who is familiar with the main currents of the literary history of this century, and who puts what he has to say into the most attractive form.

With the second volume he takes up the discussion of the German Romantic school, tracing its growth in the unpractical nature of the Germans, from Tieck's William Lovell through its full flower until its end. He does not fail to draw the striking contrast between the Germany of that time and the Germany of to-day, for it is one of his main principles to illustrate his remarks by continual reference to the social history of the time. In other words, he does not overlook the obvious connection between the ideas and the books of a period. Already in his first volume he had traced the reaction against the eighteenth century beginning with Voltaire and Rousseau, and carried on in Werther, René, Obermann, etc., and now he goes on with the discussion of the more important works of the Romantic school. Schlegel's *Lucinde* naturally comes in for full mention. The main idea of this extraordinary and distasteful book is, he says, the Romantic doctrine of the identity of life and poetry. He says that in it all the views and passwords of Romanticism are collected, and yet that in its execution there is so much which is repulsive that from a moral and an artistic point of view it deserves only reprobation. Tieck, Novalis, Hoffmann, all are mentioned, as well as Eichendorff's charming presentation of Romanticism in his *Aus dem Leben eines Taugenichts*. As a summary of Brandes' views, perhaps the following passage may serve as well as another, although the merit of the book is nowhere condensed into a single page: "I have represented the Romantic spirit as dull subjectiveness without energy or effort; as a glowing furnace in which freedom is smothered, and every motion

outward is crushed. But this is not the whole truth. One external tendency remains, the one which is called yearning [*Sehnsucht*]. Yearning is the form of Romantic action, the mother of all its poetry. What is yearning? It is deprivation and desire at the same time, wholly without will or determination to attain what is longed for, and without choice of the means to get it in its power. And what is the direction of this yearning? Simply that which is the direction of all the yearning and longing in the world, in whatever pompous or hypocritical words disguised, towards enjoyment and happiness. The Romanticist never speaks of happiness, to be sure, but that is what he means. He does not call it happiness, he calls it the ideal. But one should not be deceived by the word. The peculiarity of the Romanticist is not the search for happiness, but rather his belief that it is at hand. He knows it is awaiting him; he must be able to find it somewhere; it will come to him when he least expects it. And since it is a gift of Heaven, and he is not its author, he can lead as aimless a life as he pleases, at the direction of his own vague longings. It is only necessary to hold fast the opinion that this yearning will attain its object; and it is so easy to keep that opinion. For everything about him contains indications and premonitions of this truth. It was Novalis who gave it the famous and mysterious name of the blue flower (*die blaue Blume*). This name is, of course, not to be construed literally. The blue flower is a mysterious symbol, not unlike the *IXOTY*, the fish, of the early Christians. It is an abbreviation, a shortened, condensed expression in which is included all the limitless amount for which human heart can yearn. The blue flower is the symbol of perfect satisfaction, of happiness which fills the soul. Hence we have indications of it long before we find it. One dreams of it long before seeing it. One fancies it here and there, and it appears that it is a deception; it greets us for a moment among other flowers and disappears; but one gets stronger or fainter whiffs of its perfume, so that one loses his head, and always yearns and seeks for the one, perfect, ideal happiness."

The third volume takes up the reaction in France. It opens with a sketch of the

¹ *Hauptströmungen der Literatur des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts*. Vorlesungen gehalten an der Kopenhagener Universität. Von G. BRANDES. Uebersetzt und eingeleitet von ADOLF STRODTMANN. Zwei-

ter Band: Die romantische Schule in Deutschland. Berlin. 1873. Dritter Band: Die Reaktion in Frankreich. Berlin. 1874.

revolution of '89, in which is shown more especially the way in which religion was persecuted during those years of violence, and then follows an account of the Concordat. The aim underlying these historical sketches is to show how the principle of authority, overthrown in the Revolution, became again established in France,—the swing of the pendulum from license to conservatism. This is, of course, introductory to the second overthrow of the principle of authority which is to be discussed in a future volume. Châteaubriand, Lamartine, to a certain extent Victor Hugo and Lamennais, are the writers mainly discussed, while Madame de Krüdener is the subject of an entertaining chapter, and a certain amount of space is devoted to Bonald. Châ-

teaubriand's valentine-like contributions to religious literature, Lamartine's fantastic love-tales, and Lamennais' struggle for the establishment of Catholicism are set before the reader with great force and no less fullness. The two poets are treated, not so much mercilessly as candidly, although perhaps judicial impartiality is far from being preserved when some of the wilder talk of the first-named comes under discussion. We must recommend every careful student of anything more than the names and dates of modern literature to beware of neglecting these volumes, which have value, not only as compendiums, but also as original works. Their importance is not to be judged by the meagre space at our command for their discussion.

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Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, London: *Free Trade and the European Treaties of Commerce*.

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Charles P. Somerby, New York: *Soul Problems*, with other Papers. By Joseph E. Peck.

ART.

THE recent exhibition and successful sale of pictures and studies by Mr. Ernest Longfellow has, in more ways than one, proved a direct encouragement to the author of the works, and indeed to artists at large. The pictures sold for very good prices, and the unfailingly perfect relation between the sums bid for the separate canvases and the intrinsic values of the same shows that they found purchasers of undoubted taste and good judgment. The exhibition was certainly a remarkable one. Considered as the collective display of the productions of a single artist, the great variety of subjects and the different methods of treatment were most astonishing, and the interest was heightened by the fact that the succession of progressive steps of the artist during the study of the last few years was easily recognizable, and the direction of the advance was not to be mistaken. Mr. Longfellow has shown that he has a true artistic nature. Joined with no ordinary sense of color he has an instinct for agreeable composition, a good feeling for grace of line and form, and a well-trained memory for the ephemeral phases of nature that can be illustrated only as they are recalled. From his pictures we see that he is impressionable, enthusiastic, sympathetic; they show him to be an honest student and a diligent worker.

Honesty in art is not found within the boundary of every frame. It is before few pictures, as they run, that one stops to cry, "Nature; it is nature!" We have many painters to whom theory is always right, and few enough for whom nature is the supreme head of all masters. The prominent quality of Mr. Longfellow's pictures is found in the evidence of direct inspiration from nature; they are in general the result of an earnest endeavor to illustrate one of her striking moods or attractive features. Only once or twice in the whole display was he seen to swerve from his single purpose, and then he lost ground. Even those pictures enlarged from careful studies were seen to have lost much by this one remove from nature. The Manchester studies were the most successful. A large number of sea-coast views of marked strength of color and frankness of opposition carried with them a strong conviction of truth-

fulness. By comparing the early Nahant rock studies with the later Manchester ones, a decided progress was observable. Both were in their way true; both were perhaps equally well studied. But the latter lacked somewhat in breadth of treatment and firmness of touch. An excellent study of a wave-washed ledge, with its gray, stained summit crowned with stunted trees, and its rugged contour contrasting with the deep blue water and bright sky, combined as many good qualities as any other similar picture. Another comparison with like results may be made between the landscapes of different years. The progress is always seen to be in the direction of breadth, simplicity, refinement of tone, and courageous contrasts. The studies of trees were good. The artist seems to be especially in sympathy with the elm and the birch, for the characteristic forms of both these trees were the prominent and interesting feature in many landscapes. A study of weeping birches was noticeable for graceful lines of the silvery trunks, and in the Rye Beach views tall, feathery elms were the central objects. Several landscapes with pines were strongly American in character, particularly one of Penobscot Bay. A little study of an oak on a hill-side in full sunlight was a masterpiece. A number of well-chosen bits of familiar landscape were among the most attractive pictures. The green meadows of Charles River, shimmering in the broad light from a luminous gray sky, with the distant hill-sides beyond, was of decided merit. It was a charming effect rendered simply and with sentiment.

Turning from the ranks of studies sparkling with sunlight and the sober-toned gray canvases, one saluted with surprise a rich twilight on the sea-coast, with an ox-team and figures loading sea-weed. There was a powerful charm in the wealth of juicy tones, the well-given contrasts, and the natural play of the light. The scale of color was boldly struck. A luminous yellow glow at the horizon sharply defined the forms of low hills along the shore, bringing into strong relief the head of a figure on the loaded team. A ruddy light tinged scattered clouds, flecking the deep-toned sky with spots of warm color. This glow was reflected again into the mysterious mass

of the landscape below, where it lightly touched the objects here and there, glistening on the wet sand and the crests of the waves. The melody of twilight was there, and all the graceful harmonies of the hour were felt in the rich tones that glowed on the canvas. The difficulties of the subject were great, but they were successfully overcome. A smaller twilight from a motive at Thun, Switzerland, had much of the feeling of the other, but was less impressive.

Had there been conventionality or mannerism in Mr. Longfellow's paintings, it would have been apparent at a glance, for no skill in the arrangement of a display can hide these faults. On the contrary, motives which have come to be considered conventional were treated in a decidedly unconventional way. Several Alpine landscapes afford the best illustration of this. A view of the Matterhorn from Zermatt is a subject by no means unfrequently treated. To Mr. Longfellow it was something besides a harsh, white peak against an opaque sky. The attenuated atmosphere seemed to envelop the snow-covered cone and support the small clouds that nestled near the projecting angles of the rock, while, beyond, the blue was delicate and distant. There was no more perfect sky in the whole collection. In the foreground a *chalet* and a mountain stream contrasted with the mass of the distance. Another view of the same mountain from the Riffelhorn See was quite the reverse in conception. Beyond a tiny, rock-framed lake rose the rough flanks of the peak, half-veiled by drifting vapor. The broad surface of a glacier, with its labyrinth of crevasses, sweeps down the mountain-side in a majestic curve. A strong light reflected from the rough face of the glacier is in strong opposition to the cold gray of the mist and the grim tones of the rocks. The character of the glacier is well given, and the impressive desolation of the scene thoroughly felt. Other mountain views were also noticeable for strength of color and good contrast. As we have seen in this brief review of the landscapes, Mr. Longfellow's skies are generally successful; they are always interesting and well understood.

Unfortunately this country is now dependent on the art-schools of Europe, and is likely to be so for some time to come, for the proper instruction of students in the execution of the figure. Under these circumstances Mr. Longfellow's figures are very creditable. They are not without evi-

dent faults, but the attempt is honest and the failures are balanced by the good intentions that prompt the trial. The representation of Priscilla and John Alden walking home on the sea-shore after the departure of the Mayflower has many good qualities. The sentiment is fine, the landscape earnestly sought for, and the figures are drawn with some skill but with little confidence. Still, the elements of the picture are all there and in a marked degree, and the only faults are those that experience and practice will remedy. In the other figure-pieces much the same want of confidence and consequent weakness was noticeable. Probably no one is more conscious of these faults in the execution of the figures than the artist himself, and it is mainly with the intention of studying in this direction, it is said, that he will spend the next few years abroad.

In this consideration of Mr. Longfellow's exhibition we have almost lost sight of the fact that he is a beginner. In the presence of such masterly results this is natural. Although he has painted but a few years, he has studied with intelligence and singleness of purpose, and the effect is, after all, only logical—not wonderful. The lesson to be learned is a useful one and easy of application. It shows the value of a humble, direct, and persistent study of nature, the power of enthusiasm and impulse, and the wisdom of being content to be one's self.

—The only important pictorial result of the Centennial mood which we have thus far observed is Mr. Henry Bacon's large and effective work based on the homely but excellent episode of the Boston Boys' Petition to General Gage. This picture, lately placed on view at Messrs. Williams and Everett's gallery, is a very decided gain upon any of the artist's previous performances, and equally a gain to the public. We do not at the moment think of any American painter so well qualified by his whole tendency as Mr. Bacon to attempt the reproduction of this scene; for it needed precisely the realistic manner which he has for so long a time and so consistently been developing. Moreover, he has a faculty of getting color out of themes that apparently refuse to yield color, which was quite essential to success in this case. The season is, of course, winter, so that the landscape is deprived of its richer effects; and the place is General Gage's headquarters,—here made to look out conveniently upon the Common,—a building of plain, provincial

respectability, the smoky, skimmed-milk hue of which, in combination with green blinds, is certainly not a very gorgeous element in the piece. However, Mr. Bacon has dealt very skillfully with this dearth of opportunity in the way of color, and the old house is itself made immensely interesting and effective. He has used to great advantage the scarlet coats of the general and a couple of his officers, the waving ensign and armorial shield above the porch, the distant, ruddy, yolk-like sun in the sky behind, and the motley assemblage of boys. These, without having any unwonted gala air, carry among them a variety of rich tints, and one in particular is very boldly thrown in front of the porch, in a brilliant blue frock which lends a great deal of force to that part. Very enjoyable, too, is the dingy, greenish-orange coat of the negro groom, holding a charger at the right. This horse, by the way, is the only weak piece of drawing in the picture. A couple of ingeniously and prettily dressed young women near the groom whisper together about the odd procession which has stopped their way. The children stand easily crowding up toward the general, in a variety of spirited attitudes, full of grace and freedom, but clearly the result of a painstaking forethought.

The spokesman is drawn with much force and fire, and a muffled-up and very American little girl on a sled much nearer the eye is painted in with a comfortable solidity and a look of actual presence consummately good. The crowd is full of incident, and a passing flirtation between a servant-maid and a grenadier at the street corner, together with a flying glimpse of another soldier pursuing a boy on the snowy Common, carry out the story completely; yet one's attention is constantly drawn back to the central action by the well-devised composition, and especially by the strong lines formed by the solid little girl on the sled, and a small boy who has fallen on some ice, at the left. Much might be said of the variety of good manipulation in different sections; but we have only space enough to express the hope that this honest and spirited picture—not only imbued with a national feeling, and valuable for its local historical commemoration, but also an excellent work of art—may meet with generous appreciation, and by some energetic means be secured to the city of Boston or the Museum of Fine Arts. The work is one which, as we have waited so long for it, we shall not be likely to find repeated or rivaled very soon.

MUSIC.

OF circulating musical libraries,—like Schubert's or Schirmer's in New York, Flaxland's in Paris, Novello's in London, and many others, where anybody can subscribe by the month or the quarter, and take out two or more volumes, according to the amount of his subscription,—we have as yet none in Boston. We have not heard of a circulating musical library on the Mudie-Loring principle being undertaken anywhere. It would be a great blessing to many of our music-lovers, especially to those who devote themselves to four or eight hand piano-forte playing, or to part singing, if some such establishment could be set on foot in Boston. But what Boston—and, if we mistake not, most of our great American cities—still more needs is a good library of reference; a place where the musical student can find trustworthy editions of the works

of the great masters, both classic and modern. The institution that ought to take this matter in hand would seem to be the Public Library. The Harvard Musical Association has a fine library of over two thousand volumes, which is kept in the association's rooms in Pemberton Square; this collection (which is one of the finest, if not the finest, in the country) is rich in works of the old Italian and English masters, and almost complete in the works of German masters of the classic period, but it is very poor in works of the post-classic period. Besides, it is a private collection, open only to members of the association. The Boston Public Library has some few volumes of music: the scores of Sebastian Bach's works in the great Breitkopf und Härtel edition, some few of Händel's scores, the scores of some of Mozart's symphonies, and

one volume of Carissimi's oratorios; other full scores we have not been able to find; there are also some piano-forte scores of choral and dramatic works of Beethoven, Bennett, Gluck, Gounod, Haydn, Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn, and Weber (notably the French edition of the Freischütz with Berlioz's recitatives, which is a curiosity), and some few piano-forte and organ works of Liszt, Chopin, Schubert, Schumann, and one or two others, but the merest scattered collection, in no way approaching to completeness. Of Allegri, Astorga, Baltazzarini, Cavalli, Durante, Frescobaldi, Graun, Guglielmi, Adam de la Hale, Hasse, Hans Leo Hassler, Jomelli, Josquin des Prés, Lulli, Marcello, Monteverde, Palaestrina, Pergolese, Rameau, the two Scarlattis, Stradella, Spontini, Cherubini, Halévy, Auber, Boieldieu, Hérold, Bargiel, Brahms, Berlioz, Max Bruch, Gade, Goldmark, Félicien David, Massenet, Raff, Reyer, Rheinberger, Saint-Saëns, and Wagner, there is not a note in either form. For the Boston Public Library to keep a collection of piano-forte music, or piano-forte arrangements of choral or orchestral works, for public circulation would be ridiculous. Also the wear and tear that piano-forte music, either bound or in sheet form, is liable to, is immense. But the case is very different with a standard library of reference, a collection of the full orchestral and choral scores of the principal ancient and modern masters. As such works are, in general, very costly, these scores should not be allowed to go out of the library, though everybody should be free to consult them there. In cases of urgency, for instance, if any one should wish to make a piano-forte or organ transcription from some work, he might be allowed to take it home, "by special permission," as is the case with books marked with an asterisk in the Bates Hall catalogue. Now that our public schools are giving so much attention to music, and that conservatories and special music-schools are springing up on every hand, it is more than probable that the number of music students will largely increase. As matters now stand, there is no opportunity for the music student, especially for the student of musical history, to pursue his studies otherwise than by the aid of text-books. Such a thing as studying the great masters (either old or new) through their works is out of the question. This is to a great extent true with the other arts, but there there is more excuse for it.

The works of the great painters cannot be reduplicated, and really fine plaster casts are not so easily obtained; but orchestral scores are just as easy to get and keep as any other books are. And be it remembered that it is only through their full scores that composers can be really studied to any purpose; piano-forte transcriptions are extremely useful in their way, indeed to the special pianist they may be technically interesting, but they are of little value to the general music-student. Would it not be well for those who have the needful powers to take this question of a musical library into consideration?

—In the first series of concerts that Dr. von Bülow gave in Boston, the public had a very fair chance of coming to some not un-intelligent conclusion as to the great pianist's powers. Excepting concerted chamber music, his programmes comprised almost every phase of piano-forte playing worthy of a really great pianist. Schumann, Mozart, and Händel are the only important names not represented in the list.

In the playing of all these various compositions, the thing that struck us most forcibly was the perfection of balance. Never was a man better poised nor with great qualities more beautifully blended than von Bülow. In reading the many notices of his playing that have appeared in Boston and New York papers, we must confess to some surprise at the very general tendency there seems to be to deny him any *expressive* power in playing; fault has been found with his touch, as wanting in sympathetic power. That he is moderate, at times perhaps over-moderate, in the use he makes of what musicians call the *means* of expression, is very true, but we cannot see that he ever fails to gain the *ends* of expression. We cannot find him unsympathetic. He is, on the contrary, sympathetic to a very high degree. In spite of his military bearing, and the autocratic attitude he habitually stands in in relation to his co-workers and subordinates, his attitude toward his listeners is eminently one of equality, most brotherly and sympathetic; his playing is a cordial invitation, as it were, to follow him into the highest realms of music. Some men cannot feel the presence of power unless it strikes them palpably between the eyes and sends them reeling. Indeed, many artists seem to be of this way of thinking, and stand on the concert platform like so many artillery batteries, for

the subjugation of their audience. Their listeners are subdued by them, willingly enough, to be sure, and the faster and sharper the shot fall the better they like it. But this calling forth of violent emotions is not the highest province of art. There is a music which elevates the whole man at once, entices his whole being into a higher atmosphere; he enjoys calmly, with dignity, but intensely and largely; his pleasure is beautifully cosmic and well-ordered. Now to our mind, von Bülow has this power in a very marked degree; his power is so *powerful*, his effect upon us is so easily worked, that we only feel the result, without thinking of the force that works it. "Hm! I knew all that before," said a man once, coming out from a lecture by Emerson. But did he know it? Equally wide of the mark is the man who tries to base this extraordinary power of von Bülow's upon mere stolidity of nature and absence of passion! The strong, violent qualities are present, but held in solution. The most violent acids and alkalies make the most stable compounds. There was a time when Liszt said of von Bülow, speaking to a friend, "Bülow is certainly a very great pianist, but I must confess that sometimes I can hardly tell what he is playing." This *Sturm und Drang* period, however, has passed. It is remarkable that this moderate use of strong effects should be found in one of the greatest virtuosos living, the pupil and intimate friend of the greatest piano-forte virtuoso that ever lived. In the fortnight that von Bülow played here we remember only a single instance in which his virtuosity got the better of his musicianship. That was in the short, running cadenza in first movement of the Beethoven E-flat concerto (first line of page 34, Breitkopf und Härtel edition), where he introduced a double-handed trill in the lower part of the keyboard which sounded, to our ears, at least, totally at variance both with the spirit of the work and his playing of the rest of it. But only one piece of bad taste in a fortnight! What other pianist can show as good a record?

Of the great pianist's second visit to our city, during which he played chamber-music for piano-forte and strings (in which he was admirably seconded by the Philharmonic Club, with Mr. Bernhard Listemann at the first violin), and piano-forte solos, little new can be written, save a review of the new compositions that he introduced to our public. The novelties produced were a quintette for piano-forte and strings by Joachim Raff, an-

other by Saint-Saëns, a quartette for piano-forte and strings by Joseph Rheinberger, and a formidable series of piano-forte variations, on a theme by Händel, by Johannes Brahms. The Philharmonic Club also played a new string quartette by Robert Tschaiakowski. Among the more familiar compositions that von Bülow played, we would notice as most prominent Beethoven's Sonata Appassionata, which has been too little heard here of late. Although we should think twice before indorsing Berlioz's rather over-enthusiastic estimate of the work, which he calls "a work greater than his [Beethoven's] grandest symphonies, greater than all else that he wrote, and consequently superior to all that the art of music has ever produced," it certainly stands very near the head of the great composer's piano-forte works. We ourselves must confess to finding still higher qualities, or perhaps we should say the same high qualities carried to a grander and more perfect pitch of organic development, in the Waldstein Sonata, opus 53, the stupendous Sonata in B-flat, opus 106, and the Sonata, opus 111. But after all, this may be because we are less familiar with the Appassionata than with any of the other sonatas. Von Bülow's playing of it simply beggars description. Among other familiar things he also played Bach's Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue, the Italian Concerto, Beethoven's Sonata in E-flat, opus 31, Chopin's Ballade in B-flat, and Schumann's Faschingsschwank. Mozart's quartette for piano-forte and strings, and a most fascinating piano-forte sonata, must probably come under the head of novelties. Here we would mention the first thing in von Bülow's playing that we find ourselves forced to take exception to, that is, his playing of the last movement of the Bach Italian Concerto. The reader is at liberty to take our criticism with modifications, but although we are as familiar with the Italian Concerto as we are with anything in the whole range of piano-forte music, and have become by this time pretty familiar with von Bülow's style, we could make neither head nor tail out of the movement at the lightning tempo in which he played it. We listened most attentively, and, as may well be supposed, with every disposition to admire, but could catch neither accent nor rhythm; the very theme itself was hardly to be recognized! The Brahms variations on a theme from Händel's D-minor Suite are indeed superb, and the performance was the most marvelous exhibition of sustained

power, both physical and intellectual, that we have ever witnessed. Some one has said of these variations that they are about as interesting as a Chinese puzzle. With our very limited knowledge of what high æsthetic developments Chinese puzzles are susceptible of, we must differ from him. To us they seemed full of beauty, fire, and inspiration. The statistically-minded reader may be glad to know that these variations are the most *difficult* piece that has yet been written for the instrument. Of the new concerted pieces we are far from being in a condition to speak finally. Of the three, we as yet prefer the Saint-Saëns quintette. Saint-Saëns has veritably come to us this winter as a new light of rare brilliancy. Mr. Theodore Thomas has given us two short symphonic poems of his, *Le Rouet d'Omphale* and *Danse Macabre*; Mr. B. J. Lang has played his second piano-forte concerto, and the Harvard Musical Association promises us a third symphonic poem, *Phaëton*. In these compositions we discern a perfection of form, a fire, a wealth of melody, and a command of orchestral resources fully equal to anything in the same or similar forms that we know of by any contemporary German composer. Added to this, Saint-Saëns has a graceful lightness of touch that we look for in vain in German writers. It may sound exaggerated, but is nevertheless to a certain extent true, that the only Germans who ever possessed this invaluable quality to a transcendent degree were Mozart and Heine. High poetic feeling, deep earnestness, dramatic power, sentiment, passion, we find no lack of in Brahms, Raff, and Rheinberger; but this dainty power of saying just enough, of being facile without being diffuse, we do not find in them. Raff comes nearest it, but he comes in a bad second at best. It were idle to speculate upon how much Saint-Saëns owes to Hector Berlioz. What composer of the present day, especially what Frenchman, is not largely in Berlioz's debt? The Raff quintette is full of fire, originality, and beauty, as is also the Rheinberger quartette, the finale of which is simply superb.

Of the brilliant success of Mr. John K.

Paine's first symphony, of Miss Amy Fay, Mr. Lang's playing of the Saint-Saëns Concerto, Mr. H. G. Tucker's triumphantly easy and musically well-considered playing of Schumann's almost impossible piano-forte allegro, opus 134, Spohr's "Divine and Earthly" symphony, and Rubinstein's new concerto, we must defer writing until next month.

— Carl Prüfer has just published a very handsome complete edition of Carl Reinecke's *Hausmusik*¹ for the piano-forte. We know of no more fascinating collection of easy little pieces than this. If there are any more charming than the rest, we should choose the Canzonetta, the Minnett, and the Peasant's March, with its odd bass, that so comically mimics the old country double-bass player losing his place every now and then, and coming in wrong.

— We have before us the first number of an album of Scandinavian national songs² that is publishing every month in Chicago. To judge from this number, it is a most excellent work. The songs are printed with the original Swedish, Norwegian, or Danish words, and an English translation. We will say again, — it cannot be said too often, — that all publications of songs of this class should receive every encouragement at the hands of the more musical portion of our public. We wonder, by the way, whether the composer of *Die Wacht am Rhein* had ever heard the Danish Kong Christian before he wrote his own song.

— *O Blushing Flowers of Krumley*³ is an entirely charming song by Julius Eichberg. It is seldom that we see now anything so naturally and intrinsically musical as this song; there is not a note in it but has its own divine right of being. It is beyond comparison with any original song that we have seen for a long while.

— *Foreboding*,⁴ by the same composer, is also excellent, and shows much real strength of feeling in its restless, passionate gloominess. Yet we cannot but think it inferior to the foregoing song in genuine spontaneous inspiration. The edition has some bad misprints.

¹ *Hausmusik*. By CARL REINECKE. Op. 77. Boston: Carl Prüfer.

² *Album of Scandinavian Compositions, Melodins, and Songs, Sacred and National*. Arranged for the piano, organ, and voice by ANTON WULFF. Chicago: W. W. Kimball, 205, 207, 209 State St.

³ *O Blushing Flowers of Krumley*. Words by ALICE CARY; music by JULIUS EICHBERG. Boston: O. Ditson & Co.

⁴ *Foreboding*. Song. Words by CELIA THAXTER; music by JULIUS EICHBERG. Boston: O. Ditson & Co.

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THE KHEDIVE AND HIS COURT.

ISMAIL PACHA, Khedive of Egypt, is a man now of about forty-five years of age. He is the son of Ibrahim Pacha, the most valiant and most distinguished of the sons of Mehemet Ali, and is accordingly the grandson of the illustrious founder of the dynasty in which the rule of Egypt has been vested for three generations of men. He is short in stature, stout in figure, with a face whose expression indisputably betrays the fact that he is a statesman of ability.

The mother of the Khedive is still living, and is beyond question the personage of most consideration at his court, next to himself, although she is never present at state entertainments, and is never seen by foreigners, except in a few instances by ladies. She lives in a large palace, said to contain six hundred apartments, situated on the right bank of the river Nile, at Cairo; opposite the island of Roda. When I arrived in Alexandria in 1864, she had recently returned from a visit to Constantinople, and the whole town was blazing with illuminations in her honor. During this visit, it was said, the fact had disclosed itself that she and the mother of the Sultan were sisters. When I remarked upon this interesting circumstance in my first interview with his Highness, he replied, "Yes, God is great, and always finds some way to aid those who serve him,"—a reply which

indicates the full significance of the discovery. It is now twenty-seven years since her husband died. She is treated with the greatest deference and respect by the wives of the Khedive, of whom he has four. They readily yield the first place to their lord's mother.

On the annual *fête* day of the beiram, the consuls-general make an official visit to the mother of the Khedive, at her palace, where they are welcomed in her behalf by one of the ministers of the state. They are received in a handsome saloon, seated upon broad divans, and served with pipes and coffee. They express their respects in a message communicated to the minister by their *doyen*, or senior member-in service, and by the minister to the lady by some unseen emissary; for even he could not venture into her presence. Through the same emissary a gracious answer is returned, and is audibly expressed by the minister to the whole body of consuls-general. Thus much of attention the mother of the Khedive receives from the representatives of foreign powers.

In the recent relaxation of the severity of some Oriental rules, the women, when they go out, wear veils more transparent than formerly, permitting a view of the features of the face. The wives of the Khedive take advantage of this relaxation, and in the gay season at Cairo

frequently drive out in carriages, attended by one or more black men on horseback, seeing and seen by the whole fashionable world, but with no opportunities for conversation. The consuls-general gravely salute them as they pass, by raising the hat. At least it is understood to be the correct thing to do this, although there seems to be an anomaly in a salute that cannot be returned.

If the wives of the Khedive are kept in the background at his court, his sons, on the other hand, are somewhat prominently thrust forward. Of these he has several, and great pains has been taken with the education of all of them. The oldest is known as the *prince héritier*, as he is the heir-apparent of the Khedive, and, according to the present arrangement, will succeed him in the rule of Egypt. His name is Mehemet-Tewfik, to which is properly attached the customary title of pacha. The American newspapers sometimes name him "Prince Heretin," from an odd confusion of words and letters. I was present at a ceremony in Cairo on the 1st of August, 1868, when he received the grade of vizier at the hands of a special envoy from the Sultan. He was then thought to be about seventeen years of age. If that computation were correct, he is now about twenty-five. He is of a very different build from his father, is of slender form, a well-educated, self-possessed, and intelligent youth. In the Egyptian government he holds the honorable position of president of the privy council. In the decree of the Khedive dated May 10, 1875, he is named president of the special commission thereby created to organize and direct the Egyptian department at the Philadelphia exposition in the present year.

The sons of the Khedive next to the hereditary prince, and of nearly equal age, are the princes Hassan Pacha and Hussein Pacha. The former of these was educated in England, passing the latter portion of his time at the University of Oxford; and the second, in France. In the catalogue of the Cobden Club for the current year, the name of Prince Hassan, with the date 1871, is

included in the list of foreign honorary members. Prince Hussein's place in the Egyptian government is that of minister of war, marine, and public works.

The fourth son of the Khedive bears his grandfather's name, Ibrahim Pacha. Others, named Mahmoud Pacha and Fuad Pacha, are mentioned as taking part in recent public proceedings, for which they were too young when I was in Egypt. The Khedive had then adopted an excellent plan for the education of two of his youngest children, a little boy and girl, of the ages of perhaps seven and five years. They were literally brought up in an English family, or rather a Scotch family. A retired officer of the British Indian army, and his wife, — with their daughter (a most charming young lady, who was married to a British army officer during her residence in Egypt) and several young children, — were persuaded to become the instructors of the young prince and princess, and to establish themselves in Egypt for that purpose. The family had a nice house upon the island of Roda, to which the little pacha and his sister came every morning at breakfast-time, retiring at sundown. During the day they were treated as members of the family, sharing in the lessons of the general's own children, and growing up under the influences of the Christian household.

Next to the princes, among personages who may be said to belong to the court of the Khedive, must be mentioned the ministers. The number of persons who from time to time have held one or another portfolio is considerable. The two most distinguished among them are Chérif Pacha and Nubar Pacha, who have alternated for a long series of years in the office of minister of foreign affairs. Chérif Pacha is altogether a Turk and a Mussulman; he comes of a rich Ottoman family, and would wield a considerable social influence independently of any position in the government. He speaks and writes French with elegance. Nubar Pacha is a Christian, an Armenian, like Mehemet Ali. Besides Turkish and Arabic, he is said to speak and

write six European languages, among which number, no doubt, is included the Greek. Both Chérif and Nubar are beyond mistake statesmen and politicians of great ability, and zealously faithful to the Khedive.

It would not be fitting to omit to mention some of the officers of the household, and especially Zeky Bey, who, during the whole time of my residence in Egypt, held the difficult position of master of ceremonies, and discharged its duties with an amiability and delicacy not to be surpassed by the lord high chamberlain at the most august European court. He has since been deservedly promoted to the grade of pacha. He had several apt and accomplished assistants.

The confidential physician in constant attendance upon the Khedive was a French medical man known in Egypt as Bourgieres Bey. His wife is an English lady, and by her presence and that of her accomplished English relatives added much to the pleasure of the little circle of society in Egypt. With this exception and that of the wife of Nubar Pacha, none of the personages that have been mentioned at the court of the Khedive brought to it, with their own manly distinctions, the sweet influences of ladies' society. This could not be otherwise in an Oriental country. For fair and witty ladies we were indebted in other quarters.

The Khedive has a great number of palaces, and this circumstance is sometimes mentioned as an evidence of extravagance. It may be doubted, however, whether he has more than the King of Italy, since the unification of that kingdom has placed at the disposal of the monarch all the palaces that formerly served the needs of half a dozen separate sovereigns. At all events, there are few if any of the Khedive's palaces which are wholly useless, or which can be said to contribute only to his selfish enjoyment. They are most willingly used for public pageants, such as will presently be mentioned, or are placed at the disposal of royal or princely guests visiting Egypt. At Alexandria there is

the beautiful palace of Ras-el-tin (Cape of Figs), which is a prominent object visible to all eyes on sailing into the harbor. This is the usual residence of the Khedive for the portions of his time which he spends at the principal seaport of his dominions. He has another palace on the Mediterranean, farther east, at Ramleh, about four miles from the public square of Alexandria; and there is another upon the Mahmoudieh Canal, about the same distance from the square in a different direction, which is known by no other name than "Number Three," a designation certainly of ultra-republican simplicity. At Cairo there is a palace in the citadel; that of Kasr-el-Nil, on the right bank of the Nile; another, known as Abdin, nearer the centre of the city; that of Gizeli, on the left bank of the Nile, opposite the island of Roda; and that of Gezireh, on the same side of the river, a little lower down, nearly opposite Boulak, the port of Cairo. The Khedive also has some palaces upon his sugar estates in the upper country, where he spends some portions of the time, and others in lower Egypt, upon the Nile, as those at Tantah and at Mansoura. During the construction of the Suez Canal he sometimes occupied a *châlet* of wood near Ismailia, in the central portion of the isthmus. He is also at present the owner of the palace of Shoubrah, formerly the property of his uncle, Halim Pacha, situated at the extremity of the Shoubrah road, the fashionable drive of Cairo. This palace and that of Gezireh are shown to visitors furnished with cards of admission obtained through the consulates. The latter is that in which the Empress of the French, the Emperor of Austria, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and other illustrious guests have been from time to time lodged, and travelers are called upon to admire the massive bedsteads of solid silver in the state chamber.

In all of these palaces one is struck with the spacious apartments; the polished wooden floors, upon which it is difficult to walk, or those of variegated stones; the broad divans, of heavy stuffs

richly upholstered, and embroidered with gold; and the enormous mirrors, which indeed furnish almost the only decoration of the walls, for of pictures there are none. In one instance, at least, this lack of pictures proved a test of the popularity of Egypt as a place for traveling. "Yes," said a young bridegroom to me on his wedding journey, who, with his bride, had found everything *couleur de rose*, from the Pyramids to the donkeys, "yes, I will tell you the best thing about Egypt; there are no confounded pictures there. Now when Mary and I go about in the European towns, we have to stretch our necks back till our heads nearly fall off, looking at the pictures; we must see them, every one of them, you know; but in all Egypt there is n't a single picture!"

I am convinced that the Khedive uses such of the palaces as are situated in the interior, elsewhere than at Cairo, chiefly as places of refuge when the pressure of business at the capital becomes intolerable. He is a hard-working and hard-worked man; this is no doubt the necessary lot of every ruler who really attends to the affairs of government, and it is especially the case in an arbitrary government like that of Egypt. But the Khedive is not only occupied with cares of state; he is the proprietor of vast landed estates, upon which he is constantly introducing improved methods of cultivation, and he is the owner of mechanical establishments supplied with machinery of the highest standard of perfection. The demands upon his time are incessant. He is a very early riser, and I believe that he accomplishes a great deal of work in the first hours of the morning; and whenever he is accessible, a large part of every day is occupied not only with audiences given to the consuls-general, or consultations with his own ministers on affairs of state, but in the transaction of business with men of affairs, and sometimes in baffling a crowd of contractors and adventurers who throng the antechambers of the palace where he may be residing. Once in a while he takes the resolution to break loose from these.

I remember a visit I made to him in March, 1867, at the palace of Mansourah, a town on the Damietta branch of the Nile, about forty miles inland from the Mediterranean. The place is known in the history of the Crusades as that where King Louis was made prisoner. The Khedive had been living there in retirement for several days, when I received at Cairo an instruction from Washington covering a message which I was directed to communicate personally to his Highness. The message was of a nature that I knew would make it agreeable to him to receive it. A special train was immediately placed at my disposal to convey me from Cairo to Mansourah. The railroad line is far from direct. The distance to be traveled was about one hundred and twenty miles. The train consisted of an express locomotive and a single carriage. It sped through the heart of the scriptural land of Goshen at the rate of thirty miles an hour. It left Cairo at about three o'clock in the afternoon and arrived at Mansourah at about seven, an hour after sundown. The palace, with a marble-paved esplanade upon the river, stood out boldly in the moonlight, the sky without a cloud, the atmosphere as clear as pure ether, and every object as distinctly visible as in broad daylight. "I envy you the nights in Egypt," Mr. Seward said to my predecessor, as he was taking leave on his departure for his post. The nights in Egypt are certainly very beautiful, and I almost envied the Khedive the opportunity to sit under the moonlight upon that marble pavement, while the full tide of the mighty river rushed by. The day had been intensely warm, and the rapid journey fatiguing, so that the cool evening air was especially refreshing. About the palace some of the ministers, officers of the household, and other attendants were encamped in tents, for there were no other buildings in the immediate vicinity, nor does the town of Mansourah (at some little distance) contain any hotel, or more than one or two houses affording any greater degree of comfort than the native hovels. After my audience I was served with dinner,

and informed that the special train waited my orders. I used it to return at a slower and safer rate of speed to Cairo, where I arrived at about four o'clock in the morning.

A Mussulman prince of course has no occasion to pay regard to the holidays of Christendom, nor does the usage of celebrating New Year's Day (not even the new year of the Mohammedan calendar) prevail in Egypt. But the religion of the Koran affords a multitude of fêtes of its own, and there is no remissness in their due observance. The two most important of these, as regards the relations of the government with foreigners, are the two separate days of beiram, because these days, always one and sometimes both of them in each year, are made the occasion of an official reception by the Khedive similar to that given on New Year's Day in former years by the Emperor of the French at Paris, and now by the President of the United States at Washington.

These two days are distinguished as the less and greater beiram. The former marks the end of the month of Ramadan, thirty days of abstinence, during the whole of which time no Mussulman faithful to the Koran will eat, drink, or smoke between sunrise and sunset. It will readily be imagined that the advent of this beiram is awaited with the most eager interest. The month of abstinence is held to be ended as soon as the new moon appears in the sky. Sometimes (it is alleged), when reasons of convenience or caprice in high quarters make it desirable to anticipate the feast of beiram, the guardian of the observatory at Cairo receives a hint to see the moon one night sooner than the almanac promises her appearance. Indeed, it is not impossible that the narrow crescent may sometimes show itself twenty-four hours sooner than the time calculated for "new moon," without supposing any suggestion to that effect from an impatient potentate.

At any rate, the incident once happened during my residence in Egypt. I was at Alexandria on Wednesday, the 14th of February, 1866, expecting to go

to Cairo the next day, to take part in the ceremonies of the beiram on Friday, the 16th, on which day, according to the almanacs, the month of Chawal would begin; the month of Ramadan ending on the 15th. I had gone out to Ramleh, a place in the suburbs of Alexandria, to pass the night at a friend's house. We were just preparing to go to bed, at about ten o'clock in the evening, when the janissary of the consulate appeared, in a state of wild excitement, declaring, "They've seen the moon! they've seen the moon! Ramadan is done, and beiram has come!" It was the fact that somebody at Cairo had descried the moon with sufficient clearness to pass official acceptance—perhaps an unwillingness to celebrate beiram on Friday had something to do with the matter. At all events, the beiram was appointed to be celebrated at Cairo on the morrow; his Highness would receive the consuls-general at the citadel at half-past nine o'clock. The telegraph had been put in requisition to transmit these tidings to Alexandria, and emissaries from the foreign office were rushing about to convey them to the consulates, with the added information that a special train would leave Alexandria for Cairo at midnight, to carry persons having occasion to take part in the ceremonies. My visit at Ramleh was thus abruptly annihilated. I was forced to return to my house at Alexandria and thence proceed to the railway station, where several of my colleagues were already assembled, and the locomotive seemed to chafe with impatience. "L'Amérique est arrivé!" shouted the guard as he helped me into a carriage, and the train instantly started. We reached Cairo in season for bath and breakfast, before donning our uniforms and presenting ourselves at the citadel at the appointed hour.

The reception is a gay scene. It begins at an early hour in the morning. The Khedive is probably not living in the citadel at the time, but proceeds thither under a brilliant escort not long after sunrise. He receives at different hours, besides the members of the consular body at their appointed time, his

ministers, the religious bodies, the officers of the army and navy, the members of the assembly (if it is in session, which is sometimes the case), the magistrates, some other organizations, and finally *le commerce*, or the merchants, which last is very like a reception of "citizens generally." All of these persons are passing in carriages, in a constant stream, up the rugged road which leads into the citadel, while another stream of carriages is bringing away those who have already paid their respects to his Highness, and are hastening to make other visits. In the courtyard of the citadel are stationed one or more regiments of troops ready to present arms to the most distinguished personages, and bands of music starting at each principal arrival a fresh peal which drowns the lingering notes of the last. The thunders of artillery add to the excitement of the scene outside.

Meanwhile, in the interior of the palace each reception is conducted with becoming order. The various classes of personages who attend are marshaled in appropriate antechambers. The consuls-general are received, as they arrive, by the minister of foreign affairs. When all are assembled, they march in the order of official seniority, under the lead of their doyen, to the hall where the Khedive receives them, standing, while the doyen makes a brief address, to which his Highness replies. All then take seats upon the divans. Long pipes with mouth-pieces of amber, and coffee in tiny cups of porcelain upon little stands encrusted with jewels, are brought by an army of attendants, decorously clad in sable garments. However numerous the attendance (and it is sometimes large, as some of the consuls-general are accompanied by a numerous retinue), the supply of jeweled pipes and coffee cups, and the strength of the army of attendants, seems never to fail. All are served at the same time.

I do not know that the utterances of the Khedive, on occasion of any of these receptions, have equaled in importance the few words addressed by the Emperor of the French to the Austrian min-

ister at the New Year's Day reception of the diplomatic body in Paris in 1859, which was the presage of the war that broke out soon afterwards; but they are often noteworthy, and sometimes really witty. It was always surprising to find him so ready in conversation. I recollect that at a special reception which was given early in the year 1866, on occasion of the celebration of the anniversary of his own accession to power (January 18, 1863), he remarked to myself and two or three of my colleagues near him, that the year 1865, just closed, would deserve to be known in history as "*l'an des noirs*." This was the year which not only witnessed the emancipation of four million slaves in America, but was also the occasion of a correspondence, probably rather troublesome to his Highness, about the contingent of Egyptian negro troops serving in Mexico, which the Emperor of the French was pressing him to double and reënforce, as urgently as Mr. Seward was objecting thereto. In the end the American counsels prevailed.

It is on occasion of the state balls that the splendor of the palaces appears to the best advantage; and, thanks to the hospitality of the Khedive, the balls are frequent in the winter season both at Alexandria and at Cairo. The great difficulty with regard to a ball in Egypt is the relative paucity of ladies. Including all those in the resident circle of society who can with any propriety be invited (the lists of invitations of foreigners are generally prepared upon the recommendations of the consuls-general), and including all the ladies among the passing travelers who will accept invitations, the largest number of ladies that can be gathered to grace a state ball in Egypt will scarcely exceed two hundred, while the guests of the opposite sex number sometimes one or even two thousand. Among these are large numbers of young gentlemen employed in the various divans of the civil service, wearing faultless white neck-ties and gloves; black frock-coats, single-breasted; and black trousers; on their heads the red tarboosh which in Egypt is regarded as the

honorable badge of service under the Khedive. It need scarcely be said that ladies who dance are in no lack of partners; but the dancing inevitably becomes a spectacle engaged in by the few for the entertainment of the many; and almost justifies the traditional phrase attributed to one after another Oriental personage in witnessing this form of Western civilization, "I employ servants to perform that amusement for me." The supper at one of these state balls is a miracle of hospitality. Arrangements are made for seating the guests in considerable numbers at one time, sometimes as many as two hundred and fifty, at tables at which the supper is regularly served in courses, from the beginning to the end of a prescribed *menu*. There are smaller tables at which parties of friends may assemble themselves to enjoy their supper together. As fast as places are vacated by one set of guests, the tables are freshly equipped, and are thus constantly renewed throughout the night. At times some special luxuries are introduced and served with a lavishness truly Oriental. Oysters do not grow on the Egyptian shores, and fresh oysters are a rarity in Egypt. On the occasion of one of the Khedive's balls a quantity had been imported on purpose for the occasion, enough to be served to twenty-five hundred guests at the supper.

Sometimes the balls were given at the palace of Gezireh, when the garden connected with the palace was illuminated, and several grotooes were arranged through which people might walk in the mild evening atmosphere, on escaping from the heated ball-room. On one of these occasions the water was drawn off from a fountain in the garden, and its large basin was filled with American petroleum oil, of which great use is made in Egypt. This was set on fire, producing of course a most brilliant blaze of light, which lasted several hours before the whole quantity of oil was consumed.

While the social hospitality of the Khedive finds an expression consistent with Oriental traditions in these large balls, his Highness appreciates also the

pleasures of more select entertainments. During the last two or three winters of my residence in Egypt, invitations were occasionally issued for dramatic representations or concerts, generally at the palace of Kasr-el-Nil, in which there is a large upper room well adapted to the purpose. These entertainments were most often given as a means of showing attention to some particular royal or princely guests, and a dozen or twenty of the ladies in the circle of foreign residents, with a due proportion of the other sex, would be included in the invitations. A company selected from the artists of the theatre or opera-house would give a choice performance; ices would be served between the acts, and at the conclusion a magnificent supper. Sometimes a state dinner preceded the dramatic entertainment.

Sometimes, also, the varying taste of the Khedive determined him upon an out-door entertainment. The climate in his dominions is admirably adapted for hospitalities of this sort. Indeed, socially speaking, I am inclined to regard Egypt as preëminently the land for picnics. It furnishes every requisite for that species of enjoyment, — weather never deceitful, and plenty of things to be seen. The pages of this magazine, were they indefinitely multiplied, could not contain the record of the happy picnics Egypt has known in modern times. I remember a garden-party of his Highness, on the morning of one of the days appointed for the races at Cairo. It was at a small palace, little known, of which I will not even record the name. It was understood to be very select; there were eighteen ladies, and perhaps twice as many gentlemen. There was a pavilion built in the garden on purpose to receive the company; and another pavilion, upon an island in a lake, where the lunch was served. The roof of this latter pavilion was supported by three large trees, growing upon the spot, and suffered to remain. From this entertainment the company went in carriages directly to the races.

The American travelers in Egypt generally remain too short a time at the

capital to allow our ladies to take much part in the festivities of the Khedive's court, beyond attendance at one of the state balls, if it happens to fall within the period of their sojourn. But there were several notable exceptions, of cases in which one or two of our fair countrywomen remained long enough to confirm and deepen the favorable impression made by their first appearance in the court circle, and to become enrolled upon the most select page of the register for the *réunions intimes*. They were indeed most acceptable reinforcements. The wit of *les Américaines*, in comparison with that of the other ladies with whom they were thus associated, was generally equal to their beauty, which is saying a great deal; and they had a frankness of expression in conversation which was much approved by the Khedive. Nevertheless, a short experience of life at the Egyptian court (and I suspect at any court) should be enough to satiate any American lady, however keenly alive to amusement, and however hospitably received.

I have undertaken to write about the court of the Khedive, and I have not mentioned the races, or the French theatre, or the opera, all of which are maintained at a high standard of excellence, and almost exclusively at the expense of his Highness. I have also omitted many things of less importance, such as the music in the public gardens by the government band on Fridays and Sundays; on the former days the native music prevailing, and on the latter that to which the ears of Franks are more accustomed. The leader of the government military band is Juppa Bey, and he has trained the musicians under him to a high degree of perfection. He composed a piece in honor of President Grant and of America, when it was hoped that the country would be specially represented at the opening of the Suez Canal. The piece, at his request, was transmitted to Washington, but I have never heard whether they tried to play it there.

Nor do I essay to describe the special fêtes at the inauguration of the canal,

when were collected, as guests of the Khedive, the Empress of the French, the Emperor of Austria, the Crown Prince of Germany, the ambassadors of Russia and of England, besides other princes and princesses, — a gathering of royal personages such as perhaps had never before been assembled in one place. So also I pass over some ceremonies of less wide-spread interest, but characterized on the spot by Oriental hospitality not less profuse; as when, on occasion of the marriage of the Khedive's daughter, in March, 1869, there were fêtes lasting three days and three nights at the palace of Kasr-el-Aali, at Cairo, in which in one form or other almost everybody of note or distinction in any respect, native or foreign, was specially invited to participate, while the whirl of entertainment and amusement provided for the public at large continued seventy-two hours without cessation, in the open grounds near the palace. Something in particular, also, might be said in description of the illuminations and fire-works on various occasions. But the proper limits of this paper have already been exceeded.

It amuses me sometimes to recall the memory of the Cairo which I knew as a traveler in the winter of 1861-62. There was then little that one could do in the evening; the streets were not lighted, and even visiting one's friends in the town was difficult. The police regulations required that everybody out at night should be provided with a lantern, and at every one of the gates that frequently barred the way, even in a short walk through the dark and narrow streets, it was necessary to rouse a sleepy watchman and explain one's title to a right of way. Almost perforce, in those days, we used to go to bed at nine o'clock in the evening;

The Cairo of to-day is a very different capital. The whole of the new part of the town is brilliantly lighted with gas and traversed by broad thoroughfares, so that those who are in quest of amusement, whether residents or travelers, can freely go about, and enjoy the entertainments provided by the liberality of the Khedive.

Charles Hale.

FOR THE LAST TIME.

(*Miss Hardy to Jack Desmond.*)

DEAR MR. DESMOND, — I knew I could trust you not to misunderstand me! I thank you a thousand times for the way in which you have accepted my letter; but why — why ask me now to keep that old promise of mine? You, a man, can afford to speak with a sneer of the “bonds of conventionality;” but I —

My window has just blown open and a flood of sunshine has rushed in, chased by the soft spring wind. The world is warm, and smells of violets. After all, why not take that “one last ride” with you? Why not bid a pleasant farewell to my Bohemian days? Let our little Roman world talk, if it pleases! I will go! Get me my favorite Olga; and let the horses be ready to-morrow morning at eight o’clock. I take you at your word and go, feeling quite safe from any allusion to the past.

Your friend as long as you like,
ELEANOR HARDY.

“Late? Of course you are late!” said Jack Desmond, at half past eight o’clock the next morning; “but why should you mind that? Punctuality is at once the most masculine and the most unsympathetic of virtues; how can punctuality and Miss Hardy be anything but incompatible terms? Mind you are light with your curb to-day, Miss Hardy. Olga has not been out for a week.” He swung himself lightly into the saddle; the two horses threw up their heads impatiently, scrambled down the bank by the roadside, and started gayly off in the morning sunshine. The old carriage-road to Ostia is out of the Porta San Sebastiano. On either side of the way the high Roman walls shut out the indiscreet gaze of the passers-by. Here and there an arched stone gateway, surmounted by two moss-covered granite cannon-balls or a half-broken Greek

vase, shows a glimpse of some old garden with stately cypress-trees and avenues of trimmed and fantastic box, at the farther end of which some shattered marble figure gleams whitely through the shade.

Eleanor glanced shyly at her companion. “Is there much of this pavement?” she asked, with an elaborate attempt at establishing their conversation on an easy and impersonal footing; “I always feel a wild desire to gallop my horse over the stones, in spite of every one’s warnings. Look at that dear Olga! she finds it as tiresome as I do, and is quite longing to make a bolt, at the risk of breaking both our necks!”

“As you are strong, be merciful,” said Desmond, lightly. “Olga and yourself are both in my charge to-day, please remember, and Mrs. Van Cordtlandt will hold me responsible for all your joint misdemeanors. Try to curb your impatience as well as your horse until we have reached the church,” he added, pointing forward with his whip; “there’s a glorious place for a canter after that.”

In a few moments more they had passed the rich façade of San Paolo fuori delle Mura, and had clattered along the stone colonnade; they settled themselves back in their saddles, the road gave a sweep, and in another instant the horses were cantering wildly over the strip of short, daisy-whitened turf that borders the foot-path.

“Ah, this is what I like!” said Eleanor; “now we are out of Rome!” The fresh morning wind blew back the blonde masses of her hair and brought a peach-blossom bloom to the pale, flower-like face. “Is n’t this glorious, Mr. Desmond! I feel like an escaped prisoner. Think of all the poor people who are just getting up to dismal and tepid cups of coffee all over town!”

“Dismal? Perhaps! The sun is overcast enough to make an apartment in

a narrow street the reverse of cheerful, this morning, but why should all the coffee be tepid, Miss Hardy? Is there anything in your being on horseback so early to account for such a change of temperature in everybody's breakfast? Or do you refer figuratively to the blight under which Rome is lying when you leave it?"

"You are pleased to be satirical as well as literal-minded, Mr. Desmond," retorted Eleanor. "As though you could hope to understand what I feel at the prospect of forty miles on horseback, and not a call to make, not a note to answer, not a stupid person to entertain, and, crowning joy of all, the whole day in a riding-habit, without one's dress to change!"

"But how you will miss your aunt!" said Desmond. They looked at each other, and both burst out laughing.

"That is exceedingly wrong of you," said Eleanor, becoming suddenly grave. "I only laughed because you took me by surprise. My aunt is very good."

"Very," said Desmond, quickly; "I am sure no one can doubt that Mrs. Van Cordtlandt is a most interesting companion, and an invaluable authority in case a card is not returned in time, or the Van Rosevelts of Albany are in danger — horrible thought! — of being confounded with the *old* Van Rosevelts of New York. There is nothing narrow-minded, of course, in such a view of life."

"Indeed, that is more than can be said for your ideas of life," said Eleanor, flushing a little as she spoke. "Artists, and people generally who go in for being 'cultivated,' always pretend to be such broad-minded, tolerant men, and I don't believe I ever met one yet who could endure for half an hour a conversation on subjects of general interest without being bored, — yes, and showing it, too!"

"Subjects of general interest?" said Desmond, inquiringly; "and this includes all the artists and *littérateurs* of your acquaintance? Now do you know, Miss Hardy, I've always noticed that a woman's most sweeping attack, her most crushing generalization, is aimed at

some particular man. I wonder if it is only my guilty conscience which makes me remember that last reception at the 'Whytes', where I had the pleasure of meeting you, and where that pretty Mrs. Dulman's dress, appearance, and manner, and the momentous question as to whether that exquisite complexion of hers is owing to cosmetics or to nature, were reviewed and criticised all the time we were there, to the exclusion of those other 'subjects of general interest' by which I and my unlucky friends are supposed to be bored?"

"That is not fair, Mr. Desmond!" cried Eleanor; "you select a — well, I will admit it! — a particularly silly conversation, and speak of it as of the type of what we talk about in society. You artistic people, as I said before, claim to monopolize all the tolerance, and yet you shut yourselves up in your shells like a small company of oysters who should agree together to consider all the other fish and sea-things like so many interlopers in their domains! You build a Chinese wall about yourselves, and the rest of the world become mere outsiders. Now I, for one, am a Philistine; and I'm not ashamed of it, either! I love the world. I belong to it, heart and soul. I have not made society, and I can see a hundred points in which I would alter it if I could, but I can't, and so I accept it and find the world a pleasant place, as it always is to the people who try to please it."

"Be witness, Miss Hardy, it was not I who made the discussion a personal one! May I ask, though, how it is that with such strong convictions you are not always of this delightfully optimistic opinion?"

"Because I am 'young and unreasonable,' as my aunt says, I suppose," said Eleanor, lightly; "I dare say it will pass with time!"

"I dare say it will," assented Desmond, gravely. "Honesty of impulse does not live long in the atmosphere of a ball-room. You must have had an uncommonly large quantity to start with."

"See here, Mr. Desmond," said Eleanor, facing square round in her sad-

dle, "I won't pretend not to understand what you mean. I've that much honesty left, whatever you may think," she went on, indignantly. "You imagine because" — she hesitated — "because I may — well, probably I shall — marry a man older than myself, and very rich, that I can have no good left in me. It is not true! You are hard, you are unjust to me in every thought of yours! Don't you suppose I know myself, my own wants and needs, better than you can? Talk of giving up 'all for love and the world well lost' to a girl accustomed to a simple life, and what wonder if she listens to you, with everything to gain by it and nothing to peril? Talk of it to a girl in my position, brought up as I have been, and, if she is honest, she will answer you as I do: I am accustomed to extreme luxury, I have no fortune of my own, my happiness is centred on things which are offered me freely at the hands of a man for whom I have the utmost respect, and who I believe is very fond of me; why should I not accept them?"

"Why not, indeed?" echoed Desmond.

They rode on a few minutes in silence. His acquiescence had suddenly shocked and puzzled her. She had expected to be argued with vehemently when she threw down her gauntlet, and now the gage of defiance was returned to her with a polite bow by her adversary. Eleanor did not understand it, and, being disconcerted, began to lose her temper.

"It is so unjust!" she said, speaking very fast; "a man will give up anything, will work all his life long, to win a position and become wealthy, and you will all applaud him to the skies for doing it. And yet, let a woman have the same craving for power and influence and ease, let her have an ambition to be more than a cipher in the sum, let her bring into real life one out of the countless lessons she has received since she left the school-room, let her too make an effort to gain her ends, and where will you find epithets with which to qualify her unwomanly heartlessness, her mercenary lack of sentiment!"

Desmond struck his boot absently with his whip, and smiled. "There are just a few men in the world who do not count money as the crowning good of life, and who cling still to the exploded old belief that women, by the mere fact of their womanhood, are better, nobler, purer than they," he said. "And really, Miss Hardy, you exaggerate! Who ever gave anything but praise to a girl who made a 'good match' in society?"

The gentle mockery of his tone stung her to the quick. It is one thing to dismiss a lover, but quite another to have him accept his dismissal with equanimity. The woman who does not feel a secret joy and pride in being still "the one fair woman in all the world" to the man she has just refused to marry, and does not think of him with a tender, regretful approval, is as rare, perhaps, as the man who is not privately convinced that were merit the only test he would never meet with want of success. A pathetic "it might have been," the memory of some hour when it did not seem so improbable that this was to be the companion of her future life, casts its halo around many an otherwise commonplace rejected lover. Until he becomes consoled again, a man never finds a warmer, if need be, a more unscrupulous partisan than in the woman who has just assured him she was indifferent to his love.

A quick resentment of Desmond's self-possession seized Eleanor. "Very well! we will see if I cannot make him show he cares, before the day is over!" she thought revengefully. And she smiled innocently and sweetly, the while, upon her intended victim.

"Don't let us discuss," she said softly; "I never get the better when I quarrel with you, and so" — The blue eyes looked up to his appealingly and ended the sentence for her. She laughed and touched her horse with her whip; they dashed on up the hill, racing the fleet, light cloud-shadows that flitted over the fresh green of the fields. The sky had the pale, watery blue of an April day. Little gusts of the warm spring wind went and came, now bringing puffs of

wild, faint fragrance, now wandering off until lost among the blossomy fields. On either side of the road a rose-flushed shower of perfumed snow covered the bushes of flowering thorn; the birds in the hedge-rows were twittering and trilling under the shelter of the small green leaves, every now and then a hurried rush of wings telling how the tramp of the horses had startled some brooding mother-bird from her nest.

As they rode on, the fields widened; the sky seemed to lift and the horizon to lower; the whole landscape took that indescribable look of being more open, more out-of-doors, which marks the approach to the sea. Behind the riders the sullen, tawny Tiber rolled slowly by, its wicked and reticent-looking waves the only thing in sight that did not seem to feel the gentle influence of the spring sunshine.

"Did you ever notice, Miss Hardy," asked Desmond, "how differently the Tiber flows from other rivers? On the surface it looks smooth enough; indeed, the strong tide hardly ripples the yellow water; but watch it a little while, and you will discover that it moves with a deep pulsation, a regular rhythmic effort, as though the fierce old heart of old Rome were still beating under its waves."

"It is a cruel river, and always seems to me as though it were smiling grimly at the thought of the next inundation it means to have," said Eleanor. "What do you say to resting a moment, Mr. Desmond? I'm beginning to be a little tired." They dismounted, and Jack led the horses while Eleanor plucked long wreaths of the white stars of the blackberry-vine, and twisted them about her hat. "What a symbolical crown — thorns hidden under flowers!" she said, with a half sigh. They sat down a moment under the hedge, and listened in silence to all the sweet, small noises of the spring.

"I should like to be a gypsy!" said Eleanor.

"A gypsy à la Watteau, with pink satin boots, and a *château* to sleep in, you mean, of course," said Jack.

Eleanor laughed. "Well, yes, I sup-

pose so! I don't think I should like the smoky fires and short rations of real gipsydom. I love the country, but then, my ideal landscapes are always landscapes with well-dressed people in the foreground."

They rode on again, past the long flat reaches of marsh; now and then some of the great white oxen of the Campagna lifted their heads from fields starred with the pale yellow blossoms of the wild narcissus, and looked at them with gentle and melancholy wonder; now and then a noisy *caretto* passed them, the driver dozing under the shelter of a sheep-skin stretched over a bent pole at the top of the cart, quite away from the sturdy, thick-maned little Campagna horses, that tossed their betasseled heads impatiently and rattled the bells hung at their heavy collars.

"And there is Ostia!" said Desmond. "I wonder if Queen Eleanor will deign to alight and have some lunch?"

"Her Majesty is graciously pleased to be most plebeianly hungry," said Miss Hardy, laughing. "I shall make a state question of it if we find nothing eatable at that most unpromising of inns!"

They rode into the court-yard under a queer, pointed stone arch. Half a dozen peasants looked up from the bottle of wine they were drinking at a table outside the door; two or three fair-haired, ragged children ran up to see the beautiful lady dismount. Eleanor gathered up her trailing skirt about her and entered the kitchen; it was a high-ceiled, smoke-blackened room; at one end was a large brick fireplace; around the wall were ranged rows of tables and chairs; five or six hens wandered composedly about the stone floor, in supreme indifference of the old gray cat who came up purring and rubbed against Eleanor's feet. She stood tapping the table with her whip, the image of amused perplexity. "But where shall we eat?" she said.

"There is a room up-stairs," suggested the hostess. "Clean? Blessed Saint Philomena! other than clean! But will the illustrious signora object to going up a ladder?"

Eleanor burst out laughing. "Oh, Mr. Desmond!" she cried, "how can I ever thank you enough for bringing me here? Fancy my aunt's face when I tell her of the ladder!"

The room up-stairs was scrupulously clean and bare. The only ornaments of the whitewashed walls were a brass crucifix and a cup for holding holy water, but the table and wooden benches were spotless, and a cool breeze came in at the one small window. Their ride had given them an appetite, and they did full justice to the provisions that an extended experience of Campagna inns had induced Jack to send down the day before.

"As though you had been sure of my coming with you!" said Eleanor, half pleased and half provoked at the attention.

Jack laughed. "Do you imagine I could not ride down to Ostia without the protection of your escort?" he said, teasingly. "I am sure I could have found some one to take pity on me, had you been unkind enough not to come!"

The words in themselves were nothing, but the mere fact that he could speak jestingly of her gave Eleanor a curious feeling of blank surprise. He had accepted the situation, and she instantly resented his having done so; she felt injured that having once offered her his love he should so soon have become resigned to her rejection of it. With an odd, feminine inconsistency, the firmer she had been in her refusal of him the more she had secretly gloried in what she had imagined to be the strength of his passion. There had been a bitter-sweet satisfaction to her in the sacrifice of such a devotion on the altar of her worldly advancement. It had been a sort of test in her eyes, for she had argued with herself, If I can give up such love as this so easily, surely my future life promises me only pleasure. What is there left for me to renounce, after this? Ignoring her own insistence on the fact that all allusions to old times were to be banished from their conversation, she tried to lead Desmond into a vein of half-tender, half-cynical remem-

brance, and see if even yet she had not the power of awakening the dormant fires of a passion she had held but lightly while it was still hers. In other words, she was a woman, and could pardon her old lover anything — except his forgiving her.

"How long it seems since I have spent a day out of Rome!" she said. "The last time was at Porto d'Anzio. Do you remember the day we were there, Mr. Desmond? I have never forgotten it. I can shut my eyes now, and hear quite plainly again the wash of the waves on the beach. Do you remember, the moonlight on the water, coming back?" she went on dreamily; "and

How near to the stars we seemed that night,
We two, on the sands by the sea?"

Her voice had sunk almost to a whisper, her cheek was resting on her hand, she seemed looking far back into the past with those sweet, wistful eyes. Desmond glanced at her a moment, his face turned very pale, and his hand clenched hard under the table; but his voice was calm and he smiled quietly as he answered, —

"I remember quite well; pretty little place, that Porto d'Anzio is! By the way, it's a curious thing, do you know, to see with what an instinctive sense of the appropriate people always quote Owen Meredith when they speak of dead and gone flirtations. 'The Flirt's own Laureate' he should be called. There is about as much sham strength and false sentiment in the one as in the other, I suppose," he added, with a reflective air.

"Really, I cannot say; I am not good at literary discussions," answered Eleanor, coldly. "I am not in the habit of dissecting the things which please me. This room is really getting to be very hot and disagreeable; shall we go?"

The wind had changed, and the blue April sky was hidden by a gray veil of sirocco clouds.

"Now, Miss Hardy," said Desmond, "Ostia is all before you where to choose. About a mile down that road is the wood of Castel Fusano; that pile of earth and stones you see there is the entrance to the excavations. What is your choice,

sunshine or silence? Will you spend an hour under the pines, like an irresponsible Bohemian; or shall we improve our minds and 'do' the ruins, like conscientious tourists? By the way, did you remember to bring your conscience with you?"

"No; I left it in Rome with my aunt, for safe keeping," said Eleanor, demurely; "and as for your ruins, Mr. Desmond, you may visit them alone, if you please. There are better things to do with a spring day than to spend it in a hole under ground, like an invalid rabbit!"

They turned down the quiet, grassy lane that leads to Castel Fusano. On either hand stretched long reaches of pasture-land now turned to Fields of the Cloth of Gold by the blaze of yellow marsh-flowers that hid the grass. A tender, half-pathetic color brooded over the landscape; even the stately old pines seemed to bend their proud heads to the breeze and murmur half-forgotten words to the lullaby of the spring wind.

"How I love pine-trees!" said Eleanor; "to enjoy them fully one should not look at them, but lie with one's face to the grass and only hear their grand old chant overhead."

"The pines of Ostia have a song all their own," remarked Jack. "You know all this ground about here was the open sea in the time of the Romans. I always think the trees remember the dash of the waves, and to me their song is like the breaking of the surf far away on the shore."

"Look at my daisies," said Eleanor; "I am afraid it is going to rain." The crimson and white petals of the flowers she held were closing fast.

"Do you know that the Campagna daisies look like the Roman girls?" asked Jack. "See how different they are from the little English daisy, or the delicate rose- and - white *pâquerette* of France. In spite of their white petals, these are not a blonde flower. They have a bolder look, a deeper dash of red, a straighter, taller stem, and that same calmly-scrutinizing, wide-eyed, unabashed gaze you see in the *contadine*.

They have a curious association for me, too," he added, taking up Eleanor's bunch as he spoke. "Daisies always remind me of the first time I fell in love."

"Merely because they are innocent spring things, like lambs or veal," asked Eleanor, mockingly, "or because your *inamorata* wore them in her hat? I think I can see her now. I know your tastes so well, Mr. Desmond, I can guess at what your first ideal must have been, — a china-doll face, with a simper, and marguerites in her hair; all innocence, white muslin, blue ribbons, and amiable imbecility!"

"Indeed she was not," said Jack. "Fair hair has been a latter-day revelation to me; in those prehistoric days the Corsair was my patron saint, and I raved about raven tresses and dark, Oriental eyes. She was a very beautiful girl, I remember, and I thought her an angel at the time," he added, laughing. "I wonder where she can be now?"

"That is so like a man!" said Eleanor. "We are angels as long as we don't care for you, because our eyes are of a particular shape, or the shade of our hair pleases your lordship's tastes; then we fall in love with you and become ordinary mortals on the spot, and you straightway forget us, or, worse still, quote us as rebukes or examples for the amusement of some other woman! The fact is, the wise woman cares only for herself, and every one immediately falls to caring for her too. It's the force of example, I suppose."

"Oh, the justice of the unfair sex!" cried Jack, with mock indignation. "I say of my first love that she looked like a flower and I thought her an angel, and am instantly accused of heartless indifference for saying so. No, I can assure you, my first duel with the 'grand passion' was a most desperate affair. In spite of my Corsair proclivities I have no doubt I should have married my Medora, and repented the act in broadcloth and fine linen for the last ten years, had not another and a bolder pirate carried her off before my agonized eyes. You ought to have known me in those days!

I thought I was the proud and happy proprietor of a blighted life. I had sounded the bottomless abyss of all earthly sorrow, and knew to a nicety the depth thereof! It was all the more cruel in Medora since it had been an utter surrender at the first blow, a case of love at first sight, with me."

"Speaking of first impressions," said Eleanor, "I wish you would tell me quite honestly what you thought of me the first time you saw me. I've always been curious to know how I strike my contemporaries, and never had such a chance to find out, before. We are so out of the world here, so removed from conventional life, why not drop conventional speech as well, and tell each other quite frankly what we think, for once?"

It annoyed her to hear him allude even thus lightly to a woman he had evidently cared for very strongly in old times. A vague jealousy prompted her to occupy him with herself, even to the exclusion of dead and buried rivals; and, as she truly said, they were so far removed from every-day life that any question seemed natural to ask. As they lay under the trees in the still afternoon, life was reduced to its simplest expression, and an impulse of Arcadian simplicity seemed to possess them both, for Jack answered at once, "I had much rather not tell you what I thought. I remember it quite well, but it would not be pleasant to either of us to think of it now."

"Mr. Desmond, you shall tell me! I insist upon it! Do," she added, coaxingly. "You won't refuse me the very first favor I ask you on our last day together?"

"Thanks for your kindness in reminding me of that!" said Jack, abruptly, looking away from her.

"The fact is, I don't believe in the least you remember where or when we met!" she pouted.

"Do you think so? It was at the Whytes' private theatricals; you were dressed in some sort of blue stuff, with white flowers in your hair, and after the play was over you sang—an air from *The Huguenots*. Mrs. Whyte introduced me to you, and we talked together for

an hour or more, until you left at twelve o'clock to go to the Prussian minister's ball."

"But that is only what you saw. I asked for what you thought. See," she said, coquettishly, "I'll give you this bunch of violets, my own pet flowers, that I've brought all the way from Rome, if you will tell me what you thought of me!"

Jack looked at her fixedly a moment, and burst out laughing. "You are a true woman, Eleanor," he said; "but it would be asking too much, perhaps, to expect you to forego proving your power. I'll tell you what I thought, that night! I watched you a long while, and I said to myself, Here at last is a face to live with and to die for,—the frank, loyal face of a girl whose love it were well worth risking one's life to obtain; a girl above the petty considerations of society; a girl with enough heart to love a man for himself and not for what he could give her, and enough courage to avow it. That, Miss Hardy, was my first impression of you."

Eleanor turned very pale. Something in his emotion had touched her; here, in the country, away from Rome and from her aunt, it seemed so much more difficult to realize satisfactorily the wisdom of her choice. Everything about her was young and full of hope; all the softness of the spring seemed to whisper to her that life is short, and love the one good of life. It was hard to have to renounce it all, and something in Desmond's expression, "a girl with enough heart to love a man for himself and not for what he could give her," seemed suddenly to cast a new light, and not a pleasant one at that, on her own motives and intentions. She was at once humiliated and angry; she admired Jack for his contempt of what she coveted, a hundred times more than she had ever done before; but while acknowledging his superiority to herself, she would have punished him for it if she had had the power to do it.

"And what is your last impression of me?" she asked, slowly.

Desmond had risen and was gathering

up her hat and fan and cloak. "I shall not tell you what I think of you now," he answered, quietly.

"Why don't you say at once that you despise me!" she cried, impetuously. "Don't you suppose I understand what you mean?"

"No, I don't think you do," he answered slowly. "I have loved you too well ever to despise you; but I am sorry, very sorry for you, Eleanor. I do not blame you, mind that! It is not your fault if I was fool enough to imagine in you qualities you do not possess. You may not be what I once thought you, but no one who sees you can dispute your charm."

The grave, dispassionate pity in his voice seemed to Eleanor to give the finishing touch to her mortification. A sudden fear lest she had lowered herself irretrievably in his eyes made her silent; a sudden disgust of her own aims, tastes, and wishes kept her from speaking as they walked slowly back to the inn. The violets she had offered him had fallen unheeded at his feet as she rose to go, and a sharp pang of regret passed through her as she noticed his utter indifference to her gift. "Well, I have no one but myself to thank for it!" she thought, with a desperate effort at philosophy. "Better so. The day, or something in the strangeness of our being so long alone together, has made me weak and sentimental. I shall be myself again when I get home."

At the first turn in the road Desmond stopped suddenly. "Excuse me a moment," he said. "I must see if I left my cigar-case under that tree."

Eleanor sat down on the bank by the road-side while he ran quickly back to where they had been sitting.

"At least I shall have that much of you, my darling!" he said, half aloud, as he picked up her withered and bruised bunch of violets, and put them tenderly away in his note-case.

In another moment he was again at her side, and they walked quietly, almost sadly, back to Ostia. It was now almost six o'clock. The sun had sunk low down to the utmost verge of the

mist-veiled horizon; long shadows were falling across the fields, and at the pastures-gates the cattle were crowded together, waiting to be driven home. As Eleanor stood in the court-yard of the inn, waiting for Jack, who had gone to see after their horses, a neat-looking young woman with a little child in her arms came up and asked for alms. Eleanor looked at her. "Is your husband living?" she asked.

"Yes," said the woman.

"Why does he let you beg in this way, then?"

It was a bad year, the beggar told her, and her husband was out of work; he worked at the quarries when he could, but nothing had been done there for a long time.

"Is he good to you? do you love him in spite of his doing nothing for you?"

He was the best man, yes, and the handsomest, too, in the village, his wife answered, flushing as she spoke. Eleanor hastily emptied her purse into the child's hand. "There are people in the world more to be pitied than you are," she said, bitterly. "What! back already, Mr. Desmond? We had better start at once, then. It is growing late, and I am afraid my aunt will be displeased that I stayed so long."

They rode slowly back towards Rome.

The sun was setting in the golden glory that so often transfigures the last hour of a sirocco day. Birds were twittering on all the branches, or hurriedly flying homeward across the level marshes, where here and there a pool of water was turned to a sheet of pale, liquid gold, until the color deepened, and long lines of crimson barred the western sky.

"I wonder why it is that there is such pathetic suggestion in a net-work of branches against an evening sky?" said Eleanor. "Do you know, I never see the hedge-rows against a red sunset without feeling that somewhere, some time, — ages ago, in another life, perhaps, — I have seen the same thing and been very unhappy at the time. I always feel as though there were something for me to be wretched about; they hint of some bygone grief which I cannot remember,

and make me vaguely sad at the loss of some forgotten joy."

"'For joy once lost is pain,'" quoted Jack, absently. "Well, it is something, after all, to have had the joy! This morning, when I woke up, I said to myself, 'The pleasantness of life is not over for me yet. I have still a claim on it for one long, perfect day.' And now—I have had it: my day is well-nigh past!"

Eleanor made no answer.

As they rode on, the twilight deepened about them; a chill crept into the evening air; the color at the horizon faded to ashes of rose; a long, light wreath of mist ascended from the marshes and stole like the ghost of the dead day about the solitary fields. The scattered pools of water gleaming dimly through the dusk reflected the livid tone of the sky. The ineffable melancholy of an evening in the early spring fell upon them. They did not speak, but listened to the regular cadence of the horses' feet. That part of the road leads through a thicket of birches; every now and then a branch of the overhanging trees brushed against their faces, and a swarm of small white moths started up from under the leaves. Eleanor suddenly struck her horse sharply with her whip, and started down the hill at a mad gallop. The wind blew freshly in her face and there was exhilaration in the very movement; again and again she urged on her horse, taking a wild delight in the sensation of dashing along in the dark, not seeing where she went. It was with some difficulty that she checked her excited horse at the top of a long ascent, in order to wait for Desmond, who had not dared to follow faster, for fear of frightening Olga beyond all control. Eleanor laughed gayly as he rode up a moment after her.

"I enjoyed that. It was great!" she said. "Did I startle you? Did you think Olga had run away with me?"

"If you had stumbled you would have killed yourself!" said Desmond, in a voice hoarse with suppressed emotion.

"Well, suppose I had," she retorted; "who would have cared? My friends? Rome would have talked for a week of that poor Miss Hardy, and how very

shocking it was, how very distressing for Mr. Desmond!—she was killed under his very eyes, you know, — and how careful one ought to be about accidents on horseback! So very unfortunate! And — and what a pity that those nice Tuesday evening receptions of Mrs. Van Cordtlandt's will have to stop now for a time! such a loss to us all! As for my aunt — well, I'm afraid my poor aunt's chief despair would have been caused by the oddity and impropriety of my decease, and she would never be altogether comforted that I did not break my neck more decorously and with a proper escort. You're not an eligible escort, you know!" she added, with a reckless laugh.

"Don't talk in that way, please," said Desmond; "you don't know how much you pain me by doing so. Surely, my poor child, you must believe that there are people who care for you in another way than that."

"And why should there be?" she broke in passionately. "Have I ever cared for any one, myself? You have been cruel to me to-day after a fashion," she added slowly. "I am sorry I ever came here with you. I don't think I am over-inclined to be romantic, but you have reminded me of what I had almost forgotten — that I am young and that it will be years and years before I shall outgrow the need of being loved. What good has it done you? what have you gained by it? This morning I was ready to marry Mr. Ross, if not with any great joy, at least without any great regret; and now — now you have forever ruined my contentment. I never shall feel as I did, again, and I shall go on doing now what I would have done then, but without ever once shutting my eyes to the fact that I have missed my chance of happiness; that I shall die without ever having lived. Why could you not have left me alone? I am not going to change all my plans in life because of one day spent with you; why need you have taken the pleasure out of everything for me? Stop! I know what you are going to say, but it is of no use. This is our last ride together; to-

night we say good-by. I may marry Mr. Ross without caring for him, but at least I will never see again a man I think I might have loved once; that is, if I had ever had a heart—which I have n't! Don't answer me; and let us go faster, please! I want to get home."

They put their horses to a sharp trot and rode on for several miles in silence. Behind them had risen a watery moon, that glimmered with an uncertain light through the sea of vapor in which it floated. Now and then the white walls of a farm-house started out from the darkness, and the barking dogs made a dash at the horses as they passed. A dark line of trees against the sky marked the undulating course of the Tiber; now and then the moonlight glanced through their branches and cast a long, shining reflection on the water. Strange, fantastic shadows fell across the road, and more than once the horses shied violently at some mysterious black figure lying in their path. Before very long the houses succeeded each other at shorter intervals, and the distant city showed a pale circle of fire at the far-off horizon.

"We are nearing home. Do not go so fast," said Desmond suddenly; "this is our last ride, remember. Must it be the last, Eleanor?" he cried impulsively, laying his hand on the pommel of her saddle as he spoke.

"The very last," she said. "You may despise me now, but I should despise myself were I capable of giving up all the convictions of my life on the impulse of this day. I made a mistake of judgment when I consented to see you again after what had passed between us, and, like all other mistakes, it brings its own punishment with it.

'Let what is broken so remain:
The gods are hard to reconcile.'

Do you like that quotation better than this morning's? And what do you think you will do with yourself to-morrow?" she added, with an abrupt transition to her customary voice. "By the way, are you going to the races, this year? I am."

"And so it is all over, and henceforth

when we meet, we meet as strangers," said Jack, slowly. "Well, it was a pleasant dream while it lasted, only, as in all dreams, one must wake up after a while. Excuse me, Miss Hardy; not having had the advantage of frequenting your society all my life, I find I cannot hope to emulate your charming self-possession. How I envy you that praiseworthy habit of self-control! It is really an admirable triumph of good taste over those dangerous guides, the feelings! You ask about the races. I am so sorry I cannot say that I am going too; but we poor wretches cannot always afford to share in the amusements of our betters. It is quite pardonable, though, that you should forget this; a young lady with your brilliant prospects can hardly be expected to remember that we are not all blessed to the same degree."

Eleanor did not answer; indeed, she scarcely heard him. "It is our last ride, our last day together," she thought. "I must never see him again. I dare not! This is the last time, the very last time of all." She thought with a dull surprise of the change wrought in herself since that morning. "I wonder if we must altogether say good-by?" she mused. "Surely, surely he might still go on caring for me a little, be still my friend."

There came no answer to her question from out the night into whose melancholy depths she gazed with eyes brimming over with tears.

"Wait a moment," said Jack, reining in his horse suddenly; "those two lights at the end of the avenue are your gateway-lamps. The farewell to Bohemia must be said now, Miss Hardy." He held out his hand and clasped hers firmly for a moment, trying to pierce the darkness with eager eyes that could not be satisfied with taking a last long look. "Good-by," he said slowly, "good-by forever, Eleanor!"

The trees above them rustled in the darkness; the horses drooped their weary heads together; away in the marshes they heard the desolate, piercing cry of some lonely night-bird. "Good-by," he repeated softly, "good-by, and God

bless you, Eleanor! Our paths part here: yours, I pray, may pass through all the sunny spots of life; mine — well, a man can always find enough to do if he is willing to work. Perhaps — who knows? — I may even learn to forget you, in time," he added, with a short, bitter laugh. "What do you say to comparing notes with me, this day ten years hence, Miss Hardy?"

Eleanor bent low down over her saddle-bow, and played with the mane of her horse. "Do come and call on me to-morrow, Mr. Desmond," she said.

Jack burst out in a wild laugh. "Call on you?" he cried. "What! you want me to come and talk to you as another man would talk? Perhaps, — if my anecdotes are amusing enough and I know how to keep my place, — perhaps you will even invite me to attend those Tuesday evenings when all Rome goes to the Palazzo Pini to admire the charming Miss Hardy! Good God! Can't you understand that I love you! Have you lived so much in a drawing-room that you do not know there are passions in this world? Has your life been a parlor comedy for so long that you have forgotten that men are made of flesh and blood, and not merely of black coats and equally correct sentiments, manners, and neck-ties?" He flung her hand away from him with a sort of contempt. "And to think that I have thrown my heart, my life, my honor, at the feet of a woman so little capable of understanding their worth! Eleanor," his voice grew gentle as he spoke her name, "have you never known what it is to love? I love you — do you know what that means to me? Just this! I love you. To me you are simply the one woman in the world, the one being whose presence is perfect

joy, whose absence the world and all the glory thereof could not tempt me for an instant to forget. You are full of faults; I see them, and I love them for your sake! You are full of noble qualities, and I bow down and worship them! I love the very glove on your hand, the ribbon at your throat, the faded flower you have worn and thrown away. My feeling towards you is no dainty devotion, ready to fall gracefully into the background at a hint, and be the pleasing, tenderly remembered, lightly forgotten romance of a season. I love you as a man loves the woman he would make his wife, — passionately, strongly, jealously. I want you all to myself, or not at all! Pardon me! I mean — I wanted you," he added. "I am speaking of the past. You need not tell me again you do not care for me; I know it now. I will not go and see you. I am your lover, Eleanor; I cannot play at being your friend."

Little fleecy clouds had been drifting fast across the face of the moon; now, as he ended, the wind blew them suddenly apart, and a flood of clear, soft light poured down on Eleanor's bowed head and tight-clasped hands. Some bird in the branches above them, awakened by the sound of Desmond's voice, gave a sleepy twitter as it turned in its warm nest. The horses shook themselves and stamped, impatient to be home.

"Jack," said Eleanor, in a meek, small voice, "I don't think it's very kind of you to make me say it — but I wish you would come and see me to-morrow — for, look here, Jack — I've been thinking — I'm sorry for what I said — and — and I don't want you to come as my *friend*, you know!"

Dudu Fletcher.

THE OLD POET AND HIS WIFE.

- AROUND her fell the evening glow,
Her old hands lying on her knee,
As if the years had bent her low.
“When I was young and fair,” sighed she,
“Oh, long, so very long, ago” —
“Nay, nay, my love, you still are so;
You always will be fair to me,
You always will be fair!” said he.
- “But I was fairer when a bride;
Ah, mock not these gray hairs that know —
So swift, so swift the seasons slide,”
She murmured — “seventy winters’ snow.”
“Nay, there,” said he, “the lights still hide
In gilded shadows where divide
The locks in hyacinthine flow,
While in this mask of age you go.”
- “Alas! and were it so, unseen
Even the mask lies soon. How soon,
How soon,” she sighed, “my grave is green!
The thrush without me trills his tune,
Without me twilight is serene;
All things forget that I have been,
And still on balanced wings the moon
Pursues the purple darks of June!”
- “Nay, summer comes,” he said, “and goes
By you, as in some desert spot
Sands fan the porphyry Pharaohs,
Unnoting, and divinely hot.
Let the bird build, and let the rose
Flower as the star flowers at the close
Of day, — you will not be forgot,
For you remain when these are not.
- “They pass, like chaff the loose winds thresh;
But you are sealed within my verse,
With all your blushes ever fresh
As those bright figures men unhearse,
The bloom upon the fruity flesh,
The ribbon in the ringlet’s mesh,
Through sunny centuries nothing worse
For gray Pompeii’s ashen curse!
- “If Phidias’ self had carved you, dear,
In ivory, enriched with gold,

Some blithe barbarian with his spear,
Climbing the rampart, bare and bold,
Had thrust you downward with a jeer;
Gaunt roots had wreathed for many a year
Your beauty; and some boor had rolled
A broken antique from the mold.

“ Or if on Titian’s canvas you
Had mixed your colors with the sun,
And from the gates of morning drew
The splendors that your shape puts on,
Some envious ray, some blistering dew,
One day would blot the wondrous view,
When all the spells that Venice spun
O’er her wan waters were undone!

“ But in the compass of a song,
Sweetheart, you breathe diviner air,
While music beats its pulse along
The happy lines that hold you there.
Still when old Homer clear and strong
Lifts up his voice, what echoes throng
From fierce kings’ voices, sounding where
Great Helen lives forever fair!

“ And so, far down the years that yearn
For light and blossom, hid in doom,
Some eve when skyey fires burn
To ashes, one in some dim room
The strain of an old book shall learn,
And thumb a yellowing leaf, and turn
To see you stand there and illume
With sudden shining all the gloom.

“ Just as on that dear day I first
Drew out, with tender artifice,
The length of the thick curls that pursed
Their clinging, clasping shapes to miss
None of the sunshine, all athirst,
Like globes of Shiraz grapes that burst
Gold from the shade. And one bold kiss
Rapt me, — like this, old wife, and this!

“ Ay, though a thousand years be fled,
The sight denied me he shall have:
The quick throbs kindling rosy red
The dimpled damask that they gave,
The darkling glow the soft eyes shed,
The trembling smile, — though I be dead,
Mine, mine, not his, the power to save, —
A dead old man within my grave!

"Yet should you cease from off the face
Of the sweet earth, and I be blest
With no man's memory for the space
Of a song's singing, that is best.
Laid side by side in some green place
Asleep—Fate grants a further grace
To none. And sweeter, for the rest,
The earth that holds you in her breast!"

Harriet Prescott Spofford.

THE MADNESS OF GEORGE III.

"I should e'en die with pity
To see another thus."

KING LEAR.

THE English people have seemed on several occasions to more than half credit the report that Queen Victoria had become clouded in mind, not, perhaps, from any special evidence of insanity in the case, but from the fact that she is the granddaughter of George III., who was insane for nearly one sixth of his long reign. Mention has also been made of the connection of the English royal family with the old French monarch, Charles VI., who became demented. There is an old theory, which still obtains credit in England, that it is the grandchildren rather than the children of the insane who are in danger of inheriting mental disease. It is somewhat remarkable that the English monarch who reigned longest, and a French monarch also celebrated for his long reign, should each have fallen a victim to mental disease.

Much has been written concerning the influence which the insanity of George III. had upon the political events of his reign, but little has been said concerning the influence that it exerted upon his private character, his social feelings, and his domestic life. His misfortune as far as possible was concealed from the world, but such fragmentary accounts of it as remain reveal to us, with much that is painful and humiliating, some of the finer feelings and impulses of his character, and afford a somewhat differ-

ent picture of the august monarch from that which we are accustomed to derive from the instructions of a certain respected document read on Independence Days.

The influence of insanity is usually sympathetic. It has been said that genius is a disease of the nerves, and one of the compensations that Providence makes for the sufferings that arise from exquisite sensitiveness. Be that as it may with the intellect, insanity seems to refine the affections, to enlarge one's charity, and to endow one with clearer perceptions of the sorrows and anxieties that rob life of its common comforts and privileges. It gives one a responsive nature; it untunes the harp, but it tunes it again. It is a curious fact that the best-read authors during the reign of George III. seem to have derived their enlarged sympathies with mankind from this extraordinary discipline. Old Burton was long dead, but his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, which was written to lift the vapors from his own mind, still retained its popularity. The *Odes of Collins*, which were just rising into appreciation, were written in the lucid intervals of madness. Dr. Johnson, whose voluntary testimonies to the king's private virtues and goodness of heart have been named by Thackeray as one of the props of the throne, was a most unhappy victim of the English malady, and wrote *Rasselas* and *The Vanity of Human Wishes* under a cloud which for a full

half-century threatened the destruction of his intellect. Gay and jolly Oliver Goldsmith, pedantic Boswell, and even Garrick had their moods. The poetry of Cowper embodied the most sorrowful of all experiences. Haley wrote with the shadow of insanity upon his hearthstone, and Beattie with the recollection of his insane wife ever in mind.

The discipline of insanity has refined many rough natures and quickened many cold hearts that otherwise might have passed as misanthropes in the world. Among these may fairly be classed George III. "Few princes," says Lord Brougham, "have been more exemplary in their domestic habits or in the offices of private friendship. But the instant his prerogative was concerned, or his bigotry interfered with, or his will thwarted, the most bitter animosity, the most calculating coldness of heart, took possession of his breast and swayed it by turns." This disposition made him unpopular at times, and, but for a correcting providence — the chastisement of his constantly threatening affliction — might have lost him his throne. His frequent mental distresses made him humble, and kept his heart open to the unfortunate and the poor. Like Lear, he could look upon the meanest of his subjects and say, —

"Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel."

The king was first attacked by insanity in 1765, when he was twenty-seven years old. It was in the spring-time. As is usual with the first manifestations of disease of this kind, when constitutional, he soon recovered.

In the latter part of the autumn of 1788, the king appeared to be nervous and restless, unsettled in mind and apprehensive. Returning from a long ride one bright October day, he hurried by, entered his apartment with an anxious, distressed look upon his face, and, flinging himself into a chair, burst into tears, exclaiming, "I am going to be mad, and I wish to God I might die!"

The apprehension of an attack of insanity is a most fearful thing; few scenes of suffering not associated with guilt and crime can compare with the terrors

of a man who is conscious that he is no longer master of himself, that his will is losing the power to restrain his intellect. What may he not be left to do? We have read of the poet Collins sobbing and mourning in the shadowy aisles of Chichester Cathedral, whither he was accustomed to resort to seek for solace in prayer and in the music of the organ; of Dr. Johnson trembling day by day for nearly half a century lest the bitterness of the melancholy he had suffered in early manhood should return; of Charles Lamb and his poor insane sister going across the fields to the neighboring asylum, weeping and bitterly wringing their hands, because the distressed girl knew that the season of darkness was coming again; of the prayers of Cowper amid the solitudes of Olney and on the banks of the Ouse, and the concealed anxieties of the overworked brain of Southey amid the seclusion of Keswick. The most dangerous and distressing period of mental malady is that when the passions and emotions are partly unchained, and the consciousness of right remains, without the power to pursue it.

The sufferings of the king during the first apprehensive days of his malady were painful to witness, and his conduct was most humiliating for the monarch of a realm whose empire followed the sun. "He awoke," says one of Sheridan's correspondents on one occasion, "with all the gestures and ravings of a confirmed maniac, and a new noise in imitation of the howling of a dog." He seemed tempted with suicidal thoughts, and required constant watchfulness and restraint. "This morning," says one, "he made an attempt to jump out of the window, and is now very turbulent and incoherent."

The king grew worse during the last days of fall. On the 29th of November he was removed to Kew, where he was to experience almost unspeakable horrors. Here he grew worse, his disease became settled, and the sad particulars of his conduct during the dreary months of December and January have, perhaps with commendable prudence, been withheld from the public eye.

The king's illness not yielding to the treatment of the court physicians, the queen and her advisers thought proper to bring to their assistance some one particularly skilled in diseases of the mind. Their choice fell upon Dr. Francis Willis, a highly-educated minister and physician, who seemed to possess great natural power in influencing those whose intellects were disordered, but who were yet capable of moral restraint. His advice in cases of this nature was sought by people of the highest rank, and he often had thirty patients under his charge. Miss Burney, who has left us many pleasing pictures of the domestic life of George III., describes Dr. Willis as a "man of a thousand," open-hearted, dauntless, and high-minded. Soon after his arrival at the palace, it was decided that he should have the moral management of the king.

The first interview of Dr. Willis with the king was rather odd and amusing. The royal patient, like most insane people, could be very sarcastic, and he turned a sharp tongue on his new medical adviser.

"Are you not a clergyman?" asked the king.

"Yes."

"And are you not ashamed to leave your calling and turn doctor?"

"Our Saviour himself went about doing good."

"Yes," answered the king, "but he did not get seven hundred pounds a year for it."

It was decided that the moral management of the king required seclusion both from his family and from the ministers of state. He was also, when violent, subjected to mechanical restraint.

Distressing indeed must have been the spectacle presented by the English monarch at this period of his incapacity; how distressing a single anecdote will show. During his convalescence some friends of the royal household were passing through the palace accompanied by an equerry, when they observed a strait-jacket lying in a chair. The equerry averted his look as a mark of respect for the king. The latter, who had joined

the company present, observed the movement and said, "You need not be afraid to look at it. Perhaps it is the best friend I ever had in my life."

The political effects of the king's illness are sufficiently known to the reader of English history. It was the ministerial policy to represent the malady as a temporary and an accidental misfortune; the aim of the opposition was to represent it as incurable; and these differences produced the most violent disputes in Parliament, involving as they did the question of the regency. Early in January the king gave evidence of recovery. Willis was the first of the king's physicians to perceive it. In reply to the committee of the House of Commons, when asked if he saw any present signs of convalescence, he said, —

"About a fortnight ago his Majesty would take up books, but could not read a line in them; he will now read several pages together, and make very good remarks upon the subject."

The king had some calm days in February, and his full recovery came with the singing of birds and the budding of flowers. Summer-time brought again the old tranquillity to the palace. One of the first excursions that the king made after his recovery was to an almshouse, where apartments for the insane were being provided.

The king's third attack of insanity began in February, 1801. He was put under restraint for only about a month, though his complete recovery did not take place till the following summer. Twenty-three years, not unclouded by apprehension, elapsed between the first and the second attack, and thirteen years, shadowed by continual anxiety, between the second and the third.

The recovery of the king from his second attack thrilled the nation with joy and awakened a spirit of loyalty from sea to sea. London, on the night following the day on which the king resumed his functions, was a blaze of light from the palaces of the West End to the humblest huts in the suburbs. But the great illumination was a rising splendor, which only had its beginning here; it

flashed like a spontaneous joy over all the cities of the realm. Gala days followed gala days; the nights were festive; the release of the king from his mental bondage seemed to lighten all hearts. On the 23d of April the royal family went to the old cathedral of St. Paul's in solemn state to return thanks to God. It was an imposing procession. The bells rung out, the boom of the cannon echoed through the mellowing air, and light strains of music arose on every hand. As the king entered the cathedral between the bishops of London and Lincoln, the voices of five thousand children burst forth in grand chorus, "God save the king."

At the sound of the jubilant strain, the king's emotions overcame him. He covered his face and wept.

"I do now feel that I have been ill," he said to the Bishop of London, as soon as he could restrain his tears.

The joy of the nation was sincere. As delightful to the king must have been the days that followed, when he set forth with the queen and a part of the royal family for a long tour to the west of England. The roads were lined with people and spanned with arches of flowers; girls crowned with wreaths strewed flowers in the streets of the villages through which he passed; bells were rung, the bands were out, all was festivity from London to Weymouth. Wide must have been the contrast between this new freedom and good Dr. Willis's strait-jacket.

Weymouth at this time possessed rare charms for the king. Unvexed by ministerial disputes and the cares of state, free from the last shadow of the clouds that had darkened his mind, with a humble heart, feeling that he was after all but a dependent man among weak and dependent men, he joined the peasants in their sports, he caressed their children, he gave pious advice to old women and wholesome counsel to ambitious lads and buxom lassies; he wandered through the hay-fields with the mowers, and was rocked by the common sailors on the foamy waters of Portland Roads. His intercourse with the peas-

antry at this period gave him a popularity that he never outlived.

The familiarity of notable monarchs with their poorer and meaner subjects has ever been an engaging theme with the historian and the poet. Thus we have the child-charming stories of Henry VIII. and the miller of Dee; of King John and the abbot; of Edward IV. and the tanner; of Philip of Burgundy and the tinker, which, with some shifting of scenes, is told in the Induction to Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew*. About few monarchs have so many pleasing anecdotes of this kind been related as about George III. This humility was a result of his great afflictions, and a most fortunate one for his popularity, since in the eyes of the people his charity covered a multitude of political errors.

After the first beating of the storm of affliction upon his own head, he had a sensitiveness that would never allow him to witness a scene of suffering without emotion, however humble might be the condition of the sufferer. A volume of anecdotes might be collected to illustrate this gentleness of character when want or woe was presented directly before him. He was walking one day, during the hard winter of 1785, unbending his mind from the cares of state, when he chanced to meet two little boys, who, not knowing whom they were addressing, fell upon their knees in the snow, and, wringing their hands, said,—

"Help us! We are hungry; we have nothing to eat."

Their pinched faces were wet with tears.

"Get up," said the king. "Where do you live?"

"Our mother is dead, and our father lies sick, and we have no money, food, or fire."

"Go home," said the king, "and I will follow you."

They at last reached a wretched hovel, where the king found the mother dead, having perished for the want of the necessities of life, and the wretched father ready to perish, but still encircling with his bony arm the deceased partner of his woes. The king's eye moistened, and he

hurried back to the Queen's Lodge and related to the queen what he had seen. He not only immediately relieved the present necessities of the family, but gave orders that the boys should be supported and educated from the royal bounty.

The king surpassed all other monarchs in the whimsical play of "good Haroun Alraschid." He loved nothing better than to meet his poorer and meaner subjects incognito, and learn their good opinion of him. He once played the part of Saxon Alfred as well as that of the Persian caliph, and turned a piece of meat in a cottage. When the old woman returned, what was her delight at finding a royal note, with an inclosure. It ran, "Five guineas to buy a jack."

On board the Southampton, a famous vessel of the olden time, he made himself as jolly with the sailors. One of the tars professed to be a poet, and composed an ode of voluntary laureateship on the occasion, which was sung in the presence of the king. Two of the stanzas run as follows:—

"Portland Road,
The king aboard, the king aboard,
Portland Road,
The king aboard,
We weighed and sailed from Portland Road.

"The king, he sat
With a smile on his face, a smile on his face,
The king, he sat
With a smile on the face,
To see the afterguard splice the main brace."

The "splicing of the main brace" here referred to, which greatly pleased his Majesty, consisted in serving out an extra dram to the sailors. The words were sung to the music of the bagpipe.

George III. was fond of children. All crazy people are, in their better moods. Walking one day near Windsor, he met a stable-boy and asked, —

"Well, boy, what do you do, and what do they pay you?"

"I help in the stable, sir; but they only give me my victuals and clothes."

"Be content," said the king, in a philosophical mood; "I can have nothing more."

Kew House, or the old palace at Kew, still exists, and with it are associated

some of the most pleasing as well as melancholy incidents of the court life of the last century. Here, amid the charming gardens, Queen Charlotte had her Little Trianon, which bore the name of the Queen's Lodge. Here was the Royal Nursery; here, in the cool shade of the flowering trees, Frederick, Prince of Wales, used to listen to the wit of Chesterfield and the insidious reasoning of Bolingbroke; and here the king passed the happiest hours of his better years and the most wretched days of his existence.

Its relics still remain, reminding one — oh, how sadly and vividly! — of a generation gone. The easy-chair in which Queen Charlotte died, the old harpsichord that belonged to Händel, on which the king used to play, the king's prayer-book, his walking-stick, all recall the best days of the English court.

Miss Burney (Madame d'Arblay) and others have left a few glimpses of the king's life at Kew during his periods of incapacity. These occasional views are often amusing, and it is for this reason that they were not allowed to fade away with the general history of the king's domestic life during these dark periods.

One day Miss Burney was walking in the garden at Kew, when she saw the king, whom she supposed to be very insane, coming towards her. To avoid meeting him, she ran off at full speed. But the king was not to be disappointed in his chance of meeting a pretty woman, and so ran after her. The king's attendants were alarmed and ran after him. But the king proved the swiftest runner, and soon caught up with the charming queen's maid, and, throwing his arms around her, kissed her. He then informed her that he was as well as ever he had been in his life, and that he wished to talk with her on affairs of state. Miss Burney was at first terribly frightened, but soon gained her self-possession and enjoyed one of the most pleasant interviews with the king that she ever had while in the service of the royal household.

Another time, as the king was breakfasting at Kew, the great scarcity of beef

which was then prevailing in England became the subject of conversation.

"Why do not people plant more beef?" asked the king.

Upon being told that beef could not be raised from the seed, he seemed still incredulous. He took some bits of beef-steak, and went into the garden and planted them. The next morning he went out to see if they had sprouted, and found there some snails. Thinking they were oxen, he was heard calling out, "Here they are, here they are, Charlotte, horns and all!"

Age at last battered his decaying tabernacle, and his life became more Lear-like as the twilight shadows began to fall. His sympathies seemed to take a wider range, and his charity to gather new sweetness, as the evening of age came on. In 1786 a poor insane woman, named Margaret Nicholson, attempted to assassinate him as he was in the act of stepping from his carriage. The king, on finding that she was insane, remembered his own frailty, spoke of her with great pity, and tried to disarm the popular prejudice against her. In 1790 John Frith, an insane man, attempted the king's life, and another lunatic shot at him in 1800, for each of whom the king was moved to extreme pity when he understood the nature of their malady.

George III. had fifteen children. His favorite was the Princess Amelia. In her early days she was a gay, light-hearted girl; but as she grew older she became affectionate and reflective, yielding to the deeper sentiments of her emotional nature, and making herself the companion of the king in his decline. She once told her experience in life in two fair stanzas, that have been preserved:—

"Unthinking, idle, wild, and young,
I laughed and danced and talked and sung,
And, proud of health, of freedom vain,
Dreamed not of sorrow, care, or pain,
Concluding, in those hours of glee,
That all the world was made for me.

"But when the hour of trial came,
When sickness shook this trembling frame,
When folly's gay pursuits were o'er,
And I could sing and dance no more,

It then occurred how sad 't would be,
Were *this* world only made for me."

In 1810 she was attacked with a lingering and fatal illness. Her sufferings at times were heart-rending to witness, but her sublime confidence in God kept her mind serene, and brought the sweetest anticipations of another and a better world.

The old king lingered by her bedside, her affectionate watcher and nurse. They talked together daily of Christ, of redemption, and of the joys of heaven. "The only hope of the sinner is in the blood and righteousness of Jesus Christ. Do you feel this hope, my daughter? Does it sustain you?"

"Nothing," says an English clergyman who witnessed these interviews, "can be more striking than the sight of the king, aged and nearly blind, bending over the couch on which the princess lies, and speaking to her of salvation through Christ as a matter far more interesting than the most magnificent pomps of royalty."

As she grew weaker, he caused the physicians to make a statement of her condition every hour. When he found her sinking, the old dejection and gloom began to overcast his mind again. He felt, like Lear, that he had one true heart to love him for himself alone. This love was more precious to him than crowns and thrones. The world offered nothing to him so sweet as her affection. She was his Cordelia. One gloomy day a messenger came to the king's room to announce that Amelia had breathed her last. It was too much for the king: reason began to waver and soon took its flight. "This was caused by poor Amelia," he was heard saying, as the shadows deepened and the dreary winter of age came stealing on.

"Thou 'lt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never!"

This was in 1810. The remaining ten years of his life were passed, with the exception of few brief intervals, in the long night of mindlessness, and the last eight years were still more deeply shadowed by the loss of sight. In May, 1811, he appeared once outside of the

castle of Windsor, and henceforth the people saw him no more. Withdrawn from all eyes but those that watched his necessities, in silence and in darkness, crownless, throneless, sceptreless, there was for him neither sun, moon, nor stars, empire, wife, nor child. The seasons came and went, — the spring-time lighted up the hills and autumn withered the leaves, the summer sunshine dreamed in the flowers and the snows of winter fell; battles were fought; Waterloo changed the front of the political world; Napoleon fell; the nation was filled with festive rejoicings over the battles of Vittoria, the Pyrenees, and Toulouse, but he was oblivious of all. His sister died, his beloved queen died, his son, the Duke of Kent, died — but he knew it not. He was often confined in a padded room; his beard grew long; he seemed like a full personification of the character of Lear. Once he was heard repeating to himself the sad lines in *Samson Agonistes*, —

“Oh, dark, dark, dark! Amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark! Total eclipse,
Without all hope of day!”

Some incidents of this period are very touching. One day, while his attendants were leading him along one of the passages of the castle, he heard some one draw quickly aside. “Who is there?” asked the king.

He was answered in a well-known voice.

“I am now blind,” said the king.

“I am very sorry, please your Majesty.”

“But,” continued the king, “I am quite resigned; for what have we to do in this world but to suffer as well as to perform the will of the Almighty?”

He at one time supposed that George III. was some other person than himself, who was now dead. He professed to feel great respect for the deceased monarch. He was once heard saying, “I must have a new suit of clothes, and I will have them black, in memory of George III.”

In the summer of 1814 he had some lucid intervals. In one of these he was visited by the queen. Once, on enter-

ing the room, she found him singing a hymn, and playing sweetly upon the harpsichord. When he had finished singing, he knelt down and prayed. He invoked a blessing upon the queen, his children, and the nation, and concluded with a petition that God would avert his own dreadful calamity if it was the divine will; if not, that he would give him resignation to bear it. One morning he heard the bell tolling at Windsor.

“Who is dead?” he asked.

“Mrs. S——, please your Majesty.”

“Mrs. S——? She was a linen-dra-per. She was a good woman, and brought up her family in the fear of God. She has gone to heaven, and I hope I shall soon follow her.”

As the world receded, leaving him nothing but solitude, he fancied that the angels came to visit him and to minister unto him. Old friends long dead came back again; they wandered about his lonely rooms and sat down in the empty chairs; they clustered around him at the time of prayer. His heart was ever turning to the past, to the friends of more than a half-century before. The following passage from Lord Eldon’s papers indicates the intense spirituality that in his partly lucid intervals was ever present in his mind:—

“The king had been allowed to preside over the state council. It was agreed that if any strong feature of his malady should appear during the sitting, Sir Henry Halford should, on receiving a signal from me, endeavor to recall him from his aberrations, and accordingly, when his Majesty appeared to be addressing some statesmen of a past generation, whom he had long survived, Sir Henry observed, ‘Your Majesty has, I believe, forgotten that — and — both died many years ago.’

“‘True,’ replied the king; ‘they died to you and to the world in general, but not to me.’”

Music seemed to collect his thoughts and soothe his feelings, and the piano and harpsichord were his favorite instruments. In 1811 he, for the last time, made the selection of pieces for a grand sacred concert. It comprised Händel’s

famous passages descriptive of madness and blindness, the lamentation of Jephthah on the loss of his daughter, and the list ended with God save the King. The performance of the last moistened all eyes, after what had gone before.

Thus passed the last ten years of the monarch's life, in a gradual decline, amid an obscurity lighted by occasional gleams of reason and always full of the keenest pathos; until, in 1820, the great

bell of St. Paul's announced his final release.

The popularity of George III. was largely due to his humble piety, and to his familiarity with his poorer and meaner subjects. Each of these characteristics was the result, in a measure, of his mental misfortunes. It was because the king never dared to forget that he was a man, that the people always loved to remember that he was a king.

Hezekiah Butterworth.

A VISIT TO A CERTAIN OLD GENTLEMAN.

LEAVES FROM A ROMAN NOTE-BOOK.

It was only after the gravest consideration that we decided to visit a Certain Old Gentleman. There were so many points to be considered. It was by no means certain that a Certain Old Gentleman wanted us to visit him. Though we knew him, in a vague way, to be sure, — through friends of ours who were friends of his, — he did not know us at all. Then he was, according to report, a very particular old gentleman, standing squarely on his dignity, and so hedged about by conventional ideas of social etiquette, so difficult of approach, and so nearly impossible to become acquainted with when approached, that it was an audacious thing to seriously contemplate dropping in on him familiarly. What impelled us to wish to do so? Certainly we had no desire to pay court to him. He had formerly occupied a high official position, but now he was retired, so to speak, into private life, — a sufficient reason in itself why he should be let alone. In brief, there were a hundred reasons why we should not visit him, and there was not one why we should. It was that that decided us, I think.

It comes back to me like the reminiscence of a dream, rather than as the memory of an actual experience, that

May afternoon when the purpose first unfolded itself to us. We were sitting in the fading glow of the day on the last of the four marble steps which linked our parlor to the fairy-like garden of the Albergo di Russia in the Via Babuino. Our rooms were on the ground-floor, and this garden, shut in on three sides by the main building and the wings of the hotel, and closed at the rear by the Pincian Hill, up which the garden clambered half-way in three or four luxuriant terraces, seemed naturally to belong to our suite of apartments. All night we could hear the drip of the fountain among the cactus leaves, and catch at intervals the fragrance of orange-blossoms, blown in at the one window we dared leave open. It was here we took the morning air a few minutes before breakfast; it was on these steps we smoked our cigar after the wonders of the day were done. We had the garden quite to ourselves, for the cautious tourist had long since taken wing from Rome, frightened by the early advance of summer. The great caravansary was nearly empty. Aside from the lizards, I do not recollect seeing any living creature in that garden during our stay, except a little frowsy wad of a dog, which dashed into our premises one morning,

and seizing on a large piece of sponge made off with it up the Pincian Hill. If that sponge fell to the lot of some time-encrusted Romanese, and Providence was merciful enough to inspire him with a conception of its proper use, it cannot be said of that little Skye terrier that he lived in vain.

If no other feet than ours invaded those neatly-graveled walks, causing the shy, silvery lizards to swiftly retreat to the borders of the flower-beds or behind the corpulent green tubs holding the fan-palms, we were keenly conscious now and then of being overlooked. On pleasant afternoons lines of carriages and groups of gayly-dressed people went winding up the steep road which, skirted with ilexes and pines and mimosa bushes, leads to the popular promenade of the Pincio. There, if anywhere, you get a breath of fresh air in the heated term, and always the most magnificent view of the city and its environs. There, of old, were the gardens of Lucullus; and there Messalina, with wicked good taste, had her pleasure-house, and held her Saturnalia; and there, to-day, the band of Victor Emmanuel plays twice a week in the sunset, luring thither all the sunny belles and beaux of Rome. Monte Pincio, as I have said, sloped down on one side to our garden. On the crest of the hill commanding our demesne was a low wall of masonry. From time to time a killing Roman fop would come and lean in an elegant attitude against this wall, nursing himself on the ivory ball of his cane, and staring unblushingly at the blonde-haired lady sitting under her own hired fig-tree in the hotel garden. What a fascinating creature he was, with his little black mustache, almost as heavy as a pencil mark, his olive skin, his wide, effeminate eyes, his slender rattan figure, and his cameo sleeve-studs! What a sad dog he was, to melt into those languishing postures up there, and let loose all those facile blandishments, careless of the heart-break he must inevitably cause the simple American *signora* in the garden below! We used to glance up at this gilded youth from time to time, and it was a satisfaction to reflect

what an ineffable idiot he was, like all his kind in every land under the sun.

This was our second sojourn in Rome, and we had spent two industrious weeks picking up the threads of the Past, dropped temporarily in April in order to run down and explore Naples before Southern Italy became too hot to hold us: two busy weeks, into which were crowded visits to the Catacombs and the Baths of Caracalla, and excursions on the Campagna,—at this time of year a vast red sea of poppies strewn with the wrecks of ancient tombs; we had humiliated our nostrils in strolling through the Ghetto, and gladdened our eyes daily with the bronze equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius in the Piazza del Campidoglio; we had made a pilgrimage to the Abbey alle Tre Fontane, and regarded with a proper sense of awe the three fountains which had gushed forth at the points where the head of the Apostle Paul landed, in those three eccentric leaps it accomplished after his execution; we had breathed the musky air of Santa Maria Maggiore and the Basilica San Paolo, and once, by chance, on a minor *fête* day, lighted on a pretty pageant in St. John Lateran; we had looked our fill of statuary and painting, and jasper and lapis-lazuli; we had burrowed under the Eternal City in crypt and dungeon, and gazed down upon it from the dizzy Lantern of St. Peter's. The blighting summer was at hand; the phantasmal malaria was stalking the Campagna at night: it was time to go. There was nothing more to be done in Rome unless we did the Roman fever, — nothing but that, indeed, if we were not inclined to pay a visit to a Certain Old Gentleman. This alternative appeared to have so many advantages over the Roman fever that it at once took the shape of an irresistible temptation. At least it did to Madama and me, but the other pilgrim of the party was of a more reflective mind, and was disposed to look at the question judicially. He was not going to call on a Certain Old Gentleman as if he were a frescoed panel in the Sistine Chapel; it was not fair to put a human being on the same footing

as a nameless heathen statue dug out of the lava of Pompeii; the statue could not complain, and would put itself in a false position if it did complain, at being treated as a curiosity; but the human being might, and had a perfect right to protest. H——'s objections to the visit were so numerous and so warmly put, that Madama and I were satisfied he had made up his mind to go.

"However, the gentleman is not adverse to receiving strangers, as I understand it," said H——.

"On the contrary," I said, "it is one of the relaxations of his old age, and he is especially hospitable to our countrymen. A great many Americans" —

"Then let us go, by all means," interrupted Madama. "Among the Romans one should do — as Americans do."

"Only much better," I suggested. "I have sometimes been not proud of my countrymen on this side of the water. The Delaneys in the Borghese Gallery, the other day! I almost longed for the intervention of the Inquisition. If it had been in Venice and in the fifteenth century, I'd have dropped an anonymous communication into the letter-box of the Palace of the Doges, and had the Council of Ten down on Miss Fanny Delaney in no time."

"The chances are he is out of town," said Madama, ignoring my vindictiveness.

"He has a summer residence near Albano," said H——, "but he never goes there now; at least he has not occupied the villa for the last few years, in fact, not since 1870."

"Where does he pass his summers, then?" asked Madama.

"In Rome."

"How eccentric!"

"I suppose he has his weak points, like the rest of us," said H——, charitably.

"He ought to have his strong points, to endure the summer in Rome, with the malaria, and the sirocco, and the typhoon, and all the dreadful things that befall."

"The typhoon, my dear" —

Though the discussion did not end here that May evening on the steps of the hotel-garden, it ends here in my record; it being sufficient for the reader to know that we then and there resolved to undertake the visit in question. The scribe of the party dispatched a note to Signor V—— expressing a desire to pay our respects to his venerable friend before we left town, and begging that an early day, if any, be appointed for the interview. Signor V—— was an Italian acquaintance of ours who carried a diplomatic key that fitted almost any lock.

We breakfasted betimes, the next morning, and sat lingering over our coffee, awaiting Signor V——'s reply to our note. The reply had so impressive an air of not coming, that we fell to planning an excursion to Tivoli, and had ordered a carriage to that end, when Stefano appeared, bearing an envelope on his silver-plated waiter. (I think he was born with that waiter in his hand; he never laid it down for a moment; if any duty obliged him to use both hands, he clapped the waiter under his arm or between his knees; I used to fancy that it was attached to his body by some mysterious, invisible ligament, the severing of which would have caused his instant death.) Signor V—— advised us that his venerable friend would be gracious enough to receive us that very day at one half-hour after noon. In a postscript the signor intimated that the gentlemen would be expected to wear evening dress, *minus* gloves, and that it was imperative on the part of Madama to be costumed completely in black and to wear only a black veil on her hair. Such was one of the whims of a Certain Old Gentleman.

Here a dilemma arose. Among Madama's wardrobe there was no costume of this lugubrious description. The nearest approach to it was a statuesque black robe, elaborately looped and covered with agreeable arabesques of turquoise-blue silk. There was nothing to do but to rip off these celestial trimmings, and they were ripped off, though it went against the woman-heart. Poor, vain

little silk dress, that had never been worn, what swift retribution overtook you for being nothing but artistic, and graceful, and lovely, and — Parisian, which includes all blessed adjectives!

From the bottom of a trunk in which they had lain since we left London, H—— and I exhumed our dress-coats. Though perfectly new (like their amiable sister, the black silk gown), they came out looking remarkably aged. They had inexplicable bulges in the back, as if they had been worn by somebody with six or eight shoulder-blades, and were covered all over in front with minute wrinkles, recalling the famous portrait of the late Dr. Parr in his hundred and fiftieth year. H—— and I got into our creased elegance with not more intemperate comment than might be pardoned, and repaired to the parlor, where we found Madama arranging a voluminous veil of inky crape over her hair, and regarding herself in a full-length mirror with gloomy satisfaction. The carriage was at the *porte cochère*, and we departed, stealing silently through the deserted hotel corridor, and looking for all the world, I imagine, like a couple of rascally undertakers making off with a nun.

We had been so expeditious in our preparations that on seating ourselves in the carriage we found much superfluous time on our hands; so we went around Robin Hood's barn to our destination; — a delightful method in Rome, — taking the Cenci Palace and the Hilda's Tower of Hawthorne's romance in our impartial sweep, and stopping at a shop in the Piazza di Spagna, where Madama purchased an amber rosary for only about three times as many *lire* as she need have paid for it anywhere else on the globe. If an Italian shop-keeper should be submitted to a chemical analysis, and his rascality carefully separated from the other ingredients and thrown away, there would be nothing left of him.

There were not many persons to be seen in the streets. It was nearing the hour when Rome keeps in-doors and takes its ease; besides, it was out of season, as I have stated, and the Gaul and

the Briton, and the American savage with his bowie-knife and revolver, had struck a trail northward. At the church portals, to be sure, was the usual percentage of distressing beggars, — the old hag out of Macbeth, who insists on lifting the padded leather door-screen for you, the one-eyed man, the one-armed man, the one-legged man, and other fragments. The poor you have always with you, in Italy. They lash themselves, metaphorically, to the spokes of your carriage-wheel, and go around with you.

Ever since our second arrival in Rome the population seemed to have been undergoing a process of evaporation. From the carriage-window now and then we caught sight of a sandaled monk flitting by in the shadow of a tall building, — the sole human thing that appears to be in a hurry in this stagnant city. His furtive air betrays his consciousness that he is only tolerated where he once ruled nearly supreme. It is an evil time for him; his tenure is brief. Now that the government has unearthed him, he is fading out like a Pompeian fresco. As he glides by, there in the shade, with the aspect of a man belated on some errand of vital import, I have an idea he is not going anywhere in particular. Before these doleful days had befallen the Church of Rome, every third figure you met was a gray-cowled friar, or a white-robed Dominican, or a shovel-hatted reverend father looking like a sharp raven; but they all are rare birds now, and, for the most part, the few that are left stick to their perches in the stricken, moldy old monasteries and convents, shedding their feathers and wasting away hour by hour, the last of the brood!

In the vicinity of Trajan's Column we encountered a bewildered-looking goat-herd, who had strayed in from the Campagna, perhaps with some misty anticipation that the Emperor Nero had a fresh lot of choice Christians to be served up that day in the arena of the Coliseum. I wondered if this rustic wore those pieces of hairy goatskin laced to his calves in July and August. It

threw one into a perspiration to look at him. But I forgave him on inspection, for with his pointed hat, through an aperture of which his hair had run to seed, and his scarlet sash, and his many-colored tattered habiliments, he was the only bit of picturesque costume we saw in Rome. Picturesque costume is a thing of the past there, except those fraudulent remains of it that hang about the studios in the Via Margutta, or at the steps of the *Trinità de' Monti*, on the shoulders of professional models.

Even the *Corso* was nearly deserted and quite dull this day, and it is scarcely gay when it is thronged, as we saw it early in the spring. Possibly it is lively during the Carnival. It would need masking and music and illumination to lift its chronic gloom, in spite of its thousand balconies. The sense of antiquity and the heavy, uncompromising architecture of Rome oppress one painfully until one comes to love her. My impression of Rome is something so solid and tangible that I have felt at times as if I could pack it in a box, like a bas-relief, or a statue, or a segment of a column, and send it home by the Cunard line. Compared with the airiness and grace and color of other Continental cities, Rome is dull. The arcades of Bologna and the dingy streets of Verona and Padua are not duller. But what a spell she casts over you, and how she grows upon you, the mother city of the world!

If I linger by the way, and seem in no haste to get to a Certain Old Gentleman, it is because the Roman atmosphere has in it some medicinal property that induces reverie and procrastination, and relaxes the sinews of effort. I wonder where Caligula found the vivacity to torture his victims, and Brutus the enterprise to stab Caesar.

Our zigzag route brought us back to the Piazza del Popolo, from which we turned into the Via Ripetta on the left, and rattled over the stone pavement past the Castle of St. Angelo, towards St. Peter's. It was not until the horses slackened their speed, and finally stood still in a spacious cortile at the foot of a

wide flight of stone steps, that our purpose dropped a certain fantastic aspect it had worn, and became a serious if not a solemn business. Notwithstanding our deliberations over the matter at the hotel, I think I had not fully realized that in proposing to visit a Certain Old Gentleman we were proposing to visit the Pope of Rome. The proposition had seemed all along like a piece of mild pleasantry, as if one should say, "I think I'll drop round on Titus Flavius in the course of the forenoon," or "I've half a mind to look in on Cicero and Pompey, and see how they feel this morning after their little dissipation last night at the villa of Lucullus." The Pope of Rome—not the Pope *regnant*, but the Pope of Rome in the abstract—had up to that hour presented himself to my mental eye as an august spectacular figure, belonging to no particular period, who might turn out after all to be an ingenious historical fiction perpetrated by the same humorist that invented Pocahontas. The Pope of Rome!—he had been as vague to me as Adam and as improbable as Noah.

But there stood Signor V—— at the carriage-step, waiting to conduct us into the Vatican, and there on either side of the portals at the head of the massive staircase lounged two of the papal guard in that jack-of-diamonds costume which Michael Angelo designed for them—in the way of a practical joke, I fancy. They held halberds in their hands, these mediæval gentlemen, and it was a mercy they did n't chop us to pieces as we passed between them. What an absurd uniform for a man-at-arms of the nineteenth century! These fellows, clad in rainbow, suggested a pair of harlequins out of a Christmas pantomime. Farther on we came to more stone staircase, and more stupid papal guard with melodramatic battle-axes, and were finally ushered into a vast, high-studded chamber at the end of a much-stuccoed corridor.

Coming as we did out of the blinding sunshine, this chamber seemed to us at first but a gloomy cavern. It was so poorly lighted by numerous large win-

dows on the western side that several seconds elapsed before we could see anything distinctly. One or two additional windows would have made it quite dark. At the end of the apartment, near the door at which we had entered, was a dais with three tawdry rococo gilt arm-chairs, having for background an enormous painting of the Virgin, but by what master I was unable to make out. The draperies of the room were of some heavy dark stuff, a green rep, if I remember, and the floor was covered with a thick carpet through which the solid stone flagging beneath repelled the pressure of your foot. There was a singular absence of color everywhere, of that mosaic work and Renaissance gilding with which the eyes soon become good friends in Italy. The frescoes of the ceiling, if there were any frescoes, were in some shy neutral tint, and did not introduce themselves to us. On the right, at the other extremity of the room, was a double door, which led, as we were correct in supposing, to the private apartments of the Pope.

Presently our eyes grew reconciled to the semi-twilight, which seemed to have been transported hither with a faint spicy odor of incense from some ancient basilica, — a proper enough light for an audience-chamber in the Vatican. Fixed against the wall on either side, and extending nearly the entire length of the room, was a broad settee, the greater part of which was already occupied when we entered. Signor V—— stationed himself at our side and began a conversation with H—— on the troubles that had overtaken and the perils that still menaced the True Church. The disintegration of nunneries and monasteries and the closing up of religious houses had been fraught with much individual suffering. Hundreds of simple, learned men had been suddenly thrust out into a world of which they had no knowledge and where they were as helpless as so many infants. In some instances the government had laid hands on strictly private properties, on funds contributed by private persons to establish asylums for women of noble birth in reduced circumstances, — portionless daughters and

cousins desirous of leading a life of pious meditation and seclusion. Many of these institutions possessed enormous revenues, and were strong temptations to the Italian government, whose money-chest gave out a pathetically hollow sound when tapped against in 1870. One does not need to be a Catholic to perceive the injustice of this kind of seizure; one's sympathy may go forth with the unhoused nuns: as to the monks, — it does not hurt any man to earn his own living. The right and the necessity to work ought to be regarded as a direct blessing from God, by men who, for these many centuries, have had their stomachs "with good capon lined," chiefly at the expense of the poor.

Conversation had become general; every one spoke in a subdued tone, and a bee-like hum rose and fell on the air. With the exception of a neat little body with her husband at our right, the thirty or forty persons present were either French, German, English, Russian, or Italian.

I remarked to Signor V—— on the absence of the American element, and attributed it to the lateness of the season.

"That does not wholly explain it," said Signor V——. "There were numerous applications from Americans to attend this reception, but his Holiness just at present is not inclined to receive many Americans."

"Why not?"

"A few weeks since, his Holiness was treated with great disrespect by an American, a lawyer from one of your Western States, I believe, who did not rise from his seat or kneel when the Pope entered the room."

"He ought to have risen, certainly; but it is imperative that one should kneel?"

"It is; but then, it is not imperative on any one to be presented to his Holiness. If the gentleman did not wish to conform to the custom, he ought to have stayed away."

"He might have been ignorant of that phase of the ceremony," said I, with an uneasy reflection that I was in

some sort a duplicate of my unhappy countryman. "What befell him?"

"He was courteously escorted from the chamber by the gentleman in waiting," said Signor V——, glancing at an official near the door, who looked as if he were a cross between a divinity student and a policeman.

It occurred to me that few things would be less entertaining than to be led out of this audience-chamber in the face and eyes of France, Germany, Russia, and Italy, —in the face and eyes of the civilized world, in fact, for would not the next number of Galignani's Messenger have a paragraph about it? I had supposed that Catholics knelt to the Pope, as a matter of course, but that Protestants were exempt from paying this homage, on the same ground that Quakers are not expected to remove their hats like other folk. I wondered what Friend Eli would do, if destiny dropped him into the midst of one of the receptions of Pius IX. However, it was somewhat late to go to the bottom of the matter, so I dismissed it from my mind, and began an examination of my neighbors.

A cynic has observed that all cats are gray in the twilight. He said cats, but meant women. I am convinced that all women are not alike in a black silk dress, very simply trimmed and with no color about it except a white rose at the corsage. There are women — perhaps not too many — whose beauty is heightened by an austere toilette. Such a one was the lady opposite me, with her veil twisted under her chin and falling negligently over the left shoulder. The beauty of her face flashed out like a diamond from its sombre setting. She had the brightest of dark eyes, with such a thick, long fringe of dark eyelashes that her whole countenance turned into night when she dropped her eyelids; when she lifted them, it was morning again. As if to show us what might be done in the manner of contrasts, nature had given this lady some newly coined Roman gold for hair. I think Eve was that way, — both blonde and brunette. My *vis-à-vis* would have been gracious

in any costume, but I am positive that nothing would have gone so well with her as the black silk dress, fitting closely to the pliant bust and not losing a single line or curve. As she sat, turned three-quarters face, the window behind her threw the outlines of her slender figure into sharp relief. I tell this to the reader. The lady herself was perfectly well aware of it.

Next to this charming person was a substantial English matron, who wore her hair done up in a kind of turret, and looked like a lithograph of a distant view of Windsor Castle. She sat bolt upright, and formed, if I may say so, the initial letter of a long line of fascinatingly ugly women. Imagine a row of Sphinxes in deep mourning. It would have been an unbroken line of feminine severity, but for a handsome young priest with a strikingly spiritual face, who came in, like a happy word in parenthesis, half-way down the row. I soon exhausted the resources of this part of the room; my eyes went back to the Italian lady so prettily framed in the embrasure of the window, and would have lingered there had I not got interested in an old gentleman seated on my left. When he came into the room, blinking his kindly blue eyes and rubbing his hands noiselessly together and beaming benevolently on everybody, just as if he were expected, I fell in love with him. His fragile, aristocratic hands appeared to have been done up by the same *blanchisseuse* who did his linen, which was as white and crisp as an Alpine snow-drift, as were also two wintry strands of hair trained artfully over either ear. Otherwise he was as bald and shiny as a glacier. He seated himself with an old-fashioned, courteous bow to the company assembled, and a protesting wave of the hand, as if to say, "Good people, I pray you, do not disturb yourselves," and made all that side of the room bright with his smiling. He looked so clean and sweet, just such a wholesome figure as one would like to have at one's fireside as grandfather, I began formulating the wish that I might, thirty or forty years hence, be

taken for his twin brother; when a neighbor of his created a disturbance.

This neighbor was a young Italian lady or gentleman—I do not know which—of perhaps ten months' existence, who up to the present time had been asleep in the arms of its *bonne*. Awaking suddenly, the *bambino* had given vent to the shrillest shrieks, impelled thereto by the strangeness of the surrounding features, or perhaps by some conscientious scruples about being in the Vatican. I picked out the mother at once by the worried expression that flew to the countenance of a lady near me, and in a gentleman who instantly assumed an air of having no connection whatever with the baleful infant, I detected the father. I do not remember to have seen a stronger instance of youthful depravity and duplicity than that lemon-colored child afforded. The moment the nurse walked with it, it sunk into the sweetest of slumber, peace settled upon its little nose like a drowsy bee upon the petal of a flower; but the instant the *bonne* made a motion to sit down, it broke forth again. I do not know what ultimately became of the vocal goblin; possibly it was collared by the lieutenant of the guard outside, and thrown into the deepest dungeon of the palace; at all events it disappeared after the announcement that his Holiness would be with us shortly. Whatever virtues Pius IX. may claim, punctuality is not one of them, for he had kept us waiting three quarters of an hour, and we had still another fifteen minutes to wait.

The monotonous hum of conversation ceased abruptly, the two sections of the wide door I have mentioned were thrown open, and the Pope, surrounded by his cardinals and a number of foreign princes, entered. The occupants of the two long settees rose, and then, as if they were automata worked by the same tyrannical wire, sunk simultaneously into an attitude of devotion. For an instant I was seized with a desperate desire not to kneel. There is something in an American knee, when it is rightly constructed, that makes it an awkward thing to kneel with before any man born of woman.

Perhaps, if the choice were left one, either to prostrate one's self before a certain person or be shot, one might make a point of it—and be shot. But that was not the alternative in the present case. If I had failed to follow the immemorial custom I would not have had the honor of a fusillade, but would have been ignominiously led away by one of those highly-colored Swiss guards, and, in my dress suit, would have presented to the general stare the appearance of a pretentious ace of spades being wiped out by a gay right-bower. Such a humiliation was not to be thought of! So, wishing myself safely back amid the cruder civilization of the New World, and with a mental protest accompanied by a lofty compassion for the weakness and cowardice of human kind, I slid softly down with the rest of the miserable sinners. I was in the very act, when I was chilled to the marrow by catching a sidelong glimpse of my benign old gentleman placidly leaning back in his seat, with his hands folded over his well-filled waistcoat and that same benevolent smile petrified on his countenance. He was fast asleep.

Immediately a tall, cadaverous person in a scant, funereal garment emerged from somewhere, and touched the sleeper on the shoulder. The old gentleman unclosed his eyes slowly and with difficulty, and was so far from taking in the situation that he made a gesture as if to shake hands with the tall, cadaverous person. Then it all flashed upon the dear old boy, and he dropped to his knees with so comical and despairing an air of contrition that the presence of forty thousand popes would not have prevented me from laughing.

Another discomposing incident occurred at this juncture. Two removes below me was a smooth-faced German of gigantic stature; he must have been six or seven inches over six feet in height, but so absurdly short between the knee-cap and ankle that as he knelt he towered head and shoulders above us all, resembling a great, overgrown school-boy, standing up as straight as he could. It was so he impressed one of the ghost-

ly attendants, who advanced quickly towards him with the evident purpose of requesting him to kneel. Discovering his error just in time, the reverend father retreated much abashed.

All eyes were now turned toward the Pope and his suite, and this trifling episode passed unnoticed save by two or three individuals in the immediate neighborhood, who succeeded in swallowing their smiles, but did not dare glance at each other afterwards. The Pope advanced to the centre of the upper end of the room, leaning heavily on his ivory-handled cane, the princes in black and the cardinals in scarlet standing behind him in picturesque groups, like the chorus in an opera. Indeed, it was all like a scene on the stage. Several of the princes were Russian, with names quite well adapted to not being remembered. Among the Italian gentlemen was Cardinal Nobli Vatteleschi, — he was not a cardinal then, by the way, — who died not long since.

Within whispering distance of the Pope stood Cardinal Antonelli — a man who would not escape observation in any assembly of notable personages. If the Inquisition should be revived in its early genial form, and the reader should fall into its hands, — as would very likely be the case, if a branch office were established in this country, — he would feel scarcely comfortable if his chief inquisitor had so cold and subtle a countenance as Cardinal Antonelli's.

We occasionally meet in political or in social life a man whose presence seems to be an anachronism, — a man belonging to a type we fancied extinct; he affects us as a living dodo would the naturalist, though perhaps not with so great an enthusiasm. Cardinal Antonelli, in his bearing and the cast of his countenance, had that air of remoteness which impresses us in the works of the old masters. I had seen somewhere a head of Velasquez for which the cardinal might have posed. With the subdued afternoon light falling upon him through the deep-set window, he seemed like some cruel prelate escaped from one of the earlier volumes of Froude's *History of*

England, — subtle, haughty, and intolerant. I did not mean to allow so sinister an impression to remain on my mind; but all I have since read and heard of Cardinal Antonelli has only partially obliterated it. A not unfriendly biographical sketch gives us this silhouette of the cardinal: "He is a man of unbending disposition, a zealous conservative, and a strenuous opponent of the innovating spirit of the age. His manners are cold, reserved, and little calculated to make him popular, but his devotion to the religious and political interests of the Church of Rome is great, and is supported by a remarkable energy and strength of character. His personal appearance is striking and imposing, impressing all who see him with a sense of the remarkable powers of intellect for which he is distinguished."

It was a pleasure to turn from the impassible prime minister to the gentle and altogether lovely figure of his august master, with his small, sparkling eyes, remarkably piercing when he looked at you point-blank, and a smile none the less winsome that it lighted up a mouth denoting unusual force of will. His face was not at all the face of a man who had passed nearly half a century in arduous diplomatic and ecclesiastical labors; it was certainly the face of a man who had led a temperate, blameless private life, in noble contrast to many of his profligate predecessors, whom the world was only too glad to have snugly stowed away in their gorgeous porphyry coffins with a marble mistress carved atop.

Giovanni Maria Mastai Ferretti was born in Sinigaglia on the 13th of May, 1792; the week previous to this reception he had celebrated his eighty-third birthday; but he did not look over sixty-five or seventy, as he stood there in his cream-white skull-cap of broadcloth and his long pontifical robes of the same material, — a costume that lent an appearance of height to an undersized, stoutly built figure. With his silvery hair straggling from beneath the skull-cap, and his smoothly-shaven pale face, a trifle heavy, perhaps because of the

double chin, he was a very beautiful old man. After pausing a moment or two in the middle of the chamber, and taking a bird's-eye glance at his guests, the Pope began his rounds. Assigned to each group of five or ten persons was an official who presented the visitors by name, indicating their nationality, station, etc. So far as the nationality was involved, that portion of the introduction was obviously superfluous, for the Pope singled out his countrymen at a glance, and at once addressed them in Italian, scarcely waiting for the master of ceremonies to perform his duties. To foreigners his Holiness spoke in French. After a few words of salutation he gave his hand to each person, who touched it with his lips or his forehead, or simply retained it an instant. It was a deathly cold hand, on the forefinger of which was a great seal ring bearing a mottled gray stone that seemed frozen. As the Pope moved slowly along, devotees caught at the hem of his robe and pressed it to their lips, and in most instances bowed down and kissed his feet. I suppose it was only by years of practice that his Holiness was able to avoid stepping on a nose here and there.

It came our turn at last. As he approached us he said with a smile, "Ah, I see you are Americans." Signor V—— then presented us formally, and the Pope was kind enough to say to us what he had probably said to twenty thousand other Americans in the course of several hundred similar occasions. After the Pope had passed on, the party that had paid their respects to him resumed their normal position, — I am not sure this was not the most enjoyable feature of the affair, — and gave themselves up to watching the other presentations. When these were concluded, the Pope returned to the point of his departure, and proceeded to bless the rosaries and crosses and souvenirs that had been brought, in greater or lesser numbers, by every one. There were salvers piled with rosaries, arms strung from wrist to shoulder with rosaries, — so many carven amulets, and circlets of beads and crucifixes, indeed, that it

would have been the labor of weeks to bless them separately; so his Holiness blessed them in bulk.

It was then that the neat little American lady who sat next us confirmed my suspicions as to her brideship, by slyly slipping from her wedding finger a plain gold ring, which she attached to her rosary with a thread from her veil. Seeing herself detected in the act, she turned to Madama and, making up the most piquant little face in the world, whispered confidentially, "Of course I'm not a Roman Catholic, you know; but if there's anything efficacious in the blessing, I don't want to lose it. I want to take *all* the chances." For my part, I hope and believe the Pope's blessing will cling to that diminutive wedding ring for many and many a year.

This ceremony finished, his Holiness addressed to his guests the neatest of farewells, delivered in enviable French, in which he wished a prosperous voyage to those pilgrims whose homes lay beyond the sea, and a happy return to all. When he touched, as he did briefly, on the misfortunes of the church, an adorable fire came into his eyes; fifty of his eighty-three winters slipped from him as if by enchantment, and for a few seconds he stood forth in the prime of life. He spoke some five or seven minutes, and nothing could have been more dignified and graceful than the matter and the manner of his words. The benediction was followed by a general rustle and movement among the princes and cardinals at the farther end of the room; the double door opened softly, and closed, — and that was the last the Pope saw of us.

Thackeray, in his *Book of Ballads*, has a blithe rhyme to the effect that

"The Pope he is a happy man,
His palace is the Vatican,
And there he sits and drains his can.
The Pope he is a happy man.
I often say when I'm at home,
I'd like to be the Pope of Rome."

There has a change come over the complexion of things since these verses were written. Certainly the Pope's palace is the Vatican, and it is presumable that he

has every facility for draining his can à discrétion; but as to his being a happy man, there are doubts; and as to envying him his exalted position, we cannot imagine any one doing that unless it be Cardinal Giacomo Antonelli.¹

What a mighty voice used to issue from the papal throne, causing the little kings to tremble in their shoes! But today the thunders of the Vatican have lost their reverberation. After having exercised almost unlimited influence, and for the most part with moderation and wisdom, let it be said, the Pope finds himself in his old age shorn of his power, his kingdom shrunken to a household. Since the gauntleted hand of united Italy closed on the temporal sceptre of

Pius IX., he has never left the Vatican, not even, it is said, to officiate on great occasions in St. Peter's. The Pope's gilded coach, with its sleek horses and imposing footmen, seems to have trundled off into space, for it is seen no more in the streets of Rome. The carriages of the cardinals, too, with their scarlet hangings, have taken the same invisible road. You meet no purple-stockinged *eminenze* now, with their attendants, on the piazzas. There are now no grand fêtes, no splendid church pageants. A cloud has fallen upon the Church of Rome. Some say the cloud will pass away. Most things pass away! A long night of superstition has passed. It is morning in Italy.

T. B. Aldrich.

MEDICAL FASHIONS.

THE excellent scholar, Camerarius, — not Joachim Camerarius, the botanist, who first clearly demonstrated the sexual system of plants, but John Camera-rius of Dalberg, Bishop of Worms, who wrote the *Life of Melanchthon* and founded that famous academy the Rhenish Society of Heidelberg, a brotherhood of deep scholars who used to refresh themselves after laborious delving among Greek roots by shaking the tree of grosser joys until they "came down shower-like,"² — this Camerarius, in his *Book of Emblems*, relates how, once upon a time, an ass and a mule were called upon to carry their well-laden packs across the ford of a certain stream. The mule's burthen was of salt, which, by chance getting wet, was melted, and the weight of the load thereby agreeably lessened. This fact coming to the ass's ears, he straightway dipped his own

load into the stream; but, unfortunately for asinine philosophy, his pack contained not salt, but wool, which instead of melting took up such a weight of water, and added so much to his burthen, that the poor ass's back was broken straightway.

This parable expounds very precisely the whole philosophy of practical medicine. We give the bolus to B. which we have found to act well in A.'s case, and expect a similar result, although we do not know, and have no means of ascertaining, whether B.'s burthen be salt or wool, — whether there is any likelihood that what is good for A. will in its turn be good for B. In a word, the principles of the so-called science of medicine consist not only in a system of strictly empirical rules, but in a system of rules which, moreover, have only a tentative and probable generality, and

¹ The rooms of the cardinal are located in the Vatican directly above the pontifical apartments. It is a Roman pleasantry to ask which is the most high, the Pope or Antonelli. "Les Romains demandent, en manière du calembour, lequel est le plus haut, du Pape ou d'Antonelli." (Edmond About, *La Question Romaine*.)

² "Nocturno nimirum tempore, defessi laboribus, ludere solebant, saltare, joculari cum mulierculis, epulari, ac more Germanorum inveterato strenue potare." (Jugler, *Historia Litteraria*, quoted in Hallam's *Literary History*, Part I., c. iii., note.)

which consequently must be put in operation from case to case empirically, as they were conceived.

It is to these facts, and to the circumstance that the practice of medicine is further confused by reason of its having to deal with the idiosyncrasies of men, which are unknown quantities and cannot be generalized, that we must turn when we seek the origin of the contradictions and the logical absurdities which have made every attempt to systematize physic an occasion for ridicule among the philosophers. When Ricardo and Malthus, assuming political economy to be a science, attempted to reduce its scanty and imperfectly determined facts into principles from which to deduce a system, the *reductio ad absurdum* into which they fell made them the laughing-stock of Europe. In face of the statistics proving that the average yield of wheat per acre in England had increased from ten to forty bushels in two generations, Ricardo, by his doctrine of rent, demonstrated beyond contravention that under cultivation land must continually grow poorer and poorer. The doctrine of population held by Malthus, by its elucidation of the inimitable evils consequent upon the inveterate propensity of our race to increase and multiply, logically removed murder from its unhonored conspicuousness as one of the highest of crimes, and placed it in a lofty niche in the temple of the beneficent virtues. And so, likewise, when we see the doctors of all ages squabbling about their systems and their practices, their fastings and their high diets, their phlebotomy and their tonic, their panaceas and their alexipharmics, their in-door regimen and their out-door regimen, their orthodox drugs and their heteroclitical drugs, their potions, pills, magistralis, mixtures, precepts, and palliatives, — as if mankind were a blank wall to be painted a certain color, a log to be hewn into a certain shape, a bottle to be filled with a certain measure, a lump of clay to be molded into a certain figure, instead of being, as it is, a mere aggregation, a society of individuals, each of whom measurably obeys his own

individual law and develops largely his own personal idiosyncrasies; when we inquire a little into "the old debate of medicine," and discover how terribly all the professors therein halt between antagonistic opinions, how Herophilus wars with Erasistratus, how Alcmaeon overthrows Asclepiades, how Hippocrates slaughters his predecessors and Galen slaughters Hippocrates, how Hoffmann and Stahl with scant ceremony dismiss Galen to "the demnition bowwows," and Hahnemann and Priessnitz would dispatch all orthodoxy in search of the same unenviable bourne; when we discover, in fine, that medicine, as it is the most important art in the world to man, so also it is the most unstable, the most vacillating, the most unsatisfactory, and the worst founded of all arts, — when we awake to the consciousness of all these things, we are sorely tempted to confess that Rabelais was not even satirical and scarcely exaggerated when he parodied the logical method of "the faculty," and argued, in behalf of the blood of his beloved grape, that drunkenness is better for the body than physic, "because there be more old drunkards than old physicians."

The ancients had their musical medicine, as well as their unguents and baths, their purgings and fastings, their blood-letting, and their hellebore; the Middle Ages had their metaphysical medicine, as well as their mummies and their magnets, their amulets and their salves, their antimony and their mithridatics; while to-day, contemporary with orthodoxy and homœopathy and hydropathy, we have the medicine of clairvoyance, a spiritualistic medicine, and a newspaper medicine, all enacting miraculous cures, and all having followers most profitably numerous. We know more about anatomy than was known of old; we know more about pathology; and our *materia medica* ranges somewhat more rationally over a wider field than did that of the past generations. It must be admitted, however, that practice is as imperfect, diagnostic as bewildered, and pharmacy as absurd to-day as it was in the days of Dioscorides, or when the "white witch-

es" of old England culled simples beneath a favoring moon. Disease is as rife now as it was then; treatment is of as little efficacy; and people take as many medicines, and are duped as grossly and as blindly in their mad pursuit of health, in the days of telegraphs, Pacific railroads, and universal suffrage, as in the days of Theophrastus and Galen, and of Aldrovandus and Gessner.

To do justice to the curiosities of medical literature would require the zeal of Peiresc, the industry of Burton, and the scope of Isaac Disraeli; the remarkable circumstance about this literature is that its authorities stand to-day almost precisely where they stood in the first ages of medicine, upon the very threshold of a science into which they cannot enter, but where each age fancies itself to have safely arrived. We change the venue, indeed, to borrow language from the courts, but the cause is still the same; no new testimony has been adduced, no new issue can be raised, and adverse judgment has long ago been rendered.

The utmost possible action of medicine, it would seem, is to increase, diminish, or in some way modify the motions natural to the viscera with which it can be brought in contact, an effect which, as Montaigne has said, there are a thousand simples in every herb garden to produce; yet, what a weight of materials for fostering the diversity and adding to the confusion of prescriptions do the shelves of our apothecaries groan under! True, the superstition in regard to these things is not quite so apparent as it formerly was; drugs do not have to be gathered in certain stages of the moon and prescribed aspects of the stars, nor approached backwards with anointed bodies, nor plucked with prayer and incantation; we are not required to make use of profane oaths when we gather cumin seed, nor to draw a line about the black hellebore to insure its efficiency; nor are our pharmacopœias so full as those of the ancients were of heterogeneous and incompatible compounds, such

as that Venetian mithridate which was made up of two hundred and fifty ingredients, ranging from aloes and red oak bark to the oil of live swallows and the moss from a human skull. But, that certain incongruities palpable to the eye have been expunged is no proof that the essential superstition which regulates the use of these substances has been dispensed with, in favor of a more rational theory of practice consonant with the demands of a more enlightened age. On the contrary, there is just as much pure and unadulterated sortilege in physic, just as much wild conjecture and haphazard experiment with all the products of the vegetable and animal kingdoms, in insane pursuit of the impossible, as ever there was. There is more of it, probably, than ever before, proportioned to the greater activity of the human mind and the wider limits within which it has to play. There is no new herb or root nowadays fresh-brought to notice from California or Australia, but the faculty run just as mad about it as the populace run mad after the well-advertised new nostrum that takes their fancy in the papers. There is no new system or curative process set agog but the faculty hasten to bow before it as the great desideratum, "long hoped for," long expected. A while ago it was acupuncture, or medicated vapors, or iodine; to-day it is transfusion of blood, or hypodermic injection; to-morrow it will be something equally foolish and fully as ardently embraced. The case stands to-day precisely as it stood when Pliny wrote,¹ and the shops, now as then, are full to overflowing of inexplicable compositions and mixtures, far-fetched, high-priced, promising much and accomplishing little. We have given up our faith in the herb *balin*, which was recommended by Xanthus as a specific to restore life to those slain by a dragon; but this is not because we have so much lost faith in the herbs, as in the dragons. We do not mix quite so much morals with our medicine, nor take agate to

¹ "Fraudes hominum et ingeniorum capturae, officinas invenire istas, in quibus sua cuique venalis promittitur vita; statim compositiones et mix-

turae inexplicabiles ex Arabia et India, ulteri parvo medicina a rubro mari importatur." (Pliny, Natural History, xxiv.)

make us witty and eloquent, laurel leaves for memory, bird's brains to quicken our invention, lion's marrow to give us strength, as Hercules is fabled to have done. But this is because we are grown more practical; because morals do not enter so deeply into the considerations of our daily life as of old; not because we are medically any wiser. The plain fact is, as it has been stated by Sir Benjamin Brodie,¹ that "there are epidemics of opinion as well as of disease, and they prevail at least as much among the well-educated as among the uneducated classes of society." Man is just as foolish now as he ever was; the only difference between now and then is the difference strain upon which his folly runs. What Homer and Plato said of the ancient Egyptians, the modern student of humanity is constrained to say of his contemporaries, that, blinded by the fear of death and the dread of pain, we make ourselves all doctors, and impatiently seek for and implicitly accept specifics and panaceas, because impatiently fancying ourselves to need them. Hence it is that medicine finds it not possible to shake off the trammels of metaphysical conceit, and walk alone in the paths of rational science. To-day, as of old, there is *multa in pulsibus superstitio*; to-day, as of old, we cannot bring ourselves not to believe, with Paracelsus and Van Helmont and the Rosicrucians, that health is a specific force or vigor, controlled by the conditions of a certain *archæus*, or fixed principle; and if we can devise the drug or the treatment which will reach, touch, and properly regulate this principle, we shall be able to secure, clinch, and bind to our service the boon of boons forever. So it is that we are ever seeking for the universal remedy, the comprehensive method, the catholic system, and doctors and quacks alike are ever tempting us by holding up before our greedy, purblind eyes something that makes pretense to satisfy our desire. At one time it is hellebore, then it is *laudanum Paracelsi*, that is to save the nations; at one period it is mercury; at another, it is antimony,

which, as Burton quaintly says, "is like Scanderbeg's sword, which is either good or bad, strong or weak, as the party that prescribes or useth it." In the palmy days of Salerno, the *archæus* was thought to lie perdu in the juices of our common garden sage, so that it grew to be a proverb, "*Cur moriatur homo, cui salvia crescit in horto?*" John Wesley, who aspired to the cure of bodies as well as souls, and fancied himself — alas, it was only fancy! — as expert in the one office as he undoubtedly was in the other, put a very large trust in what a wicked propensity to alliteration has described as "sulphur and supplication;" while Priessnitz, in our own time, has seemed to find the unmitigated use of cold water a sufficient instrument by which to rescue man from the utmost extremity of any disease.

The faith with which man rushes to embrace all these new methods and cure himself by all these new cures, as soon as they are sprung upon him, is something wonderful, — something pitiful, indeed, and enough to justify the deepest wailings of Pascal and the loudest scorn of Juvenal. Doctor Paris relates that "when the yellow fever raged in America, the practitioners trusted exclusively to the copious use of mercury; at first the plan was deemed so universally efficacious that in the enthusiasm of the moment it was triumphantly proclaimed that death never took place after the mercury had evinced its effect upon the system; all this was very true, but it furnished no proof of the efficacy of that metal, since the disease in its aggravated form was so rapid in its career that it swept away its victims long before the system could be brought under mercurial influence, while in its milder shape it passed off equally well without any assistance from art." Who now depends upon mercury in the treatment of yellow fever? In the olden times the common plan for meeting the horrible emergency of hydrophobia was a rude sort of homœopathy, consisting in repeated duckings of the patient in sea-water, and the use of charms, amulets, prayer, etc. This treatment, indeed, did not cure, but it

¹ Mind and Matter

went quite as far towards being a specific as Spalding's treatment went, in the end, although, in the first enthusiasm of its use, this was universally thought to have finally conquered that frightful disease, — if disease it be. Dr. Spalding, in 1819, published a pamphlet in which he attempted to show that a decoction of the dried plant of the common Virginia skull-cap¹ was an infallible preventive against the attack of hydrophobia, as well as a cure for the disease after attack. He cited eight hundred and fifty cases of persons bitten, of whom only three were attacked, and these got well; and he likewise claimed to have used it with uniform success upon some eleven hundred animals. What has become of the skull-cap now? What has so speedily caused its specific functions towards that mysterious disease to become "inoperative, null, and void"? A few years ago a Dr. Fell discovered a certain and infallible treatment for cancer in the external and internal use of the *Sanguinaria Canadensis*, or blood-root of our forests. He took his remedy to London with him, became rich and great, and was finally put in charge of the cancer-ward at Guy's Hospital, where his system collapsed as suddenly as it had culminated. Not long since a famous doctor in New York introduced the treatment of lung diseases by caustic, and testified that he had performed the operation of passing the escharotic inside the glottis with a probang one hundred thousand times. He performed it once too often; in fact, his probang was said to have gone astray, he was indicted for manslaughter, and presto! there was another medical bubble pricked and burst. In the same manner, and about the same time, it was discovered that the compounds known as hypophosphites were specific for pulmonary affections; but consumption has survived even that enthusiasm, while the hypophosphites gather the dust of neglect upon apothecaries' shelves.

What humorism, antipathies, signatures, and congenerous theories have been to the medical systems of the past,

solidism, allopathy, homœopathy, clairvoyance, etc., are to the medical systems of the present. And, in spite of all the progress and enlightenment so boisterously claimed for this age, I cannot see that its medical theories are better founded — if indeed so well founded, so far forth as they are theories — than those of Galen, Paracelsus, Van Helmont. Why should not *dryness* cause baldness, as well as disease of the scalp? Why may not mania and lunacy be attributed to vapors which mount from the stomach to the brain and "color the mind" as the fumes of iodine color clear glass, as well as to any modern theory of excess or defect of function? If the blood be the fountain of disorder, why should not removing a part of it, that a new and purer fluid may take its place, be just as rational treatment as the present one restoring its normal condition by stimulants? Theoretically, solids have no greater claim upon our consideration than juices, stimulation than depletion, the tonic than the antiphlogistic treatment. Theoretically, one is quite as rational as the other; practically, we cannot say more than that experience seems to favor the modern method, as indeed it might be supposed to favor the system that yields scope to Nature to do her own work. Such a system, however, is not medicine, but common sense, — quite a different thing from medicine. Humorism, however good in theory, led to a *reductio ad absurdum* when it was attempted to reduce it to practice. But so did the antiphlogistic treatment, and so will the tonic treatment, in the end. There is hardly a surgeon of the present day who would venture to resort to trepanning in order to set the skull free from the fuliginous vapors that might be oppressing the brain, as certain disciples of Galen have done; but there are still living physicians who have sought to combat the inflammatory symptoms of consumption by reducing the blood antiphlogistically with repeated and powerful doses of calomel; and it is accepted practice to try to

¹ *Scutellaria laterifolia*.

"Stir a fever in the blood of age,
And make the infant's sinew strong as steel,"

by feeding typhoid and bilious patients upon those benignant and genial remedies, brandy and quinine. To my notion, there is not much choice between these methods.

There are some curious coincidences between the modern prepossession in favor of clairvoyance as a mode of medicine, and the ancient belief in the doctrine of "signatures." "Spirituales morbi spiritualiter curari debent," said Paracelsus; and the principle is echoed by all the disciples of Mesmer, all the adherents of Swedenborg, and all the believers in spiritualism, od-force, magnetism, etc. That the remedy for a disease is written within the hyperæsthetic consciousness of the invalid himself, or some other nervous person, whence it is to be evoked by certain passes and gesticulations of the hands of a third and strong-minded party, is certainly not less absurd, and certainly not better founded, than that doctrine which assumed that "every natural substance which possesses any medicinal virtue indicates by an obvious and well-marked external character the disease for which it is a remedy, or the object for which it should be employed."¹ Thus, for instance, "Epar lupi epaticos curat;"² thus the stone called *chelidonium*, said to be found in the belly of the swallow, cured lunatics, and made madmen "amiable and merry;" the walnut, as its convolutions indicated, was suited to diseases of the brain; fox-lungs cured asthma; turmeric, because yellow, was effective against jaundice; agaric suited the kidneys; euphrasia, or eyebright, the eye; and castia, the intestines. Thus also, because a wrong translation of Pliny made him say that goat's blood had power to break the diamond, that albuminous substance was prescribed as a proper solvent for the stone;³ the leaves of spurge, according as they were plucked, were affirmed to purge upwards or downwards; and Paracelsus, like the homœopaths of the present day, tried to arrange a nomenclature for the herbs in his pharmacopœia, in which the name of each plant

should express the disease for which it was a specific.

The conclusion towards which we are impelled by all these circumstances is that medicine, after having been in existence many thousands of years, has made but very little advancement; that it is not a science, nor is it likely to become one, at least until the human understanding has been purged of several of the errors which now, like bats, infest its secret places. "There is nothing in the whole workshop of nature," it has been said, "but conjectural medicine hath seized upon it;" yet medicine abides conjectural still, and a thing "more labored than advanced." We cannot even say that the cures it operates are its own work or the patient's destiny; and, in the presence of serious disease, there is nothing so vain and so helpless as physic:—

"Helleborum frustra eam jam cutis ægra tumebit
Pescantes videas."

We see its career down the channel of the ages vexed by a constant ebb and flow of contrary opinions. We see its professors smitten with a constant tendency to rush into some blind enthusiasm, and take up some hour-long madness, in which they believe with all their souls while it is the fashion, and which they reject with fierce disgust after it has gone out of vogue; and we discover, in short, that there were no bigger fools in medicine formerly than there are at present. In this respect, indeed, the contemporaries of Velpeau and Holland, of Brodie and Nélaton, of Carnochan and Leidy, are not superior to the contemporaries of Dr. Slop. "Life is short, cried my father, and the art of healing tedious! and who are we to thank for both the one and the other, but the ignorance of quacks themselves, and the stage-load of chemical nostrums and peripatetic lumber with which in all ages they have first flattered the world, and at last deceived it!"⁴

Philosophy has been called "the medicine of the soul," and we may style medicine the metaphysic of the body;

¹ Paris, *Pharmacologia*.

² Galen.

³ Sir Thomas Browne, *Vulgar Errors*.

⁴ Sterne, *Tristram Shandy*.

and the comparison is as accurate in each case as the conclusion suggested is ominous. There is nothing more indeterminate, nothing more unsatisfactory, than philosophy, unless medicine be that thing. We cannot determine the principles of medicine upon such a basis of reason as will enable us to argue from them without falling into absurdity; nor can we sufficiently agree about, reconcile, and coördinate its facts to build upon them a rational theory. Thus medicine refuses both a *priori* and inductive treatment, and remains a barren wilderness haunted by strange sounds and echoing voices, predominated over by the strident yells of incessant controversy and strife. Meanwhile, those who fancy that, because a function is restored to action consecutively with the taking of a dose of physic, the restoration is due to the dose,—those, for instance, who believe that the exacerbation of a fever has yielded to calomel, or its cold stage been prevented by quinine,—I advise to read the well-known case cited by Dr. Paris, in his *Life of Sir Humphry Davy*. “The enthusiastic Beddoes, having hypothetically inferred that the inhalation of the nitrous oxide might be a specific for palsy, a patient was selected for trial, and placed under the care of Davy, at the time assistant to Beddoes. Before administering the gas, Davy thought of ascertaining the temperature of the body by the thermometer placed under the tongue. The paralytic, deeply impressed by Dr. Beddoes with the certainty of the success of the remedy, of which he knew nothing, soon after the thermometer was placed in his mouth, believing that to be the great curative agent, declared that he felt somewhat better. Nothing more was therefore done, and he was requested to return on the following day. The same form was gone through, with the same results; and at the end of a fortnight the sick man was dismissed cured, no agent of any kind having been employed, except the thermometer.”¹ Surely, if the bulb of a thermometer can cure palsy, a bread-pill can cure the fever and ague, and there

is no need to buy quinine at half its weight in gold.

There are suggestions for serious thought in these considerations, and I am not prepared to say, in view of them, and in view of the impressible quality of man's imagination, that Montaigne was so far wrong when he averred that experience had taught him to dread physic, because he saw no class of people so soon sick and so tardily well as that class which lived under its jurisdiction. It is a well-established fact that in 1832, when the cholera raged in this country, the doctors did a great deal to increase people's liability to be seized by the disease, by the debilitating character of the regimen to which they insisted everybody should confine himself.

It is a nice question, in many cases, which has done the more hurt, the disease or the remedy; whether, for instance, the child's health suffer more from the intestinal parasites which vex him, or from the destructive purgatives employed as anthelmintics; whether the cancer or the knife produces death more speedily; whether calomel and quinine be not pretty much such friends to the sick man as La Fontaine's good-natured bear was to the gardener, whose mouth he crushed while trying to brush the flies off as he slept. It is an equally nice question to determine whether there ever really does occur a critical period in any disease, when the direct action of actual medicine, *per se*, can turn back the wavering life from the jaws of death to the flowery meads of reëstablished health; or, granting the possibility of such a rare occurrence, do we not run too great risk, as a rule, to be able to profit by it? These are nice questions, as I have called them, nor does the present condition of medicine entitle us to expect to see them answered. For these reasons, among many others, medicine cannot be called a science.

It must not be supposed, however, that the doctor's office is to become a sinecure because his drugs are voted rubbish and his methods false. On the contrary, we shall need him quite as much, and his advice will be more valu-

¹ Dr. Dunglison's *New Remedies*.

able to us than ever. He will not have it in his power to do harm, and consequently can give his undivided energies to the pursuit of good. It shall be his office to teach us the fallacy of physic. He shall present to our minds in all its horrid array the atrocious enormity of medicine as once it was practiced, and so shall save many a poor sufferer amongst us from unconscious suicide. He shall be our perpetual beacon-light against

the iron-bound, immitigable load-stone rock of quackery, where so many fair keels lie untimely wrecked. In fine, he shall become to us the counterpart of that invaluable member of another profession, known as the chamber-lawyer, a quiet man of skill and experience, who abounds with all the wisdom and unction of pertinent counsel, and who never takes his client into court, where he is bound to lose, no matter how his case is decided.

Edward Spencer.

DOOM.

FROM out the horror and the flame-wrought maze, —
 Dread darkness swiftly swirled through lurid skies, —
 He lifted up his seared and sin-scarred face,
 The hell-begotten burden of his eyes,
 And saw, midmost of Christ-lit Paradise,
 Unclouded now by any touch of shade,
 The holy face of her he had betrayed.

Then suddenly he bowed his giant form,
 Made massive by fierce fighting with his fate,
 And, voicing in one cry his tense heart-storm,
 Hurled it against the inward-opening gate.
 Deep hell stood still, affrighted; loud-mouthed hate
 To silence turned; the flame-flung shadows all
 Hung motionless upon the iron wall.

The pain-winged cry fled up to where she stood,
 And stirred the meadows to faint symphonies.
 (He watched it, silent, through hell's breathless mood.)
 She stooped to listen; a pure, sweet surprise
 Flushed through her face, her soft and saintly eyes.
 "Certes," she said, "a joyous place to dwell,
 Where even the grasses praise." This was his hell.

C. H. Woodman.

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

XIII.

THE summer was past, but the pageant of autumn was yet undimmed. In the wet meadows of the lowlands, even in the last days of August, before the golden-rod was in its glory, the young maples lit their torches; and what might have seemed their dropping fires crept from sumac to sumac, by the vines in the grass and over the walls, till all the trees, kindling day by day, stood at last a flame of red and gold against the sky. The jay scolded among the luminous boughs; across the pale heaven the far-voiced crows swam in the mellow sunshine. The pastures took on again the green of May; the patches of corn near the farm-houses rustled dry in the soft wind; between the ranks of the stalks lolled the rounded pumpkins.

Many of the summer boarders at Woodward farm had already gone home. The two young girls had gone with each a box full of fern-roots and an inordinate pasteboard case full of pressed ferns. Mrs. Stevenson had stayed later than she had meant, in order to complete a study of cat-tails with autumn foliage. It was the best thing that she had done, and really better than anybody had ever expected her to do. It sold afterwards for enough money to confirm her in her belief that wifehood was no more the whole of womanhood than husbandhood was of manhood, and that to expect her to keep house would be the same as asking every man, no matter what his business might be, to make his own clothes and mend his own shoes.

The husbands of three of the married ladies came one final Saturday night, and departed with them by a much later train than they had ever taken before, on the Monday morning following. These ladies were going home to take up their domestic burdens again for the sake of the men who had toiled all summer long in the city for them. It was a sacrifice,

but thanks to the wonderful air of West Pekin, and to Mrs. Woodward's excellent country fare, they were equal to it; at least they did not complain, or said they did not, which is the same thing. The driver from the station came to fetch them away with his yellow Concord stage, and the ladies got upon the outside seats with him, and waved their handkerchiefs to those left behind. The husbands tried to shout back something epigrammatic as they drove off, but these things are usually lost in the rattle of the wheels, and, even when heard, often prove merely an earnest of good-will in the humorous direction, and are apt to fall flat upon the kindest ear.

Mrs. Gilbert was among the latest who remained. Under the circumstances she might not have chosen to remain, and perhaps her prolonged stay was an offering to appearances, the fetich before which women will put themselves to any torment. Her husband was not coming for her, and she sat alone amidst her preparations for departure, when Mrs. Farrell, in passing her open door, lingered half wistfully and looked in upon her. Since that day which was doubtless always in both their minds whenever they met, they had neither shunned nor sought each other, but there had been no intimacy between them.

"Won't you come in, Mrs. Farrell?" asked the elder lady, with a glance at the jaded beauty of the other.

"You are really on the wing at last," said Mrs. Farrell, evasively accepting the invitation. She came in, looking sad and distraught, and sat down with an impermanent air.

"Yes, I suppose one may call it *wing*, for want of a better word," said Mrs. Gilbert, who indeed did not look much like flying. Presently she added, in the silence that ensued, "You are not looking very well, Mrs. Farrell."

"No?" said Mrs. Farrell. "Why should I look well? But I don't know

that I don't feel as well as usual in the way I suppose you mean."

"I'm sorry you don't feel well in every way," said Mrs. Gilbert, responding to so much of an advance as might be made to her in Mrs. Farrell's dispirited words; and after another little silence, she said, "Mr. Easton seems to have gained a great deal in the last week."

"Yes, he is very much better; he is going away soon; he will not be here many days longer."

"Mrs. Farrell," said Mrs. Gilbert, "I wish you would let me say something to you."

"Oh, say anything you like. Why should n't you?" returned Mrs. Farrell, not resentfully, but in the same dispirited tone.

"I know you don't trust me," began Mrs. Gilbert.

"There is n't much trust lost between us, is there?" asked Mrs. Farrell as before.

"But I hope you will believe," continued Mrs. Gilbert, "that when we last spoke here together I was n't trying to interfere with what you might consider entirely your own affair from any mean or idle motive. If I was trying to pry into your heart, as you said then, it was because it seemed to me that it was partly my affair too."

"I did n't mean to resent anything you did or said," answered Mrs. Farrell. "It was n't my own affair altogether. Nothing that's wrong can be one's own affair, I suppose: it belongs to the whole world." Mrs. Gilbert looked a little surprised at the wisdom of this, which had its own curious pathos, coming from whom it did, and Mrs. Farrell spoke again with sudden impetuosity: "Oh, Mrs. Gilbert, I hope you are not judging me harshly!"

"No, I am trying not to judge you at all."

"Because," continued Mrs. Farrell, "whatever I have done, I am not doing my own pleasure now, and my part is n't an easy one to play."

"I'm sorry you must play a part at all,—my dear," said Mrs. Gilbert, with

impulsive kindness. "Why must you? Or, no, now it is all your affair, and I have no right to ask you anything. Don't tell me—don't speak to me about it!"

"But if I don't speak to you, whom shall I speak to? And I shall go wild if I don't speak to some one! Oh, what shall I do?"

"Do?"

"Yes, yes, it drives me to despair! Ought I to break with him now, at once, or wait, and wait? Or shall I go on and marry him? I respect and honor him with my whole heart, indeed I do; and if he took me away with him—away to Europe, somewhere—for years and years, I know I should be good, and I should try hard to make him happy, and never, never let him know that I did n't care for him as he did for me. Women often marry for money, for ambition, for mere board and lodging; you know they do; and why should n't I marry him because I can't bear to tell him I'm afraid I don't love him?"

"That's a question that nobody can answer for you," said Mrs. Gilbert.

"But all those marriages are abominable; and even to marry from respect seems wrong—hideous."

"Yes, oh yes, it is hideous; it would be making this wearisome deceit a life-long burden. I know what it would be better than any one could tell me. I feel the horror of it every minute, and it is n't for myself that I care now: it's the shame to him; it seems to ridicule and degrade him; it's ghastly! And he so generous and high-minded, he never could think that I was n't always just as good and constant as he was. No, I'm not fit for him, and I never was. He's whole worlds above me, and it would wear my life out trying to be what he thinks me, and even then I could n't be it. Oh, why did he fall in love with me, when there are so many women in the world who would have been so happy in the love of such a man? Why did he ever see me? Why did he come here? Good-by, Mrs. Gilbert, good-by! I wish I were dead!"

Mrs. Gilbert caught her in an impetuous embrace of pity and atonement.

Yet, an hour after, when she finally parted from her, it was by no means with equal tenderness; it was guardedly, almost coldly.

A week later, Ben Woodward asked his mother's leave to go visit his married sister, who lived at Rock Island, Illinois. He urged that now her boarders were mostly gone, she did not need him so much about the house; he hung his head and kicked the chips of the wood-pile by which they stood. She looked at him a moment, and fetching a long breath said he was a good son, and she wished he should please himself.

The next morning he kissed her and Rachel, shook hands with his father, nodded to his brothers, and started off toward the village, carrying his bag. At the foot of the hill on which the village stood, he met Mrs. Farrell, who was coming from the post-office with letters in one hand. With the other she held by their stems some bright autumn leaves, and she stooped from time to time and added to them from the fallen splendors about her feet. It ought to have been a poet or a painter who met Mrs. Farrell in the country road, under the tinted maples, that morning, but it was only a simple farm-boy, whose soul was inarticulate in its tender pain. When she saw him, she put the leaves and letters together in one hand, and began to feel in her pocket with the other. His face flushed as he came up to her, where she stood waiting for him, and blanched with a foolish, hopeless pleasure in the sight of her.

"Why, Ben!" she said sadly, yet with an eye that would gleam a little as she let it stray over the poor fellow's uncouth best clothes, "are you going away?" She must have known that he was.

"Yes," said Ben, uneasily.

"And did you mean to go without saying good-by to me?" she asked with soft reproach.

"Well, I did n't see what good it was going to do."

"Why, we might never meet again, Ben," she said solemnly. And as Ben shifted his bag from his one hand to the

other, she took the hand left free, and tried to make its great red fingers close over something she pressed into the palm. "I want you to take this to remember me by, Ben," she said; but the young fellow, glancing at the gold pencil she had left in his grasp, shook his head, and put the gift back in her hand.

"I don't need anything to remember you by, Mrs. Farrell," he said huskily, looking at her half-amused, half-daunted face. "If you can give me anything to forget you by, I'll take it," and Ben, as if he had made a point which he might not hope to surpass, was going to press by her, when she placed herself full in front of him, and would not let him.

"Oh, Ben," she said, "how can you talk so to me? You know I have always thought you such a friend of mine, and you know I like you and think ever so much of your good opinion. I shall never let you pass till you take back those cruel words. Will you take them back?"

"Yes," said Ben, helpless before those still, dark eyes, "I will if you want I should."

"And will you try to remember me—remember me kindly, and not think hardly of anything I've done?"

"You know well enough, Mrs. Farrell," said the boy, with a sort of ireful pathos, "that I would do anything you asked me to, and always would. Don't, don't mind what I said. You know how I like you, and wouldn't forget you if I could."

"Oh, Ben, Ben, I'm very unhappy," she broke out.

"Don't mind it," said Ben, with the egotism of love, but touchingly unselfish even in this egotism. "You need n't be troubled about me. I always knew just as well as you that it was all foolishness, and I did n't ever mean to let it vex you. Don't mind it; I shall get over it, I suppose, and if I never do, I hope even when you're a married woman it won't be any harm for me to think you cared enough for me to be sorry that—that I was such a fool."

She looked at him, puzzled by his misconception, but divining it she said

instantly, "No indeed, Ben; whatever becomes of me, I shall be only too proud to think of you as my dear, dear friend. I have n't had so many that I could spare you. I only wish I half deserved you. Ben!" cried Mrs. Farrell, abruptly, "do you know what I wish I was? I wish I was five or six years younger, so as to be a little younger than you; and I wish I was a good, simple girl, like some of these about here, and you had bought a farm out in Iowa, and you were taking me out there with you this peaceful, lovely morning."

"Don't, Mrs. Farrell!" implored Ben.

"I do, Ben, I do! And if I were such a girl as that, I would work for you like a slave from morning till night; and I would obey you in everything; and all that I should ask would be that you should keep me there out of sight of everybody, and never let me go anywhere, or speak to a living soul but you. And oh, Ben, you would be very kind and patient with me, would n't you? But it can't be, it can't be."

She stooped down and gathered up some letters which had slipped from her hand; Ben let her; he had his bag to hold, and he was not used to offering little services to ladies. When she lifted her face again and confronted him, "*He* is a good man, too; don't you think he is, Ben?" she asked, brushing her hand across her eyes.

"Yes; there a'n't many like him," answered Ben, soberly.

"Do you think he's too good for me?"

"I don't think anybody could be that, you know well enough, Mrs. Farrell," said Ben, with a note of indignation, as if he suspected a latent mockery in this appeal to his judgment.

"Yes, yes, that's true, I know that," said Mrs. Farrell, hastily. "I meant, don't you think he's better than — than Mr. Gilbert?"

"I never had anything against Mr. Gilbert," answered Ben, loyally. "He took good care of his friend."

"Oh, yes! But — but — Ben," she faltered, "there is something — something I would like to ask you. It's a

very strange thing to ask you; but there is no one else. Did you ever think — sometimes I was afraid, you know, that Mr. Gilbert — it makes me very, very unhappy — was getting to — to care for me?"

"No, I never thought so," answered Ben.

"Oh, I'm *so* glad. But if he had?"

"I should say such a man ought to be shot."

"Yes, oh yes — he ought to be shot," she assented, hysterically. "But, Ben, — but *you* cared for me, did n't you?"

"Yes. But that was a very different thing. Mr. Easton was n't my friend, as he was Mr. Gilbert's, and I commenced caring for you long before he was laid there sick and helpless. He would be just as much to blame as if you was married to Mr. Easton already. I don't see any difference. But I don't think he could. You must have been mistaken."

"Perhaps I was. Yes, I must have been mistaken. I'm glad to have you speak so frankly, Ben. It is too horrible to believe. For if he had been so, of course it could only be because he saw, or thought he saw, something in me that would let him. And you never could think anything so bad, so heartless, of me, could you, Ben?"

"No, I could n't, Mrs. Farrell," answered Ben, decidedly. "What's the use?"

"Thank you, Ben, — thank you. I knew you could n't; it would be too monstrous. Oh yes, it's just like some horrid dream. Such a woman as that would n't deserve any mercy, — not if she had allowed him to think so for one single instant. Would she?"

"Why, we can all find mercy, I suppose, if we go the right way to the right place for it," answered Ben, seriously.

"Yes, — but I don't mean that kind. I mean, she would n't deserve — Ben, if you were in Mr. Easton's place, and the girl you were engaged to had allowed some one else — just for the excitement, you know; not because she wanted him to, or was so wicked and heartless, but just foolish — to think

she might let him like her, you never would speak to her again, would you, Ben? You never would forgive her?"

"No, I don't know as I could overlook a thing like that."

"Of course you could n't! You always see things in the right light, Ben; you are so good — oh! how cruel, how perfectly unrelenting you are! That is, — I don't mean that, — I mean — Oh, Ben, if you felt toward her — I ought n't to say it, I know; but just for instance — as you feel, as you used to feel, toward me, Ben," — she implored, while her tearful eyes dwelt on his, — "could you forgive me — her, I mean?"

"I — I don't know," faltered Ben.

"Oh thank you, thank you, Ben! But you ought n't, you ought n't!" she cried. "I must n't keep you, Ben. Good-by. And now you'll let me give you the pencil, won't you? It is n't for you. It's for some nice girl you'll be sure to find, out there. Tell her I sent it to her; and, oh, tell her the best thing she can do is to be good! I hope you'll have a pleasant time, and get back safely; I shan't be here when you come home."

She did not shake hands with him at parting, and they went their several ways. At the turn of the road she looked back and saw him watching her. She took out her handkerchief and waved it to him; then, rounding the corner, she pressed it to her eyes, and stooped and made a little hasty toilet at the brook that ran along the road-side. When she rose she saw Easton at the head of the avenue, coming slowly down toward her. She went courageously to meet him. "Are my eyes red?" she asked. "I have just been shedding the parting tear over poor Ben. He's a good boy, and I felt sorry for him. I've been his first-love for several years, you know."

"Yes," said Easton, with the superiority that men feel toward much younger men's passions. "That was plain enough from the beginning."

Mrs. Farrell looked at him. He was pale and thin from his long lying in bed, but his old tone and manner were coming back, and he was growing better, though he was still far from strong.

They were lingering at the farm while the fair weather lasted, that he might profit by the air as long as it could do him good, though he had meant to go before this time.

"I've brought you about all the letters there were in the office, this morning," she said. "Do you want them now?"

"I suppose they must be read. Yes; let us go back to the piazza and open them there. You'll be glad to rest after your walk to the village."

"Is that why you want to get at your letters? I'm not tired at all, and I'd rather walk on."

"Well, whatever you like. You've unmasked my deceit about the letters. I certainly don't care to read them. I see that I had better never try to keep anything from you."

"Should you like me to tell you everything about myself?"

"Why, you did that once, did n't you?"

"Oh, that was nothing. I mean everything I think and feel and do."

"If you wished to tell me. I can't know too much about you."

"Don't be so sure of that. Suppose I had something that lay very heavy on my conscience, and that I did n't like to tell you. I ought to, ought n't I?"

"Why, if it did n't concern me" —

"But if it did concern you?"

"Well, still, I'm not so sure about your obligation to tell it. If you could endure to keep it, you might have a greater right to keep it than I should have to know it. The only comfort of confession is that it seems to disown our wrong, and make it a sort of public property, a part of evil in general, and lets us begin new, like people who have taken the benefit of the bankrupt law." He spoke these truisms in a jesting tone. "I shall always be willing to adopt half of your sins. How have you been injuring me, Rosabel?" he asked with the smile which Mrs. Farrell's speculative seriousness was apt to call forth; the best men find it so hard to believe that a charming woman can be in earnest about anything but her good looks.

"Oh, I was supposing a case," she answered with a sigh. "You do think I have some faults, then?"

"Yes, I think you have; but that does n't make any difference."

"But you can't pretend you like them?"

"Let me think! Do I like your faults?"

"Don't joke. Which do you think is the worst?" she demanded, stopping and confronting him with a look of solemnity, which he found amusing.

"Upon my word," he answered with a laugh, "I don't believe I could say."

"What are any of my faults?"

"How can I tell?"

"Am I willful? Am I proud? Am I bad-tempered? What's the thing you would find it hardest to forgive me?"

"You must give me time to think. And when I've forgiven you a great many times for a great variety of offenses, I will tell you which I found the hardest. You must remember that I've had no sort of experience yet."

"That's because you don't know at all how badly I've treated you. What do you think of my laughing at you that day when I went off to the school-house with Rachel Woodward? Don't you consider it heartless? If I had n't been the worst person in the world, could I have done it?"

Easton smiled at the zeal of her self-condemnation. "I dare say there had been something very ridiculous in my behavior. If you can remember any particular points that amused you, I should n't mind laughing them over with you, now."

"How good you are!" she murmured, regarding him absently. "I should be the worst woman in the world, should n't I, if I deceived you in the least thing? But I never will; no, no, I could n't! Your not thinking it anything would only make it the harder to bear. Don't you know how killing it is to have people suppose you're too good to do things when you know you've done them? It's awful. That's one good thing about Rachel Woodward. She thinks I'm a miserable sinner, but she likes me; and you

must n't like me unless you think I'm a miserable sinner. Oh no, I could n't let you. I'll tell you: I want you to think me perfectly reckless and fickle; I want you to believe that I'm so foolish, don't you know, that even whilst you were lying sick there, if he'd let me, I should have been quite capable of flirting with — with Ben Woodward."

Easton burst into a laugh: "That's altogether too abominable for anybody to believe, Rosabel. Can't you try me with something a shade less atrocious? Come, I'm willing to think ill of you, since you wish it; but do be reasonable! Won't you?" he asked, looking round into her face, as they walked along. "Well, then, try to help me in another way. What shall I do about Rachel Woodward? I don't know how I'm to express my gratitude fitly or acceptably for all the trouble she's had with me in this most humiliating sickness of mine. Do you suppose she could be persuaded into accepting any sort of help? Do you think she would care to become a painter, if she had the facilities quite to her mind?"

"She would," replied Mrs. Farrell, "if she did n't expect sometime to get married, like other people; there's always that *if* in a woman's aspirations. But that's neither here nor there. If you think you can ever contrive to reward Rachel Woodward for doing what she thinks her duty, you're very much mistaken."

"It's rather hard to be left so much in her debt."

"Yes; but she does n't consider you indebted, that's one comfort."

Easton mused awhile. "Do you know," he said, presently, "I sometimes wonder Gilbert did n't take a fancy to our difficult little friend. They're sufficiently unlike, and he would be just the man to feel the pale charm of her character."

"Do you think so?" asked Mrs. Farrell, with cold evasion. "I supposed Mr. Gilbert was too worldly a man to care for a simple country girl like Rachel Woodward."

"Oh, you're very much mistaken. He'd be altogether unworldly in a mat-

ter of that kind. He would be true to himself at any cost. That was what always charmed me so in Gilbert. He had the air and talk of a light man, but he was as true as steel under it all. Every day a man has a hundred occasions to prove himself mean or great, and Gilbert, without any show of being principled this way or that, always did the manly and generous and loyal thing."

"Shall we go back, now?" asked Mrs. Farrell. "I *am* rather tired, after all."

"Will you take my arm?" asked Easton. "It is n't of much use yet, I'm ashamed to think, but it will be. Did you despise me when I was lying there sick?"

"Despise you?"

"Why, I think a sick man is a contemptible kind of creature. You women seem to be able to make anything gracious and appropriate, even suffering; but a sick man can only be an odious burden. We ought to be allowed to crawl away like hurt animals into holes and clefts of rocks, and take the chances, unseen, of dying or living. Were you able to pity me very much?"

"I don't see why you ask such things," she faltered. "Don't you think I did?"

"Oh yes, too much. Sometimes I'm afraid that, without your knowing it, it's been all pity from the beginning. I dare say every decently modest man wonders what a woman finds to love in him. I wanted you to love me from the first instant I saw you, but I never concealed from myself that I was n't worth a thought of yours. What a curious thing it is that makes one willing to receive everything for nothing." He laid his left hand upon her fingers, where they passively clung to his right arm. "Why, how cold your hand is!" he said. "It seems incredible that it's going to be *my* hand some day! Everything else under the sun has its price; you slave for it, you risk your life for it, you buy it somehow. But the divinest thing in the world is *given*, it has no price, it's invaluable; we can't *merit* a woman's love any more than we can merit God's mercy. Come, take

yourself from me again! I've never given you a fair chance to say me nay. You must acknowledge that you never had time to answer that question of mine. Before you could decide whether you could endure me or not, you had to pity me so much that you were biased in my favor. I ought to set you free, and let you judge again whether you would have me!"

Her breath went and came quickly, as he spoke in this mixed jest and earnest. He tried to make her meet his eye, peering round into her face, but she would not look at him. If this was the release, the opportunity, so long and wildly desired, it found her helpless to seize it. She moved her head from side to side like one stifling. "Oh, don't! How can you?" she gasped. "Don't talk so any more," she entreated. "I can't bear it!"

She turned her face away; he tenderly pressed her arm against his side. They were near the house again, and she slipped her hand from his arm and fled in-doors. He blushed with joy, and walked on down the birch avenue, where she saw him sitting, after a while, on a stone by the wayside. She went to join him, holding forward, as she drew near him, a handful of letters. "We both forgot these," she said, with a dim smile.

"Oh yes," he laughed. She glanced down at the stone where he sat, and up at that clump of birches through whose thin foliage the sun fell upon him, and shivered with the recognition of the spot where she had parted from Gilbert. "Sit down, Rosabel," he said, making a place for her at his side. "This stone is large enough for both of us. I want you to help me read my letters."

"No, no!" she faintly pleaded; "let me stand — a while. And do you — do you think it's well for you to sit — just here?"

"Why, yes," he returned. "It seems a sufficiently salubrious spot, and this is a most obliging rock. If you won't share it with me, — here!" he said, touching another stone in front of his own seat, "sit here! Then I can see your face whenever I look up, and that will be

better even than having you at my side. Ah! Now for the letters," he cried, when she had suffered him to arrange her as he would, and she gave them into his hand.

He ran them quickly over before opening any, and "Why!" he exclaimed, holding up one of them, "did you know whom we have kept waiting? Gilbert! It's too bad, poor old fellow! Did n't you notice his letter, you incurious Fatima?"

"I never saw his handwriting. How could I know his letter?"

"Of course! That might have occurred to me if I had n't known it so well myself. Never mind! We'll keep Gilbert a little longer, since we've kept him so long already, and have him last of all, to take away the bad taste, if these are not pleasant reading." He laid Gilbert's letter aside, and opened the others and commented on them one after another; but her eyes continually wandered to the unopened letter, do what she might to keep them on the level of the page he was reading. At last he took up Gilbert's letter; a shiver ran through her as he tore open the envelope, and she drew herself closer together.

"Why, are you cold, my dear?" he asked, glancing at her before he began to read. "Are n't you well? Let us go up to the house, and read the letter there."

"No, no," she answered steadily; "I'm not cold, I'm perfectly well. I was curious to know what he said: that was all. Do go on."

Easton opened the sheet, and began to read to himself, as people often do with letters when they propose to read them aloud. "Oh!" he said, presently, "excuse me! I did n't know what I was doing. Do you think you'll be able to stand all this?" He held up the eight pages of Gilbert's letter, and then he began faithfully with the date, and read on to the end. The first part of the letter was given to Gilbert's regrets at not having been able to write before. He took it for granted that his sister-in-law had told Easton of his

sudden call to go to South America on that business of Mitchell & Martineiro, who wished him to look after some legal complications of their affairs in Brazil, which needed an American lawyer's eye; and that she had made all the amends she could for his going so suddenly. "You were asleep," he wrote, "when I went to take leave of you, and on the whole I'm not sorry. A good-by is good at any distance, and I knew I could send you mine. I did n't suppose I should be so long about it; but the truth is that what with putting my own business in order before going, and instructing myself about Mitchell & Martineiro's, in a case where I can represent their interests only in an exterior sort of way, I have not had a moment that I could call yours. I might have sent you a line, of course, but I waited till I could do more than that. I knew you were getting well, and I need not worry about leaving you before you were quite well. And now, after all, when I have a few hours before sailing, and I sit down to write to you, I do not know that I have much to say. Perhaps if I had had days before this, it would have come to the same thing. In fact, it could have come only to one thing under any circumstances. It could have come only to my telling you, with whatever force I had, that in all our recent unhappiness I felt myself wholly and solely at fault. I do not merely mean that you were blameless, but that every one else but myself was so. I hope this will not come to your eye like an impertinence; it lies under mine like a very vital thing. I do not know what your measure of my blame is, whether it has grown greater or not since we parted; but in my own sight my treatment of you seems inexpiable. Of course I feel that in this separation of ours there are many chances that we may not meet again; but I should like to say this to you if we were to meet every day all our lives. I will not appeal to the kindness of your heart; there ought to be none for me in it. But do not forget me, Easton; and if ever in the future you can think more leniently of me

than I deserve, I shall be glad of your pity."

"Is that all?" asked Mrs. Farrell, hoarsely.

"Yes, that's all," returned Easton, turning the pages absently over, and looking up and down the leaves.

Whatever had been her purposes, or hopes, or dreads, the moment had come from which she could not recoil, and in which she stood as absolutely unfriended as in the face of death. Everything had led to this at last; it might have been said that she was born for this alone, so supreme was it over all other fates and chances. If she had hoped for help from any source, — from Easton's possible suspicion, from the light in which she had tried to see what she had done with others' eyes, from some confession of Gilbert's in this letter of his, — it was all in vain. Everything was remanded to her, and she was to make her choice, with none to urge or stay her. She sat and stared at the man who, she knew, would have given his life to defend her from others, but who was so powerless now to help her against herself. Of all the contending passions of her soul, — shame, fear, resentment, and chiefly a frantic longing to discredit the reality of what was, and had been, — a momentary scorn came uppermost.

"So!" she cried. "And that's all he had to say!" She caught the letter from Easton's hand, ran her eye swiftly over the closing page, and flung it back to him. "Yes, he was afraid to write it, two hundred miles away; he leaves it all to me. Well, then, I will tell you — Oh," she broke off, "do you love me very, very much? Yes, I must tell you, for there is no one else, and, no matter what happens, you *must* know it." She looked at him in an agony of terror and pity; she could not take her eyes from him while she spoke the words that now came. "He was in love with me; he said so the last moment I saw him; he was so from the first. It was that which made him quarrel with you, and it is that which makes him — he thinks I've told you — ask your pity now."

In the ghastly silence that ensued, they found that they had both risen, and he stood with one hand resting against the trunk of the birch beneath which they had been sitting; Gilbert's letter had fallen, and lay on the ground between them.

Easton made no answer, and tried to make none, standing in a hapless maze. The silence seemed interminable; but it was also intolerable; she recalled him to himself with a wild "Well!" Then he seemed to find his voice a great way off, and a husky murmur preceded his articulate speech.

"Have I kept you apart?" he asked. "Do you love him?"

"Love him? I *loathe* him!"

She shuddered to see the hope that rushed into his face, when he said, "Then I pity him with all my heart. How could he help loving you?"

She wrung her hands in despair. "Oh, why don't you kill me, and spare me this? How can I tell you and make you understand? He never would have dared to speak to me if I had not — He never would have dared to speak if he had believed I loved you!"

"Do you love me?" he asked, as if he regarded nothing else but that, and he searched with his clear gaze the eyes which she was powerless to avert. She tried to speak, and could not. The shame, more cruel than any crime can bring, which a man feels in such a disillusion, crimsoned his pale visage, and his head fell upon his breast. Again the terrible silence held them both.

"Oh, don't, don't!" she wailed, at last. "What must you think of me? I *did* believe that I loved you once — that day when you asked me; and then when you were taken sick, and I thought you might die, how could I help caring for you? And afterwards, when you were better, and you never showed any misgiving, I *could* n't undeceive you; it had to go on. I *always* respected you more than any one in the world; you're the best man I ever saw; better than I ever dreamed of; it frightened me to think how far too good for me you were. And why do you blame me so much,

now?" she piteously implored. "You said, once, that you did n't ask me to love you; that all you wanted was to love me."

Easton rubbed his hand wearily over his forehead, and drew a long breath. "If I blamed you, I was wrong," he answered gravely. "It was my fault."

His hand began to tremble on the birch, and he sank down on the rock where he had been sitting. She saw his faltering, and dropped on her knees before him, and instinctively cast one arm about him to support him. He put it away. "I'm perfectly well," he said, with his deathly face. "But I shall sit here a while before I go back to the house. Don't — don't let me keep you."

The dismissal seemed to strike her back from him, but she did not rise. She only dropped her face in the hollow of her rejected arm, and moaned, "Oh, how you must despise me. But don't drive me from you!"

"I did n't mean that," he said; "I thought of sparing you."

"But don't spare me! It's that that drives me wild. I want you to tell me what it is I've done. I want you to judge me."

"Judge yourself, Rosabel. I will not."

"But I can't have any mercy on myself! Oh, keep me from myself! Don't cast me off! I know I'm not worthy of you, but if you love me, *take me*! I will be a good wife to you, indeed I will."

"Oh, no," said Easton, in the tone of a man hurt beyond all solace, who faintly refuses some compassionately proffered, impossible kindness. "I have loved you, Heaven knows how dearly, and I could have waited patiently any length of time in the hope of your love; that was what I meant when I said I did n't ask you to love me then. But now" —

She must have felt the exquisite manliness of his intention towards her. Perhaps she contrasted the grandeur which would not reproach her by a word or look, with the relentless bitterness in which Gilbert had retaliated all upon her. She had always admired Easton;

it may be that in this moment she felt a thrill of the supreme tenderness. She suddenly clung to his arm. "But I *want* you to take me!" she cried. "Don't you trust me? Don't you think I know my own heart, even now? Oh, if you will only believe in me again, I know I *shall* love you!"

"No!" said Easton, "I love you too much for that."

"And is it all over, then? Do you break your engagement?"

"It's broken. You must go free of me. I know you would try to give me what you cannot; but only misery could come of trying. It would be worse than my mistake with Gilbert, when I accepted a sacrifice from him that no man should accept from another, because I believed that I could have done as much for him. We thought it our bond of friendship, but it must always have been a galling chain to him. And you are asking to do a thousand times more than he did! No, no; you would only be starving yourself to beggar me. If you loved me, all that's happened would be nothing; but if you had married me without loving me, you would have done me a wrong that I could never have pardoned. Don't accuse yourself," he said. "If you had loved me, nothing of all this could have happened. Think of that. It was my mistake more than yours; you were unfairly bound to me. Come," he said, rising with a sudden access of strength that belied his pale looks, "I must go to-day." And he led the way back to the house in a silence which neither broke.

She did not answer him by words, then or afterwards. But when they entered the dark of the hall doorway together, she expressed all by an action which was not the less characteristic for being so humble and childlike; she caught up his hand, and, holding it a moment with a clinging stress, carried it to her mouth and reverently kissed it. That was their farewell, and it was both silent and passive on his part. He looked at her with eyes that she did not meet, and moved his lips as if he would say something, but made no sound.

XIV.

The next morning, after Mrs. Farrell had gone, Rachel went with mechanical exactness about the work of putting in order the room where Easton had lain sick. Her mother came to the door, and, looking in, hesitated a moment before she crossed the threshold and sat down in the chair that stood just inside.

"I don't know as you've got any call to hurry so about it, Rachel," she said, with a granite quiet.

"I'd just as soon, mother; I'd rather," answered the girl as stonily, not ceasing from her work.

The mother put her hand to her passive mouth and then rubbed it up over her cheek and across her forehead, and drew a long, noiseless breath, following the movements of her daughter about the room with her eyes. "I suppose we shan't hear from Benny, hardly, for a week or more," she said after a pause of several minutes. Rachel did not reply, and her mother asked, after another pause, "Rachel, what do you believe made him so set on going away? Do you think it was?" —

"I don't want you should ask me, mother, *anything*," answered Rachel, nervously.

The mother waited a moment before she said, perhaps with that insensibility to others' nerves which years often bring, "I was afraid the boy might have got to caring about her. Do you think he had?"

"Yes, I think he had," replied Rachel, abruptly, as if the words had been wrenched from her.

Once more the mother waited before she spoke. She had never talked gossip with her children, and perhaps she was now reconciling to her conscience the appearance of gossip in what she had to say. "I always thought," she began, "that they were both as fine young men as I almost ever saw. I never saw more of a friend than the other one was to this one. Do you think she was much sorry for what she did to part them?"

"Yes, I think she was. She did more

than she meant, and I don't know as we ought to be made to answer for more harm than we mean."

"No," said Mrs. Woodward. "At least it is n't for us to say, here. Did you like her as well at the last as you used to?"

"Yes, I liked her," answered Rachel. "Nobody could help that. She was very unhappy, and I never had any call to feel hard against her — on my own account."

"I don't know as I ever knew a person quite like her," mused Mrs. Woodward. "I don't know as I should ever rightly understand her, and I won't judge her, for one: she'll find plenty to do that. I don't believe but what her feelings were led away for a while by the other one, and I don't see as they ever rightly came back to this one, even supposing that she ever did care much for him."

"Oh, mother, mother, mother!" the girl broke out, and cast herself into a chair, and hid her face on the bed.

A distress passed over the stony composure of the elder woman's face, but she sat quiet, and did not go near her child or touch her. What comfort her children got from her went from heart to heart, or rather from conscience to conscience, without open demonstration; she hid her natural affections as if they were sins, but they ruled her in secret, and doubtless now her heart bled with the pity her arms withheld. She did not move from her place, and while the girl sobbed out the secret of a love which she had never yet owned to herself, the mother did not show by any sign or change of countenance that the revelation either surprised or shocked her. She may indeed have always suspected it, but however that was, she now accepted the fact as she would any calamity, in silence, and whatever inward trouble it gave her did not appear even to the solitude in which Rachel's hidden face left her. She waited patiently, but when at last the girl lifted her face, and sat with her head thrown back and her eyelids fallen, the mother still did not speak; she left her to deal with her pain alone, as

was best. But that evening she came to Rachel's chamber with her lamp in her hand, and took her place near her where she lay listless in her rocking-chair.

"Before Mrs. Gilbert went away," the mother abruptly began, "she came and had a little talk with me about you, Rachel. I never told you, and I don't know as I ever should."

Rachel gave no token of interest. Mrs. Woodward went on:—

"She seemed to think a good deal of that picture of yours, and she spoke as if you'd ought not to neglect any providence that put it in your way to improve yourself. I don't use her words, but that's what they come to in the end. She said if you would like to go down and study drawing in Boston or New York, this winter, she wanted I should let her lend you the money to do it. I was put to it what to say without seeming to hurt her feelings. I did n't make any direct answer at the time, and I have n't since. I wa'n't sure in my own mind whether we should do right to accept of such an offer unless we could see our way clear to pay the money back, and what made me more doubtful was her saying that you'd ought to be very certain of your own feelings, whether you really wanted to be a painter or not, for if you did n't it would be a misery every way if you was one. I don't know a great deal about such things, but I thought that was sensible. She said there wa'n't any doubt about your making a living that way, if once you gave your mind to it."

Still Rachel did not change her posture or expression, but she passed her fingers over the hem of her apron across her lap.

"As to the money," Mrs. Woodward went on, "there's your school-money in the bank; you've worked hard enough for that, and it's rightfully yours. I know you meant to give it to James for his schooling, but now it don't seem quite fair you should. Why don't you take it yourself, and go off somewheres, and study, the way Mrs. Gilbert said?"

"I don't want the money, mother," said the girl, coldly.

Mrs. Woodward waited a while before she asked, "Don't you feel sure 't you want to study in that way?"

"Yes, I think I could do it. Of course it is n't as if I were a man, but I believe I could be a painter, and I should like it better than teaching."

"Then why don't you take up with the idea? It would be a little change for you; and maybe, if you was away from the place for a while, you might — get to feeling differently."

The mother was patient with her daughter while the girl sat thinking. The countenance of neither changed, when at last the girl broke silence, and said very steadily, "I might go in the spring, mother. But I'm going to stay here this winter. If I've got any trouble, I can't run away from it, and I would n't if I could. If the trouble is here, the help is here, too, I presume." After a little pause, she added, "I don't want you should speak to me about it again, mother — ever."

The mother said nothing, but awkwardly rose, and moved shyly to where her daughter sat. Her mouth trembled, but, whatever intent she had, she ended by merely laying on the girl's head her large, toil-worn, kitchen-coarsened hand, with its bony knuckles and stubbed, broken nails. She let it rest there a moment and then went softly out of the room.

XV.

In an orchestra-chair at the theatre sat a stout, good-natured looking gentleman, iron-gray where he was not bald, with a double chin smooth-shaven between iron-gray whiskers, and beside him sat a lady somewhat his junior in appearance, pale and invalid-like, to whom the strong contrast of her silvery hair and her thick, dark eyebrows gave a singular distinction; from some little attentions and neglects it could be seen that they were husband and wife. The husband seemed tranquilly expectant, and the wife nervously so, and as they talked together, waiting for the curtain to rise, he spoke in a slow, rich, easy

voice, with a smile of amiable humor, while she had a more eager and sarcastic air, which at times did not veil a real anxiety of feeling.

"And that is just where you misconceive the whole affair," the lady was saying.

"I don't see," said the gentleman.

"Why," demanded the lady despairingly, "can't you imagine a woman's liking to triumph over people with her beauty, and yet meaning it to be a purely æsthetic triumph?"

"No, I can't," said the gentleman, with placid candor.

"Well, women can," said the lady conclusively, and the gentleman submitted in silence.

Presently he asked, "Is n't she rather old for a novice?"

"She's twenty-six, if you call that old. She's a novice to the stage, but she's been an actress all her life."

The gentleman laughed in the contented fashion of gentlemen who think their wives are wits, and said, "I think you're decidedly hard upon her to-night, Susan. It seems to me you have been more merciful at times."

"Oh, at times! I've never been of one mind about her half an hour together, and I don't expect to be hard upon her the whole evening, now. The last day I saw her at the farm, as I've often told you, I pitied her from the bottom of my heart, but before we said good-by, I suspected that I had been the subject of one of her little dramatic effects. Can't you imagine a person who really feels all she thinks she ought to feel at any given time?"

"No," said the gentleman, with cheerful resignation, "that's beyond my depth again."

"Well, she's that kind; or I've fancied so in my skeptical moods about her. If she dramatizes her part to-night half as well as she used to dramatize herself, she'll be a great actress. But that remains to be seen. When I first heard she was going on the stage, it seemed like a clew to everything; she says she always wanted to be an actress; and I felt that it was a perfect inspiration. It

would give her excitement and admiration, and it would multiply the subjects of her effects to any extent. It always did seem a ridiculous waste that she should merely fascinate one man at a time; she ought to have had thousands. But I'm not so certain, now, after all, that she's found her destiny."

"Why?"

"Why, a stage success might be very much to her taste, while she might n't at all like the trouble of making it. I think she has a real theatrical genius, but I suppose the stage takes a great deal of self-denial and constancy, and she's fickle as the wind."

"Oh come, now, Susan, you know you said yesterday that after all you did believe she had a lasting regard for William's friend."

"Yes, that's a great puzzle and mystery. Perhaps it was because she had broken with him. I did n't infer from anything she said that their acquaintance now was of anything but a friendly sort. I wish I had felt authorized to ask just how it was renewed," said the lady regretfully.

"I wish you had. I should have liked to know. There must be something extraordinary about her to enable her to keep him for a friend after all that happened."

"Oh, did I ever pretend there was n't something extraordinary about her? There was everything extraordinary about her! And there are times when I can't help admiring a sort of moral heroism she had. I think she was fascinated for a while with the dreadfulness of flirting with William under the circumstances; but not one woman in a thousand would have had the courage to do what she did when she found it was becoming serious with him."

"Very likely. But I have a higher opinion of women. My sense of right and wrong has not been shaken, like some people's, by this enchantress. I can't help thinking it might not have been so rough on *him* if her moral heroism had begun a little sooner: say before the flirtation."

"Oh, the more I think about it, the

less I pity him in that matter. He knew perfectly well that he was doing wrong. Men ought to do right, even if it does n't please women."

The gentleman bowed his bald head in a fit of laughter. "I have no doubt those were Eve's very words to Adam," he chuckled; but the lady, without laughing, continued, —

"And when the worst had come to the worst with Easton, it seems she did n't spare herself. She told him everything."

"Perhaps she might have spared *him* somewhat if she had not been quite so frank."

"It was her *duty* to tell him!" rejoined the lady, sternly, "and I honor her for doing it. She never could have gone on and married him, with all that in her heart."

"At any rate she did n't go on and marry him. And I shall always contend that she was a hardly-used woman; engaging herself to a man she merely pitied, under the mistaken impression that she was in love with him, and then, — when she found that she did n't want his friend either, — dismissing the poor fellow with a final misgiving that perhaps she *did* like him, after all. I say it's a case of unmerited suffering, if ever there was one."

"Oh, it's all very well to talk! But how do you reconcile such contradictions?"

"I don't. But I'm certain of one thing: she was n't trying any of her little dramatic effects on you, when she called yesterday and made you her confidante." The gentleman here laughed so loud that the sound of his own voice alarmed him. He looked round, and saw that the seats about them were rapidly filling up, and he fell to studying his play-bill with conscious zeal.

By and by he turned again to his wife, and whispered, "I don't think William's peace of mind was permanently affected by his romance with your friend; he appeared to be in good spirits the other day when I saw him in New York, and was taking a good deal of interest in the fine arts, I fancied, from his behavior to your little *protégée*."

"William has been very polite and very good; I shall always feel grateful to him for his kindness to her. He must have found it difficult at first; she's very odd, and does n't invite attention, though of course she's glad of it, at heart. Yes, it was very, very considerate, and I shall take it as the greatest favor that William could have done me."

"Well, I don't know. He did n't seem to be regarding the affair in the light of a self-sacrifice. Suppose he had rather lost the sense of it's being a favor to you?"

"I should like that all the better."

Those who remember the impression made among people who knew of her, by the announcement that Mrs. Farrell was going upon the stage, will recall the curiosity which attended her appearance in Boston, after her *début* in a Western city, where she had played a season. There is always something vastly pitiable in the first attempts of a woman to please the public from the stage; this is especially the case if she is not to the theatre born, and confronts in her audience the faces she has known in the world; and her audience may have felt a peculiar forlornness in Mrs. Farrell's position: at any rate it showed itself the kindest of houses, and seized with eager applause every good point of her performance. Her beauty in itself was almost sufficient to achieve success for her. It had never appeared to greater advantage. During the first two acts, it seemed to prosper from moment to moment, under all those admiring eyes, like the immediate gift of Heaven, as if she were inspired to be more and more beautiful by her consciousness of her beauty's power; and whether she walked or sat, or only stirred in some chosen posture amidst the volume of her robes, she expressed a grace that divinely fascinated. Her girlish presence enabled her to realize the Juliet to many whose sensitive ideal refused the robust pretensions of more mature actresses; she might have played the part well or not, but there could be no question but she looked it. She had costumed it with a splendor which

the modern taste might have accused of overdressing, but which was not discordant with a poetic sense of the magnificence of mediæval Verona. Her Juliet was no blonde, Gretchen-like maiden, in blue and white, but an impassioned southern girl in the dark reds and rich greens that go well with that beauty; she might have studied her dress from that of some superb patrician in a canvas of Cagliari. But with her beauty, her grace, and her genius for looking and dressing the character, her perfect triumph ended; there was something perplexingly indefinite in the nature or the cause of her failure, at those points where she failed. To some she simply appeared unequal to a sustained imagination of the character. Others thought her fatigued by the physical effort, which must be a very great one. Perhaps no one was of a very decided mind about her performance.

"It was good, yes — and it was n't good, either," said one of those critical spirits, rather commoner in Boston than elsewhere, who analyze and refine and re-refine and shrink from a final impression, with a perseverance that leaves one in doubt whether they have any opinion about the matter. "I should say she had genius, yes; genius for something — I don't know; I suppose the drama. I dare say I saw her without the proper perspective; I was crowded so close to her by what I'd heard of her off the stage, don't you know. I don't think the part was well chosen; and yet she did some things uncommonly well; all that passionate love-making of the first part was magnificent; but there was some detracting element, even there — I don't know what; I suppose she did n't let you think enough of Juliet; you could n't help thinking how very charming *she* was, herself; she realized the part the wrong way. There was inspiration in it, and I should say study; yes, there was a good deal of study; but after all it was n't so much art as it was nature and artifice. It wanted smoothness, unity; perhaps that might come, by and by. She had a very kind house; you know what our audiences usually are; they would n't turn

the thumb down, but they'd make an unlucky gladiator *wish* they would. But they were very good to her, last night, and applauded her hits like a little man. She did n't seem to have given *herself* a fair chance. Perhaps she was n't artistically large enough for the theatre. I should n't have said, at first, that she was particularly suggestive of the home circle; very likely, if I'd met her off the stage, I should have pronounced her too theatrical; and yet there was a sort of appealing domesticity about her, after all — especially in her failures. It's a pity she could n't take some particular line of the profession, in which she could somehow produce a *social* effect, don't you know! I'll tell you what; she could do something perfectly charming in the way of what they call sketches — character sketches — little morsels of drama that she could have all to herself, with the audience in her confidence — a sort of partner in the enterprise, like the audience at private theatricals. That's it; that's the very thing! She'd be the greatest possible success in private theatricals."

"Well, Robert, it's better than I ever dreamt she could do," said Mrs. Gilbert, as they drove home from the theatre. "But what a life for a woman! How hard and desolate at the best. Well, she's sufficiently punished!"

"Yes," said her husband, "it's a great pity they could n't somehow make up their minds to marry each other."

"Never! There are things they can never get over."

"Oh, people get over all sorts of things. And even according to your own showing, she behaved very well when it came to the worst."

"Yes, I shall always say that of her. But she was to blame for it's coming to the worst. No, a whole life-time would n't be enough to atone for what she's done."

"It would n't, in a romance. But in life you have to make some allowance for human nature. I had no idea she was so charming."

"Robert," said Mrs. Gilbert, sternly,

"do you think it would be right for a woman to be happy after she had made others so wretched?"

"Well, not at once. But I don't see how her remaining unhappy is to help matters. You say that you really think she does like him, after all?"

"She would hardly talk of anything else — where he was, and what he saw, and what he said. Yes, I should say she does like him."

"Then I don't see why he should n't come back from Europe and marry her, when she makes her final failure on the stage. I would, in his place."

"My dear, you *know* you would n't!"

"Well, then, *he* would in *my* place. Have it your own way, my love."

Mr. Gilbert seemed to think he had made a joke, but his wife did not share his laugh.

"Robert," she said, after a thought-

ful pause, "the lenient way in which you look at her is worse than wrong; it's weak."

"Very likely, my dear; but I can't help feeling it's a noble weakness. Why, of course I know that she spread a ruin round, for a while, but, as you say, it seems to have been more of a ruin than she meant; and there's every probability that she's been sorry enough for it since."

"Oh! And so you think such a person as that can change by trying — and atone for what she's done by being *sorry* for it!" said Mrs. Gilbert, with scorn.

"Well, Susan, I should not like to be such a heathen as *not* to think so," responded her husband, with an assumption none the less intolerable because, while his position was in itself impregnable, it left a thousand things to be said.

W. D. Howells.

THE ANTIETAM STATUE.

STEADFAST and sad he stands, his level eyes
Asking stern question of eternal Fate.
That silent host of dead before him lies,
Whose wondrous, woeful loss no years abate;
Whose legend all the rolling plains relate,
The wind that wails, the unrelenting skies.

"What have these done?" the answering echo cries;
"Their life, their love, their youth's sweet promise gone;
Gone in a day their gilded destinies.

What evil errand have their swift lives done
To be so clipt, like insects in the sun;
And this gaunt stone to mock their memories?"
Stone art thou! God in each true soul replies,

"These men who died for man outlive all earth and skies."

Rose Terry Cooke.

AFTER THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS.

LETTERS FROM A HOSPITAL.

LETTER I. — MARY LAWRENCE TO A
SISTER IN THE COUNTRY.

—, MASS., *Thursday, May 12, 1864.*

MY DEAR ANNIE, — We learned from Mead's address to the soldiers, which was published in the Boston papers of May 5th, that the army was ready to advance. Since then we have lived in the most painful suspense, fearing to open the newspapers and dreading the sound of the door-bell. We suffered so much from anxiety it was a positive relief when, early this morning, the following telegram for Mabel arrived: "Colonel Lawrence is wounded; he will arrive in Washington to-night." The message was dated May 11th, and sent by Colonel T——, the Massachusetts Military Agent in Washington. I at once telegraphed to Mabel, who with the baby was visiting her mother, and went to the station, expecting she would come home in the eleven o'clock train to make preparations for going to Albert as soon as possible.

When the train stopped, Mabel stepped quickly from the cars with the baby in her arms. In a moment I was by her side, and she exclaimed, —

"Oh, Mary, I knew you would be here! Will you take care of the baby while I am away?"

"Yes, indeed!" I replied, taking the dear fellow in my arms. "How soon will you go?"

"Now," said Mabel, "on this very train." And she placed her foot upon the step of the car.

"Mabel! without an escort, with no protector at all!"

"I have the protection of a duty, and am not afraid."

The bell rang; Mabel hastened into the car. I saw her watch her baby from the window until the distance rendered it impossible to distinguish any one. As

I looked at that gentle but determined face, I resolved to do my part bravely and cheerfully. For, much as I love baby Charlie, I had been a little dismayed at the thought of taking charge of an unweaned child, only eight months old; but if his mother was courageous enough to leave him, I ought not to be afraid to take him.

Imagine the surprise at home when it was known that Mabel had gone. "God bless her! she is a true wife," said mother.

I wish you could be with us now. So does our mother, who sends her best love to you. Your affectionate sister,

MARY LAWRENCE.

LETTER II. — MABEL LAWRENCE TO
MARY LAWRENCE.

EBBITT HOUSE, WASHINGTON, D. C., }
May 13, 1864.

MY DEAR MARY, — An hour ago I left Albert lying quietly upon his iron bedstead in ward seventeen, Mead Hospital. His wound is in the left foot, very near the ankle-joint. The ball is still in.

Albert is in excellent spirits, but since those nine months in Libby Prison, his strength has not been what it used to be. How he will be able to endure this new drain upon it is something of which I hardly dare to think. I wanted very much to sit by him all night, but he would not allow it.

I could write a long letter about my finding Albert, but must wait until tomorrow.

Tell your dear mother that Albert asked many questions about her. Kiss my darling baby for me. Albert is very much pleased that you have taken charge of him; so is the baby's mother. Your affectionate sister,

MABEL LAWRENCE.

LETTER III. — TO MARY LAWRENCE.

WARD SEVENTEEN, MEAD HOSPITAL, }
WASHINGTON, May 14, 1864. }

MY DEAR MARY, — Albert has not suffered a great deal from pain to-day, but seems very weak; probably this is owing quite as much to the excessive fatigue of his journey from the Wilderness, as to his wound. He was wounded on Thursday, May 5th, and reached Washington on the following Wednesday at midnight, having been nearly all the time on the road. He was four days in an ambulance, which was driven a great part of the distance over corduroy roads. He says no conception can be formed of the sufferings of the wounded who are carried over these roads; and that, great as his sufferings were, they were nothing in comparison with those of another officer in the same ambulance, who had been shot through the body. On this dreadful journey they were not able to keep to the direct road, but had to go first in one direction, then in another, to escape the fire of guerrillas.

Now I must tell you how I found Albert. You know that I have never been in Washington before, so it was particularly fortunate that I went to the Ebbitt House; for, on looking out of the window, I saw "Sanitary Commission," in large letters, over the porch of the opposite building; and I no sooner saw it than I rushed down-stairs, across the street, and into the office of the commission. There I met Mr. —, who knows Albert, and he took the greatest interest in finding him. He said that Colonel T——, of the Massachusetts agency, went to Fredericksburg on Thursday, with supplies, but that undoubtedly he could learn at the rooms of the Massachusetts agency where Albert was. Mr. — also advised me to go back to the Ebbitt and take something to eat, while he went in search of information. I followed his advice.

In about an hour my new friend came to take me to Mead Hospital, where Albert had been carried. When we arrived at the hospital Mr. — met Dr.

Stedman, the surgeon-in-charge, who kindly went to ward seventeen with us. This ward occupies one very long barrack, and is filled with single iron bedsteads, and upon each bed is a wounded man. As we entered, nurses were moving about in attendance upon the patients. They were dressing the wounds for the night, and pails, sponges, and bandages were in service; all this I took in at a glance. A tall lady, dressed almost like a Friend, was coming towards us, with a spoon in one hand and a glass of water in the other; as she approached, Dr. Stedman said to her, —

"Miss Fessenden, let me introduce to you Mrs. Lawrence, Colonel Lawrence's wife. I think he is in your ward."

She bowed slightly, and replied, "Yes, sir; you will find him in twenty-one, the bed next but one to my table."

We went directly to bed twenty-one, and through a great effort to control my feelings I was able to give Albert a cheerful greeting. There was no time for questions. Mr. — wished to see several persons in the hospital, and promised to take me back on his return. Dr. Stedman said he would look at Albert's wound, and called a dresser to take the bandage from his foot. He asked if the surgeon was in the ward; he was not; he went to Miss Fessenden, seemed to be giving her some directions about Albert, and then left. I could not help wishing he had told me what was to be done, instead of Miss Fessenden, for she seems to me like an iceberg; but Albert says I shall find her such an iceberg as a very little sunshine will melt.

After Albert's foot was dressed last night, he was faint; Miss Fessenden brought him some brandy, which he objected to taking. She said, "It is only a teaspoonful, and is very pure; it was sent from Boston; just try to take it."

He took it like a little child. Anxious and preoccupied as I was, it was yet impossible not to notice the difference in her manner toward Albert and toward myself; and yet this difference was mostly in the tone of voice, which, though coaxing, made one feel she had perfect faith that

he would comply with her wishes. Soon after, Mr. ——— came to take me back to the Ebbitt House.

I can't help a little twinge of disappointment, for I do not feel that I have the care of Albert as fully as I would like.

I am impatient for the hour that will bring a letter from you, telling me how my precious baby gets along. I have been very well, only a little faint after holding Albert's foot last night; my faintness alarmed me lest I should not be able to bear the smell of wounds, but I have got over all that.

Albert sends his best love to your mother and yourself, and mine goes with it.

MABEL.

LETTER IV. — TO MARY LAWRENCE.

May 15, 1864, Sunday, A. M.

DEAR MARY, — I came to the hospital at an early hour to-day, in order to be present when Albert's foot was dressed. His wound does not improve; perhaps it is quite too soon to expect any improvement.

This morning everybody has been in a hurry. Such a cleaning of a place that was already clean! When all was ready, there were two rows of wounded men tightly and smoothly tucked up in bed, as though they had never moved and were expected never to move. The attendants were in dress uniform, and the whole ward wore an air of expectation. This was the preparation for Sunday's inspection. After waiting almost an hour, there was a loud cry of "Attention!" The surgeon in charge then entered, with all the assistant surgeons (all in dress uniform) and three or four gentlemen visitors. The attendants stood in a line by the entrance, and saluted as the surgeons passed. As they went through the ward, Dr. Stedman stopped to look at the worst cases. After they had looked into the bathing-room, and every nook and corner within the barrack, Dr. Stedman said to the ward-master, "Sir, your ward is perfect;" and they left.

I will not say that every man at once

turned in bed, for many could not do it; but the tucked-up look vanished in a moment, newspapers and books appeared upon the tables, and in five minutes it was the old busy place again.

Miss Fessenden just came to me saying she had such good news that she must tell it. Dr. Gardner, from Massachusetts, has been assigned to duty in this ward.

It will be delightful to have a skillful and experienced surgeon, and a gentleman, instead of Dr. D——, who is so conceited that it is impossible to have confidence in him.

Sunday, P. M.

Dr. Gardner has spent the entire afternoon in the ward, examining wounds. He says — I can hardly think of it composedly — that Albert's foot must be amputated, and very soon; to-morrow, if Dr. Stedman can be present then. It is no shock to Albert, for he has never been sanguine about keeping it; but I thought we could save it, and it is a great trial to find that it must be amputated; not that I would rather Albert could have his foot than his war record, but he seems very weak to go through such an operation. I shall sit by him to-night; it is not necessary, but I should regret having left him if he should not endure the operation well.

Our joint love to mother and the dear baby.

MABEL.

LETTER V. — TO MARY LAWRENCE.

WARD SEVENTEEN, MEAD HOSPITAL, }
WASHINGTON, *Monday, May 16, 1864.* }

MY DEAR MARY, — Albert slept very well last night and is in good spirits this morning. Miss Fessenden brought some beef-tea for his breakfast, saying she would not give him any solid food until she knew whether Dr. Gardner intended to have the foot amputated to-day. If it were only well over!

I find it a great solace to relate to you all that happens here, knowing what a sympathizing listener you are. I wish I could give you a graphic description of a hospital ward at night, but there is

something about it that must be both seen and felt to be comprehended. The two long rows of beds seem endless in the dim light; half-suppressed moans are heard, and the night-watchers, as they move noiselessly through the ward, look like dusky shadows of men. Several times last night the silence was broken by the racing of a large wharf-rat under the beds; as it scented booty, it would stop in one place and another and wake up all the nervous sleepers, each one of whom would be sure to cry out, "I wish I could kill that rat!" One of the awakened patients told me that the night before, while half asleep, he thought he felt something soft and silky on his neck, and when he raised his hand to brush it away, an enormous rat jumped from his neck to the floor. The night-watch said that a few weeks ago, as a soldier's wounded arm rested on a pillow beside his bed, a rat mounted the chair and ate part of the bread poultice with which the wound was dressed. There were two visitors beside the rats. At midnight the officer of the day, accompanied by a man with a lantern, passed down the ward on his regular round through the hospital.

The situation of one poor man was most touching. Occasionally during the evening I had seen, in the upper part of the ward, a miserable arm raised in the air, with a bandage dangling from a wounded hand; the expression of agony in the movement of that poor hand and arm cut me to the heart, and, though half afraid of intruding, I went to the suffering man, for it was impossible to stay away. He told me that he had been under a cross-fire. On his right arm one ball had entered the front part of the fore-arm about an inch below the elbow, coming out at the shoulder; another entered the back part of the fore-arm about an inch above the wrist-joint, and escaped at the back of the hand; and another crushed the second joint of the forefinger. On his left arm, one ball entered the fore-arm just above the wrist, and was cut out at the elbow. A ball fractured his right thigh. Another entered his right ankle-joint and came

out at the top of the foot. The bottom of the foot was crushed by a shell, making in all eleven different wounds. Finding that he would like to listen, I obtained a candle and read to him a few verses from the Bible, and one of Ryle's hymns. The sound of my voice seemed to soothe him for a little while, then he would raise his arm again, and the bandage on his poor, wounded hand waved like a signal of distress, as it was. He knew he could not live, and did not like to be left alone; so, while Albert slept, I very gladly sat by him, reading aloud when he seemed to enjoy it. Towards morning I went to him for the last time, and when the sun arose, his place was vacant. I am not sorry that I remained in the hospital through the night, for it is a great privilege to be allowed to do even as little as I was able to do, for one about to give up his life for the sacred cause of freedom.

I shall write by the afternoon's mail. Albert sends love, and says that you and mother must not be too anxious about him. My love attends you and my dear child.

MABEL.

LETTER VI. — TO MARY LAWRENCE.

May 16, 1864.

MY DEAR MARY, — The amputation is over! It was performed at two this afternoon. Dr. Gardner thinks Albert went through it very well, and is very sanguine about his recovery.

As you may suppose, I shall not leave Albert to-night; indeed, am already established for the night. The watchers are very kind; they have moved a rocking-chair to the side of Albert's bed, and made very comfortable arrangements for me. I have written this letter at Miss Fessenden's table, by the night-watcher's candle, and must now return to my post.

Midnight.

Another patient has just died; I knew nothing of it until his bed was carried by me: It was quite a shock to me, when, by the dim light, I suddenly saw the ward-master and an attendant carrying down the ward a bedstead covered

with a sheet, which plainly showed the stiff outlines of a dead man's form. I asked the night-watch what had caused the man's death, and he answered, "amputation of a leg." My heart sank. He told me they took the bedstead out because it was much the most quiet way of carrying out the dead. The body of the dead soldier is carried to the operating-room adjoining the ward, and there washed and clothed for burial.

Albert has waked up twice, and taken a little beef-tea each time. I will write you to-morrow. It would be a great comfort to take my dear baby in my arms this moment.

MABEL.

LETTER VII. — TO MARY LAWRENCE.

May 17, 1864.

MY DEAR MARY, — Albert is very weak to-day, but Dr. Gardner says he is doing well. The only pain of which he complains is a sensation as if the amputated foot were on and paining him still. Your letter arrived this morning. I am truly thankful for such a good report of my dear baby.

The life here, among men who are hanging between life and death, is very intense; a person soon becomes absorbed in the surroundings. I feel quite at home now, and am very much interested in the patients; still I am a little shy of going to them without a special errand, and am inexpressibly astonished at the curiosity of some women, and men too, who come in as visitors.

To-day the screens were arranged around a soldier's bed while his thigh-wound was dressing. Two women, walking through the ward, actually stopped and peeped over them. These people are no doubt very kind, but they seem to be in search of the horrible. They ask the rudest questions with the most perfect unconsciousness of their own impertinence.

I begin to understand and like Miss Fessenden. She was very busy at dinner-time to-day, and I offered to feed one of the four privates who cannot feed themselves. The man said to me, "Do they have ladies in all the hospi-

tals, to wait upon the sick and wounded?" I told him I thought not in all. "No," said he, "I don't believe they do in half;" and, looking still more satisfied, he added, "not in a third of them."

May 18th.

Albert had quite a comfortable night, last night. I watched with him again, but you must not think him so ill that I could not leave him. I could not have slept in my own room, knowing that he was lying here so helpless; I had rather take a nap in the afternoon, when Miss Fessenden can watch Albert.

The night passed without incident, but before five o'clock in the morning a loud bugle-call announced the arrival of wounded men, and very soon we heard that two hundred were waiting at the gate. All the attendants hurried to the ambulances to help bring them into the hospital. I went to the end of the ward, and, looking up the yard through the thick fog that cast a misty veil over every object, could discern the figures of men carrying the wounded, upon stretchers, to the different wards; seen through the mist, they looked more like the figures of a dream than real, tangible people.

I had just taken my seat by Albert when the tramp of feet was heard, and one stretcher after another was laid upon the floor, until there were seven. There was a great excitement among the attendants. Miss Fessenden soon appeared, and taking a bottle of wine and a medicine-glass began with the nearest man. I held the bottle while she administered the wine.

After beds had been assigned the new patients, Miss Fessenden asked me to go with her to the ladies' house, while the newly-arrived were washed and put in bed.

The "ladies' house" is rough, but comfortable. We went into a reception room or hall, the furniture of which consisted of two wooden chairs and a very small unpainted table. "Now," said Miss Fessenden, "I am sure you must need a cup of coffee; and it may be late before I can go to my breakfast."

She began her preparations for coffee by bringing from her room an alcohol lamp, and placing a tin pot of water over it; then came a box of crackers, a bottle of olives, a can of concentrated milk, a cup and saucer, and a mug. In a very short time the water was boiling, and we had the most delicious coffee I have drank since leaving home. I must not forget to add what Miss Fessenden made a point of telling me, that coffee, crackers, etc., were all sent to her by her mother for her own use.

We returned to the ward quite refreshed, and found the new seven in their respective beds. I was pleased to find that an agreeable-looking Ohio man had been put in the bed next Albert's.

I have promised to write home for these men, so must close this letter.

Albert unites with me in love to yourself and mother, not forgetting our little boy. Lovingly yours, MABEL.

LETTER VIII. — TO MARY LAWRENCE.

May 20, 1864.

MY DEAR MARY, — This morning I was up and out at a very early hour. Went to market, and there purchased a Porter House steak for Albert's breakfast, some delicious fresh rolls, enough to give to several patients, and a ball of fresh butter; and, after exploring the market, was fortunate enough to find a basket of strawberries that looked as if they had just been gathered. I reached the hospital by half past six. Miss Fessenden and Moses were hurrying about with medicines and stimulants. Albert was surprised to see me at so early an hour, and I had such a good time getting ready for and giving him his breakfast. At first Miss Fessenden looked dismayed when I asked if the beefsteak could be broiled, and said that she did not like to ask to have anything extra done in the special diet kitchen, because the servants there were so much overworked.

¹ Two or three years after the close of the war this young man wrote to Miss Fessenden, "The arm is doing finely. It troubles me but little, and that chiefly in the coldest winter months. I saw

"But," she added, "we might go to the other kitchen and find out what can be done there." We went, and were successful. The steak was brought at breakfast-time, well broiled and hot. Albert enjoyed it exceedingly, and I was able to give Ames enough for his breakfast, and six strawberries, all that Miss Fessenden would allow him or Albert; none were allowed to the pleasant French adjutant whom I had quite set my heart upon treating.

I wish that the ladies who have sent so many nice things could have the satisfaction of presenting their own gifts once, just to know what a pleasure it is. The things sent make a most acceptable variety to hospital fare, in which there is so great a sameness that it requires a person of many resources to keep some of the men contented. I have been amused at the tone in which Miss Fessenden asks a patient what he would like; it seems to imply that she has inexhaustible supplies at hand, and she herself says she always feels that anything a wounded man wants she can somehow manage to obtain.

This afternoon the surgeon took from the arm of a young man four inches of the large bone. He was brought in with a large piece of cannon-ball sticking in his right arm, between the elbow and the shoulder. Instead of amputating the arm, the shattered bone was taken out.¹

It is time for me to say good night. With truest love to all at home,

Your loving sister, MABEL.

LETTER IX. — TO MARY LAWRENCE.

May 23, 1864.

MY DEAR MARY, — I have just dispatched a letter to your mother, and will now begin one to you.

This morning Miss Fessenden, in a state of great indignation, came to tell us a sad and very exceptional incident connected with the death of a young soldier in this ward. He was dreadfully

and split wood with it, and can carry a pail of water with as much ease as with the left. I can do more, can lift from one hundred and fifty to two hundred pounds with it."

wounded, and directly on coming to the hospital had written to the girl to whom he was engaged, saying he was a mere wreck, and would not hold her to her engagement. He received in reply a very heartless letter, saying that she had never considered herself bound to him since he enlisted. His wound was supposed to be fatal; but he had been doing so well that slight hopes of his recovery had been entertained. After he read that letter he seemed to have no courage to live, and refused to take his medicines and stimulants, though told that his only chance of recovery lay in taking them. He died within two or three days after receiving the letter. Miss Fessenden says she cannot conceive how any woman can marry a man who has not been wounded. I reminded her that it was impossible for every man to have had the chance to be wounded; and that some earnest, patriotic men are compelled by circumstances to stay at home, and are doing almost as much—I can never say of them quite as much, for what is equal to life?—for the country as if in the army.

"It need not always be a flesh and blood wound," she replied; "but I can't believe in a man until he is in earnest enough in some good cause to be wounded for it."

I inclose a letter that Miss Fessenden lately received from an old patient who belongs to a Maine regiment. He was sent to a Philadelphia hospital before the battle of the Wilderness. Please return the letter when you have read it.

Our love to all, from the dear grandmother to the darling baby.

MABEL.

LETTER X.—FROM ALONZO COLCORD
TO MISS FESSENDEN.

— HOSPITAL, PHILADELPHIA, }
May 20, 1864. }

MISS FESSENDEN,—I will now report myself to you, after keeping you waiting so long, and I will commence by trying to give you a faint impression of this hospital. I do wish that I could do it justice. I shall not attempt to give

you a plan of this hospital, for I cannot. It holds three thousand men, when full. The wards accommodate sixty men each, and range from A to X, and then they go by numbers. The wards are plastered on the outside. We have cold and hot water every day, and in plenty.

The rules and regulations are altogether different here from those at Washington. When the doctor comes in we have to put all our clothes on the foot of the beds; the ward-master calls to us, "Attention! Salute! Rest!" The doctor has a book, and when one wants any medicine, he puts the number of the bed down, and so goes from one to another in the same way. The ward-master makes out the extra diet. We have no lady nurses in the wards, but are not without females, for we have the "Sisters" to look out for the sick, and they are very kind to all. The sick get better care than the wounded. The doctors do not seem to look out very well for the wounded, as those used to at Mead Hospital. We have only two attendants in this ward, and they have as much as they can do.

When we first came here there was nothing in the ward but the beds, and they are poor ones. We have a new ward-master; he is from the "bush," as the sailor said, so he is afraid to do anything but what is "orders." He came in one morning and said,—

"Men, I want this ward to look as well as any in the *house*."

We have sport, to see how green these new ones are.

Now I will say a word or two about our rations. We do not live near as well as we did at Washington. The men find a great deal of fault, but are looking forward to the day when their time will expire. Our cooking is all done by steam. The hospital has an engine to heat water and cook. This hospital is carried on by contract. — draws the money from government, and buys the rations himself; so he is making a large pile out of it.

As for the out-buildings, we have a barber's shop, printing-office, chapel, and reading-room; the last-mentioned is

fitted up in good style; they have all kinds of reading that is good, and a plenty of fiction. In this room there is a billiard table and all kinds of games. The most splendid thing that I have seen is a glass case with a fountain full of fishes. I should like for you to see it; you could not help admiring it.

We have good air, for we are on a high hill; but, to tell the truth, I do not like it here, for a fence twenty feet high incloses the grounds and prevents our seeing anything, and the wards are so close together that the hospital looks like a prison more than anything else.

The wounded are coming in here by hundreds. Miss Fessenden, I am thinking what a hard time you are having now, for the wounded are crowding the hospitals. You must not make yourself sick by working too hard.

I saw one of my company that was wounded. My regiment is almost all gone. How I feel, to hear of my comrades melting away like snow, before the destructive fire of the enemy! This is a most beautiful day; the sun shines brightly; and I am thinking how our poor soldiers are fighting this day, and I am finding fault in the rear when I should be thankful to be so well off.

My wound is very troublesome now; it is all healed up, but pains me very much. I think it will trouble me all summer. I had a very hard time coming on to Philadelphia in the cars. I was about played out, and have not been very well since; this is the reason that I have not written to you before.

One thing more: James Brown, who belongs to the — Maine regiment, Company D, wanted me to request you to ask Dr. Stedman whether he should get his discharge here; it was made out at the Mead Hospital, and signed by Stedman. By so doing you will oblige him much, and when you write let me know the verdict. So now adieu for this time. Please write as soon as you can. I think this quite a long letter, and you must excuse all mistakes, for I do not pretend to write a perfect letter.

From your friend,

ALONZO COLCORD.

LETTER XI. — TO MARY LAWRENCE.

May 25, 1864, Wednesday, P. M.

MY DEAR MARY, — Yesterday I was delighted to see Mrs. — enter the ward. It is a year since her brave husband died for his country. She has come to Washington to be nearer her brother during the summer campaign, and is as beautiful and fascinating as ever. Mrs. — has been in the habit of visiting this ward when in Washington, as she knows Miss Fessenden, who says, "The whole ward brightens when she enters."

The six o'clock train brought two mothers to ward seventeen: one is a sad, quiet-looking woman, whose son will die; the other woman is noisy and loud-talking; fortunately her son is in the upper end of the ward; he is doing well, and will soon be carried home.

Ames's leg was amputated yesterday afternoon; he seems very weak; the flies trouble him; I must fan them away, and finish my letter to-morrow.

May 26th.

Ames has had a chill. Miss Fessenden tries in vain to tempt his appetite with the good things that have been sent to her. Dr. Stedman himself makes very large requisitions upon the Sanitary Commission, but does not allow the ladies in his hospital to make requisitions upon that or any agency in Washington. Now almost all supplies of linen, etc., are sent to the front, and every three or four days the hospital supply gives out; for tent wards are continually being added, and the number of patients increases faster than the extra supplies arrive. Owing to the interest felt in the ward by former patients, Miss Fessenden has had boxes of supplies sent directly to her, and says that in the crowded state of the hospital the patients could not have been made comfortable without them; and she is able to send things to the tent wards.

I was silly enough to ask Miss Fessenden, who is from Maine, if the Massachusetts women had not done more

for the soldiers than those of any other State. It amused her intensely. She said everybody knew that the Massachusetts women had done splendidly, and so had those of the other States; but if she could choose the State on which to make her requisitions, it would be Connecticut, for never had she seen such soft and fine old linen, such lint, and all sorts of useful things, as the Connecticut ladies sent. Then Miss Fessenden told me a great deal about the Massachusetts women in Washington, how much they had done for the wounded, and said that she herself owed whatever skill she possessed in taking care of the wounded to the instructions of a Boston lady, with whom she spent some time in a hospital during the early days of the war.

I hope your mother receives regularly my daily report of Albert's progress.

With love to all, your loving sister,

MABEL.

LETTER XII. — TO MARY LAWRENCE.

May 27, 1864.

MY DEAR MARY, — The ward has seemed a sadder place to-day than before. There has been hardly a moment when there were not moans to be heard. Miss Fessenden tells me that the men never arrived in better spirits, but she has never before heard so many groans, and has never been in the ward of a surgeon who really devoted all his time to the patients, as Dr. Gardner does. Do the men groan more when the surgeon stays in the ward?

Throughout the hospital the wounds have not done as well as usual. Some of the men fought so long that they were exhausted before they were wounded, and then came the terrible journey in the ambulances; it is not surprising that they do not rally quickly.

There is in the ward a New Hampshire lieutenant whose case seems a very sad one; he is apparently in great distress of mind, and to-day asked to see the chaplain, who is ill and unable to leave his house; but fortunately a minister visited the ward this morning. One need not be in want of a spiritual adviser

here, for men connected with the Christian Commission come every day; a Catholic priest, who looks like, and is said to be, a very good, kind man, is also a daily visitor; the Rev. Mr. Channing calls occasionally, and would come any time when sent for.

Once to-day there has been a hearty laugh in the ward at the expense of Lieutenant B——, a very peculiar man, with a long, thick beard. He is said to have been a Pennsylvania school-master before the war. It happened that Dr. Gardner, Miss Fessenden, and the ward-master were all out of the ward at the same moment. Lieutenant B—— requested the attendants to bring him his clothes. This they refused to do without an order from Dr. Gardner; he insisted, but to no purpose; and then with great difficulty — for he has a wound in one leg, — he let himself down from the bed to the floor, and, in his shirt and drawers, tried to make his way over the floor by hopping on his hands and one leg; but after having accomplished the length of two or three beds he was obliged to give up, and was ingloriously carried back to bed by the attendants.

Lieutenant B—— cannot do anything without making a little flourish. Here is the copy of a note he sent to Miss Fessenden, with two letters to be put in the office:—

DEAR MADAM, — Feeling that you are the soldier's friend, not only their friend but their very guardian angel, gliding along sylph-like, supplying and anticipating our wants, — nay, the very spirit of the institution, all working through you so noiseless and so uniform, permit me, then, to request that you will direct the mailing of these letters; then I shall be sure they are not mislaid.

Yours respectfully, JOHN B——.

Mrs. — sent some very nice-looking jelly to-day. Miss Fessenden gave me some to carry to a bright-looking boy, who was sitting up in bed. He seemed to enjoy it, and I asked him if he liked it. He said he did, very much, but added, "Nothing ever tastes so good

to me as what my mother makes, even if it is made of just as nice things."

As Miss Fessenden was cutting up the roast beef for a wounded man's dinner, I heard him say to her, "No one can complain of the treatment he receives here; I don't know as any one could be better treated."

I must say good-by, and attend to Albert. Our joint love to all.

MABEL.

LETTER XIII. — TO MARY LAWRENCE.

May 28, 1864.

MY DEAR MARY, — I went to market at an early hour this morning to purchase some fresh rolls for Albert's breakfast, and tried to find something that Ames could eat, but did not succeed.

Mrs. — comes regularly every forenoon, and brings whatever any patient particularly wants; sometimes it is sweet, fresh butter and home-made bread; at another time ice-cream or oranges; this morning she brought a basket of new-laid eggs. Her visit is the cheeriest incident of the day.

Last night Mrs. Damon—the quiet mother—watched beside her son. It was thought he would not live through the night, but he does not seem weaker this morning. It is another case of pyæmia, which is said to be almost an epidemic now. His color is a decided yellow.

Dr. Gardner is beginning to show the effects of his constant work over wounds. He came to this hospital from the field, ill of pus poisoning, and, finding how great a need there was for more surgeons here, he stayed instead of returning home. He is rarely out of the ward from morning until night, and attends to the dressing of the wounds himself, which is an unusual thing for a surgeon to do. I think it is in consequence of his judicious care that Albert has got on so well. The fear that Dr. Gardner may be obliged to return home on account of his own health makes me wish to leave Washington. I have talked with the doctor about it, and he thinks we may do so in ten days, perhaps soon-

er, if Albert continues to improve. Dr. Gardner thinks the risk of moving will be more than counterbalanced by the benefit of pure air and the quiet of home.

One young fellow is already on his crutches. He would not stay in bed, but when no one was looking would get out, and, with the stump of his left leg resting in a sling suspended from his neck, would travel all over the lower part of the ward on his hands and foot. A day or two ago Dr. Gardner ordered some crutches for him, and he began to walk, with a man on each side to keep him steady: to-day he walked with the assistance of only one man, but he still lifts his leg very high. At first his attire consisted of shirt and drawers; but since he has had his crutches he has added to it an embroidered artillery jacket and a little round cap.

Mrs. — has sent Miss Fessenden a rolling chair for the use of the ward. One man, who has been in it several times, to-day, is perfectly delighted with it. He looks with admiration on the wheels, pats them, and wonders what the chair cost; thinks he shall get the worth of the money out of it himself.

Some of the patients are sliding into the half-unconscious state that usually comes before death; many others are full of hope and bright anticipations of the pleasures to be enjoyed when they can go home on a furlough.

With best love to the dear grandmother and baby.

LETTER XIV. — TO MARY LAWRENCE.

Sunday, May 29, 1864.

MY DEAR MARY, — I have been to-night with Miss Fessenden to visit the quarters of the colored people who work in the laundry, etc. A prayer-meeting was going on. One man made some remarks in which he endeavored to impress it upon his hearers that they owed their freedom to Almighty God alone. He said that Abraham Lincoln had only done what God Almighty made him do; then he prayed that "de Lord would touch ebry heart wid de finger ub his love." Another man prayed that "de

Lord would ride his conquerer horse down in Dixie dis a'ternoon, dis eben-in'! " Then he spoke of the time when an old man used to come round preaching to them in the night, because he did not dare to come in the day-time; and when he was caught he was nearly murdered.

We could not stay until the meeting was over, as Miss Fessenden thought she must return to her ward; but before we came away we went up-stairs to see the quarters for the women. The entire second-story is made into one rough room; here all the women and children sleep. We found four old women and a few of the younger women, who were attending to their children, getting babies to sleep and making attempts to undress the older children, who, in frolic, would contrive to slip out of their reach and race about the room.

Two or three candles made the room just light enough to give a sort of weird, fantastic look to the whole scene. The women seemed very much pleased to see us. One of the old women was very much excited and talked very earnestly, throwing up her arms as she spoke; the others gathered around her, one by one, until they formed a half-circle of which she was the centre. She told us a good deal of her own experience. She saw Jackson kill Ellsworth. "Was mighty sorry for de colonel," but was so glad when Jackson was killed that she could not help shouting "Victory!" for she thought the Lord had come to deliver them. At that time she got away and was free, and what she earned was her own. She said it was parting with their children, and never knowing what became of them, that broke their hearts. She has sons and daughters. I asked if they were with her. She answered, —

"Oh no, missus! They are sold, sold, sold down South!"

The sons were carried off, she did not know where; but, "T'ank de Lord!" she had her daughter Eliza to look at. And there was "Mister Lincoln;" just think what he had done for them; and ought n't they to praise him and be grateful to him? "'Deed they had!" She

prayed for him every day, and would as long as she lived, and hoped that in the next world she should see him. And then to think of the ladies who had left their homes to come and take care of the soldiers; and to think what the Yankees had done for the poor colored people! Ought n't they to thank the Lord and trust him? I would have liked to stay longer, but as we could not we shook hands all round, and left.

On our way out we met a colored woman leading a little girl. Upon the very top of the child's head stood a little pug of tightly-braided hair tied with a red string. The woman explained that the child's palate troubled her by dropping down, and that it was a cure for it to braid very tightly a certain lock of hair on the very top of the head.

I have written this evening in the ward. Albert joins me in love to all our dear ones at home, whom we hope soon to see.

LETTER XV. — TO MARY LAWRENCE.

May 31, 1864.

MY DEAR MARY, — . . . Ames's bed is already occupied by another, a young man of twenty-two years, who was brought in yesterday. He is a magnificent, soldierly-looking man, with fine face, and light-brown hair that curls slightly around his forehead. He has a compound fracture of the thigh, and his recovery is very doubtful. He lies almost all the time with his eyes closed, and seems to suffer a great deal, but makes no complaint. To-day I said to him, "You are very patient."

He replied, "I can stand more than some can," and then the tears came into his eyes.

The New Hampshire lieutenant, whose bed was nearly opposite Albert's, died yesterday. They were giving out dinner, and everybody was busy, when I saw that there was some change in him, and spoke to Miss Fessenden, who went directly to him, but he was dead.

This afternoon the son of that gentle woman, Mrs. Damon, passed away. For four days they supposed him dying,

and for four days and nights his mother sat by his bed, sometimes talking with him, and at others reading to him. The attendants have been touchingly kind to them both. I was near Miss Fessenden's table when the mother came and asked if she might keep the little Testament and a Christian Commission hymn-book that she said had been a great comfort to him; of course they were given to her.

Miss Fessenden then remarked to me that she herself knew nothing of the patients except as patients; that her all-absorbing thought was how they could be cured.

I said, "I can easily imagine that one might come to feel so, when one person is trying to do the work of two, as you now are; but it is a great privilege to be allowed to be here and to do the work that you are doing."

She replied, with great earnestness, "Yes, that is exactly what it is, a great, a very great privilege to be here. There are times when the work is not as absorbing as it is now, and then the life in a ward becomes a little dreary; but there is more satisfaction in rendering a little help in the care of these wounded soldiers than in anything I ever did. It has brought a great blessing to me. It has entirely changed my feelings about death."

I asked in what way.

She answered, "In the certainty of the life beyond, that has come to me. Sometimes when a soldier has departed, it has seemed like this: that as the veil which separates the two worlds is lifted to receive the soul, before it is dropped again I have caught a glimpse of the world beyond; and I know that they themselves are there, the same men I have watched here, and that we shall meet again. It is such a comfort when one comes to realize that the very same person lives on; that dropping the body does not change the spirit, but only its surroundings. You look surprised to hear me speak so positively, but it is so real to me that I cannot help it, and it astonishes me whenever I hear one person say of another, 'I should n't be sorry if he were dead,' and such sort

of sayings, as if death were the end of a person; though I must confess that I am not insensible to the present relief of having a very troublesome person taken away."

We talk every day of our return home, and long to see you all once more.

LETTER XVI. — TO MARY LAWRENCE.

June 1, 1864.

MY DEAR MARY, — I have had in my experience to-day more variety than usual. Finding that Miss Fessenden wished very much to go to the Sanitary Commission on an errand, but was perplexed to know how she could leave the ward in the forenoon, I asked if I might go for her.

"It would be a great relief if you would go," she replied. "Will you ask to have William Brown's descriptive list looked up? His captain was killed, and his papers have not yet been sent to this hospital. He is in great want of his back pay to send to a sick wife, and the Sanitary Commission will get it for him."

She gave me a paper with the man's name, rank, company, regiment, etc., written upon it, and asked if I would do an errand at the same place for Miss Munroe.

I went to ward sixteen and learned Miss Munroe's errand, which was to ask if the Sanitary Commission would see that the discharge papers of James Bidwell, Company K, — Maine Volunteers, go through the War Department as soon as possible, for the man is failing and is very anxious to live to get home.

The reason for going to the Sanitary Commission about these matters is that they can get such cases attended to at once. Some member of the commission takes the papers and carries them through the department, obtaining the necessary signatures. If these two patients waited for their turn they might have to wait for weeks. My errands were successfully accomplished.

On my return, went to Miss Munroe's ward to say that her man's case would

be attended to immediately, and made her quite a long call. Her home is in Massachusetts. She is a gentle, interesting woman, and perfectly enthusiastic when she talks of the soldiers. I ventured to ask her if she did not think she saw the best side of a soldier's character.

"Oh, yes," she replied, "every man shows the best side of his character to a woman whom he respects; but who would have thought that the best side was so very fine? And I am sure I do not take an exaggerated view of their patriotism, patience, and fortitude. In all their conversations to which I have listened, I cannot recall any bitterness of feeling towards the South; it is a steady, determined devotion to the country; and this loyalty to a principle throws such a halo around them as to cast their faults of character, for the time, into the shade."

Miss Munroe is very decided in her preference of privates as patients; says the officers, unless badly wounded, do not need the care of ladies. She said, "I came for the privates, and never feel that I am doing my work when we have to take in officers. I remember at one time, when we had to take in more than twenty officers, I became so much exhausted from overwork as to be confined to my room for a week. On returning I went through the ward, speaking to the patients. Each private said he was glad to see me back, and inquired how my own health was; while each officer, without a single exception, told me how glad he was that I had got back, for he had had nothing fit to eat since I left."

When I expressed surprise, she added, "Those men were not an unpleasant set, by any means; and, it is true, we had very young convalescent soldiers for attendants, who, finding the officers in their power, probably could not resist the temptation of annoying them about their meals."

As I was leaving, Miss Munroe invited me to a tea-party in the "ladies' house" to - night, saying she had this morning received a large box full of eatables from her mother, for herself and

friends, so she had invited all the nurses to tea. I was happy to accept the invitation.

Albert joins me in love to yourself, mother, and the dear baby.

LETTER XVII. — TO MARY LAWRENCE.

June 2, 1864.

MY DEAR MARY, — I am sure you will want to know how the tea-party went off last night.

After both suppers had been given out in this ward, Miss Fessenden asked me to accompany her, and, instead of going to the dining-room, went to the "ladies' house." On the way we were joined by several ladies, all hurrying in the same direction. We found Miss Monroe already in the hall, kneeling on one knee before a chair, on which was placed a board, and upon this stood two alcohol lamps; over one of them a pot of coffee was making, and a large tea-kettle of water was boiling over the other. At one side of it was a teapot; into this Miss Monroe turned the boiling water as we entered.

The little table and some boxes served as the supper table, upon which were spread delicious bread and butter that had come all the way from Massachusetts, and many other good things that motherly love and care had provided.

In a very few moments all the ladies had assembled; each one came bringing either the chair from her own room or a box from the store-room, that, turned upside down, made a very good seat.

Not a moment was lost; Miss Fessenden assisted Miss Monroe in serving the other ladies, and then, seating herself upon a keg, managed to eat her own supper, wait upon everybody, and do her share of the talking. This last it is impossible to describe, for while the company was divided into little knots, each discussing some very absorbing subject, there was at the same time a general conversation kept up in which each lady occasionally joined. There were stories told of faithful and unfaithful surgeons; of kind visitors, distinguished visitors, and visitors who were

only annoying; of very interesting patients who were so disappointing on recovery, sure to get intoxicated the first time they had a pass, and of patients who had seemed nearly dead and yet got well.

Very soon the ladies began to leave; first, one who had a very sick patient whose medicines she must attend to herself, then another whose surgeon was to make his evening visit earlier than usual; and in a few minutes all had gone except Miss Fessenden, who stayed to help Miss Monroe put things in order. This somewhat picnic-like element in the life here is very attractive.

The ladies are a very pleasant set, receive no pay for their services, and seem to take a most enthusiastic interest in their work.

One thing I heard at the tea-party makes me wish to be making preparations to go home. They say that the officers are always moved into one or two wards by themselves, and there are rumors that they are to be moved in a few days. Nobody knows which wards are to be devoted to officers, but Miss Fessenden thinks this will not be one of them. I should not like Albert to have a new surgeon, neither do we wish to leave Miss Fessenden; so we shall try to get away just as soon as it will be safe for Albert. Our love to all at home.

LETTER XVIII. — TO MARY LAWRENCE.

Saturday Evening, June 4th.

I am delighted to write you that the day for our return home is very near. We have decided to leave Washington next Monday night. Dr. Gardner thinks that Albert can bear the journey quite as well as the heat here. Colonel Tufts

has called to see Albert, and will make arrangements for him to go in a hospital car, where he can lie down. Dr. Gardner has promised to see us safely into the train; and if Albert is not as well when we reach New York, or if we need any help, Colonel F. E. Howe will take care of us; so you see that we shall be well provided for.

Miss Fessenden expresses great regret that we are to leave her so soon, and we shall be very sorry to say good-by to her. I did not think at first that we should part such good friends. She has let me copy for you a letter from a soldier's sister. He died in this ward. Miss Fessenden has known of but three cases where patients were conscious while dying, and he was one of the three. He had been very patient through long and great suffering, and when dying took each one who had taken care of him by the hand, and said to each, "Good-by; I hope to meet you in heaven." And when he could not speak, he beckoned to his mother not to look at him, his suffering distressed her so much.

I am very, very thankful, my dear Mary, that I have been here. My heart aches for the women who are waiting at home. Truly, to wait is heroic; but to minister to one's nearest friend is blessed!

This is probably the last letter I shall write you from here. Can it be possible that on Wednesday I shall see you all once more! I shall have a thousand things to tell you, and can hardly wait till Wednesday before seeing my baby. Albert does not dread the journey, he so longs to see you all.

With love to our dear mother, I am your grateful and affectionate sister,

MABEL LAWRENCE.

Rachel Rollins.

FOUR-O'CLOCKS.

Four o'clock, the resting time of the day;
Sunlight with shade a fantastic patchwork weaves,
But the shadows lengthen; the wind, while dying away,
Lingers to rustle the quivering aspen leaves.

I'm under the pear-tree, sitting all alone;
My garden is gay with asters, pinks, and phlox,
And many a posy for others' pleasure sown,
But here, for myself, I have planted four-o'clocks.

"Old-fashioned," you think, and cannot my choice approve;
Rarer blossoms your fancy craves, no doubt;
But after all, it is n't the flowers we love,
But the dear old times that they make us think about.

It's a way they have of making us love them so;
We care not long how fragrant and gay they may be;
But deep in our hearts they strike their roots, and grow,
Tangled and twined with various memory.

Do you see that building yonder among the trees?
Years ago it was there that I went to school.
The master was good, but strict and hard to please,
And I was wayward and never would heed the rule.

Lois studied with me, but I was slow,
Though she always was ready to help me if she might;
But Lois was early through, and free to go,
While I was kept in the school-house every night.

Kept in, kept in! 'T was a weary time to wait,
But Lois would never play until I was free;
I always found her down by the garden gate,
Watching the four-o'clocks closing, waiting for me.

We left the school, and our childhood too, behind,
But we both had entered the Master's school for life;
And Lois loved the Master good and kind,
And I loved Lois, and she became my wife.

The hardest lessons began when our children died, —
Drowned they were, in the river. I see them now:
John, whose eyes of black were his mother's pride,
And blue-eyed Archie, my boy with the thoughtful brow.

They brought them home, but Lois did not cry;
Never a sob was heard, or a womanish scream;

Pale as theirs was her face, but her eyes were dry,
And she walked about as one who is in a dream.

I spoke to her, and pressed her passive hand;
My tears flowed fast, for I hoped to make her weep;
But she only said, "I am trying to understand;"
And for days my Lois could neither eat nor sleep.

Four was my resting hour, and I loved this spot
Because of the tree which shelters and keeps it cool;
And my boys had planted this patch with four-o'clocks
To tell me when to expect them home from school.

After they died I sat here all alone,
Sat here and listened, knowing that they were gone,
But the mocking wind could whistle with Johnnie's tone,
And Archie's footstep rustled among the corn.

So Lois came one day and found me here;
Her smile was as sweet as ever, but more subdued,
And her sweet blue eyes now shone with the wished-for tear:
Lois had learned the lesson, — she *understood*.

"Husband," she said, "I know why we lost our boys,"
And she sought my face with never a shade of doubt:
"They are kept for us as the master kept our toys,
And our joy will be only greater when school is out."

Kept in, kept in! I was always dull and slow,
And my tasks are hard, for the world is a weary school.
My Lois finished and went home long ago;
She was quick to learn, was Lois, easy to rule.

So I sit and watch for the four-o'clocks to close,
While the lengthening shadows tell of the sinking sun,
For after the working cometh the sweet repose,
And my life is closing, my day is nearly done.

Perhaps my Lois is waiting at home for me,
As she used to stand and watch at the garden gate;
Perhaps, — if it's right to think that this may be.
But who shall say it? I only watch and wait.

H. E. Sanford.

OLD WOMAN'S GOSSIP.

X.

I CANNOT remember any event or series of events the influence of which could, during my first stay in Edinburgh, have made a distinctly serious or religious impression on my mind, or have directed my thoughts especially towards the more solemn concerns and aspects of life. But from some cause or other my mind became much affected at this time by religious considerations, and a strong devotional element began to predominate among my emotions and cogitations. In my childhood in my father's house we had no special religious training; our habits were those of average English Protestants of decent respectability. My mother read the Bible to us in the morning before breakfast; Mrs. Trimmer's and Mrs. Barbauld's Scripture histories and paraphrases were taught to us; we learnt our catechism and collects, and went to church on Sunday, duly and decorously, as a matter of course. Grace was always said before and after meals by the youngest member of the family present, and I remember a quaint, old-fashioned benediction which, when my father happened to be at home at our bedtime, we used to kneel down by his chair to receive, and with which he used to dismiss us for the night: "God bless you! make you good, happy, healthy, and wise!" These, with our own daily morning and evening prayers, were our devotional habits and pious practices. In Mrs. Harry Siddons's house religion was never, I think, directly made a subject of inculcation or discussion; the usual observances of Church of England people were regularly fulfilled by all her family, the spirit of true religion governed her life and all her home relations, but special, direct reference to religious subjects was infrequent among us. God's service in that house took the daily and hourly form of the conscientious discharge of duty, unselfish, tender affec-

tion towards each other, and kindly Christian charity towards all. At various times in my life, when hearing discussions on the peculiar (technical, I should be disposed to call it) profession and character supposed by some very good people of a certain way of thinking to be the only indication of what they considered real religion, I have remembered the serene, courageous self-devotion of my dear friend, when, during a dangerous (as it was at one time apprehended, fatal) illness of her youngest daughter, she would leave her child's bedside to go to the theatre and discharge duties never very attractive to her, and rendered distasteful then by cruel anxiety, but her neglect of which would have injured the interests of her brother, her fellow-actors, and all the poor people employed in the theatre, and been a direct infringement of her obligations to them. I have wondered what amount of religion a certain class of "professing Christians" would have allowed entered into that great effort. We attended habitually a small chapel served by the Rev. William Shannon, an excellent but not exciting preacher, who was a devoted friend of Mrs. Harry Siddons; and occasionally we went to Dr. Allison's church and heard him — then an old man — preach, and sometimes his young assistant, Mr. Sinclair, whose eloquent and striking sermons, which impressed me much, were the only powerful direct appeals made to my religious sentiments at that time. I rather incline to think that I had what a most unclerical young clergyman of my acquaintance once assured me I had (and which he certainly had not), a natural *turn* for religion. I think it not unlikely that a great deal of the direct religious teaching and influences of my Paris school-days was, as it were, coming up again to the surface of my mind, and occupying my thoughts with serious reflections upon the most important sub-

jects. The freedom I enjoyed gave scope and leisure to my character to develop and strengthen itself; and to the combined healthful repose and activity of all my faculties, the absence of all excitement and irritation from external influences, the pure moral atmosphere and kindly affection by which I lived surrounded during this happy year, I attribute whatever perception of, desire for, or endeavor after goodness I was first consciously actuated by. In the rest and liberty of my life at this time, I think, whatever was best in me had the most favorable chance of growth, and I have remained ever grateful to the wise forbearance of the gentle authority under which I lived, for the benefit as well as the enjoyment I derived from the time I passed in Edinburgh. I think that more harm is frequently done by over than by under culture in the moral training of youth. Judicious *letting alone* is a precious element in real education, and there are certain chords which, often touched and made to vibrate too early, are apt to lose instead of gaining power; to grow first weakly and morbidly sensitive, and then hard and dull; and finally, when the full harmony of the character depends upon their truth and depth of tone, to have lost some measure of both under repeated premature handling.

I sometimes think that instead of beginning, as we do, with a whole heaven and earth embracing theory of duty to God and man, it might be better to adopt with our children the method of dealing only with each particular instance of moral obligation empirically as it occurs; with each particular incident of life, detached, as it were, from the notion of a formal system, code, or theory of religious belief, until the recurrence of the same rules of morality under the same governing principle, invoked only in immediate application to some instance of conduct or incident of personal experience, built up by degrees a body of precedent which would have the force and efficacy of law before it was theoretically inculcated as such. Whoever said that principles were moral habits spoke, it seems to me, a valuable

truth, not generally sufficiently recognized or acted upon in the task of education.

The only immediate result, that I can remember, of my graver turn of thought at this time upon my conduct was a determination to give up reading Byron's poetry. It was a great effort and a very great sacrifice, for the delight I found in it was intense; but I was quite convinced of its injurious effect upon me, and I came to the conclusion that I would forego it. Cain and Manfred were more especially the poems that stirred my whole being with a tempest of excitement that left me in a state of mental perturbation impossible to describe, for a long time after reading them. I suppose the great genius touched in me the spirit of our time, which, chit as I was, was common to us both; and the mere fact of my being *un enfant du siècle* rendered me liable to the infection of the potent, proud, desponding bitterness of his writing.

The spirit of an age creates the spirit that utters it, and though Byron's genius stamped its impress powerfully upon the thought and feeling of his contemporaries, he was himself, after all, but a sort of quintessence of *them*, and gave them back only an intensified, individual extract of themselves. The selfish vanity and profligate vice which he combined with his extraordinary intellectual gifts were as peculiar to himself as his great mental endowments; and though fools may have followed the fashion of his follies, the heart of all Europe was not stirred by a fashion of which he set the example, but by a passion for which he found the voice, indeed, but of which the key-note lay in the very temper of the time and the souls of the men of his day. Goethe, Alfieri, Châteaubriand, each in his own language and with his peculiar national and individual accent uttered the same mind; they stamped their own image and superscription upon the coin to which, by so doing, they gave currency, but the mine from whence they drew their metal was the civilized humanity of the nineteenth century. It is true that some of Solomon's coining

rings not unlike Goethe's and Byron's, but Solomon forestalled his day in being *blasé* before the nineteenth century. Doubtless the recipe for that result has been the same for individuals ever since the world rolled, but only here and there a great king, who was also a great genius, possessed it in the earlier times; it took all the ages that preceded it to make the *blasé* age, and Byron, preëminently, to speak its mind in English, — which he had no sooner done than every nineteenth-century shop-boy in England quoted Byron, wore his shirt-collar open, and execrated his destiny. Doubtless, by grace of his free will, a man may wring every drop of sap out of his own soul and help his fellows like-minded with himself to do the same: but the everlasting spirit of truth renews the vitality of the world, and while Byron was growling and howling, and Shelley was denying and defying, Scott was telling, and Wordsworth singing things beautiful and good, and new and true. Certain it is, however, that the noble poet's glorious chanting of much inglorious matter did me no good, and so I resolved to read that grand poetry no more. It was a severe struggle, but I persevered in it for more than two years, and had my reward; I broke through the thralldom of that powerful spell, and all the noble beauty of those poems remained to me thenceforth divested of the power of wild excitement they had exercised over me. A great many years after this girlish effort and sacrifice, Lady Byron, who was a highly esteemed friend of mine, spoke to me upon the subject of a new and cheap edition of her husband's works about to be published, and likely to be widely disseminated among the young clerk and shop-keeper class of readers, for whom she deprecated extremely the pernicious influence it was calculated to produce. She consulted me on the expediency of appending to it some notice of Lord Byron written by herself, which she thought might modify or lessen the injurious effect of his poetry upon young minds. "Nobody," she said, "knew him as I did" (this certainly was not

the general impression upon the subject); "nobody knew as well as I the causes that had made him what he was; nobody, I think, is so capable of doing justice to him, and therefore of counter-acting the injustice he does to himself and the injury he might do to others in some of his writings." I was strongly impressed by the earnestness of her expression, which seemed to me one of affectionate compassion for Byron and profound solicitude lest even in his grave he should incur the responsibility of yet further evil influence, especially on the minds of the young. I could not help wondering also whether she did not shrink from being again, to a new generation and a wider class of readers, held up to cruel ridicule and condemnation as the cold-hearted, hard, pedantic prude, without sympathy for suffering or relenting towards repentance. I had always admired the reticent dignity of her silence with reference to her short and disastrous union with Lord Byron, and I felt sorry, therefore, that she contemplated departing from the course she had thus far steadfastly pursued, though I appreciated the motive by which she was actuated. I could not but think, however, that she overestimated the mischief Byron's poetry was likely to do the young men of 1850, highly prejudicial as it undoubtedly was to those of his day, illustrated, so to speak, by the bad notoriety of his own character and career. But the generation of English youth who had grown up with Thackeray, Dickens, and Tennyson as their intellectual nourishment seemed to me little likely to be infected with Byronism, and might read his poetry with a degree of impunity which the young people of his own time did not enjoy. I urged this as my conviction upon her, as rendering less necessary than she imagined the antidote she was anxious to append to the poison of the new edition of her husband's works. But to this she replied that she had derived her impression of the probable mischief to a class peculiarly interesting to him, from Frederick Robertson, and of course his opinion was more than an overweight for mine.

Lady Byron did not, however, fulfill her purpose of prefacing the contemplated edition of Byron's poems with a notice of him by herself, which I think very likely to have been a suggestion of Mr. Robertson's to her; it is matter of deep regret that the silence she so sacredly kept for so many years, upon the subject of her relations with her husband, should with or without her sanction have been broken by the revival of a hideous scandal dragged up from the oblivion into which it had sunk, to disgust and shock the moral sense of Europe and America.

My happy year in Edinburgh ended, I returned to London, to our house in James Street, Buckingham Gate, where I found my parents much burdened with care and anxiety about the affairs of the theatre, which were rapidly falling into irretrievable embarrassment. My father toiled incessantly, but the tide of ill-success and losing fortune had set steadily against him, and the attempt to stem it became daily harder and more hopeless. I used sometimes to hear some of the sorrowful details of this dreary struggle, and I well remember the indignation and terror I experienced when one day my father said at dinner, "I have had a new experience to-day: I have been arrested for the first time in my life." I believe my father was never personally in debt during all his life; he said he never had been up to that day, and I am very sure he never was afterwards. Through all the severe labor of his professional life, and his strenuous exertions to maintain his family and educate my brothers like gentlemen and my sister and myself with every advantage, he never incurred the misery of falling into debt, but paid his way as he went along, with difficulty, no doubt, but still steadily and successfully, "owing no man anything." But the suit in question was brought against him as one of the proprietors of the theatre, for a debt which the theatre owed; and, moreover, was that of a person whom he had befriended and helped forward, and who had always professed the most sincere gratitude and attachment to him.

This was Mr. B——, then a poor and obscure young author, of whose very considerable abilities my father always spoke warmly while defending him from my mother's impatient charge of personal vulgarity. I think my mother was too intolerant of what she considered vulgarity and under-breeding in people's manners; I have sometimes fancied that a vision like St. Peter's ("what God hath cleansed," etc.) might have been serviceable to her and some of her descendants. My poor mother had certainly a bitter triumph she could well have dispensed with, when she heard that this distressing affront had been put upon my father by this — to her — distasteful friend of his. For my own part, great as was my horror then at Mr. B——'s proceeding, I now perfectly understand how a poor literary man (as he then was), working for money and sorely needing the money he had earned, and which the theatre did not pay him, was induced to take the not ill-considered measure of arresting my father, the only one of the partners, or proprietors, whose personal freedom was indispensable to carrying on the concern, who had to act that very evening and was necessarily liberated, I presume by the satisfaction of Mr. B——'s claim against Covent Garden. The constantly darkening prospects of that unlucky theatre threw a gloom over us all; sometimes my father used to speak of selling his share in it for anything he could get for it (and Heaven knows it was not likely to be much!), and going to live abroad; or sending my mother, with us, to live cheaply in the south of France, while he continued to work in London. Neither alternative was cheerful for him or my poor mother, and I felt very sorrowful for them, though I thought I should like living in the south of France better than in London. I was working with a good deal of enthusiasm at a tragedy on the subject of Fiesco, the Genoese noble's conspiracy against the Dorias, — a subject which had made a great impression upon me when I first read Schiller's noble play upon it. My own former fancy about going on the stage, and passionate

desire for a lonely, independent life in which it had originated, had died away with the sort of moral and mental effervescence which had subsided during my year's residence in Edinburgh. Although all my sympathy with the anxieties of my parents tended to make the theatre an object of painful interest to me, and though my own attempts at poetical composition were constantly cast in a dramatic form, in spite of my enthusiastic admiration of Goethe's and Schiller's plays—which, however, I could only read in French or English translations, for I then knew no German—and my earnest desire to write a good play myself, the idea of making the stage my profession had entirely passed from my mind, which was absorbed with the wish and endeavor to produce a good dramatic composition. The turn I had exhibited for acting at school appeared to have evaporated, and Covent Garden itself never occurred to me as a great institution for purposes of art or enlightened public recreation, but only as my father's disastrous property, to which his life was being sacrificed; and every thought connected with it gradually became more and more distasteful to me. It appears to me curious that up to this time I literally knew nothing of Shakespeare, beyond having seen one or two of his plays acted; I had certainly never read one of them through, nor did I do so until some time later, when I began to have to learn parts in them by heart. Besides working at my version of Fiesco's Conspiracy, I wrote great quantities of verses, some of which were rather pretty, but the greater part mere school-girl unconscious imitations of Moore and Byron.

I think the rather serious bias which my mind had developed while I was still in Scotland tended probably to my greater contentment in my home, and to the total disinclination which I should certainly now have felt for a life of public exhibition. My dramatic reading and writing was curiously blended with a very considerable interest in literature of a very different sort, and with the perusal of such works as Mason on Self-Knowledge, Newton's Cardiphonia, and

a great variety of sermons and religious essays. My mother, observing my tendency to reading on religious subjects, proposed to me to take my first communion. She was a member of the Swiss Protestant church, the excellent pastor of which, the Rev. Mr. S——, was our near neighbor, and we were upon terms of the friendliest intimacy with him and his family. In his church I received the sacrament for the first time, but I do not think with the most desirable effect. The only immediate result that I can remember of this increase of my Christian profession and privileges was, I am sorry to say, a rigid, Pharisaical formalism, which I carried so far as to decline accompanying my father and mother to our worthy clergyman's house, one Sunday, when we were invited to spend the evening with him and his family. This sort of acrid fruit is no uncommon first harvest of youthful religious zeal; and I suppose my parents and my worthy pastor thought it a piece of unripe, childish, impertinent conscientiousness hardly deserving a serious rebuke. The circumstance has been fixed in my memory by the manner in which I passed the evening which I was too godly to spend with my family and Dr. S——. I was reading a book of devotion, when I was suddenly rushed in upon by the housemaid, desiring that I would come and see the cook, who, she said, had had a fit; a doctor had been sent for, upon her and the footman's responsibility, and when I went to the woman's room I found her about to be bled, and the housemaid steadily refusing to turn her eyes in the direction of the operation. Anxious to afford whatever assistance I could, I undertook to hold the basin under the arm during the process; but it was the first time I had ever seen living blood flow, and, though I contrived to stand at my post, the dreadful faint sickness that almost overcame me made me remember long after that employment of my peculiarly religious Sunday evening.

The eldest daughter of Dr. S——, Mrs. G——, was a beautiful widow of little more than twenty when I first knew

her. She was one of the finest amateur musicians I have ever known; her playing on the piano was admirable. She sang too, and, though her voice was rather thin in quality, her musical knowledge made her a valuable member of our small singing-club; her brother had a good bass voice and musical ear; and with my mother, myself, and my sister, who was gradually developing her fine musical gifts, we and our friendly neighbors used to get up very agreeable family concerts. A pleasant result of which for all parties was the marriage of Mrs. G—— to my cousin Horace Twiss, whose first wife had died some years before.

My brother Henry was now a duly enrolled Westminster Blackguard. Of his attendance at that seminary of polite learning I have one droll recollection, which belongs to an "educational institution," to speak the American English of the present day, not likely to survive very long the reprobation now generally expressed against it. My sister and myself were sitting at our lessons one morning, when a modest tap at the door was followed by the entrance of an exceedingly delicate, gentleman-like little lad, with my brother's school-books in his hand, who said, "If you please, I am Fitz Maurice; and Master Kemble bade me bring his books home and give them to you, if you are his sister." "But," said I to this young sprig of nobility, the son of my afterwards very kind friend, Lord Lansdowne, "how comes Master Kemble to send you home with his books, instead of carrying them himself?" "Because, if you please, I am his fag," said the gentle little boy, making us a farewell bow, and vanishing. Henry was a kind-hearted, good-natured fellow, and I hoped he did not treat his small slave very inhumanly.

Another of my recollections which belong to this time is seeing several times at our house that exceedingly coarse, disagreeable, clever, and witty man, Theodore Hook. I always had a dread of his loud voice, and blazing red face, and staring black eyes; especially as on more than one occasion his after-dinner wit seemed

to me fitter for the table he had left than the more refined atmosphere of the drawing-room. One day he dined with us to meet my cousin Horace Twiss and his handsome new wife. Horace had in a lesser degree some of Hook's wonderful sense of humor and quickness of repartee, and the two men brought each other out with great effect. Of course I had heard of Mr. Hook's famous reply when, after having returned from the colonies, where he was in an official position, under suspicion of peculation, a friend meeting him said, "Why, hallo, Hook! I did not know you were in England! What has brought you back again?" "Something wrong about the *chest*," replied the imperturbable wit. He was at this time the editor of the *John Bull*, a paper of considerable ability, and only less scurrility than the *Age*; and in spite of his *chest difficulty* he was much sought in society for his extraordinary quickness and happiness in conversation. His outrageous hoax of the poor London citizen from whom he extorted an agonized invitation to dinner by making him believe that he and Charles Mathews were public surveyors, sent to make observations for a new road, which was to go straight through the poor shopkeeper's lawn, flower-garden, and bedroom, he has, I believe, introduced into his novel of Gilbert Gurney. But not, of course, with the audacious extemporaneous song with which he wound up the joke, when, having eaten and drank the poor citizen's dinner, prepared for a small party of citizen friends (all the time assuring him that he and his friend would use their very best endeavors to avert the threatened invasion of his property by the new line of road), he proposed singing a song, to the great delight of the unsophisticated society, the concluding verse of which was, —

"And now I am bound to declare
That your wine is as good as your cook,
And that this is Charles Mathews, the player,
And I, sir, am Theodore Hook."

He always demanded, when asked for a specimen of his extemporizing power, that a subject should be given to him. I do not remember, on one occasion, what was suggested in the first instance, but

after some discussion Horace Twiss cried out, "The Jews." It was the time of the first mootings of the question of the Jews being admitted to stand for Parliament and having seats in the House, and party spirit ran extremely high upon the subject. Theodore Hook shrugged his shoulders and made a discontented grimace, as if baffled by his theme, the Jews. however, he went to the piano, threw back his head, and began strumming a galloping country-dance tune, to which he presently poured forth the most inconceivable string of witty, comical, humorous, absurd allusions to everybody present as well as to the subject imposed upon him. Horace Twiss was at that time under-secretary either for foreign affairs or the colonies, and Hook took occasion to say, or rather sing, that the foreign department could have little charms for a man who had so many more in the home, with an indication to Annie Twiss; the final verse of this real firework of wit was this:—

"I dare say you think there's little wit
In this, but you've all forgot
That instead of being a *Jeu d'esprit*,
'T is only a *jeu de mot*,"

pronouncing the French words as broadly as possible, "a *Jeu d'espritt*, and 't is only a *Jew de motte*," for the sake of the rhyme, and his subject, the Jews. It certainly was all through a capital specimen of ready humor. I remember on another occasion hearing him exercise his singular gift in a manner that seemed to me as unjustifiable as it was disagreeable. I met him at dinner at Sir John McDonald's, then adjutant-general, a very kind and excellent friend of mine. Mrs. Norton and Lord C——, who were among the guests, both came late and after we had gone into the dining-room, where they were received with a discreet quantity of mild chaff, Mrs. Norton being much too formidable an adversary to be challenged lightly. After dinner, however, when the men came up into the drawing-room, Theodore Hook was requested to extemporize, and, having sung one song, was about to leave the piano in the midst of the general entreaty that he would not do so,

when Mrs. Norton, seating herself close to the instrument so that he could not leave it, said in her most peculiar, deep, soft, contralto voice, which was like her beautiful, dark face set to music, "I am going to sit down here, and you shall not come away, for I will keep you in like an iron crow." There was nothing about her manner or look that could suggest anything but a flattering desire to enjoy Hook's remarkable talent in some further specimen of his power of extemporizing, and therefore I suppose there must have been some previous ill-will or heart-burning on his part towards her; she was reckless enough in her use of her wonderful wit and power of saying the most intolerably stinging things, to have left a smart on some occasion in Hook's memory, for which he certainly did his best to pay her then. Every verse of the song he now sang ended with his turning with a bow to her, and the words, "my charming iron crow;" but it was from beginning to end a covert satire of her and her social triumphs; even the late arrival at dinner and its supposed causes were duly brought in, still with the same mock-respectful inclination to his "charming iron crow." Everybody was glad when the song was over, and applauded it quite as much from a sense of relief as from admiration of its extraordinary cleverness; and Mrs. Norton smilingly thanked Hook, and this time made way for him to leave the piano.

We lived near each other at this time, we in James Street, Buckingham Gate, and the Nortons at Storey's Gate, at the opposite end of the Birdcage Walk. We both of us frequented the same place of worship, a tiny chapel wedged in among the buildings at the back of Downing Street, the entrance to which was from the park; it has been improved away by the new government offices. Our dinner at the McDonalds' was on a Saturday, and the next day, as we were walking part of the way home together from church, Mrs. Norton broke out about Theodore Hook, and his odious ill-nature and abominable coarseness, saying that it was a disgrace and

a shame that for the sake of his paper, *The John Bull*, and its influence, the stories should receive such a man in society. I, who but for her outburst upon the subject should have carefully avoided mentioning Hook's name, presuming that after his previous evening's performance it could not be very agreeable to Mrs. Norton, now, not knowing very well what to say, but thinking the Sheridan blood (especially in her veins) might have some sympathy with and find some excuse for him, suggested the temptation that the possession of such wit must always be more or less to the abuse of it. "Witty!" exclaimed the indignant beauty, with her lip and nostril quivering, "witty! One may well be witty when one fears neither God nor devil!" I was heartily glad Hook was not there; he was not particular about the truth, and would infallibly, in some shape or other, have translated for her benefit, "*Je crains Dieu, cher Abner, et n'ai point d'autre crainte.*" The Nortons' house was close to the issue from St. James Park into Great George Street. I remember passing an evening with them there, when a host of distinguished public and literary men were crowded into their small drawing-room, which was literally resplendent with the light of Sheridan beauty, male and female: Mrs. Sheridan (Miss Callender, of whom, when she published a novel, the hero of which commits forgery, that wicked wit, Sydney Smith, said he knew she was a Callender, but did not know till then that she was a Newgate calendar), the mother of the graces, more beautiful than anybody but her daughters; Lady Graham, their beautiful aunt; Mrs. Norton, Mrs. Blackwood (Lady Dufferin), Georgiana Sheridan (Duchess of Somerset and queen of beauty by universal consent), and Charles Sheridan, their younger brother, a sort of younger brother of the Apollo Belvedere. Certainly I never saw such a bunch of beautiful creatures all growing on one stem. I remarked it to Mrs. Norton, who looked complacently round her tiny drawing-room and said, "Yes, we are rather good-looking people." I remember this even-

ing because of the impression made on me by the sight of these wonderfully "good-looking people" all together, and also because of my having had to sing with Moore, an honor and glory hardly compensating the distress of semi-strangulation, in order to avoid drowning his feeble thread of a voice with the heavy, robust contralto which I found it very difficult to swallow half of, while singing second to him, in his own melodies, with the other half. My acquaintance with Mrs. Norton lasted through a period of many years, and, though never very intimate, was renewed with cordiality each time I returned to England. It began just after I came out on the stage, when I was about twenty, and she a few years older. My father and mother had known her parents and grandparents, Richard Brinsley Sheridan and Miss Lindley, from whom their descendants derived the remarkable beauty and brilliant wit which distinguished them.

My mother was at Drury Lane when Mr. Sheridan was at the head of its administration, and has often described to me the extraordinary proceedings of that famous first night of *Pizarro*, when, at last keeping the faith he had so often broken with the public, Mr. Sheridan produced that most effective of melodramas, with my aunt's and uncle's parts still unfinished, and, depending upon their extraordinary rapidity of study, kept them learning the last scenes of the last act, which he was still writing, while the beginning of the piece was being performed. By the bye, I do not know what became of the theories about the dramatic art, and the careful and elaborate study necessary for its perfection. In this particular instance, John Kemble's *Rolla* and Mrs. Siddons's *Elvira* must have been what may be called extemporaneous acting. Not impossibly, however, these performances may have gained in vivid power and effect what they lost in smoothness and finish, from the very nervous strain and excitement of such a mental effort as the actors were thus called upon to make. My mother remembered well, too, the dismal Saturdays when, after prolonged pe-

riods of non-payment of their salaries, the poorer members of the company, and all the unfortunate work-people, carpenters, painters, scene-shifters, understrappers of all sorts, and plebs in general of the great dramatic concern, thronging the passages and staircases, would assail Sheridan on his way to the treasury with pitiful invocations: "For God's sake, Mr. Sheridan, pay us our salaries!" "For Heaven's sake, Mr. Sheridan, let us have something this week!" and his plausible reply of "Certainly, certainly, my good people, you shall be attended to directly." Then he would go into the treasury, sweep it clean of the whole week's receipts (the salaries of the principal actors, whom he dared not offend and could not dispense with, being, if not wholly, partially paid), and, going out of the building another way, leave the poor people who had cried to him for their arrears of wages baffled and cheated of the price of their labor for another week. The picture was not a pleasant one. When I first knew Caroline Sheridan, she had not long been married to the Hon. George Norton. She was splendidly handsome, of an un-English character of beauty, her rather large and heavy head and features recalling the grandest Grecian and Italian models, to the latter of whom her rich coloring and blue-black braids of hair gave her an additional resemblance. Though neither as perfectly lovely as the Duchess of Somerset nor as perfectly charming as Lady Dufferin, she produced a far more striking impression than either of them, by the combination of the poetical genius with which she alone, of the three, was gifted, with the brilliant wit and power of repartee which they (especially Lady Dufferin) possessed in common with her, united to the exceptional beauty with which they were all three endowed. Mrs. Norton was extremely epigrammatic in her talk, and comically dramatic in her manner of narrating things. I do not know whether she had any theatrical talent, though she sang pathetic and humorous songs admirably, and I remember shaking in my shoes when, soon after I came out,

she told me she envied me, and would give anything to try the stage herself. I thought, as I looked at her wonderful, beautiful face, "Oh, if you should, what would become of me!" She was no musician, but had a deep, sweet contralto voice, precisely the same in which she always spoke, and which, combined with her always lowered eyelids ("downy eyelids" with sweeping silken fringes), gave such incomparably comic effect to her sharp retorts and ludicrous stories; and she sang with great effect her own and Lady Dufferin's social satires, Fanny Grey, and Miss Myrtle, etc., and sentimental songs like *Would I were with Thee*, *I dreamt 't was but a Dream*, etc., of which the words were her own, and the music, which only amounted to a few chords with the simplest modulations, her own also. I remember she used occasionally to convulse her friends *en petit comité* with a certain absurd song called *The Widow*, to all intents and purposes a piece of broad comedy, the whole story of which (the wooing of a disconsolate widow by a rich lover, whom she first rejects and then accepts) was comprised in a few words, rather spoken than sung, eked out by a ludicrous burthen of "rum-ti-iddy-iddy-ido," which, by dint of her countenance and voice, conveyed all the alternations of the widow's first despair, her lover's fiery declaration, her virtuous indignation and wrathful rejection of him, his cool acquiescence and intimation that his full purse assured him an easy acceptance in various other quarters, her rage and disappointment at his departure, and final relenting and consent on his return; all of which with her iddy-iddy-ido she sang, or rather acted, with incomparable humor and effect. I admired her extremely.

In 1841 I began a visit of two years and a half in England. During this time I constantly met Mrs. Norton in society. She was living with her uncle, Charles Sheridan, and still maintained her glorious supremacy of beauty and wit in the great London world. She came often to parties at our house, and I remember her asking us to dine at her

uncle's, when among the people we met were Lord Lansdowne and Lord Normanby, both then in the ministry, whose good will and influence she was exerting herself to *captive* in behalf of a certain shy, silent, rather rustic gentleman from the far-away province of New Brunswick, Mr. Samuel Cunard, afterwards Sir Samuel Cunard of the great mail packet line of steamers between England and America. He had come to London an obscure and humble individual, endeavoring to procure from the government the sole privilege of carrying the transatlantic mails for his line of steamers. Fortunately for him he had some acquaintance with Mrs. Norton, and the powerful beauty, who was kind-hearted and good-natured to all but her natural enemies, *i. e.*, the members of her own London society, exerted all her interest with her admirers in high place in favor of Cunard, and had made this very dinner for the express purpose of bringing her provincial *protégé* into pleasant personal relations with Lord Lansdowne and Lord Normanby, who were likely to be of great service to him in the special object which had brought him to England. The only other individual I remember at the dinner was that most beautiful person, Lady Harriet d'Orsay. Years after, when the Halifax projector had become Sir Samuel Cunard, a man of fame in the worlds of commerce and business of New York and London, a baronet of large fortune, and a sort of proprietor of the Atlantic Ocean between England and the United States, he reminded me of this charming dinner in which Mrs. Norton had so successfully found the means of forwarding his interests, and spoke with enthusiasm of her kind-heartedness as well as her beauty and talents; he, of course, passed under the Caudine Forks, beneath which all men encountering her had to bow and throw down their arms. She was very fond of inventing devices for seals and other such ingenious exercises of her brains, and she gave — a star with the motto, "*Procul sed non extincta*," which she civilly said bore reference to me in my transatlantic home. She also

told me, when we were talking of mottoes for seals and rings, that she had had engraved on a ring she always wore the name of that miserable bayou of the Mississippi — Atchafalaya — where Gabriel passes near one side of an island, while Evangeline, in her woe-begone search, is lying asleep on the other; and that to her surprise she found that the King of the Belgians wore a ring on which he had had the same word engraved, as an expression of the bitterest and most hopeless disappointment.

In 1845 I passed through London, and spent a few days there with my father, on my way to Italy. Mrs. Norton, hearing of my being in town, came to see me and urged me extremely to go and dine with her before I left London, which I did. The event of the day in her society was the death of Lady Holland, about which there were a good many lamentations, of which Lady T—— gave the real significance, with considerable *naïveté*: "Ah, poore deare Ladi Ollande! It is a grate pittie; it was suche a *pleasant ouse*!" As I had always avoided Lady Holland's acquaintance, I could merely say that the regrets I heard expressed about her seemed to me only to prove a well-known fact — how soon the dead were forgotten. The *real* sorrow was indeed for the loss of her house, that pleasantest of all London *rendezvous*, and not for its mistress, though those whom I then heard speak were probably among the few who did regret her. Lady Holland had one good quality (perhaps more than one, which I might have found out if I had known her): she was a constant and exceedingly warm friend, and extended her regard and remembrance to all whom Lord Holland or herself had ever received with kindness or on a cordial footing. My brother John had always been treated with great friendliness by Lord Holland, and in her will Lady Holland, who had not seen him for years, left him as a memento a copy, in thirty-two volumes, of the English essayists, which had belonged to her husband.

Almost immediately after this transient renewal of my intercourse with Mrs. Norton, I left England for Italy,

and did not see her again for several years. The next time I did so was at an evening party at my sister's house, where her appearance struck me more than it had ever done. Her dress had something to do with this effect, no doubt. She had a rich gold-colored silk on, shaded and softened all over with black lace draperies, and her splendid head, neck, and arms were adorned with magnificently simple Etruscan gold ornaments, which she had brought from Rome, whence she had just returned, and where the fashion of that famous antique jewelry had lately been revived. She was still "*une beauté triomphante à faire voir aux ambassadeurs.*"

In 1852 I went to Italy. I spent a summer at Sorrento, and thence went to Capri for a week. Mrs. Norton had been there, but had left the island, her two sons remaining there, with a queer, clever slip of an old Yorkshire root, G—— C——, who had a firm persuasion that he could construct a flying machine with which he should be able to guide himself through the air. His father and grandfather had had precisely the same aerial hobby, and had spent much time, thought, and money in divers experiments in flying machines. C—— had had one constructed at Capri, and, having had it conveyed up to the top of the rocky precipice of the Salto di Tiberio, was with extreme difficulty dissuaded by the Nortons from casting himself into the air upon it; at length, yielding to their persuasions, he sent his bird flying without himself on its back, when, after fluttering for a few seconds above the abyss, it turned over and went falling from point to point of the rocks, and finally was stopped by the arms of a tree that had anchored itself half-way between heaven and the Mediterranean, whence it was never recovered.

During one of my last sojourns in London I met Mrs. Norton at Lansdowne House. There was a great assembly there, and she was wandering through the rooms leaning on the arm of her youngest son, her glorious head still crowned with its splendid braids of hair, and wreathed with grapes and ivy

leaves, and this was my last vision of her; but in the autumn of 1870, Lady C—— told me of meeting her in London society, now indeed quite old, but indomitably handsome and witty.

I think it only humane to state, for the benefit of all mothers anxious for their daughters', and all daughters anxious for their own future welfare in this world, that in the matter of what the lady's-maid in the play calls "the first of earthly blessings—personal appearance," Caroline Sheridan as a girl was so little distinguished by the exceptional beauty she subsequently developed, that her lovely mother, who had a right to be exacting in the matter, entertained occasionally desponding misgivings as to the future comeliness of one of the most celebrated beauties of her day.

At the time of my earliest acquaintance with the Nortons, our friends, the Basil Montagues, had left their house in Bedford Square, and were also living at Storey's Gate. Among the remarkable people I met at their house was the Indian rajah, Ramohun Roy, philosopher, scholar, reformer, Quaker, theist, I know not what and what not, who was introduced to me, and was kind enough to take some notice of me. He talked to me of the literature of his own country, especially its drama, and finding that I was already acquainted with the Hindoo theatre through the medium of my friend Mr. Horace Wilson's translation of its finest compositions, but that I had never read Sakuntalā, the most remarkable of them all, which Mr. Wilson had not included in his collection (I suppose because of its translation by Sir William Jones), Ramohun Roy sent me a copy of it, which I value extremely as a memento of so remarkable a man, but in which I confess I am utterly unable to find the extraordinary beauty and sublimity which he attributed to it, and of which I remember Goethe also speaks enthusiastically (if I am not mistaken, in his conversations with Eckermann), calling it the most wonderful production of human genius. Goethe had not, any more than myself, the advantage of reading Sa-

kuntalā in Sanskrit, and I am quite at a loss to account for the extreme and almost exaggerated admiration he expresses for it.

JAMES STREET, BUCKINGHAM GATE, }
August 23, —. }

MY DEAREST H—: I received your last on my return from the country, where I had been staying a fortnight, and I assure you that after an uncomfortable and rainy drive into town I found it of more service in warming me than even the blazing fire with which we are obliged to shame the month of August. I think it particularly kind of you to have written to me, for in the midst of your anxieties [about her brother's health] I do not expect you to bestow either much thought or time upon me; and though the sight of your handwriting is one of my chief pleasures, my own affection for you and my reliance on your interest in me do not depend on a regular exchange of letters. I often think of the time we spent together at Heath Farm, of our long, delightful walks and talks, and my mind constantly recurs to your earnest endeavors then to make me happier and better. In one of your letters, which I was looking over the other day, you express an opinion of the uselessness of indiscriminate preservation of correspondence, and I remember thinking that you wished me to destroy yours; but indeed I cannot do this, nor do I think that what you said to me on the subject holds good with respect to your letters to me. For there is not one of them which does not contain expressions of affection which I value dearly, and advice likely perhaps to be appreciated even more as time goes on than when first I received them.

I have a great deal to tell you about our affairs, and the effect that their unhappy posture seems likely to produce upon my future plans and prospects. Do you remember a letter I wrote to you a long time ago about going on the stage? and another, some time before that, about my becoming a governess? The urgent necessity which I think now

exists for exertion, in all those who are capable of it amongst us, has again turned my thoughts to these two considerations. My father's property, and all that we might ever have hoped to have derived from it, being utterly destroyed in the unfortunate issue of our affairs, his personal exertions are all that remain to him and us to look to. There are circumstances in which reflections that our minds would not admit at other times of necessity force themselves upon our consideration. Those talents and qualifications, both mental and physical, which have been so mercifully preserved to my dear father hitherto, cannot, in the natural course of things, all remain unimpaired for many more years. It is right, then, that those of us who have the power to do so should at once lighten his arms of all unnecessary burthen, and acquire the habit of independent exertion before the moment comes when utter inexperience would add to the difficulty of adopting any settled mode of proceeding; it is right and wise to prepare for the evil day before it is upon us. These reflections have led me to the resolution of entering upon some occupation or profession which may enable me to turn the advantages my father has so liberally bestowed upon me to some account, so as not to be a useless encumbrance to him at present, or a helpless one in future time. My brother John, you know, has now determined to go into the church. Henry we have good although remote hopes of providing well for, and, were I to make use of my own capabilities, dear little A—— would be the only one about whom there need be any anxiety. I propose writing to my father before he returns home (he is at present acting in the provinces) on this subject. Some step I am determined to take; the nature of it will of course remain with him and my mother. I trust that whatever course they resolve upon I shall be enabled to pursue steadily, and I am sure that, be it what it may, I shall find it comparatively easy, as the motive is neither my own profit nor reputation, but the desire of bringing into

their right use whatever talents I may possess, which have not been given for useless purposes. I hope and trust that I am better fitted for either of the occupations I have mentioned than I was when I before entertained an idea of them. You asked me what inclined John's thoughts to the church. It would be hard to say; or rather, I ought to say, that Providence which in its own good time makes choice of its instruments, and which I ever firmly trusted would not suffer my brother's fine powers to be wasted on unworthy aims. I am not able to say how the change which has taken place in his opinions and sentiments was effected; but you know one has not done *all* one's thinking at two-and-twenty. I have been by circumstances much separated from my brother, and when with him have had but little communication upon such subjects, as he was always, while at home, extremely engrossed with his own studies. It was at a time when, I think, his religious principles were somewhat unsettled, that his mind was so passionately absorbed by politics. The nobler instincts of his nature, diverted for a while from due direct intercourse with their divine source, turned themselves with enthusiastic, earnest hope to the desire of benefiting his fellow-creatures; and to these aims—the reformation of abuses, the establishment of a better system of government, the gradual elevation and improvement of the people, and the general progress of the country towards enlightened liberty and consequent prosperity—he devoted all his thoughts. This was the period of his fanatical admiration for Jeremy Bentham and Mill, who, you know, are our near neighbors here, and whose houses we never pass without John being inclined to salute them, I think, as the shrines of some beneficent powers of renovation. And here comes the break in our intercourse and in my knowledge of his mental and moral progress. I went to Scotland, and was amazed, after I had been there some time, to hear from my mother that John had not got his scholarship, and had renounced his intention of going to

the bar and determined to study for the church. I returned home, and found him much changed. His high sense of the duties attending it makes me rejoice most sincerely that he has chosen that career, which may not be the surest path to worldly advancement, but if conscientiously followed must lead, I should think, to the purest happiness this life can offer. I think much of this change may be attributed to the example and influence of some deservedly dear friends of his; probably something to the sobering effect of the disappointment and mortification of his failure at college, where such sanguine hopes and expectations of his success had been entertained. Above all, I refer his present purpose to that higher influence which has followed him through all his mental wanderings, suggesting the eager inquiries of his restless and dissatisfied spirit, and finally leading it to this, its appointed goal. He writes to us in high spirits from Germany, and his letters are very delightful, full of detailed descriptions of the enchanting country—the Rhine land—he is traveling through, which, I confess, sometimes make me sin in envy of his good fortune; when last I heard from him he was at Heidelberg, with which he seems delighted.

Mrs. Siddons and Cecy are with Mrs. Kemble at Leamington. Mrs. Harry Siddons is, I fear, but little better; she has had another attack of erysipelas, and I am very anxious to get to her, but the distance, and the dependence of all interesting young females in London on the legs and leisure of *chaperons*, prevents me from seeing her as often as I wish. German is an arduous undertaking, and I have once more abandoned it, not only on account of its difficulty, but because I do not at present wish to enter upon the study of a foreign language, when I am but just awakened to my radical ignorance of my own. God bless you, dear H—.

Yours ever,

FANNY.

As long as I retained a home of my own, I resisted my friend's half-expressed wish that I should destroy her letters;

but when I ceased to have any settled place of habitation, it became impossible to provide for the safe-keeping of a mass of papers the accumulation of which received additions every few days, and by degrees, for my courage failed me very often in the task, my friend's letters were destroyed. Few things that I have had to relinquish have cost me a greater pang or sense of loss, and few of the conditions of my wandering life have seemed to me more grievous than the necessity it imposed upon me of destroying these letters. My friend did not act upon her own theory with regard to my correspondence, and indeed it seems to me that no general rule can be given with regard to the preservation or destruction of correspondence. What revelations of misery and guilt may lie in the forgotten folds of hoarded letters, that have been preserved only to blast the memory of the dead! What precious words, again, have been destroyed, that might have lightened for a whole heavy life-time the doubt and anguish of the living! In this, as in all we do, we grope about in darkness, and the one and the other course must often enough have been bitterly lamented by those who "did for the best" in keeping or destroying these chronicles of human existence. The letters generally exchanged between intimate friends are certainly no more intended to be collected and kept than the words which friends utter in confidential conversation; yet how often would one have preserved, if one could, the very words, tone, look, accent, and gesture of certain conversations, while at the same time, could the speaker anticipate such a stereotyping of his utterance, he would probably be struck dumb with the consciousness, and there would be nothing to retain. The most intimate revelations of greatly gifted minds are not unnaturally the most eagerly sought after by the world. The clay feet of these golden-headed images seem to attract rather than repel their worshipers, whose enthusiastic curiosity is apt to be puerile, not to say irreverent. Is it for the sake of the comfortable sense of kindred to greatness — all our feet being

clay, though all our heads are not gold — that we inquire into the number of toes of our idols? But while the public revels in the domestic details of this or that illustrious individual's private life and manners, his family and kindred, those to whom such portions of his history peculiarly belong, may be pardoned if they feel that his fame has no right to desecrate instead of consecrating his home. They are justified in desiring that something special of his personal intercourse should be left to them, to whom he was father, husband, son, or dearest friend; and if his boots are in a glass case in the museum, his slippers may remain by his bedside at home. His genius may shine like a great light at his gate, on the highway of life, but because it does so, and cheers and guides the wayfarers as they come and go, it hardly warrants their peeping through the key-hole, still less their pressing in to where he sits with his own, at his hearth or board. Very true, no doubt, they eagerly desire to know "all about him," and would fain thrust themselves into the closet where he shuts himself to pray, to discover whether he kneels or stands, or moves his lips and utters an audible voice of supplication or prays in silence with his soul alone. Genius pays its penalty like royalty. Small privacy is allowed to either; but it seems hard to grudge it to our benefactors in their graves, their share having been of the smallest till they came thither.

Madame Pasta's daughter once said to Charles Young, who enthusiastically admired her great genius, "*Vous trouvez qu'elle chante et joue bien, n'est-ce pas?*" "*Je crois bien,*" replied he, puzzled to understand her drift. "Well," replied the daughter of the great lyrical artist, "to us, to whom she belongs and who know and love her, her great talent is the least admirable thing about her; but no one but us knows that."

Doubtless if letters of Shakespeare's could be found, letters developing the mystery of those sorrowful sonnets, or even letters describing his daily dealings with his children, and Mistress Anne Hathaway, his wife; nay, even

the fashion, color, and texture of the hangings of the second best bed, her special inheritance, a frenzy of curiosity would be aroused by them. All his glorious plays would not be worth (bookseller's value) some scraps of thought and feeling, or mere personal detail, or even commonplace (he must have been sovereignly commonplace) impartment of theatrical business news and gossip to his fellow-players, or Scotch Drummond, or my Lord Southampton, or the Dark Woman of the sonnets. But we know little about him, thank Heaven! and I am glad that little is not more.

I know he must have sinned and suffered, mortal man since he was, but I do not wish to know how. From his plays, in spite of the necessarily impersonal character of dramatic composition, we gather a vivid and distinct impression of serene sweetness, wisdom, and power. In the fragment of personal history which he gives us in his sonnets, the reverse is the case; we have a painful impression of mournful struggling with adverse circumstances and moral evil elements, and of the labor and the love of his life alike bestowed on objects deemed by himself unworthy; and in spite of his triumphant promise of immortality to the false mistress or friend, or both, to whom (as far as he has revealed them to us) he has kept his promise, we fall to pitying Shakespeare, the bestower of immortality. In the great temple raised by his genius to his own undying glory, one narrow door opens into a secret, silent crypt, where his image, blurred and indistinct, is hardly discernible through the gloomy atmosphere, heavy and dim as if with sighs and tears. Here is no clew, no issue, and we return to the shrine filled with light and life and warmth and melody; with knowledge and love of man, and worship of God and nature. There is our benefactor and friend, simplest and most lovable, though most wonderful of his kind; other image of him than that bright one may the world never know. The extraordinary development of the taste for petty details of personal gossip which our present literature bears

witness to makes it almost a duty to destroy all letters not written for publication; and yet there is no denying that life is essentially interesting—every life, any life, all lives, if their detailed history could be given with truth and simplicity. For my own part, I confess that the family correspondence, even of people utterly unknown to me, always seems to me full of interest. The vivid interest the writers took in themselves makes their letters better worth reading than many books we read; they are life as compared with imitations of it—life, that mystery and beauty surpassing every other; they are morsels of that profoundest of all secrets, which baffles alike the man of science, the metaphysician, artist, and poet. And yet it would be hard if A, B, and C's letters should therefore be published, especially as, had they contemplated my reading them, they would doubtless never have written them or written them quite other than they did.

To resume my chronicle. My brother John was at this time traveling in Germany; the close of his career at Cambridge had proved a bitter disappointment to my father, and had certainly not fulfilled the expectations of any of his friends or the promise of his own very considerable abilities. He left the university without taking his degree, and went to Heidelberg, where he laid the foundation of his subsequent thorough knowledge of German, and developed the taste for the especial philological studies to which he eventually devoted himself, but his eminence in which brought him little emolument and but tardy fame, and never in the least consoled my father for the failure of all the brilliant hopes he had formed of the future distinction and fortune of his eldest son. When a man has made up his mind that his son is to be Lord Chancellor of England, he finds it hardly an equivalent that he should be one of the first Anglo-Saxon scholars in Europe.

In my last letter to Miss S—— I have referred to some of my brother's friends and their possible influence in determining his choice of the clerical profession

in preference to that of the law, which my father had wished him to adopt, and for which, indeed, he had so far shown his own inclination as to have himself entered at the Inner Temple. Perhaps the names of the young men who were his chief companions, and among my own friends at this time, will furnish some excuse for the rather fastidious tendency of my social taste in after life, and my very decided preference for a good deal of solitude to much society.

Among my brother's contemporaries, his school and college mates who frequented my father's house at this time, were Arthur Hallam, Alfred Tennyson and his brothers, Frederick Maurice, John Sterling, Richard Trench, William Donne, the Romillys, the Malkins, Edward Fitzgerald, James Spedding, William Thackeray, and Richard Monckton Milnes.

These names were those of "promising young men," our friends and com-

panions, whose various remarkable abilities we learnt to estimate through my brother's enthusiastic appreciation of them. How bright has been in many instances the full performance of that early promise, England has gratefully acknowledged; they have been among the jewels of their time, and some of their names will be famous and blessed for generations to come. It is not for me to praise those whom all English-speaking folk delight to honor; but in thinking of that bright band of very noble young spirits, of my brother's love and admiration for them, of their affection for him, of our pleasant intercourse in those far-off early days,—in spite of the faithful, life-long regard which still subsists between myself and the few survivors of that goodly company, my heart sinks with a heavy sense of loss, and the world from which so much light has departed seems dark and dismal enough.

Frances Anne Kemble.

MEDUSA.

(SONNET FOR A PICTURE.)

A SHAPE in whose voluptuous bloom there lies
 Olympian faultlessness of mold and hue;
 Lips that a god were worthy alone to woo,
 Round chin, and nostrils curved in the old Greek wise.
 But there is no clear pallor of Arctic skies,
 Fathom on crystal fathom of livid blue,
 So bleakly cold that one might liken it to
 The pitiless, icy splendors of her eyes!

Her bound hair, colored lovelier than the sweet,
 Rich halcyon yellow of tall harvest wheat,
 Over chaste brows a glimmering tumult sheds;
 But through the abundance of its warm, soft gold,
 Coils of lean horror peer from many a fold,
 With sharp tongues flickering in flat, clammy heads!

Edgar Fawcett.

LITERARY ASPECTS OF THE ROMANTIC SCHOOL.

Die Botschaft hör' ich wohl, allein mir fehlt der
Glaube;
Das Wunder ist des Glaubens liebste Kind.
GOETHE'S FAUST.

LUDWIG TIECK, the literary chieftain of the German Romantic School, was, with due allowance for the natural differences between a romanticist and a classicist, a kind of Goethe in miniature.

The serene old Jupiter at Weimar absorbed in his own large self all the diversified and frequently conflicting currents which agitated his times; they mingled with his being, became the fibre of his mind, and are recognizable as the spiritual atmosphere (different at the different periods of his life) pervading his writings. We therefore speak of Goethe's Storm and Stress or Werther period, of his Meister period, etc., but we have no Faust period, because Faust embraces the poet's whole life, spanning it like a vast phantasmagoric arch from youth to the very grave, and binding the century that died to the one that was born.

Viewed as a whole, Tieck's poetical career, rivaling in length, at least, that of Goethe, presents a succession of chapters of literary history one of which exceeds the other in interest; and still William Lovell, Prince Zerbino, St. Genevieve, or in fact any individual work from his pen, viewed by itself, is singularly unsatisfactory and incomplete, and hardly seems to warrant the praise which nevertheless may be justly bestowed upon the whole. The significance of Tieck's career has been variously estimated by critics and biographers, some deeming him great and others small, but all agreeing to regard his life in its *tout ensemble* as a most important series of documents in the annals of German literary history; it ran during four decades parallel with that of Goethe, without becoming absorbed in it, and by its very distinctness supplementing what was lacking in the life

of the Weimar autocrat to make it the full and complete expression of the intellectual life of the Fatherland. When we called him a Goethe in miniature we did not, of course, thereby mean to imply that he followed in the latter's footsteps, imitating on a smaller scale and with painstaking care what his master had wrought in the ardor of primal creation, but rather that he fulfilled in a different sphere a similar mission, standing in the Romantic camp as the *facile princeps*, as Goethe did among the classicists. It may appear strange now to compare the two; for Tieck is, outside of Germany, well-nigh forgotten, while Goethe's far-resounding name is still echoing through the literatures of all nations; but if we imagine ourselves the contemporaries of both, and estimate the relative value of the principles which each represented, and the influence of each upon his times, the comparison, although unequal, will no longer seem absurd.

Ludwig Tieck was born in Berlin in the year 1773, and his boyhood and youth consequently fell at a time when the Enlightenment¹ was in its fullest bloom. His father was strongly influenced by the barren and unimaginative philosophy of the worthy Nicolai, and the school in which young Tieck received his early education was a very hot-bed of utilitarian enlightenment. But almost simultaneously the first productions of the Storm and Stress period began to attract attention. The translations of Shakespeare, Goethe's Götz, and Schiller's Robbers had called into being a dramatic literature, the chief characteristic of which was strength, that is, primitively direct expressions of passion, unrefined by taste, culture, or even common decency. It was the old protest against the so-called artificial order of society to which Rousseau had half a

¹ Social Aspects of the German Romantic School, Atlantic Monthly, July, 1875, pages 49, 50.

century before given so powerful an utterance, and before him, in a somewhat gentler form, Bernardin de St. Pierre, in his *Paul and Virginia*. But the Teutons had profited little by the experience of their Gallic neighbors, and men like Klinger, Lenz, and the painter Müller continued in the eighth and ninth decades of the eighteenth century to repeat the world-old declamations about nature, deeming their approach to nature always in direct proportion to their removal from accepted propriety. The boldly unconventional character of these declamations may be fairly judged by the notorious remark of the second trooper in the third act of *Götz von Berlichingen*.

A youth so sensitive as Tieck could not escape receiving a reflex tinge from a school so aggressive, and moreover so positive in its color, as the Storm and Stress; and his youthful dramas, *The Parting* and *Karl von Berneck*, rival in noisy declamation and violence the works of the professed adherents of the school. It is worthy of notice, however, that even these childishly immature productions contain a distinctly new motive which henceforth runs like a vital fibre through all Tieck's writings, and through him has become part, and indeed a distinguishing trait, of the Romantic literature. Whether this new motive is really a gain may perhaps be questioned; as a means of intensifying horror, Tieck has at least proved it to be exceedingly effective. To give an idea of what in its inmost essence it really is may be very difficult,—as difficult as to make an aroma present to the senses by explaining it. Julian Schmidt devotes several pages of very learned writing to it, and only succeeds in convincing you that the thing must be very hard to understand. Haym now and then refers to it in rather vague terms, and treats you to some exceedingly fine remarks, but leaves you not very much wiser than you were before. Heine, with the true instinct of the poet, avoids all explanations, but, while waxing warm in the praise of Tieck, unconsciously falls into his own style of writing, and thereby

gives you a fairer idea of what Tieck is than if he had attempted to convince you scientifically why you ought or ought not to like him.

There is, in spite of beauties of detail, a horribly damp and sultry atmosphere pervading these effusions of Tieck's youthful muse; he revels in blood and atrocities of every description, and the whole imaginary scene hangs heavy as a nightmare upon the reader's vision, attracting him by an uncomfortable fascination, and compelling him to gaze at the ghastly spectacle to the bitter end; and the end is universally tragic. In *The Parting*, for instance, there is hardly a single survivor. The *dramatis personæ* have apparently no power of self-determination; they are the tools of certain mysterious powers outside and above them; they go about as in a trance, murdering those that are dearest to them, and from beginning to end acting and talking in the most irresponsible fashion. The fatalism of Greek tragedy, although entailing sorrow and suffering upon the innocent, was a clear, rational, and almost cheerful affair compared to the groping horror of these dark and unaccountable deeds.

A short drama, *Almansur*, full of fatalistic philosophy and strongly tintured with Rousseau, and a long Oriental tale, *Abdallah*, are monuments of their author's extraordinary precocity and industry, rather than of genius.

The work which was first to bring Tieck prominently before the public was William Lovell, a two-volume romance, suggested by the Paysan Perversi of *Rétif de la Bretonne*. The ostensible purpose of this book is to trace with minute psychological realism the downward career of a sensitive, passionate, and uncorrupted youth. And what purpose could be more revolting, more distasteful, more unworthy of a poet! But the author was then only twenty-two years old, and happily had not yet pierced, even with his imagination, to those deepest depths of human misery and sin which he is here pretending to sound. We marvel at the vividness of his colors, his analytical skill and his abundant rhetorical

resources; but rhetoric is a poor substitute for passion, and where the genuine vital force is lacking you cannot make up for its loss, as Tieck has attempted to do, by an excess of analysis. In William Lovell we are rather astounded and fascinated than really interested; the hero becomes at last too vile to deserve any sympathy, and moreover we have a haunting sense of the unreality of all his crimes as well as his sufferings, and wait with calm resignation for the moment when we as well as he shall wake up to find that all these horrors were merely the vanishing visions of a dream. Thus in spite of all the ingenuity which the author has expended upon the outfit of his hero, the reader can hardly suppress a sigh of relief when finally he has left Lovell dead on the Roman Campagna, where at last he reaps the fruit of his numerous misdoings.

After having spent a few years at the universities of Halle and Göttingen, where he had devoted himself with enthusiastic zeal to the study of Shakespeare and the older English dramatists, Tieck returned in 1794 to Berlin, rented a summer-house outside of the gates, and soon gathered about him a most congenial circle of eager admirers and friends. Among these the gentle and lovable Wackenroder has left a brief and pathetic literary record behind him. From their earliest school-days Tieck and he had felt strongly drawn towards each other, and while the former rapidly developed the abundant resources of his mind, while he forecast the years by the daring complexity of his plans, the latter, checked in his progress by the blight of a deadly disease, clung with a touching, almost maidenly devotion to his stronger friend, entering with ardent faith and sympathy into all his hopes of literary greatness.

In the mean while the ancient Nicolai, ever active and full of enterprise for the advancement of his utilitarian cause, had made the acquaintance of William Lovell's author, and had with a view to mutual benefit proposed to him a kind of literary copartnership; and Tieck, with whom the need to find a market for

his productions was imperative, had consented to overlook the divergence of their views and to grind off at a fixed rate "enlightened" and instructive tales for the edification of the belletristic public of the capital. It was indeed a novel position for the future chief of Romanticism to find himself thus in the hire of the very party against which he was soon to direct the keenest arrows of his criticism. But Tieck, conscious only of his own inward wealth, and as yet unhampered by any fixed theories of art, was well content only to yield to the momentary joy of creating, heedless as to the name of the cause which he indirectly served. Nicolai had for several years past been publishing a kind of treasury of novels, entitled *Ostrich Feathers* (*Strauszfedern*), mostly free adaptations of second-rate French stories, which with a slight admixture of moralizing and "enlightened sentiment" had found extraordinary favor with the constituents of circulating libraries. Tieck was now entrusted with the continuation of this laudable enterprise, and in his first efforts even exceeded the expectations of his employer. But soon his rebellious fancy refused to submit to the bondage of spirits far inferior to itself; the French models were thrown aside, and one original tale followed another with astounding rapidity. Nicolai was enchanted. The very titles of these tales show how well the fertile scribbler knew what was demanded of him; here we have, for instance, *The Sensitive Ulrich*, *The Talented Termer*, *The Friend of Nature*, etc. Presently, however, some playful sprite began to whisper his mischievous suggestions into Tieck's ear; it would be capital sport if he could smuggle in his own sentiments in a sufficiently deceptive disguise, and thus beguile the old Philistine into publishing veiled satires and ridicule of himself and all his rationalistic sophistry. Nicolai ran into the snare, but at length began to suspect mischief, and the unnatural partnership came to an end. It seems, however, that the "enlightened" impetus which the Romanticist had received from his publisher must have carried him some-

what beyond his original intention; for in his next romance, *Peter Leberecht*, he still occupies the same position as in the first *Ostrich Feathers*, turns his weapons against himself, and ridicules the gratuitous horrors with which but a short time before he had regaled his readers in *William Lovell* and *Abdallah*.

After all these youthful vagaries and aimless wanderings between the various literary camps, Tieck seems at last to have found his own true self. That enchanted wonder-world which lies glimmering in the old German *märchens*, ballads, and folk-lore had long beckoned to him from afar, and he was now ready to cast aside all wasteful trifling and obey the call. Wackenroder had been the first to call his attention to those old, poorly-printed *Volksbücher*, with the coarse wood-cuts, which had for centuries been circulating among the peasantry, and which may still be picked up at the bookstalls of the Leipsic fairs; but Tieck was then deep in Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, and had no time to listen to nursery tales. Erelong, however, Wackenroder prevails; his friend begins to look more favorably upon the old legends, and after the reading of *St. Genevieve* and *The Children of Heymon* his enthusiasm breaks out into full blaze. It is impossible, within the space here allotted us, to give even the briefest characteristic of the numerous dramatic and novelistic adaptations of the national legends with which he flooded the market and the stage during the next twenty years; among the dramas *The Life and Death of St. Genevieve* has been accorded a foremost place, and among his many excellent tales the critics usually give the preference to *The Blonde Eckbert*, *Tannhäuser*, *The Faithful Eckart*, and *The Runenberg*, all of which are included in the collection of *Phantasies*.

Tieck's manner of treating the old stories seems to depend greatly upon the mood in which they happen to find him. Sometimes, as in *The Children of Heymon*, he strives to reproduce in himself that simple primitive credulity for which no absurdity is too startling,

no miracle too great for belief. It is the mood in which a nurse with an accompaniment of vivid gestures tells a child about Jack the Giant-Killer, and Puss in Boots, and it presupposes in the child an uncritical acceptance even of the most incredible statement. It was in the childhood of nations that these legends came into being, and it is to the still existing reminiscences of the primitive state that you must appeal for interest in tales of this order. Even the prosiest Philistine has some recollection of the startled wonder and delight with which he once gazed into the enchanted world of the Arabian Nights, and, if gently and skillfully touched, those long tuneless strings may once more be brought to vibrate. Tieck was such a magician, who touched with his wand and opened the tuneless chamber in the Philistine heart.

This plain and primitive method, however, involved great self-abnegation on the author's part; and just at this time he longed to give vent to the warm and passionate life which labored within him. Thus in his next *märchens* we detect again something of the mood with which we have been made familiar in *Lovell* and *Abdallah*; the tale is now no longer its own object and end, — it is merely the vehicle of some individual sentiment, mood, or passion. It is a sensitive, quickly responsive instrument, through which the poet may give utterance to his sorrow and yearning and doubt. Most clumsily and inartistically has Tieck done this in his *Love-Story of the Beautiful Magelone* and the *Count Peter of Provence*, where the hero philosophizes over his love in a feeble lyrical strain, loses himself in rapturous contemplations of nature, sings jingling and meaningless love-songs, and strikes tragic attitudes, all in the latest improved Romantic fashion. Incomparably better is the style of *The Runenberg* and *The Blonde Eckbert*; here Tieck is trying to find an embodiment for those deep, unutterable emotions which are too fleeting for words to grasp, but still are more or less consciously present with all of us. These "anonymous feelings of the soul," as

Novalis calls them, can be made intelligible only by being brought into action; you cannot explain them except by describing or producing that combination of circumstances which will arouse them. That inexplicable, mysterious shudder which seizes one in reading these apparently harmless tales, whence does it arise if not from some half-conscious under-current of our being, to which an indefinable element in this author appeals? And here we have at last arrived at that new element or motive in Tieck to which we referred in speaking of *The Parting* and *Karl von Berneck*. Notice, in perusing Heine's description of these *märchens*, if you do not feel, as it were, physically at least, a faint touch of that awe and mysterious intensity of which he speaks. Although of course the effect must be greatly weakened in translation, we are still conscious that something of the indefinable mystery remains: "In these tales there reigns a mysterious intensity, a strange intimacy with nature, especially with plants and stones. The reader feels as if he were in an enchanted forest: he listens to the melodious rush of subterranean fountains; he imagines many a time amid the whispering of the trees that he hears his own name called; the broad-leaved vines often wind themselves perilously about his feet; strange wonder-magic flowers gaze at him with their many-colored, yearning eyes; invisible lips kiss his cheeks with delusive tenderness; tall fungi like golden bells stand ringing at the foot of the trees; large, silent birds sit rocking upon the boughs, and nod with their long, wise-looking bills; all is breathing, listening, shudderingly expectant; then suddenly the soft bugle is heard, and upon a white palfrey a beautiful maiden rushes past you, with waving plumes on her hat, and a falcon upon her hand. And this beautiful maiden is so very beautiful, so blonde, with eyes like violets, so smiling and still so grave, so true and still so roguish, so chaste and yet so passionate, like the fancy of our excellent Ludwig Tieck. Yes, his fancy is a gracious mediæval maiden who hunts fabulous beasts in a magic forest; hunts, perhaps,

that rare unicorn which can be caught only by a pure virgin."

This is not criticism, but it is better than criticism; it is not negatively analytical, but conveys by a certain happy, instinctive choice of adjectives some of the more positive qualities of the poets, and indeed those very qualities which are surest to escape analysis.

We fondly believe that in an enlightened age like ours, when science mercilessly penetrates to the causes of every cherished mystery, the range of the terrible is gradually reduced to a mere vanishing quantity; but no amount of scientific reasoning can conquer the tremor which a timid person feels in a dark hall or in an empty church at midnight. The small territory of clear daylight fact which we have conquered for ourselves is on all sides surrounded by a far vaster realm of mystery, and whenever the flood-gates are opened to this realm, our reason refuses to do our bidding, and we are on the verge of insanity. *It is on the boundary between these two realms of reason and mystery that Tieck has laid the scene of his fairy-tales*; he is perpetually setting the gates ajar, and while we dwell on situations which on the surface appear only grotesque and comical, we involuntarily shudder. He knows exactly where to touch us to find our reason weak and our sense of mystery the more active. Vulgar ghost-stories he seldom deals with, but frequently with those situations in which some undeniably real but unexplained psychological element overmasters the will and urges it on to deeds for which the individual is hardly himself responsible. According to Tieck, the germ of insanity is implanted in us all, and the moment we become conscious of its presence, we are already half-way under its sway.

Forest solitude, church-yards at midnight, ruins of convents and baronial castles, in fact, all the things which we are now apt to call Romantic, are the favorite haunts of Tieck's muse. It is he and his school who have the doubtful merit of having introduced all these sepulchral situations into literature; and the Romanticists of other lands — Wal-

ter Scott in the British Isles, Victor Hugo in France, and Ingemann in Denmark — have enlarged the original *répertoire*, until at present we are almost able to draw a distinct line between that order of natural phenomena and human emotions which is Romantic and that which is not. Tieck was excessively fond of moonlight, and literally flooded his tales with its soft, dim splendor; therefore moonlight is now Romantic. He never allows a hero to make a declaration of love without a near or distant accompaniment of horn or bugle (*Schalmey* and *Waldhorn*); accordingly, the bugle is called a Romantic instrument. He showed a great preference for the Middle Ages, and has the very decided merit of having revived the interest in mediæval history and literature; therefore the Middle Ages are to-day regarded as the most Romantic period of history, and their literature is *par excellence* the Romantic literature; and so on *in infinitum*.

Happily, Tieck wrote his best tales and dramas before A. T. Hoffmann, Achim von Arnim, and the other so-called Late-Romanticists (*Spätromantiker*) had yet reduced the art of arousing sensations of horror to a complete system, and thereby vulgarized it. In the productions belonging to his best period, at least, he refrains from those violent and purely physical effects which in these latter days have made the Romantic name synonymous with literary clap-trap and charlatanism; and when men of Hoffmann's and Brentano's calibre had brought the school into irrevocable decay, he gradually withdrew from it, and joined the ranks of its opponents.

As a poet in the more specific sense of a writer of verse, Tieck holds a position peculiarly his own within the German literature. His prose writings are abundantly sprinkled with verse, some mere deliciously musical jingle, and some rare expressions of rare moods, deficient in passion, but charged with color and melody. In fact, at no time of his life does he appear to have harbored passionate convictions; he had

strong likes and dislikes, but his hostility to one idea and his preference for another were determined by the unchangeable laws of his being, and were seldom or never the results of conscious reasoning. In his verse it is exceedingly difficult to lay hold of a single definitely expressed proposition to which you may confidently assent, or which you may combat. The rhythmical flow of words, the exquisite cadences of melody, the soothing, luring, coaxing, caressing concord of sweet sounds, charm the ear and lull the reason into slumber. It is all so delicious, so rich and soft; you ask nothing more. Tieck was himself well aware of these qualities in his songs, and like a genuine Romanticist he immediately established the doctrine that in poetry sense should be secondary to sound. It was Wackenroder who had first caught the musical mania, and Tieck, who was of an impressible temperament, systematized his friend's dithyrambic utterances, and raised them to the dignity of a new poetic doctrine. The more exalted the sentiment of a poem is, the more it is apt to rise above the region where articulation is possible, and approach the disembodied, inarticulate sound. Music — *i. e.*, inarticulate harmony — existed before the spoken language; poetry is a return to primitive utterance, and appeals directly to the deepest emotions, and more by its music than by its meaning. Love, the most primitive of all emotions, has hardly any need of language.

“Liebe denkt in süßen Tönen,
Denn Gedanken steh'n zu fern,
Nur in Tönen mag sie gern,
Alles, was sie will, verschöner.
Drum ist ewig uns zugegen,
Wenn Musik mit Klängen spricht,
Ihr die Sprache nicht gebricht,
Halde Lieb' auf allen Wegen:
Liebe kann sich nicht bewegen,
Leihet sie den Othem nicht.”

This, in brief, is the poetic philosophy of Tieck, and through him and Novalis it has at length become an accepted tenet with the school.

Wackenroder, in the mean while, had begun to give vent to the fullness of his heart, not only indirectly through his influence on his friend, but also in inde-

pendent productions. In the summer of 1796 he had with Tieck made a pilgrimage to Dresden, where the miraculous Madonnas of Rafael and Holbein had suddenly unsealed his lips and enabled him to find a fitting expression for his rapturous worship and enthusiasm. The tongue of flame had descended upon him, and he began to speak in strange languages. In his *Heart Effusions of an Art-Loving Friar* (a most discouraging title) he gives the first impetus to that extravagant Madonna-worship which, in connection with his mediæval yearnings, at last assumed the phase of "artistic Catholicism," and ended with sending more than half of the prominent Romanticists to the bosom of the "only saving church." With Wackenroder, this Catholic tendency sprung from a sincere, child-like faith, which willingly reposed in authority, and to which miracles were not only no stumbling-blocks, but on the contrary the most beautiful and most natural revelation of the divine. But it will always remain a matter of surprise that Tieck, with his "enlightened" reminiscences and his naturally skeptic temperament, could have entered with such vehemence into the religious ecstasies of his companion. Again, as in the case of his connection with Nicolai, we see him assume the cloak of another, and wear it with even more grace than the real owner. And still, this ready adaptability on his part was not hypocrisy; it was rather that sort of æsthetic belief which enthusiastic men are very apt to contract during some period of their lives; they desire so ardently to believe, that at length they persuade themselves that belief is theirs.

Wackenroder's religious reverence, not only for art in the abstract but also for the individual works of art, is mirrored on every page of those of Tieck's writings which date back to this period, and especially in the romance, Sternbald's *Wanderings*, a book written under Wackenroder's inspiration, and as a tribute to his and the author's friendship. This Sternbald, with the subtitle *Eine Alt-Deutsche Geschichte*, like half the romances of that day, seems

a feeble echo of Wilhelm Meister. In sentiment it is as widely removed from that singular virtuoso performance as the dim Romantic twilight is from the daylight of pagan, rationalistic Weimar; nevertheless Sternbald could never have been, if Meister had not been. Who knows if (like Novalis's *Ofterdingen*) it was not written as a conscious protest against the cheerful paganism of the Weimar school?

Franz Sternbald, a young German painter, and a pupil of Albrecht Dürer's, starts out from Nuremberg, on his way to Italy. While wandering on he falls in with a great many people who invariably sing a song, weep, and tell him their history. A most extraordinary autobiographical mania seems to possess everybody; no man thinks of withholding the deepest secrets of his heart for more than five minutes; then usually a bugle comes in very conveniently, and either the tale or the bugle moves both parties to tears, whereupon they sing another song and exchange opinions regarding art, the one topic with which high and low are familiar, and touching which they have the most ingenious theories. Everybody's birth is wrapped in mystery, which gives a charming uncertainty to the family relations of the hero and those of the poetic adventurers with whom he consorts. Unfortunately, the book was never finished, and to clear up the numerous entanglements of kinship the author is obliged to sum up the unwritten portion of the tale in an epilogue, in which he explains who were in paternal and who in fraternal relations, etc., and assures the reader that in the end they were all very happy.

It is difficult to read a novel of the eighteenth century without feeling what great strides we have made in that branch of writing during the last seventy years. How much more entertaining, how much truer, purer, and more artistic is the work of those whom we call the average writers of the present day, than were those clumsily moral or lasciviously virtuous romances in which our slim-waisted grandmothers delighted! In the course of one's reading one is constantly

astonished to see what an amount of space the literary histories devote to books which, if they had been written to-day, would hardly have been honored with a notice in our monthly reviews. Characterization of the kind which we find even in the minor novelists of our day is seldom attempted in these Romantic extravaganzas. Everybody moves about as in a fever-dream, the most unheard-of things are continually happening, and nobody is really responsible either for himself or for anybody else. The fact that a man determines to do something is no reason whatever why he should do it; it is rather a reason why he should leave it undone or do the very opposite. Human will is at the mercy of strange, mysterious powers, which thwart it, play with it, and urge it on to the most arbitrary deeds. This is the tendency in most of Tieck's novels, as in those of Brentano, Arnim, Hoffmann, and his other successors. And even at the present day the tendency survives; it is not many years since a legitimate heir to the Romantic doctrine, Hermann Grimm, published a two-volume novel, entitled *Invincible Forces*, in which the philosophy of the school is once more distinctly revived.

During the later years of his life Tieck lived in Dresden, where he chiefly interested himself in the affairs of the theatre. To quote Heine once more, "He who in his earlier writings had constantly satirized the court counselors as the type of everything ridiculous became himself a royal Saxon court counselor. The Almighty is, after all, a greater satirist than Mr. Tieck." The Napoleonic wars had devastated Germany and reduced it to a state of political nullity; therefore public men, being forbidden to interfere in public affairs, were obliged to take refuge in the imaginary world of the stage, where they could mold the destinies of nations according to their sovereign will. And Tieck, like so many others, sought this refuge. The dearest friends of his youth were dead, and the school he had founded had fallen into disrepute. As early as 1798, that gentle enthusiast,

Wackenroder, had ended his pathetic strivings for the ideal, to continue them where, perhaps, the ideal no longer seems so hopelessly beyond one's reach. Three years later his other bosom friend, Novalis, had quitted this life which he loved so well. Friedrich Schlegel, whose friendship Tieck had once prized so highly, had after many strange vagaries become respectable, conservative, and a Catholic, and had established himself as a literary grand inquisitor in Vienna; his work on *The Language and Wisdom of the Hindoos* had at length gained him a strong position among the *savans* of the day. But just as he had turned the first bright page in the tragic history of his life, he died suddenly from the effects of a too hearty dinner, and evil tongues once more revived the scandal of his youth. To die from overeating — what an end for an idealist! *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

Of the early Romanticists, then, Tieck was the only survivor, unless, indeed, Augustus Wilhelm Schlegel could still be said to be alive; he who, after his various tragic marriages and his fierce warfare against the literary coryphæi of France, now languished as a comfortable fossil at the University of Göttingen. This elder Schlegel had, with his brother Friedrich, founded *The Athenæum*, and had through the columns of that journal developed a gigantic critical activity, until his quarrel with Schiller and Goethe, and his friendship for Madame de Staël, for a time removed him from the Romantic arena. In spite of all the obloquy, however, which has been so abundantly heaped upon him by Heine and other unscrupulous reviewers, his labors are of too solid a character to be left unnoticed in a review of the school for whose advancement he worked with such laudable zeal. It is to him that the Germans owe their first complete translation of Shakespeare, — a translation which to this day stands unsurpassed. Not poet enough to produce any original work of real worth, he had still a sufficiently tuneful ear to enable him to appreciate and to render rhythmical effects with great nicety.

After having exhausted the dramatic treasures of English literature, Schlegel turned to those of Spain, and began the translation of Calderon and Lope de Vega. On all sides he opened avenues through which foreign culture could flow abundantly into the Fatherland. Friedrich Schlegel and Tieck had labored in the same direction, and it is no vain boast when the Romantic School claims the merit of having widened the national horizon and enabled the German scholar of to-day to approach that cosmopolitan type of manhood which Goethe has foreshadowed in the second part of his *Faust*.

Another member of The Athenæum circle, the preacher, Schleiermacher, of whose personal history we have communicated some fragments in a previous article,¹ had in the year 1802 left Berlin and his Henrietta, and was seeking consolation in his Platonic studies for the privations which fate had inflicted upon him. But before retiring to his rural solitude at Stolpe, he had startled the theological world by a series of literary performances which bore on their face the mark of their Romantic origin. His *Discourses on Religion* is a most remarkable document, a virtuoso performance of the first order. Considering its philosophical purpose and the profound depths of human thought to which it penetrates, it is clear in the midst of its abstruseness, large in its conception, and in its spirit broad and catholic. There is a healthy, warm-blooded, and broad-breasted humanity about all that Schleiermacher writes, and even if this was his only merit, it would still suffice to make him a phenomenon among theologians. As sound in sentiment — that is, correct, dogmatic, and clerically narrow — he will hardly be regarded either by orthodox or by freethinker. But if he errs, he does so in a large, free fashion, which wins one's heart and makes his error more lovable than the same amount of unquestioned truth clothed in the severe garb of the Lutheran pulpit. As soon as a chapter is finished, he carries

the manuscript to Henrietta, and they criticise and discuss the contents together.

Schleiermacher's religion is chiefly an æsthetic one, and consists in action. Humanity, he says, is not the universe; "it is only a single form of it, an embodiment of a single modification of its elements; . . . it is an intermediate link between the individual and God [*zwischen dem Einzelnen und dem Einen*], a resting-point on the way to the infinite, and man would have to possess some still higher element of character than his humanity, if he were to refer himself and his existence directly to the universe. This presentiment of something outside and above humanity is the object of all religion." This, we admit, does not appear especially clear, but German philosophy has never been remarkable for lucidity of expression. In other passages the thought, although still abstruse, is more easily seized. When, for instance, he speaks of "contemplation of the universe" as "the highest formula of religion," he has thereby felicitously expressed the passively æsthetic nature of his faith. Morality is active and finds its expression in the objective deed; religion is a pious exaltation, a state of the mind, and therefore subjective. But this universal contemplation does not only include self and pious abstractions; it embraces all humanity, and, although in itself passive, is actively fostering feelings of compassion, humility, love, gratitude, etc. These religious feelings must accompany all the deeds of man, "like sacred music;" he must do everything with religion, everything from religion. Thus in the end morality is not separable from religion; it is, however, not an aim and end, but an attendant circumstance.

Schleiermacher's object is to prove that dogmatic theology is not *per se* religion, and that religion in the higher and wider sense of his definition is not only not at variance with advanced culture, but that no real culture can exist without it. It is very much the same position which Châteaubriand was to take in his *Genie du Christianisme* (1802),

¹ Social Aspects of the German Romantic School, *Atlantic Monthly*, July, 1875.

that much-lauded and much-abused book which suddenly made Christianity fashionable, and reconciled France (*i. e.*, Paris) to the Napoleonic Concordat. The objects of both were identical, but how different their methods! The Gaul undertakes with much elaborate rhetoric to show that Christianity is sensuously attractive, picturesque, and poetic. The Teuton appeals to the deeper needs of the soul, and deduces religion from the fact that man is so constructed that he cannot reach the full completion of his being without it.

Friedrich Schlegel, who excelled in inventing startling formulas for everything under the sun, had naturally enough also found a formula for religion. According to him, religion is the synthesis of art and philosophy; the former strives to give an outward form to the objects in accordance with their inner being, the latter seeks to explore their inmost essence; the two united make religion. "Religion," he says again, "is the all-animating universal soul of culture. Only he can be an artist who has a religion of his own, who has an original view of the infinite. . . . The only opposition to the everywhere germinating religion which we may expect will come from the few real Christians still remaining."

In sharp contrast to this, Schleiermacher maintains that Christianity in its spirit, independent of the dogmatic differences of sects, alone can satisfy the cultivated intellect as well as the deep-

er, more primitive needs of the human heart. Châteaubriand had emphatically declared Christianity to mean Catholicism; Schleiermacher, with his broader, more cosmopolitan manhood, ignored sectarian partisanship, and strove to rise above the letter which killeth, strove to find the spirit which giveth life.

Schlegel very naturally felt dissatisfied with the position of his friend; he felt that they were divided, and he expressed in a sonnet his judgment of his solution of the religious problem: Schleiermacher stands at the door of a stately temple of wondrous beauty; he opens the door; a solemn, sacred symphony fills the air with sweet, soul-stirring sound; a curtain is drawn aside, and behold, the old Sphinx. The riddle is still unsolved.

And it may be well that neither Schleiermacher nor any one else has as yet definitely solved the riddle. In the strife and infinite divergence fostered by our eagerness and aspiration for truth absolute lies our surest promise of spiritual progress. The Romantic school, through its various representatives, strove to reclaim a nation which was rapidly drifting into artistic paganism. Through Tieck, Wackenroder, and Novalis, it introduced Christianity into literature; through Schleiermacher (paradoxical as the expression may seem), it introduced Christianity into religion. And even if the truth which these men saw was more than half error, they still labored nobly for a noble cause, and surely have not lived in vain.

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.

RECENT LITERATURE.

THE *Life of George Ticknor*¹ was begun by one of his intimate friends, Mr. George S. Hillard, but, owing to his failing health, the work after reaching the sixth chapter had to be committed to the hands of some of Mr. Ticknor's relatives, subject still to Mr. Hillard's revision. The principal task, however, was that of editing Mr. Ticknor's journals and letters, for he had preserved so copious memoranda of his life that the work has to a considerable extent the charm of an autobiography. This task of making suitable selections from his papers has been well performed, and the matter that has gone to connecting the bits of Mr. Ticknor's writing is always apt and of value. Of the early years of his life there is not much that is important to be said. His parents spared no pains with his education, and when, after graduating at sixteen from Dartmouth College, and studying law, he determined to go abroad to carry on his education as he could not in this country, not only was his plan found practicable, but he was aided and advised by his father, who seems to have been a man of noticeable intelligence and kindness. Before leaving this country he traveled through part of it, seeing, among other people, Thomas Jefferson, at Monticello, who gave him many letters for use abroad. It was in 1815, when twenty-three years old, that he set sail for Europe, reaching England just in time to hear of Bonaparte's escape from Elba. It is with this date that the main interest of the book begins, for at once Mr. Ticknor was thrown with a number of remarkable people, of whose conversation he fortunately made ample notes. Not only was he well equipped with letters of introduction, but he also was fortunate in being able to use his position as an American for an introduction where at present it might be less sure of producing the same effect. Indeed, those early travelers from this country not only saw what was to them an unknown and longed-for land, but they also, it is clear, were themselves regarded with considerable curiosity and interest. Mr. Ticknor made a favorable impression wherever he went, but what is of more importance in this book is the impression other

people made upon him. Of Lord Byron he says that he had not "a thin and rather sharp and anxious face, as he has in his pictures, it is round, open, and smiling; his eyes are light, and not black; his air easy and careless, not forward and striking; and I found his manners affable and gentle, the tones of his voice low and conciliating, his conversation gay, pleasant, and interesting in an uncommon degree." Again he says, "He is, I think, simple and unaffected." Testimony like this is certainly valuable. Of older men he saw Dr. Parr, and Dr. Rees, who was at one of the dinners at which Johnson and Wilkes met, and from all quarters he heard a number of interesting anecdotes, which he fortunately put down on paper. Here is one: "There was a Captain Fuller present, who was in one of the frigates stationed off Elba to keep in Bonaparte and to keep out the Algerines. He told us several anecdotes of the rude treatment of Bonaparte by the English sailors, which were very amusing. Among them he said that Captain Towers, or 'Jack Towers,' as he called him, gave a ball, at which many of the inhabitants of Elba were present, and Bonaparte was invited. When he came along-side, and was announced, the dancing stopped, out of compliment to him as emperor; but Jack Towers cried out, 'No, no, my boys, none of that; you're aboard the king's ship, and Bouy's no more here than any other man. So strike up again.' The band was English, and obeyed." Another amusing thing is this remark of the Dey of Algiers to an English officer with regard to the same prisoner: "Your masters were fools, when they had the Frenchman in their hands, that they did not cut off his head. If I catch him, I shall act more wisely."

Mr. Ticknor did not linger long in London, but soon made his way to Göttingen, where he devoted himself to hard work under Eichhorn, Blumenbach, and others. In the summer of 1816 he traveled through parts of Germany, seeing every one of note on the way, and among others, naturally, Goethe, who made no very deep impression on him. What he seems to have noticed especially in the German poet was his freedom from stiff German manners. After another winter in Göttingen he went to

¹ *Life, Letters, and Journals of George Ticknor*. Two Volumes. Boston: James B. Osgood & Co. 1876.

Paris, and there, while not neglecting his studies, he devoted a good part of his time to what may be called the business of society. He was received everywhere with heartiness. He met Madame de Staël, of whose conversation he preserved some interesting notes, and at the *salon* of her daughter, the Duchess de Broglie, he used to see the best literary society of the time. A mere list of the names is enough to fill the reader with envy: Benjamin Constant, Alexander Humboldt, Madame Récamier, and Châteaubriand, "a short man, with a dark complexion, black hair, black eyes, and altogether a most marked countenance. . . . His general tone was declamatory, though not extravagantly so, and its general effect that of interesting the feelings and attention, without producing conviction or changing opinion."

From Paris Mr. Ticknor went through Switzerland — where he met Borstetten, and studied the scenery which Rousseau taught the people of this century to admire — to Italy, falling in again with Byron at Venice. The winter of 1817-18 he spent in Rome, studying Italian literature. In the early summer of 1818 he went to Spain. His descriptions of this country are particularly full and hearty. In 1819, after visiting again France and England, he returned to America, and was made Professor of the French and Spanish Languages and of the Belles-Lettres at Harvard College. Narrowing space compels us merely to mention this important period of his life, as well as his second visit to Europe, from 1835 to 1838, in which, accompanied by his family, for he had married meanwhile, he again spent much of his time in society. Besides the preparation of his valuable *History of Spanish Literature*, one of the more noteworthy events of his life was the aid he gave to the public library of Boston, and his interest in this took him again abroad in the year 1856. From the time of his return, the next year, until his death in 1871, he lived mainly in Boston, keeping up many of the ties he had formed in his long life by busy correspondence.

This outline gives even less indication of all that the book contains than do the full indexes or the table of contents. The number of people he met is simply enormous, and of almost every one he has recorded some observation of talk or appearance. The volumes give us, indeed, a crowded picture of European society during a good half-century. We can only be grateful

that the tastes which threw him with so many people were found in conjunction with the habit of writing full journals and letters. His long life, too, adds to the interest of the book; mention is made of Washington's death and of the late war between France and Germany. The meagre description we have given shows, too, how wide was the field that contributed great men for his delectation. It is curious to notice how many interesting persons have had no better luck than to slip, not quite into foot-notes, because no one writes foot-notes in his diary, but into the corresponding hastily written line at the end of the day's record. Charles Lamb (i. 294) figures as a decrier of more successful men's reputations, in company with Hunt, Hazlitt, and Godwin, and the difference between their deportment and that of the genteeler men whom Mr. Ticknor was at the time in the habit of meeting is carefully pointed out; but fame is less punctilious. Sainte-Beuve, as it were, thrusts his head in the door and then disappears. Although Mr. Ticknor sat at dinner between Madame Récamier and Châteaubriand, his mention of her is very brief and unsatisfactory. In general, however, the reader has little of this sort to complain of, and it would be ungracious to overlook the vast amount of entertainment the book affords. It deserves to take a high place among a very readable sort of literature. It is not easy to recall any American book, nor many English, with the same generous supply of what shall surely delight the reader who cares to study his fellow-men through another's glasses. The best thing that any one can do is to get the book and see for himself how cool our praise is in proportion to the entertainment and information it gives.

— In his preface, Mr. Greene frankly disclaims any pretensions to originality of research in his little book on the German element in our War of Independence,¹ and acknowledges Mr. Frederick Kapp's studies of our history as the chief sources of his information. Nevertheless the general reader owes Mr. Greene a distinct debt of gratitude for assembling in such short space and in such agreeable form so much that one ought to know upon the subject. The three chapters of the book are severally devoted to Baron von Steuben and General de Kalb, who fought for us, and those hapless

¹ *The German Element in the War of American Independence*. By GEORGE WASHINGTON GREENE, LL.D. New York: Hurd and Houghton. 1876.

Hessian mercenaries who fought against us. If any reader therefore finds the obligation conferred by the former more oppressive than it was felt by contemporary congressmen, who delayed a substantial acknowledgment of Steuben's services during years of poverty and humiliation, he may relieve himself by turning to the story of the Hessians; though here, indeed, there is a chance that his only feeling will be one of entire compassion. It is a very miserable story, quite as shameful to England as the fact of her arming the savages against us; as for the poor, sottish little German princelings who sold her their subjects at so much a head, it would be rather hard asking them to account anything shameful. In those days a German recruit was a slave, no more nor less, and he was not otherwise treated than as a slave; what a slave's treatment then was one may learn from this most interesting chapter of Mr. Greene's book, which one may profitably supplement by re-perusal of the recruiting episodes of *The Luck of Barry Lyndon*.

The paper on De Kalb is one of those romances wherein life shows itself so much greater master than fiction that one feels that when biographies come to be written as they should be, there will be no longer any reading of novels. The Steuben has much the same charm; and there is the added pathos, at the close, of his long waiting for the republic's leisurely gratitude; De Kalb had the happier fortune to die in the war.

The Germans are now grown so great as a people, and their national self-complacency is naturally so vast, that we can fancy even our adoptive fellow-citizens not much caring to remember what Germans did for American liberty; but it is something that Americans cannot afford to forget. Mr. Greene has well outlined the record, and in such particulars as he has seized, he gives us one of the most entertaining volumes that this year of patriotic memories is likely to call forth. The matter is important, and the manner, without losing ease, is touched with that warmth of feeling which is the right tone of the time, and is the habitual mood of a writer whose name is forever related to the Revolution and its history.

—Duyckinck's *Cyclopædia of American*

Literature¹ was first published in 1856, and ten years later the surviving editor, Evert A. Duyckinck, issued a supplement bringing the work down to that date. The original work and supplement have been consolidated, and considerable additions made by Mr. Simons; the present edition, issued in numbers and now complete in two large volumes, closes with the year 1873. The new matter has been so marked that it may easily be distinguished from the old, but it is not easy to discover any departure from the general temper which pervaded the original work, unless it be in a somewhat more business-like performance of the editorial duty. Both the Messrs. Duyckinck and Mr. Simons have honestly sought to make the cyclopædia an impartial and unadorned record of what has been done by American writers. The book is what it professes to be, a cyclopædia and not a treatise, and the facts stated, so far as our own knowledge goes, are accurately and fairly given. It was not so difficult to do this when dealing with the older authors, but it is evident that great pains have been taken to give faithful reports of the literary life and the works of contemporary writers; and the general absence of comment and explicitness of statement give evidence that the editor has recognized the limits of his responsibility. The work remains as a most comprehensive and convenient guide to American authorship; if the diligence and method of bibliographers will now keep track of the issues of the press from year to year, the labors of special students of our literature will be free from much of the drudgery of individual exploration, and any one who desires to acquaint himself with the names, general career, and productions of American writers up to the present day will find the cyclopædia an excellent base of operations.

The cyclopædia is arranged by a chronological method, and is not broken into divisions or periods; it affords thus an admirable means for making a survey of American literature with reference to its growth and development; any one conversant with the works of the principal writers can, when turning its pages, make for himself the general divisions, and remind himself of the occasional groups and *coteries* in which the authors named have been

¹ *Cyclopædia of American Literature*: embracing Personal and Critical Notices of Authors, and Selections from their Writings, from the Earliest Period to the Present Day; with Portraits and Autographs,

and other Illustrations. By EVERT A. DUYCKINCK and GEORGE L. DUYCKINCK. Edited to date by M. LAIRD SIMONS. In two Volumes. Philadelphia, New York, and London: T. Ellwood Zell. 1875.

gathered. There is a disposition amongst some to deny the existence of a national literature in America as having any marked characteristics which separate it from English literature, and to resent the claims laid by certain productions having a wilding flavor to represent American literature in its possibilities and tendencies; on the other hand there always have been those who were fired with a zeal, most fiery when most ignorant, to demonstrate the existence of a national literature which would carry off the prize in any grand international literary exhibition, and who look eagerly to every erratic display of authorship for the appearance of some new champion of the independence of American art. It would be amusing, and no very difficult matter, with this cyclopædia before us, to trace the course of these opposing views from the beginning of colonial independence to the present time, marking the exhibition on one side of subservience to English literary manners, and on the other of self-conscious posing and the admiration of make-believe swans. But these are only theories about national literature; the more substantial fact remains that it is impossible for a nation, as it is impossible for a man, to conceal character and individuality; and while literature may not, as in the case of the United States it does not, present the fullest illustration of national life, it is impossible that it should not, within the scope even of American life, afford a reflection of the conditions which accompanied its production. In some sense, however one may place limits; the literature of a nation is an outcome of the national life; and to those who believe in the positive personality of a nation the study of its literature must inevitably take the form of an inquiry into the extent and fullness with which that literature embodies the purposes, aspirations, temptations, and victories of the nation.

The student of our history seeks for institutional beginnings in the character of the early colonies and the laws and customs which they brought with them from an older civilization; watches for the first resolution of the new elements of social life in the New World into formal and orderly proceeding; traces the gradual combination of the particles of national life into one organic body; and notes how independence, while consolidating by a rapid process the several parts, was but one prominent sign of a destined union which it accelerated, but did not produce. No one

simply reads the history of the United States from the date of its formal institution a hundred years ago. So the student of our literature, carrying back his inquiry to the first beginnings of literary activity on this continent, as he reads in succession the representative writings, perceives, as he could not by the study of any formal history, that spiritual growth and change which in a man we know to be the last and finest result of our analysis, and in a nation can never be lost sight of if one aims to know the nation as a separate, independent body.

The study of literature as art will not best be pursued by an examination of the masterpieces of American literature, one or two exceptions being made, but as an exponent of American life it offers advantages which we suspect have been too much disregarded by students. How completely it has mirrored both the depth and the shallowness of American life! That singular company of men and women who move across the field of Winthrop's Journal and Bradford's History leave upon the pages the enduring memorial of their nobility and their folly, their perverseness and their steadfastness, while bursts of passionate utterance disclose the repressed fervor of the life portrayed in those literary memorials. The religion which had been allied with the practical work of founding a Christian commonwealth drove its power into abstractions when the pressure of necessity was withdrawn, and the literature which gathers about the *Magnalia Christi Americana*—theology run to seed, poetry ridiculously travestied in lumbering conceits of rhyme, learned trifles, interminable webs of useless learning—reflects with sardonic truthfulness the dreary commonplace of a community which had spent its first high energy, and was fed by no streams from the ever-living fountains of great political endeavor. The commercial instincts of a shrewd, self-reliant, thrifty community, looking out for the main chance, were reproduced in the perspicuous, easily comprehended pages of Franklin's autobiography. Then the period of nascent force, when the country was agitated by profound questions which the conscience mooted, was open-minded, stirred by the re-discovery of the Old World in travel and art, conscious of its unfolding vocation,—this period was caught and contained in Hawthorne's romances, the poetry and philosophy of the transcendental school, the traditional art of

Longfellow and Irving, the hopeful expansive work of Bryant and Cooper. The feverish gallop to California, an intense, confined movement, has issued in a literature of sudden and striking form, while the waves of emigration that have extended across the continent, a movement of which history will yet make great account, have found already a partial reproduction in literature. We are confident that other separate phases of our national life might in turn be set forth in a survey of the corresponding period in literary endeavor. For such a study the cyclopædia under notice affords a valuable basis.

— Mr. Aldrich has studied the life of A Bad Boy as the pleasant reprobate led it in a quiet old New England town twenty-five or thirty years ago, where in spite of the natural outlawry of boyhood he was more or less part of a settled order of things, and was hemmed in, to some measure, by the traditions of an established civilization. Mr. Clemens, on the contrary, has taken the boy of the Southwest for the hero of his new book,¹ and has presented him with a fidelity to circumstance which loses no charm by being realistic in the highest degree, and which gives incomparably the best picture of life in that region as yet known to fiction. The town where Tom Sawyer was born and brought up is some such idle, shabby little Mississippi River town as Mr. Clemens has so well described in his piloting reminiscences, but Tom belongs to the better sort of people in it, and has been bred to fear God and dread the Sunday-school according to the strictest rite of the faiths that have characterized all the respectability of the West. His subjection in these respects does not so deeply affect his inherent tendencies but that he makes himself a beloved burden to the poor, tender-hearted old aunt who brings him up with his orphan brother and sister, and struggles vainly with his manifold sins, actual and imaginary. The limitations of his transgressions are nicely and artistically traced. He is mischievous, but not vicious; he is ready for almost any depredation that involves the danger and honor of adventure, but profanity he knows may provoke a thunderbolt upon the heart of the blasphemer, and he almost never swears; he resorts to any stratagem to keep out of school, but he is not a downright liar, except upon terms of after shame and remorse that make his falsehood bitter to him. He is cruel, as

all children are, but chiefly because he is ignorant; he is not mean, but there are very definite bounds to his generosity; and his courage is the Indian sort, full of prudence and mindful of retreat as one of the conditions of prolonged hostilities. In a word, he is a boy, and merely and exactly an ordinary boy on the moral side. What makes him delightful to the reader is that on the imaginative side he is very much more, and though every boy has wild and fantastic dreams, this boy cannot rest till he has somehow realized them. Till he has actually run off with two other boys in the character of buccaneer, and lived for a week on an island in the Mississippi, he has lived in vain; and this passage is but the prelude to more thrilling adventures, in which he finds hidden treasures, traces the bandits to their cave, and is himself lost in its recesses. The local material and the incidents with which his career is worked up are excellent, and throughout there is scrupulous regard for the boy's point of view in reference to his surroundings and himself, which shows how rapidly Mr. Clemens has grown as an artist. We do not remember anything in which this propriety is violated, and its preservation adds immensely to the grown-up reader's satisfaction in the amusing and exciting story. There is a boy's love-affair, but it is never treated otherwise than as a boy's love-affair. When the half-breed has murdered the young doctor, Tom and his friend, Huckleberry Finn, are really, in their boyish terror and superstition, going to let the poor old town-drunkard be hanged for the crime, till the terror of that becomes unendurable. The story is a wonderful study of the boy-mind, which inhabits a world quite distinct from that in which he is bodily present with his elders, and in this lies its great charm and its universality, for boy-nature, however human-nature varies, is the same everywhere.

The tale is very dramatically wrought, and the subordinate characters are treated with the same graphic force that sets Tom alive before us. The worthless vagabond, Huck Finn, is entirely delightful throughout, and in his promised reform his identity is respected: he will lead a decent life in order that he may one day be thought worthy to become a member of that gang of robbers which Tom is to organize. Tom's aunt is excellent, with her kind heart's sorrow and secret pride in Tom; and so is his sister Mary, one of those good girls who are born to usefulness and charity and

¹ *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*. By MARK TWAIN. Hartford: American Publishing Co. 1876.

forbearance and unvarying rectitude. Many village people and local notables are introduced in well-conceived character; the whole little town lives in the reader's sense, with its religiousness, its lawlessness, its droll social distinctions, its civilization qualified by its slave-holding, and its traditions of the wilder West which has passed away. The picture will be instructive to those who have fancied the whole Southwest a sort of vast Pike County, and have not conceived of a sober and serious and orderly contrast to the sort of life that has come to represent the Southwest in literature. Mr. William M. Baker gives a notion of this in his stories, and Mr. Clemens has again enforced the fact here, in a book full of entertaining character, and of the greatest artistic sincerity.

Tom Brown and Tom Bailey are, among boys in books, alone deserving to be named with Tom Sawyer.

—The author of the very pretty little comedy of *The Queen of Hearts*¹ has made a play in which one perceives nothing of the labor of doing an airy and graceful thing, and has completely realized a very charming conceit. He imagines that the various cards of the pack come to life under fairy influence, and play their different parts in a drama, which he makes a delicate burlesque of the ordinary human motive and action in love-making and court-intrigue, dimly following in outline the plot indicated in the old nursery-rhyme of the Queen of Hearts who made some tarts. In the comedy this august lady has goaded her lord, the King of Hearts, into allowing her to give a party, in spite of the deficit in the budget, and has promised to economize by providing tarts for refreshments, using kerosene instead of gas, and *inviting* a pianist; and she has announced her purpose to her daughter, the Ace of Hearts, and the Court Ladies, Ace of Diamonds, Ace of Clubs, and Ace of Spades, when the Herald announces a minstrel who craves audience. The minstrel, who appears in an ulster, with a lute under his arm, proves to be the White Knight, or the Joker, whom the princess has met the previous summer at a watering-place, and whom she altogether prefers to the Knave of Diamonds, her father's favorite, and the Knave of Hearts, whom her mother wishes her to marry. After a violent scene, in which she declares that she will

have no one but the Joker, it is arranged that her hand shall be the prize of a competitive examination, because, as the king says, "It will please the people, and then I can give the place as I like, afterwards. That's the way Grant does. Nobody will see through it except the editor of *The Nation*."

Ace sends a book of conundrums to the White Knight, that he may prepare himself for the contest, but the Herald forgets to deliver it, and in the mean time the Knaves of Hearts and Diamonds wickedly plot to carry him the queen's tarts as a gift from the princess. The unhappy Joker eats them with rapture, and at the court ball, after he has triumphed in the examination and has won the princess's hand, the queen misses her tarts. The king of course orders the Joker to the block instantly, but he insists upon a trial, and they are preparing for this when the presiding fairy appears and says that they must not manage matters in this ridiculous human way; they must cut for it, and the guilty one will cut lowest. The Knaves of Hearts and Diamonds each cut a deuce, and the king orders *them* to the block; but the fairy forbids, and turns them into statues. The court ladies intercede for them, because "it's a pity to waste young men in this way when there are so few," and accordingly the fairy pardons them, on their promising "to be very kind and attentive, and never plot any more, nor steal any more, nor smoke, nor do anything that is n't nice as long as they live;" and so all ends happily. The characterization is as charming as the plot, which is full of incident and action: the king with his furious moods, the queen with her alternate majesty and *stizza*, the innocently guileful princess, the White Knight with his preposterous splendor, the Knave of Hearts, a comical rogue, and the Knave of Diamonds, a most desperate and unscrupulous villain, are all delightful, and a spirit of delicate fun rules throughout. It is a pity that some manager has not the wit to see how fascinating the play would be on the stage. In the mean time it is recommended to people desiring a play for private theatricals as the best imaginable thing for their purpose.

—Those who have faithfully clung to an early fondness for Thackeray's quaint initial letters and illustrations for his novels will find ample justification for their taste in the new volume of his sketches, so tastefully issued, and so charmingly edited by

¹ *The Queen of Hearts. A Dramatic Fantasia. For Private Theatricals. By an Amateur. Cambridge: Charles W. Sever. 1875.*

his daughter.¹ What strikes one first in this collection is the various facility of Thackeray's pencil, no less than the complete mastery of his theme and his means, which he displays frequently and in the most diverse moods. The sketches accompanying the little extravaganza of *The Orphan of Pimlico* are perhaps on the whole the least meritorious, though they are full of exuberant fun; and the head of "the good admiral, Earl of Fitzmarlinspike," is as admirable for its drawing as for its quiet satire. Mordant's half-length, too, is no less deliciously desperate than well carried out. The genuineness of character-impressions and neatness of touch are remarkable, in all cases; even in that of the page called *De Juventute* (from the *Roundabout Paper* of that name), which gives a couple of queer, coarse-lined, scratchy representations of Charter House school-day tussles. Very amusing are the negro *Othello* and a couple of American sketches; and one could not easily tire of the many ingenious cartoons made out of the clubs and spades and hearts and diamonds of playing-cards. Then there are two or three colored drawings: *City*, *City!* and *Children at Play*; the latter of which gives us, with mournful truth and the deep emphasis of pent-up pity, the spectacle of some squalid Scotch children at their dismal amusements in a murky street of Glasgow. Indeed, here and there one breaks suddenly through the surface of honest, hearty fun into little abysses of profound pathos, just as in the artist's books. Nothing, in fact, is more charming or more curious in these pictured impressions than their exact and detailed correspondence to the author's written impressions. Several of the designs have an associative literary interest, as the glimpse of Sir Pitt Crawley, and the first allegorical vision of Becky Sharp, and that misty but masterly *ébauche* of Colonel Newcome withdrawing Clive from the Cave of Harmony (adopted by John Doyle, the illustrator of *The Newcomes*). Others again have the most intimate and delightful flavor of autobiography, presented as they are by the editor; for example, the one called *Breakfast-Time*, where "some long-forgotten morning light is streaming on the breakfast-table at the window." It makes us think (by its absence of figures)

of the kindly and humane gentleman who will never more share in the little, cozy comforts of English life, or open his heart to the world in wholesome and vigorous novels about other sides of that life. One cannot take up a page of Thackeray's prose description without seeing how inevitably his pen traces little pictures through the print; it was a part of his genius to frame things in their physical outline and to group his characters or note a facial expression just as a painter does these things. So that his actual pictorial expression has always been an inseparable sort of thing from the literary side of him. There is evidence in these pages that he might have made a name in illustration as eminent as Leech's, while doing work more thorough than Leech's and akin to the best of the later Punch draughtsmen's productions. And, though no one can wish that he had confined himself to such a fame, it is valuable to have the fact made clear. On many accounts we have to thank Miss Thackeray for the rare gift of this collection to the public.

— This first installment of a *Life of Lord Shelburne*² is chiefly a compilation by his grandson, Lord Fitzmaurice, from the interesting papers preserved in Lansdowne House. It begins with a fragment of autobiography, which one very much wishes the author could have lived to complete. To this are subjoined his official correspondence with the great statesmen under and with whom he held office before 1766, and several elaborate pen-and-ink portraits of famous men with whom Lord Shelburne was intimately acquainted at different periods of his changeful, yet not indirect nor inconsistent career. Among these are the elder Fox and the elder Pitt, the Earl of Bute and the infamous Lord George Sackville, General Wolfe, with whom Shelburne was serving in Canada at the time of the hero's death, and that fiery soldier and orator, Colonel Barré, whose most famous philippic every American school-boy knows by heart. These personal sketches are somewhat dry and unsympathetic in tone, but vigorous and evidently truthful. If they fail of clearness at some points, it is owing to a species of grammatical clumsiness, which continually deforms the states-

¹ *The Orphan of Pimlico, and Other Sketches, Fragments, and Drawings.* By WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY. With some notes by ANNE ISABELLA THACKERAY. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1876.

² *Life of William Earl of Shelburne, afterwards First Marquis of Lansdowne, with Extracts from his Papers and Correspondence.* By LORD EDMOND FITZMAURICE. Vol. I. 1781-1768.

man's style, and is doubtless due to that miserable early education which he never ceased to lament. Writing in 1800 of his neglected and joyless boyhood in Ireland, he says he should "hardly have known how to read, write, or even articulate," but for his aunt, Lady Arabella Denny, a woman of distinguished qualities, of whom he speaks in what are for him terms of extreme tenderness and veneration. Born in 1737, and bred a tory of the tories, he took his seat in the House of Lords on his father's death in 1761, and soon displayed political abilities of so uncommon an order that he obtained a place in Lord Bute's cabinet, and was offered the presidency of the Board of Trade when he was only twenty-six. He accepted the latter office after having once declined it, but resigned at the end of a few months. It was at that time a thankless and most harassing place, owing to increasing troubles connected with American taxation; and, moreover, its duties were ill-defined and confused with those of the Secretary of State, and Shelburne, even at that age, disdained a divided responsibility. He soon quarreled with Fox, with whom, as head of the Pay Office under Lord Bute, he was for a time on the most intimate terms, because Fox had promised to resign his paymaster's place on condition of being made a peer, and then, after receiving the peerage, declined to do so. Fox argued with his young friend against what he called his "romantic notions of honor," and was deeply aggrieved at his final desertion. Lord Bute, who was very anxious to retain them both and have them work in harmony, attempted to smooth matters to Mr. Fox by describing Shelburne's course (very inappropriately) as a kind of "pious fraud." "I see the fraud," replied Fox, bitterly, "but where is the piety?" The fame of this remark seems to have lain at the bottom of a singularly incorrect notion that Lord Shelburne was a treacherous man. His faults were of quite another order. Horace Walpole, who hated him cordially, for no better reason, it would seem, than the essential antagonism between his own *dilettante* nature and Shelburne's grave and zealous one, insinuates that the young minister wanted the paymaster's place himself; but of this there is not the slightest evidence. Walpole had an equally uncharitable reason to assign for the resignation of the presidency of the Board of Trade, namely, that Lord Shelburne, "thinking Pitt must be minister

soon, and finding himself tolerably obnoxious to him," was "seeking to make his peace at any rate;" and Shelburne's definitive separation from the party with which he had first been identified, which occurred soon after, and his alliance with Mr. Pitt and the more liberal whigs, appeared to give some color to the sneer. But the character and subsequent career of the man allow us to believe that his conversion to more liberal views than those in which he had been educated was a genuine one, due to the natural growth of a generous and sagacious mind, willing to be taught by the movement of events, and that when he took service under the Great Commoner, who, with all his faults, was undoubtedly the most disinterested British statesman of his day, it was from no ignoble motive. Lord Shelburne was much too rich to care about the emoluments of office, and his own writings reveal him as too haughty and self-contained greatly to value personal popularity. The majority of men are liberal in their youth and conservative in their riper years; but that smaller class who begin with high tory prejudices, which they gradually exchange for broader views, numbers some of the most honorable of mankind.

To the policy of Mr. Pitt Lord Shelburne remained ever afterwards attached, and Americans at least ought to hold him in respectful remembrance, as one of the wisest and most steadfast of their friends in the mother country before and during the Revolutionary War. The present volume closes with the repeal of the Stamp Act in 1766, for which Lord Shelburne had labored strenuously. Another is projected in which Lord Fitzmaurice proposes to give a more complete account of the "political life of Lord Shelburne in office and in the opposition, to explain how it was that Mr. Pitt in 1783 did not have Lord Shelburne for his colleague, to give some new details as to the condition of the whig party during the French Revolution, to draw a picture of the society of which Bowood (the country-seat of Lord Shelburne) was the centre during the latter part of the century, and to describe the connection of Priestley, Price, and Bentham with Shelburne." The forthcoming volume promises to be of unusual interest.

Of the life at Bowood we have already some interesting glimpses in the brief extracts from Lady Shelburne's diary which are introduced near the close of the present

volume. Lady Shelburne, *née* Lady Sophia Cartaret, seems to have been not only a devoted wife, but a woman of vigorous intellect, on whose judgment the statesman relied no less than on her sympathy. He used to read aloud to her his own state papers before they were made public, or selections from Thucydides or Abernethy's Sermons, which strikes one as a very dignified, not to say rigid, mode of recreation.

—A book of a very high order, altogether austere and manly, is Henry M. Goodwin's *Christ and Humanity*.¹ In his modest preface, after alluding to the urgent curiosity concerning the nature of Jesus Christ and the secret of his unique influence upon the minds of men which characterizes the present generation, and to the strange and contradictory theories concerning it which are constantly put forth both in orthodox and in skeptical quarters, Mr. Goodwin proposes to unfold one which to his own mind is consistent alike with Christian intuition, biblical history, and philosophic reason. He begins by decisively rejecting the always distracting notion of *dualism*, or the presence of two natures in Christ's person. Christ was both divine and human certainly; but his being was a natural and homogeneous one, for the simple reason that all humanity is divine, and all divinity human. The latter half of this proposition Mr. Goodwin finds plainly stated in the verse, "God said, Let us make man in *our image*." In this passage he sees both our patent of nobility and the promise of our perpetual individuality. Christ was the Platonic *archetype* of man in this world, the original, divine ideal of the creature whom we know, and in this sense he "was in the beginning with God;" a view which all who remember Charles Kingsley's noblest work, *Hypatia*, will also remember to have been most eloquently advocated there. Mr. Goodwin waives what is known as the doctrine of redemption, and barely alludes to the presence of evil in the world, but concentrates all his powers on the solution of what he calls, not quite agreeably, "the Christological problem." He argues for his own view of Christ's nature and mission with great force and ingenuity, in a temper always admirable, and with an amount of learning which in itself induces confidence and respect. No narrow dogmatism need

be apprehended from an author who finds support for his theory in Greek philosophy, in the profound speculations of Hegel and Schelling, and in the poetry of Wordsworth; and he does really succeed in bringing before the mind a clear and consistent conception, and one which harmonizes with the Bible without contradicting history or outraging common sense. Whether or no the mass of mankind, to whom, if to anybody, Christ's coming must deeply import, will be made happier by knowing that he is the *archetypal man*, the few who think, and who love all honest books which make them think, will do very well to read Mr. Goodwin's essay with attention. His historical sketch of the doctrine of Christ's person, and particularly the tabular view of authorities on this interesting subject, are of extreme value. His manly maintenance of the divinity in humanity is tonic and refreshing to a mind long wearied by the ignominious deductions of Darwinism, and his book is in itself a refutation of the conceited notion so acceptable in some quarters, that all the learning and ability of the present generation are enlisted on the skeptical and materialistic side. It is not so, and they who reiterate it proclaim their ignorance of some of the finest fruits of recent thought and scholarship, especially in Germany.

—If Cassandra had been a little more impressionable to Apollo's personal passion, she might have had all her knowledge of futurity, and have delivered her warnings to ears that gave some heed to them. Mr. Greg, by the title of his book,² invites us to consider a moment the rationale of the fable of Cassandra, and to inquire if he has not, with more or less deliberateness, placed himself in the attitude of that unfortunate prophetess. To interpret the fable by our modern methods, is not prophecy pretty sure to be idle words to idle ears, when its predictive side is the dominant one? whereas prophecy, in its fullest scope, whether Jeremiah or Isaiah like, must needs be a distinct disclosure of superhuman and divine thought, acting in and by human conditions. It was when Cassandra forgot Apollo, that her revelations of the future failed to make any impression on her countrymen.

In *Rocks Ahead*, Mr. Greg points out the three great rocks on which, if his premises

¹ *Christ and Humanity*. With a Review Historical and Critical of the Doctrine of Christ's Person. By HENRY M. GOODWIN. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1875.

² *Rocks Ahead; or, The Warnings of Cassandra*. By W. R. GREG, author of *Enigmas of Life, Literary and Social Judgments*, etc. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

are correct, England is to go to pieces: the political, the economic, and the religious rock. The political supremacy of the lower classes, he argues, will transfer the power from those who are educated and capable of statesmanship, to the uneducated and those who are easy dupes of unprincipled demagogues; the management of government, even if it remains with the educated class, will be warped by the preponderating influence of the constituencies that elect; the average intelligence of the electoral body will determine the character of its representatives. Again, he claims that the approaching industrial decline of England may be predicted from three facts: the near period of the exhaustion of the supply of *cheap* coal, the increasing dishonesty of the artisans, and the gradual withdrawal of capital into countries where it can be more profitably used. He makes an important distinction between the absolute depletion of the coal fields, which is an impossibility, and such exhaustion as will increase the expense of mining coal beyond the point where the product can compete with the importation of coal from America. The increasing dishonesty of the artisans he refers to as a well-known fact, incapable from its nature of exact proof. Finally, he affirms that there is a divorce of the intelligence of the country from its religion, and that the 'unbelief which characterizes the great thinkers of England must eventually pass into the common mental habits of the people.

These theses Mr. Greg maintains with a sorrowful earnestness which forbids the suspicion that he is merely supporting a fanciful theory; he adduces facts and testimonies which would go far, in the absence of any rebutting evidence, to prove his assertions, and he undertakes in each case to make some faint show of resistance to the inevitable, laying down courses for the nation which may at least save the country from total shipwreck on either of the three rocks. The main security against the political danger lies, to his thinking, in the wider diffusion of property and a new organization of laws and institutions with reference to it; from the economic danger he can see no permanent relief save in a subsidence into the "stationary state" described by Mr. Mill, which will drain off superfluous population and leave England to the cultivation of her own resources for her own people. But this is scarcely more in Mr. Greg's eyes, apparently, than a philosophic making the best of a degradation to

the rank of a third-class power. His remedy for the divorce of religion and intelligence lies in the elimination from current, traditional religion of all dogmas and beliefs which are hard, questionable, and repellent, leaving as residuum "a faith which piety and science might combine to uphold; a national altar before which the highest intelligence and the most fervent devotion might in transparent sincerity kneel side by side; a religion in which should lurk no seed for wars, no standing-ground for the sacerdotal element, no fair pretexts or gorgeous disguises for the low, bad passion of humanity."

The field covered by Mr. Greg's book is too wide to permit us to do more than present this brief synopsis of his argument, with a single reflection. The facts which he brings forward are not to be blown aside by any puff of sentiment or incredulity. They are, moreover, suggestive of problems set before our own nation, though it is difficult, when we consider the boundless resources of this continent and the more mobile society, to enter fully into sympathy with the author in his survey of England. Yet certain principles obtain which in different forms are applicable both to England and to the United States, and it is in Mr. Greg's failure to apprehend the force of these that we find hope and courage to withstand the despairing note of his prophecy. The pass to which England has come, by his showing, has been the result of the greedy policy which has made her a nation of shopkeepers, with the high ambition of drawing the trade away from all other shops, and the consequent spirit of timidity and anxiety respecting the safety of the cash-box. The return to an England with a great policy can be made only by the process, slow or revolutionary, of an intenser and profounder national life. Only as England develops the resources of English life for Englishmen will she ever have a controlling voice in European politics. This is something more than a stationary state, and the reason why Mr. Greg's warnings fall faint upon incredulous or listless ears is that they are uninspired by any energetic belief in the higher life of a nation. The restoration of England will not be in some new adjustment of political majorities, nor in the discovery and application of contrivances for cheapening the cost of coal, nor in the gradual spread of a religious faith, courteously so called, which has no power to cleave society as energetic religion always does,

making the good better and the bad worse. We cannot conceive of a more hopeless outlook, if one is to take his place by the side of Mr. Greg and shade his eyes against too strong a light from above. If Cassandra had responded to Apollo's passion, her predictions would not only have had the truth of fact but the persuasive truth which prophecy carries when it is inspired by a divine enlightenment. If we were looking for the prophet of England to-day, we should not find his words in *Rocks Ahead*, but in *Fors Clavigera*, for Mr. Ruskin, with all his vagaries and impulses, hitches his wagon to the stars. The principles which lie at the basis of the St. George's Company are more radical, and permit a larger hope than do the feeble make-shifts of Mr. Greg's philosophy. Both men see a coming destruction to England, yet we suppose Mr. Ruskin is called a visionary and Mr. Greg a practical man.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.¹

M. Taine has for some time been turning his attention to the study of the recent history of his own country, following therein the tendency on the part of the French, which has been especially marked since the late war, of overhauling the various causes which led them to such swift and startling, though possibly temporary, decadence. This Taine is doing, not in order to make a display of captious fault-finding, but that it may be possible for his fellow-countrymen, taking warning from the past, to be wiser in the future when they undertake to put the political machine into good running order. As he says in his preface, thirteen times in the last eighty years the French have remodeled their form of government; and they have not yet hit upon any scheme which gives them general satisfaction. He considers, and with reason, that consultation of the popular voice is a very inadequate way of securing the wisest constitution; that the people can say what they wish, but not necessarily what is best for them; that in order to do so it is important to know what the needs of the country are.

The title of the whole book, which is to consist of three parts, is *Les Origines de la France Contemporaine*; ² the first volume, the only one that has appeared, is entitled

L'Ancien Régime. It is to be followed by studies of the Revolution and of the new régime. In the volume before us Taine endeavors to make out the causes of the Revolution as they existed in the last century in the politics, in the social life, in the prevailing ideas and modes of thought of the time. For this purpose he divides his subject into five books, and in this order discusses the structure of society, the manners and characteristics, the spirit and doctrine, the propagation of the doctrine, and the people. Each one of these subdivisions of his subject he treats with great care; for its full investigation he made careful researches, often in unpublished documents, and the results of his industry are stated by him with all the vigor of his brilliant though at times somewhat wearisome style. By this time Taine's method of work is well known to us all. He does not deal with general principles and vague statements; on the contrary, he accumulates details and statistics, and lets them explain whatever he has to say. In this book, certainly, he cannot be accused of attaching too much weight to isolated instances of what he is anxious to prove was the rule. He has amassed too many examples, and, moreover, he has had a very uncomplex task in showing the great variety of causes that produced the French Revolution. It was nothing obscure or hidden that started that great convulsion. A slight glance beneath the surface — or, for the matter of that, at the surface — of the civilization of the last century shows this. The closer the examination, the clearer does it become that the country was, and for a long time had been, suffering almost incredibly. Exactly of what this suffering consisted, this book shows.

The higher clergy and the nobles had all sorts of privileges. Their taxation was light, the clergy having succeeded in establishing their right to make a gratuitous gift at discretion to the treasury, instead of paying onerous taxes; moreover, they were even ingenious enough to manage that money should be paid them from the treasury, instead of their paying money in; and this besides the enormous revenues they received from their vast properties. The nobles had very much the same experience. The princes of the blood had possession of one seventh of the whole country, and, in-

¹ All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter St., Boston, Mass.

² *Les Origines de la France Contemporaine*. (Volume I.) *L'Ancien Régime*. Par H. TAINÉ. Paris: Hachette. 1875.

stead of paying 2,400,000 livres in taxes, paid only 188,000, with a revenue of from twenty-four to twenty-five millions. Other nobles, too, possessed colossal fortunes, which were equally spared by the tax-gatherer. Those of the nobles who lived on their estates, although lacking in public spirit, and ignorant in many respects about agricultural matters, were generally kind to their peasants and did what they could to free them from their sufferings. Those, on the other hand, — and they formed the vast majority, — who passed their time in Paris or Versailles, lived so extravagantly that they felt unable to forego any of the income they received from their estates, which they left in charge of stewards, forgetting the sufferings of the poverty-stricken, overworked peasants. At court, luxury ruled everywhere. There was no position that was not extravagantly paid. The treasury seemed to be regarded as an un-failing spring, and the illustrations of this that Taine cites are most curious reading; they show how recklessly the money was spent; with what cruelty it was accumulated is shown in another book, which exposes at great length the dreadful misery of the people. It is indeed a terrible indictment that is brought against the frivolous, thoughtless, amiable, cultivated French nobility of the last century. It is not merely with the provocation to revolt that Taine concerns himself; he goes on, in some most interesting chapters, to state what doctrines were at work dissolving those ties and sentiments which tended to keep society united, even if it were in every way miserable. Conservatism was attacked by three things. In the first place, the new activity in the physical sciences, and the explanation of much that had formerly been obscure by the discoveries of Newton, Leibnitz, Laplace, Lavoisier, etc., which showed how universal was the rule of law in the positive sciences, seemed to establish as a natural corollary that the same exactness applies to the moral sciences, and that these could be determined, understood, and controlled to the same extent as the natural sciences. It was considered that a principle of reason worked in the heart of man with the same uniformity that the laws of gravitation show in their work outside of him. This notion of reason, however, undermined the reverence which had been of so great service in keeping society together. A second element was what Taine calls the classical spirit, which, although it played an impor-

tant part in improving literature, exceeded its powers when it forgot to take account of the difference between different ages and races of men, and led people to think that what was true of one man was true of all. Reason seemed to be the only power that existed, and respect for the processes of logic the only method of respecting it. Theories ran wild, and what these theories were are shown by frequent references to the writings of Diderot, Voltaire, and Montesquieu, — more especially Voltaire. The whole battalion of the encyclopædists cried for a return to nature, for the abolition of society; this too was the cry of Rousseau. Civilization was condemned on all sides. The fashionable philosophy had destroyed the authority of both church and state, and shown that their creed is harmful; and now was the time for laying out the plans of the new and improved society which should be free of all the errors of its predecessor. As Taine says, this was done on a mathematical system. Man, they said, was a reasonable being, who disliked pain and was fond of pleasure, capable of reasoning and of acquiring moral ideas; all should be equal before the law, for equality may certainly be predicated of these shadowy creatures of the brain; all, too, will be led by natural instincts to respect the laws they have themselves made, and to obey the magistrates they have themselves chosen. We all know these theories and the reasoning which seems to hold them together; even the French Revolution, which, to state it mildly, showed that man is not all reason, has left a good deal of life in these notions yet.

In France this philosophy gained great success; in England, as is well known, its march was less triumphant. Taine finds that this difference is due to the brilliant social life of France, which made of philosophy a means of enjoyment, a fashionable amusement, while across the Channel the philosopher was buried in books and took as little interest in the gay world as that took in him. In drawing the picture of the way it spread in France, Taine has added to the interest of his book, but it may be doubted whether he has fully expressed one of the marked peculiarities of his fellow-countrymen which most strongly strikes a foreigner. The French in the last century, as well as some of their descendants in the present, built the world over again on paper, and were perfectly satisfied with their work. The English had practi-

cal experience of the difficulty of getting stubborn material to assent to everything that was said to them; they knew how hard it was to persuade ignorant or prejudiced men to agree with them; but their French contemporaries were without knowledge of their fellow-creatures except as they met them in a *salon*, where wit was occupied in detecting inconsistency in the theory when wisdom would have distrusted the theory in proportion to its smoothness. In fact, even now France is the country where theories not only are made but where they are tested, and that is what makes it so interesting a country to watch and study, and so important in our civilization. Then, too, atheism was rife there early in the last century, and became as much a matter of fashion as any affectation in dress; that was one of the earliest signs of what was to come. After this came the spirit of questioning the wisdom of the government; the gentler reforms had their day; it became a mark of distinction to be interested in political, financial, agricultural matters: these were the first tokens of what was later to appear as a remodeling of society. Just before the Revolution everything seemed to promise for the best. As Taine says, "The aristocracy was never so deserving of power as when it was just on the point of losing it; the privileged classes were just becoming public men, and were returning to their duty;" and he gives many instances of this. "The nobility of Clermont in Beauvoisis orders its deputies 'to ask first of all an explicit declaration of the rights appertaining to all men.' The nobility of Mantes and Meulan affirms that 'the principles of politics are

as absolute as those of morals, since both are based on reason.' That of Rheims asks that 'the king be entreated to order the destruction of the Bastille.'" Such sentiments were often applauded by delegates of the clergy and nobility, and were greeted with tears. "They take it for granted that man, especially the man of the people, is good; how could they suppose that he could wish ill to those who wish him well?" And they not only wished him well, they often did deeds of kindness; but it was too late. Long years of ill-treatment had filled the souls of the people with hatred; philosophy, which had gradually filtered down to them, had loosened the restraining bands of reverence and respect, and had taught them for what they had to strike; and the blow was struck. What the horrors of the Revolution were, Taine will probably show in his next volume. We may be sure he will not spare our feelings in his portrayal of its excesses, but there can be no doubt he will make a useful book.

Taine's style is brilliant and picturesque; he sets everything before us in vivid colors, which in time lose their effect because there is no relief; everything is made of equal importance, and it is hard to preserve a due sense of the relative worth of the different parts. It is only fair to say, in addition, that the present book reads like the brief of an advocate of the Revolution; with all its richness and ability, it does not present a full picture of French life in the last century, and Taine's example would be a dangerous one for all historians to follow, but once in a while such an impassioned book performs a duty

ART.

THE collection of Mr. William M. Hunt's paintings, recently placed on exhibition at the gallery of Williams and Everett, has afforded a rare opportunity for the study of this artist in a variety of moods. It is evident that the works were selected and arranged so as to call attention most effectively to their peculiar individual qualities, and they certainly testify most eloquently to the great talents of the author of them. The pictures have a force, a virility, a physique,—if the term may be used,—that

speaks at once to every spectator. They are direct and impulsive transcriptions of nature from motives of varying interest and beauty, yet of equal importance in the eyes of the artist who studied them. In other words, they are all rendered with equal enthusiasm.

The paintings are not highly finished; several of them are little more than rough sketches and quick impressions made at once, in hot blood. Every artist knows the value of studies made with absorbing ener-

gy. The more complete and well-reasoned picture fails to convey the same strong sentiment of nature that is found in the impulsive preliminary sketches. Two or three of Mr. Hunt's studies demand consideration from the very fact of their being made with a vigorous swing that preserves its vitality only as its course is uninterrupted. Some of their qualities are not possible in more finished works, except, perhaps, in the productions of the greatest masters. What Mr. Hunt has lost by ignoring finish he has much more than made up by vigor and simplicity. He has made his choice of the manner most congenial to his artistic temperament; the public may accept or reject the results.

The landscapes, with the exception of a bright little view on a river bank, are all mournful in feeling. In the sad tones of the skies, in the mellow richness of the ground, in the sober hues of the foliage and in the simplicity of the lines of composition, there is a sentiment of solemn quiet, which even occasional masses of warm rich color do not dispel, but rather heighten by contrast. The most important of them is a large picture of a team of horses and cattle plowing on a hill-side. The slope rises gently, and meets the gray sky in a simply curved line broken only at one end by the small masses of distant tree-tops. The light in the sky is concentrated on a great cloud in the centre, that seems to light up the landscape by its strong reflection. Across the broad mass of the slope covered with a warm-hued turf is the dark line of freshly turned earth, and the forms of the horses and oxen tugging at the plow come up strongly against the yellow of the dry grass. The action of the animals is admirably given; they feel their weight and the resistance of the plowshare. They are planted firmly on their feet, and their movements are carefully studied. The figures of the driver and of the man holding the plow are both well understood and broadly put in. Evidently the motive of the picture is not the landscape, with the solid, rich tones, the strong sky effect, and the grandly simple lines; it is the vigorous action of the cattle and horses as they move along with strained muscles and knotted veins, turning the heavy furrow. The general tone of the picture is low and strong, and, with the exception of the concentrated light on the cloud, which does not altogether keep its place, the harmony is complete. It is a work essentially masculine in character and

painted directly from the shoulder. Two other landscapes of medium size are quite as strong in tone as the large one, while naturally enough less simple in composition, since they depend for their interest on the natural features of the scene, rather than on any accessories of animals or the like. One of them is a study of trees in autumn foliage, with a bit of river and wooded bank in the distance. The juicy tones of the autumn leaves and withered grass, the fine gray of the sky, and the strong distance are the chief charms of the picture, although the composition may be commended for its natural arrangement. The second landscape is from a motive simple in itself, but interesting from the effect of light and beauty of the tone. In the foreground is a massive group of trees with a stone wall bounding a broad field that rises in an unbroken mass to the summit of a low hill in the distance. Under the trees and in the immediate foreground is a dark pool of water, and a spotted cow feeding. The sky is covered with fully modeled gray clouds, and contrasts strongly with the warm tones of the hill-side and the dark mass of the foliage of the trees. The out-of-door feeling is unmistakable, and to achieve this result was doubtless the artist's aim. The smaller studies comprise a sketch of a pond and overhanging trees, with what appears to be a part of a factory building; a domestic landscape with a clump of trees in the foreground, a low house in the distance, and a sky with light clouds ruddy and golden at the horizon; the bright little river bank alluded to above, and a pastel drawing of an autumn landscape, with broad, warm masses of color on the ground and the delicate lines of birch-trees with scattered leaves twinkling in the strong light. Perhaps the last-mentioned study gives the best impression of the season it represents.

Among the studies of the figure, the portrait of Professor Agassiz in full profile is the most prominent for vigor of line, sculptural quality of modeling, and well-rendered character. It is a strong likeness and an agreeable portrait, without being altogether realistic in color or in texture of flesh. The study of a lady with her back to the spectator, and head turned so as to look over her shoulder, is in quite another mood. The pose is graceful and feminine, the color warm and delicate. In the portrait of Agassiz we feel the presence of the man; in the study of the lady there is less

personality but more evident preoccupation of the artist with the natural grace of the pose and the delicacy of color. Both are equally effective in entirely different directions. The head of a Spanish boy, slightly foreshortened from below, is rich and daring in general tone, and carries well as a spot of fresh, brilliant color. The type of the face is admirable, and the picturesque shock of hair and coarse garments are quite in keeping with the character of the model. The head of a little Italian girl is bewitching in the *naïve* expression of the face. The ever-varying forms about the mouth and the constantly changing planes of the plump cheeks of the little model were full of difficulties, and the artist has made the representation of them appear the simplest matter in the world. A study in profile of a shy little girl dressed in pink is not without a great charm in the natural simplicity of the pose, but the color is less agreeable than in the other heads. There is no better example of Mr. Hunt's method of seizing at once those characteristic features of his subject which impress him the most deeply, than the preliminary study for a full length portrait of a boy in dark red velvet, holding a sword. There is the perfect action of the body and the limbs, the easy pose of the head with its mass of light hair, and the unmistakable character of the whole figure. It may be a good portrait without necessarily being a perfect likeness, for one may recognize the boy by his own peculiar action. A study of a girl playing on a mandolin deserves mention as distinct in motive and successful in treatment. It is purely decorative, full of musical grace and dignity.

Mr. Hunt's pictures seen together gain decidedly by contrast. They bear witness to his preoccupation with the strength and variety of general tone, with the salient points of character of landscape or figure. Whoever analyzes them must confess that they represent the artist's impression of nature, even if the loose way in which many of them are treated may not be altogether agreeable to the eye accustomed to porcelain finish and carefully blended contours. In the effective way in which Mr. Hunt communicates his impressions, in his earnest and frank manner of painting, and in the highly artistic quality of his productions, he stands alone among American painters.

—The greater part of the art produced at the present time may be said to be self-con-

scious art. Those artists who are the most successful in their profession, if popular approbation and pecuniary gains may be termed success, are the ones who constantly come before the public with works that demand attention in proportion to the startling originality of their conception, or the strangeness of their execution. *Tours-de-force* in painting have the success of the *salons* abroad and of our galleries at home, and plain, honest endeavors are often turned to the wall for years, until from their persistency they receive recognition. And this is natural enough, too; the same rule works in every profession and in every occupation. When success comes to the artist who has spent the greater part of his life in telling his simple stories in his own way and without an audience, it is none the less unqualified because it comes late, and oftentimes the reward long delayed is sweeter and more welcome in declining years. The histories of Corot and Millet should encourage every honest worker in the profession.

A number of pictures by George Fuller, lately hung in the gallery of Doll and Richards, have the element of unconsciousness that is the more choice for its extreme rarity in works of art. Mr. Fuller's artistic career has been a strange one. A score of years ago he painted in Boston with little or no success, and failed to make his way in New York, whither he went in the hope of securing patronage. Since that time he has been living on a farm of his own in Deerfield, Massachusetts, and has, until lately, we believe, almost entirely given up painting. The old love is now upon him again, it is said, and he paints with all his accustomed feeling. In the collection of his works exhibited there are six heads of remarkable beauty, painted, with one or two exceptions, twenty years ago. They are noble in character, distinguished in color, vigorous in execution; they are unpretending, earnest studies of one who in his seclusion painted only as he was able, without a thought or a care of how others worked, and yet evidently directed in his labor by his previous experience and training. It may be that the artist, if he had painted the heads for exhibition, would have been tempted to indulge in the endeavor to conform his manner to the popular standard. Few are strong enough to resist the pressure from the consideration of what the world is going to say about it. As it is, he is utterly unconscious. One of the heads he calls Fifteen, and quotes,—

"Standing with reluctant feet
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet."

It is a girl's head in three-quarters view, with brown hair, dark dress, and a bit of lace at the throat. The face is pure and sweet in expression, the tones of the flesh are pearly and fresh, and the forms full and child-like. It is charming in its innocence and purity, and lovelier eyes rarely look out from canvas. Two other studies of the heads and shoulders of young girls are both full of grace. One of them is looking over her shoulder with a frank, school-girl expression, her ruddy cheeks and bright eyes full of youth and health. A study in profile of a child's head against a sombre background is a bright bit of sunny flesh-color. The light on the cheek is broad and warm, and the features are in a cool, well-modeled shadow. The texture of the cheek and temple is open and loose, giving mystery and freshness to the tone. The manner in which the color is caressed on the cheek and modeled toward the shadow quite recalls some master. A study of a boy reading is one of the later works. It is so thoroughly earnest, so serious, as to be almost solemn. It is a country boy, but dignified and exalted almost to nobility by the honesty of the purpose with which it is painted. There is a certain dryness in the color of this head not noticeable in the others, but found again in both landscapes. In neither case does this quality detract from the interest of the picture, and in one of the landscapes, the autumn study, it is even commendable, it harmonizes so well with the sentiment of the scene. This landscape is peculiar in tone, full of grays and russets and brown reds. Gently sloping hill-sides covered with dry grass and leaves in the foreground, and crowned with tall trees in the distance, is a simple enough motive. The great interest lies in the wonderfully sympathetic manner in which it is treated. The drapery of the figure in the foreground, the falling leaves that fill the air, and the motion of the branches show that a fresh autumn breeze is blowing; everywhere are the rustle of the withered foliage and the twinkle of the bright colors of autumn, and yet the unity of the whole is unbroken. As in the heads, the simplicity is the most prominent quality, and the feeling of nature the strongest element. The second landscape is quite as good; indeed, one forgets one in the presence of the other. It is a path across the fields by the edge of a wood. A dense

row of trees comes strongly against the sky, and through the opening where the road passes is seen in the distance the roofs of a village. In the foreground are a flock of sheep and a woman's figure. The detail is abundant, but it is so handled as to preserve the breadth and the quiet of the landscape; the bit of distance is charming, and the sheep are carefully studied and well understood. The general tone is gray, and a gray peculiar to Mr. Fuller. While it is not a tone that combines, perhaps, the most of the charms found in the rich landscape, it suggests the poverty of the soil, the harshness of the climate, and the dryness of the atmosphere. The landscape is characteristic and natural, and has many points of delicate and refined color. The most important condition of good art is also satisfied,—it is full of sentiment. There is nothing in the display that more positively asserts the strong feeling of the artist than a small, half-finished study of two children in a doorway, eating lunch. It is conceived in the spirit of a Millet, and has much of the seriousness and nobility of his work. Nevertheless it is expressed with difficulty; it is not attractive nor skillful in execution; it is sober, almost wan in color. But the story is told with all the love and strength of the artist's nature. Despite its incompleteness it is a heroic *genre*.

—The portrait of a lady in antique costume, by Mr. F. D. Millet, which has recently been on exhibition in Boston and is to go to the Centennial, seems deserving of notice as an important figure-piece executed with a skill and knowledge not often seen among young American painters, and showing some tendencies that are new here. This is the first sizable result that we have seen from an American student who has chiefly formed himself, as Mr. Millet has done, in the Antwerp Academy; and the first thing in it which strikes us is the masterly molding of the figure, in powerful lines that are felt through the garment, united with a fresh and vigorous way of reproducing the superficial aspect of the stuffs in which the lady is clothed. It would be unjust to say that the picture is solely a study of costume, because of this excellent trait; but certainly the antique toilet has been given with great vigor and niceness: the rich plaster-hued silk, veined with tendrils and adorned with flat leaves and flowers, the sparkle of the quilted skirt which fills the front, the elaborate bodice and old lace and turquoise jewelry,—all

this is charmingly rendered. Considered as a picture, in general terms, however, the work has a certain oddity not wholly to its advantage. Mr. Millet has tried the experiment of placing a light figure against a dark ground, and a curious effect of lifelessness in the face has resulted; but if he has lost in this direction, he has gained in another, for the total effect is one of the most brilliantly decorative description. It is a singular coincidence that this wedding-dress was painted, when worn by the

bride for whom it was made, by Copley. Mr. Millet's treatment is very different from Copley's usual style, yet there is something in the dignity, polish, and sincerity of his work that reminds us not a little of that famous portrait-maker. In the matter of complexion he would suffer severely if compared with our Bostonian "old master;" but there is a robust energy and a world of minute skill in this painting of Mr. Millet's which leads us to hope for the most admirable results from him in future.

MUSIC.

OF the many important musical events of the past winter in Boston, Mr. John K. Paine's symphony claims our attention first. We heartily wish that we could put the extreme pleasure that two hearings of this work have given us into a more systematic form than it is actually possible to do. Had it been a sensational work (and there are sensational works in a high as well as in a low sense), an analysis of its effect upon us might have been comparatively easy, even after only one hearing. The mind is readier to grasp a composition full of strokes and strong hits than it is to separate into its various factors one in which the development is more purely organic. Absolute music, developing itself from a thematic germ, is a fair epitome of all organic and cosmic development in the physical world. If the theme be really vital, if it do really "contain the potency and power" of a living composition, its rational development will be beautifully gradual and uneventful. Whether this epitomizing of cosmic growth is the highest mission of music or not is apart from the present question. In considering any particular work of a man, it is impertinent to ask whether he has done the highest possible thing; all that we have a right to ask is whether he has done well the thing he palpably tried to do. To come more closely to the point, then, we are in no condition to analyze Mr. Paine's symphony (we have not even seen the score, much less studied it), but can only give our impressions of it. It gave us unalloyed enjoyment from beginning to end. It is melodious, natural, spirited, with that strength

that comes from perfect equilibrium. Of dryness of detail we found not a trace; it is thoroughly genial throughout. One technical point we would mention, and that is that Mr. Paine has made a long stride in handling the orchestra since he wrote his *St. Peter*. The orchestral coloring is throughout good, at times even peculiarly fascinating. We must all heartily thank Mr. Thomas for giving us a hearing of this work; both the performances were good, the second one even masterly.

— It is an ungrateful task at best to speak of the performance of Bach's great *Magnificat* by Mr. Sharland's choral society and Mr. Thomas's orchestra. One thing is certain: every musician who has the progress of our musical culture at heart must thank Mr. Sharland and Mr. Thomas most heartily for the good-will they have manifested in bringing out this important work. Whether the musical means they had at hand, and the conditions under which the work was inevitably brought out, made the venture a piece of artistic good judgment or not is another question. At the worst they can say, and with reason too, that the conditions under which Bach's choral music can be well given in this country can be brought about only by an increased familiarity with the compositions themselves, and that a beginning, either good or bad, must be made sometime. We for one regard the ultimate, we will not say popularity, but wide-spread recognition of Bach's works in this country as just as much a certainty as the ultimate triumph of right over wrong. It can only be a matter of time. Encour-

aged by this belief, we also think that great delicacy of management in introducing *his* works to our public is not so much needed as it is with some other composers. Take Spohr, for instance. Spohr was a man whose really high genius has been greatly thrown into the shade by his overpoweringly brilliant contemporaries, and who has consequently missed much of the recognition due him from the world. A condition of general musical culture is easily conceivable in which an intimate acquaintance with Spohr's music might be of great benefit to the music-loving community, and it would then be the duty of our leaders in musical matters to do all in their power to make us understand and appreciate Spohr. But they would have to go to work much more carefully than if it were Bach they were trying to introduce. Any bad first impression the public might receive would be far more fatal to the cause of Spohr than to that of Bach. When a man attains to a certain pitch of musical culture, Bach becomes, æsthetically speaking, an absolute necessary of life to him. Without Bach there is no further musical life conceivable. So we may be pretty sure that if Bach frightens away an audience at one time, he will conquer them at another.

Hence we are by no means sorry that the attempt was made. The performance was, upon the whole, not a satisfactory one; it is only justice to the great John Sebastian to say so. But, on the other hand, it is only justice to Mr. Sharland and Mr. Thomas to state, with all attainable brevity, why it was, humanly speaking, impossible that the performance should have been satisfactory under the existing circumstances. In the first place, Bach's choral music is technically extremely difficult. Each part in the chorus is of itself quite a task for the ordinary singer. To, all the florid vocalization of which we find so much in Händel's choruses Bach often adds an extreme difficulty of intonation, arising from his habitual use of much more daring modulations than those of his great contemporary. The Magnificat is in five real parts, and the choral business is almost without exception in more or less strict imitation, so that one, two, or three parts are often left singing alone. Now it cannot be asked of any chorus to sing such music with assurance, unless they are thoroughly familiar with it. Mr. Sharland's chorus was forced, unavoidably, as we believe, to learn the Magnificat in an exceedingly short time. We are well aware that

some most remarkable results have been obtained from a very small number of rehearsals. Hector Berlioz mentions in his Letters from Germany some almost incredible instances of rapid rehearsing. But his rehearsals were all conducted on the "partial rehearsal" plan. He writes, in one of his letters from Berlin, "The next day finds us at our work, Ries with his violin, the accompanist, and myself; we take successively the children, the female voices, the first soprani, the second soprani, the first tenors, the second tenors, the first and second basses; we make them sing by groups of ten, then by twenties; after which we make two parts sing together, then three, four, and at last the whole choruses." This is the only feasible method of making a chorus learn a work in few rehearsals; indeed, Berlioz assures us that it is the only way to ever get a really fine performance of a choral work of more than common difficulty, and he had no little experience in drilling choruses. But this plan of rehearsing is just the one of all others that is impossible with us. Our choral societies are composed of amateurs who come together for the pleasure of rehearsing,—mark this well,—and not for the glory of giving exceptionally fine performances; and rehearsing in the Berlioz fashion is exceedingly poor fun. Such rehearsing with any of our societies would probably have for a result not a fine performance, but a fine harvest of tenders of resignation from nine tenths of the members. It is only paid musicians that you can drill in that way, not amateur volunteers. Berlioz's choruses in Germany were also made up of volunteers, but Berlioz came to Germany as a lion of the first magnitude. If Anton Rubinstein or Charles Gounod were to come to Boston and drill a chorus for a week or so, no doubt he would find no lack of singers willing to undergo any amount of tough rehearsing for such an occasion.

Another great difficulty in bringing out a great choral work of Bach's is the immense difficulty of the solos. Bach's airs stand almost without parallel in the history of music. They are not only of great technical difficulty, but the high intellectual and æsthetic qualities they demand in the singer place them beyond the reach of all but very few artists. Alas, how few singers are good musicians even! It is no slur upon our singers to say that they cannot sing Bach. A man may be able to sing "It is enough," in Elijah, exceedingly well, and

the baritone song from the Prodigal Son really superbly, without having the faintest conception of a Bach aria. It is one thing to sing "If with all your hearts," and altogether another to sing "Deposuit potentes." Mr. Joseph Jefferson is an exceedingly good actor, and can really exhaust the dramatic, pathetic, and humorous possibilities of Rip Van Winkle or Asa Trenchard, but it takes no great acumen to say what he would make of Hamlet's soliloquy, or the death-scene in King Lear. We must insist that we are not wrong in our estimate of Bach's airs and of the qualities they demand. Bach is not alone in this. How many singers are there who can really sing "Thou shalt break them," in the Messiah, or "Mi tradi quell' alma," in Don Giovanni? And yet we have all grown up in an atmosphere, so to speak, of the Messiah, and most of us know Don Giovanni nearly by heart. But Bach we hardly know a note of; his vocal style is wholly unfamiliar to us, and we sing his music — as might be expected. It is true that there may be found, even in America, here a singer and there a singer who has made a loving and fruitful study of Bach's works for his or her own æsthetic delight, but whoever they may be, they were not on the platform at the performance of the Magnificat.

Still another quite sensible difficulty stood in the way of the performance. In re-scoring the Magnificat, Franz has written out a very elaborate organ part, which was found to be virtually impracticable in the Music Hall. Whether this organ part is a piece of bad musical judgment on the part of Franz himself, as some excellent judges seem inclined to think, or not, we are not at present competent to decide; we prefer to think that Franz's organ part would be perfectly practicable in halls or churches where the organist is placed near the conductor, and where the organ itself "speaks" well to the action. In the Music Hall the organist is seated in the worst possible position for following the conductor well, and moreover the action of the organ is such that the audible note follows the action of the key-board only at a very appreciable interval of time. Many of the pipes being at a great distance from the orchestral and choral body on the stage makes the matter worse. It is therefore manifestly impossible for an elaborate organ part to tally well with the orchestra unless the organist has had long practice

with this particular organ, and has accustomed himself to play always a few seconds *before the beat* of the conductor. The chances, even then, of any passages of more than moderate intricacy being clearly rendered are very slight. As it was, Mr. Paine found himself forced to greatly simplify Franz's organ part, in order to play together with the orchestra and chorus at all, thus nullifying many of Franz's intentions, and to a greater or less extent marring the clearness of the performance. Again, the chorus had been rehearsed by Mr. Sharland at different *tempi*, in many instances, from those Mr. Thomas took at the concert, and it was only at the last rehearsal that they were made to sing at Mr. Thomas's *tempi*.

But even with all these drawbacks, any one listening reverently and with a goodwill (and no one ought to listen otherwise) could not help feeling the unspeakable beauty and grandeur of the work. We hope that it will be given again and again, until both our singers and our public have become really familiar with it. Mr. Sharland and Mr. Thomas certainly merit all praise for their earnest zeal in the good cause.

— The Saint-Saëns concerto,¹ played at one of the Harvard Musical Association's concerts by Mr. B. J. Lang, strikes us as being, all things considered, the best thing that has been written in the concerto form since the Mendelssohn and Schumann concertos. The first movement is simply *great*. The dainty little scherzo that follows it and the tarantella finale are gems of their kind. In playing it, Mr. Lang fairly outdid himself, especially in the first two movements; the effect upon the audience was electric. And yet there is something about the work that rather puzzles us. We do not remember ever hearing a work that we enjoyed so intensely while hearing it, and that left so vague an impression upon our minds when it was all over. While listening to it we are delighted, and when it is done we somehow feel dissatisfied. It may be that the scherzo and tarantella are somewhat overpowered by the superb first movement, which is after all the strongest in the work, but we are inclined to think that the finale is susceptible of being made more strongly effective than Mr. Lang made it. There is a certain savage energy inherent in the tarantella form, as there is

¹ *Deuxième Concerto pour Piano, avec Accompagnement d'Orchestre, par CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS. Op. 22. Paris: Durand, Schoenewerk, & Cie.*

indeed in many of the dance forms, a certain wild, unkempt fierceness of animal spirits, that seems to be wholly foreign to Mr. Lang's nature. He plays with no lack of fire, but it is a highly refined fire. The noble breadth of phrasing and the dainty elegance of style that made his playing of the first two movements so noteworthy did not stand him in such good stead in the tarantella. There are some things that will not bear much refining, things in which a certain coarseness of texture is an essential factor. There is, to be sure, a certain "modesty of nature" that should not be too often overstepped; there is a certain dignity and self-control to be preserved even in moments of the intensest passion. But there are some few things of which self-abandonment is the prime essence. It would seem as if the tarantella, which is supposed to result in absolute fainting, might be one of these.

—The Hay is i' the Mow,¹ by Gatty, is a song that we somehow cannot help rather

liking. It is insignificant enough, and reminds one of the late lamented Mr. Dempster, but it sounds genuine and unforced. The last three bars of the last verse strike us as unnecessary, and as weakening the general effect of the song.

—George Osgood's *The Lake and the Lily*² has much delicate beauty in it, but we think it tends too much to sameness. The fifth and sixth measures from the end, however, are susceptible of being made very effective by good singing. Gounod himself could not have written sweeter harmony.

—Joachim Raff's *Impromptu Valse* (Op. 94) for the piano-forte³ only shows how sure of his reputation the composer must be to allow himself to flood the market as he does with very second-rate compositions. We see little to recommend this waltz as music, but it might be made good use of as a study. It is well put upon the instrument. The edition is not quite free from errors.

EDUCATION.

As far as statistics can speak, the state of public-school education in the West will be best shown by the following table, where-

in the items which tell the plainest story are compared with the same data from Massachusetts:—

	Expenditure per Capita of School Population.	Monthly Pay of Male Teachers.	Monthly Pay of Female Teachers.	Percentage of School Population Enrolled.
Massachusetts	\$21.74	\$93.65	\$34.14	.98 +
Illinois	10.18	52.92	40.51	.72 +
Indiana	5.63	No statistics.	-	-
Michigan	7.47	51.94	27.13	.75 +
Minnesota	4.80	36.50	29.08	.66 +
Wisconsin	4.80	43.66	27.34	.64 +
Iowa	8.61	36.28	27.63	.72 +
Kansas	7.94	38.43	30.64	.68 +
Missouri	2.64	42.43	31.43	.56 +
Nebraska	11.91	39.60	33.80	.56 +
California	14.92	84.28	63.37	.51 +
Colorado	17.50	-	-	-
Idaho	8.46	-	-	-
Utah	4.69	-	-	-

Though from the above table it appears that between one half and three quarters of the Western school children are enrolled, the actual school attendance is not more than half that. It is not surprising, there-

fore, that the Western superintendents take up much space in their reports with the subject of compulsory education. Michigan has a law looking to this, but nearly all the county superintendents report that it is a

¹ *The Hay is i' the Mow*. Song. Words by S. H. GATTY; music by ALFRED SCOTT GATTY. Baltimore: George Willig & Co.

² *The Lake and the Lily*. Poem by LAURIUS;

music by GEO. L. OSGOOD. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

³ *Impromptu Valse*. Four piano. Par JOACHIM RAFF. Op. 94. Boston: Carl Prüfer.

dead letter, though some think that the passage of the law had a good moral effect on the parents. There is great outlay and pride in school buildings in the West, the most extraordinary example of this being in Omaha, Nebraska. The superintendent of Indiana, however, warns against large school-houses, thinking that "as a rule five or six hundred pupils are enough for one building." The superintendent of Iowa also complains of mistakes and waste in building. Co-education, from the district school to the college, is almost universal at the West, the only exceptions to it being in private or denominational schools, principally Catholic and Episcopalian.

The status of the public schools varies as much in the Western as it does in the New England States. In Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, and Kansas, they seem to be comparatively in advance, and the Territories of Utah and Colorado are following after them. But in Indiana, Minnesota, Missouri, and Iowa, the standard is low. Owing to the immense German population of the West, German is taught in many localities as one of the regular branches, but we do not find that anywhere sewing (or any industrial art), drawing, or music is taught by state law. Indiana has the largest school-fund of any State, but her schools seem about on a level with those of Vermont, and the people not more interested or liberal toward them. School grounds are entirely neglected, and there is great lack of everything that decent school-houses require. There is no general high-school system, and neither languages, music, drawing, nor physical geography are taught in the public schools. The state of things in Minnesota is very similar: neither ancient nor modern languages are taught even in the normal schools; the sciences and general history are almost entirely ignored in them, and in that at Markato only a "brief United States history" is taught during the first out of six terms. "The intellectual condition of those who resort to this institution to prepare for the work of teaching is a sad commentary upon the character of our schools as a whole. Vagueness and superficiality seem to be the order of the day." The University of Minnesota, "pending its rise into college rank"! (as says the report), instead of setting its standard and expecting the schools to come up to it, "begins where the schools leave off," and thus has had to perform the work of the high school since its foundation. Tired

of this rôle, the unfortunate institution is now speculating how to get students properly prepared for a college course, and its president recommends the plan which we have already seen strenuously condemned in the State of New York; that, namely, of state aid to private academies. It is a touching fact to know, however, and tells one what the struggle for education is in these young States, that out of two hundred and seventy-eight students of the university, one hundred and fifty-eight are dependent wholly or partly on their own earnings.

In Missouri there are over one hundred and fifty thousand children who could not go to school if they wished to do so, from want of school room. Only four months of school annually are now provided by law. County superintendents are so hampered and ill-paid that the office has not been efficient, and at the date of this report popular feeling was threatening to abolish it. The schools suffer from changing the boards of directors too often, and the state superintendent is borne down by the burden of office work. The greater part of the teachers in the rural districts are farmers who possess a limited education and whom "it is amusing as well as painful to see at work. All the aim they have in view is to 'get through the book,' and as to a knowledge of their subjects, they don't seem to know that they are doing anything more than stuffing a gourd with cotton." Superintendents are sometimes so lazy, or so incapable of examining teachers as to their qualifications, that perhaps an entire stranger will be asked some such question as "Can you make a wooden nutmeg?" and a certificate will be granted without further inquiry! The device of one board of directors for rousing up their teachers is rather funny. They abolished the teacher's chair, and congratulate themselves that the pedagogues being kept on their feet, their wits also are more active. The best friends of the education of the colored people are said to be the old slave masters. The negroes prefer the teachers of their own race, but at present there are not enough of these to supply their schools. There is considerable prejudice in Missouri against women teachers, and the men teachers outnumber them nearly two to one. Yet the superintendent thinks "that for the majority of the schools they make the best teachers, and the same amount of money will produce better teaching talent among women than men." In St. Louis the women

principals receive the same salaries as men for the same grade of school.

In Iowa the school population increased in 1872-73 by 29,062 persons, but school attendance decreased 7522, while the number of persons attending private schools in the same year rose from 6163 to 12,132 — figures which show some very unusual state of things, for the general rule is that the public schools are gaining, and the private schools losing, all the time. There are no normal schools in the State, and no high-school system. Consequently, inefficient teachers are the rule, and teachers' institutes are "much set by." Teachers are required to pass an examination in physiology, but as yet it is taught only in the graded schools, or in about one in twenty. No general history is required for first-class teachers' certificates, and the questions on United States history are absurdly superficial.

In Kansas the school system is promising, and the local superintendents seem to be wide-awake and energetic. One of them actually wishes the study of our national history and constitution to be made compulsory, and another, that the children be taught to "fear God and speak the truth"! This State is so afflicted with the text-books which her children have brought with them from all parts of the Union, that she is talking of the Maine plan of the text-books being owned by the town. The superintendent is anxious to have drawing introduced, and the report eulogizes women teachers. "They attach more importance to the improvement of morals, and pay more attention to cleanliness than the men. When the mind of the child has gone astray, they will lead it back into the right path more gently and more successfully than men." The University and the Agricultural College of Kansas are both open to women, and in the latter they are taught sewing and dress-making, as well as printing and telegraphy. (Pity 't is that cooking had not come first!) In the high-school course the historical instruction covers two school years, which is nearly twice the time that most other high schools vouchsafe to it. Mathematics, however, are pressed upon the scholar from the beginning to the end of the course, and botany and zoölogy are brought in only at the end, thus imitating the colleges in making studies which involve perception and memory come after those which require reason and reflection. "An increase of nearly twelve thousand children of school

age in one year shows plainly that Nebraska is rapidly filling up with actual settlers, and an increase of three hundred and eighty-six good, substantial school-houses conclusively proves that these settlers bring with them intelligence and enterprise." But many of the earlier school-houses are entirely destitute of the necessary conveniences and decencies. The superintendent dwells upon the benefit of neat and pleasant school-rooms, and is anxious to have teachers chosen who, both by precept and by example, can teach morals and manners. "I have placed morals and manners as of more importance than the knowledge of scientific truths. I consider them a greater means of happiness and success in life than all the learning hidden in ten thousand books." At the same time he urges increased facilities for study. At present, the state university has its own preparatory school, and in the six years' course laid down for the two, the study of history holds an almost inappreciable place.

In Michigan the interest in the public schools is said to be "marked and universal." She is called the "Massachusetts of the West" in educational matters, and certainly they are alike in paying less to their women teachers, in proportion to the men, than any other States in the Union. Though her school attendance is greater, however, Michigan has only one normal school to six in Massachusetts. In Detroit, drawing is taught in the public schools, but it is said that only three eighths of the school population of that city attend school. One of the local superintendents writes highly of the influence of female teachers. "Could I say as much for my brethren in the profession, no comparison would be necessary." The superintendent of Grand Rapids has a suggestion which we have never before seen. It is that each teacher should have but thirty scholars instead of fifty or sixty, and that she should not only try to do them good in school, but also become acquainted with their parents, and use her influence with the latter to prevent irregular attendance, truancy, and all immoral conduct at any time.

Under the influence of her enlightened superintendent, Hon. Newton Bateman, who in his turn seems to have been stimulated by the example of Mr. Harris, of St. Louis, Illinois has the honor of being the first State in the Union to make the study of the elements of the natural sciences — *i. e.*, botany, zoölogy, natural philosophy, physi-

ology, and hygiene—compulsory throughout her schools. The testimony of Mr. Harris was that the effect in a single year, in St. Louis, of preparing and giving one hour's exercise a week in natural science had been to increase the general efficiency and power of the teachers in that city at least fifty per cent. Similarly says Mr. Bateman: "Never before, has such a spectacle been presented to the people of Illinois. From the time the new law was fairly promulgated, in April last [1872], till the schools opened in the autumn, the whole State became, as it were, one great camp of instruction, and everywhere great numbers of teachers were assiduously engaged in preparing themselves for examination in the elements of natural science." In October "the number of teachers who passed a successful examination was 3114, which added to those who were previously qualified made the total number of teachers in line on the new branches, for the first day of school, about one fifth of the entire teaching force of the State." From the local reports we do not glean much concerning the state of the schools in Illinois, the most striking remark in them being one from a county superintendent, to the effect that, while the pupils under twelve are remarkably intelligent, after that age they seem to become altogether dulled and lifeless. He pronounces it a delusion, inculcated by educational platform speakers, that children can learn without study, and says that before the teacher can "draw out" something from the child's mind, he must first "pound in."

In Wisconsin the number of children reported as attending private schools in 1872 was 13,020, and in 1873, but 9581, while the public schools gained largely in excess of the addition to the school population. The superintendent urges the introduction of the natural sciences into the public schools, after the example of Illinois and St. Louis. The reports presented at the annual meeting of the State Teachers' Association exhibit an unusual amount of earnestness and thought. They recommend that the superintendents of county schools should have a plan of correspondence with each teacher and school, instead of trusting to visits "few and far between;" that they should encourage the permanence of good teachers "by an unflinching and outspoken recognition of merit, making itself felt in tangible reward;" that drawing should be taught in the public schools throughout the State;

and that the state university should have a thoroughly equipped art department, and also departments in journalism and pedagogics, and that an appropriate degree should be conferred after a course in the latter, in order "to secure for teaching a public recognition as a profession." We note with alarm, however, among the committees appointed for 1874, one on the "reform of spelling." We trust that the scholars and philologists of America will take warning in time, and not let this maggot of phonetic spelling get into the pedagogical brain, and so history be hunted from our many-voiced English tongue, as it already has been from the school-room. The visitors to the three normal schools of the State, contrary to the usual practice of visitors, really do criticise those institutions. At the Oshkosh Normal School, for instance, they avow the conviction that instructing third-grade teachers merely in the common branches which they are to teach "does not give culture and breadth of thought, but tends to narrowness and bigotry."

In California the truancy and non-attendance is forty per cent., to nine per cent. in Connecticut, and the superintendent is urgent for a compulsory law. He devotes many pages to the subject of trained teachers. "No wonder," he says, "that the attention paid to the manners and morals of the pupils is so unsatisfactory, when the manners of the teacher are never inquired into, and his morals are sufficient if he has not been guilty of any gross or notorious violation of the decalogue." The superintendent finds the only remedy to be that every teacher should pass through a normal school, and he thinks that California could get a thousand such teachers in one year from other States, if only she would offer "wages" enough, which is a wild idea indeed. By the way, we do not like the speaking of the salaries of teachers as "wages," which is so common throughout these reports, as this in itself alone is sufficient to degrade the office in popular estimation to the level of the mechanic or the domestic servant. The superintendent of San Francisco reports that the examination papers of the schools of that city for several years past "have shown conclusively that while many pupils are well up in definitions, parsing, and analysis, comparatively few are able to write English with even a tolerable degree of accuracy or elegance;" facts which are, doubtless, as true for the whole country as for his locality. The new law

for the choosing of school directors in San Francisco provides for their election at large from the whole city, instead of their being chosen from each separate district. The special interest of this lies in the fact that it is the first experiment we have heard of in the simplest or "natural" form of proportional representation. The principle of it is simply that of the unit of our form of government, *i. e.*, the commune or village, in which each member of the community casts one vote for the candidate whom he thinks fittest to hold a particular office, and the one who gets the highest number of votes is the one elected. When school committees, aldermen, and members of the city councils are thus chosen at large from our cities, and members of the state legislatures and of Congress at large from our States, the American republic will at last rest on those foundations of common sense and ancient precedent upon which it should have originally been based. The district and ward system for our heterogeneous population is the real source of our political corruption, and of our inability to bring our best men to the front.

—Dr. Calderwood's little essay¹ was suggested by considerations which occurred to him as an officer under the new Education Act, by which the public-school system of Edinburgh was made to conform somewhat to the systems of Prussia and America. There is, however, very little in the essay of direct local significance, and what there is will be found of value to the American teacher by the comparison it suggests. The author aims to state the principles for guiding the teacher, especially in primary schools, and the chapters of his essay are thus upon Self-Government, School Discipline, and Instruction. The positions which he takes are sound, and many of his doctrines pregnant, but the worth of the book

is in its protest against a mechanical system of teaching, and its insistence upon education as a training of character. He sees clearly enough the tendency of organized school systems to run to seed in a dull routine, and he finds the remedy where it must be found, in the living teacher; we think he is somewhat disposed to underestimate the power of general discipline over the individual scholar, and to credit the teacher of a large class with more opportunity for individual training than he is likely to possess, but with the principles of the essay we are in hearty accord. There is one passage in the book which is well worth considering by American teachers: "Taking now a somewhat wider survey of the requirements of our national life, a teacher's attention would need to be turned to our prevailing national vices, and the best means for fortifying the young against them. Early school life should do much to guard against the rudeness and coarseness which turn domestic life to bitterness, and prepare the way for outbreaks of violence. A constant stream of refining influence should flow through the minds of the pupils. Everything favorable in the reading-book, in history, or in the incidents of the school-room, should be utilized for this end." We conceive that a most excellent special opportunity now opens to our own teachers. Centennial memorials are in the air, and a teacher possessed of right knowledge and quick sympathy will find in the early annals of our history characters and events which he may well use for their educating influence. The democracy of the school-room may be made helpful to the spirit of true democracy in the state, and the doctrine that some men are better than others will not be found to interfere with the political doctrine of equality before the law.

¹ *On Teaching: Its Ends and Means.* By HENRY CALDERWOOD, LL. D., F. R. S. E., Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, and

Chairman of the Edinburgh School Board. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1875.

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THE FACTS CONCERNING THE RECENT CARNIVAL OF
CRIME IN CONNECTICUT.

I WAS feeling blithe, almost jocund. I put a match to my cigar, and just then the morning's mail was handed in. The first superscription I glanced at was in a handwriting that sent a thrill of pleasure through and through me. It was aunt Mary's; and she was the person I loved and honored most in all the world, outside of my own household. She had been my boyhood's idol; maturity, which is fatal to so many enchantments, had not been able to dislodge her from her pedestal; no, it had only justified her right to be there, and placed her dethronement permanently among the impossibilities. To show how strong her influence over me was, I will observe that long after everybody else's "*do-stop-smoking*" had ceased to affect me in the slightest degree, aunt Mary could still stir my torpid conscience into faint signs of life when she touched upon the matter. But all things have their limit, in this world. A happy day came at last, when even aunt Mary's words could no longer move me. I was not merely glad to see that day arrive; I was more than glad — I was grateful; for when its sun had set, the one alloy that was able to mar my enjoyment of my aunt's society was gone. The remainder of her stay with us that winter was in every way a delight. Of course she pleaded

with me just as earnestly as ever, after that blessed day, to quit my pernicious habit, but to no purpose whatever; the moment she opened the subject I at once became calmly, peacefully, contentedly indifferent — absolutely, adamantly indifferent. Consequently the closing weeks of that memorable visit melted away as pleasantly as a dream, they were so freighted, for me, with tranquil satisfaction. I could not have enjoyed my pet vice more if my gentle tormentor had been a smoker herself, and an advocate of the practice. Well, the sight of her handwriting reminded me that I was getting very hungry to see her again. I easily guessed what I should find in her letter. I opened it. Good! just as I expected; she was coming! Coming this very day, too, and by the morning train; I might expect her any moment.

I said to myself, "I am thoroughly happy and content, now. If my most pitiless enemy could appear before me at this moment, I would freely right any wrong I may have done him."

Straightway the door opened, and a shriveled, shabby dwarf entered. He was not more than two feet high. He seemed to be about forty years old. Every feature and every inch of him was a trifle out of shape; and so, while one

could not put his finger upon any particular part and say, "This is a conspicuous deformity," the spectator perceived that this little person was a deformity as a whole—a vague, general, evenly-blended, nicely-adjusted deformity. There was a fox-like cunning in the face and the sharp little eyes, and also alertness and malice. And yet, this vile bit of human rubbish seemed to bear a sort of remote and ill-defined resemblance to me! It was dully perceptible in the mean form, the countenance, and even the clothes, gestures, manner, and attitudes of the creature. He was a far-fetched, dim suggestion of a burlesque upon me, a caricature of me in little. One thing about him struck me forcibly, and most unpleasantly: he was covered all over with a fuzzy, greenish mold, such as one sometimes sees upon mildewed bread. The sight of it was nauseating.

He stepped along with a chipper air, and flung himself into a doll's chair in a very free and easy way, without waiting to be asked. He tossed his hat into the waste basket. He picked up my old chalk pipe from the floor, gave the stem a wipe or two on his knee, filled the bowl from the tobacco-box at his side, and said to me in a tone of pert command, —

"Gimme a match!"

I blushed to the roots of my hair; partly with indignation, but mainly because it somehow seemed to me that this whole performance was very like an exaggeration of conduct which I myself had sometimes been guilty of in my intercourse with familiar friends, — but never, never with strangers, I observed to myself. I wanted to kick the pygmy into the fire, but some incomprehensible sense of being legally and legitimately under his authority forced me to obey his order. He applied the match to the pipe, took a contemplative whiff or two, and remarked, in an irritatingly familiar way, —

"Seems to me it's devilish odd weather for this time of year."

I flushed again, and in anger and humiliation as before; for the language

was hardly an exaggeration of some that I have uttered in my day, and moreover was delivered in a tone of voice and with an exasperating drawl that had the seeming of a deliberate travesty of my style. Now there is nothing I am quite so sensitive about as a mocking imitation of my drawling infirmity of speech. I spoke up sharply and said, —

"Look here, you miserable ash-cat! you will have to give a little more attention to your manners, or I will throw you out of the window!"

The manikin smiled a smile of malicious content and security, puffed a whiff of smoke contemptuously toward me, and said, with a still more elaborate drawl, —

"Come — go gently, now; don't put on *too* many airs with your betters."

This cool snub rasped me all over, but it seemed to subjugate me, too, for a moment. The pygmy contemplated me a while with his weasel eyes, and then said, in a peculiarly sneering way, —

"You turned a tramp away from your door this morning."

I said crustily, —

"Perhaps I did, perhaps I did n't. How do *you* know?"

"Well, I know. It is n't any matter *how* I know."

"Very well. Suppose I *did* turn a tramp away from the door — what of it?"

"Oh, nothing; nothing in particular. Only you lied to him."

"I *did* n't! That is, I" —

"Yes, but you did; you lied to him."

I felt a guilty pang, — in truth I had felt it forty times before that tramp had traveled a block from my door, — but still I resolved to make a show of feeling slandered; so I said, —

"This is a baseless impertinence. I said to the tramp" —

"There — wait. You were about to lie again. I know what you said to him. You said the cook was gone down town and there was nothing left from breakfast. Two lies. You knew the cook was behind the door, and plenty of provisions behind *her*."

This astonishing accuracy silenced me;

and it filled me with wondering speculations, too, as to how this cub could have got his information. Of course he could have culled the conversation from the tramp, but by what sort of magic had he contrived to find out about the concealed cook? Now the dwarf spoke again:—

“It was rather pitiful, rather small, in you to refuse to read that poor young woman’s manuscript the other day, and give her an opinion as to its literary value; and she had come so far, too, and so hopefully. Now was n’t it?”

I felt like a cur! And I had felt so every time the thing had recurred to my mind, I may as well confess. I flushed hotly and said,—

“Look here, have you nothing better to do than prowl around prying into other people’s business? Did that girl tell you that?”

“Never mind whether she did or not. The main thing is, you did that contemptible thing. And you felt ashamed of it afterwards. Aha! you feel ashamed of it now.”

This with a sort of devilish glee. With fiery earnestness I responded,—

“I told that girl, in the kindest, gentlest way, that I could not consent to deliver judgment upon *any* one’s manuscript, because an individual’s verdict was worthless. It might underrate a work of high merit and lose it to the world; or it might overrate a trashy production and so open the way for its infiction upon the world. I said that the great public was the only tribunal competent to sit in judgment upon a literary effort, and therefore it must be best to lay it before that tribunal in the outset, since in the end it must stand or fall by that mighty court’s decision any way.”

“Yes, you said all that. So you did, you juggling, small-souled shuffler! And yet when the happy hopefulness faded out of that poor girl’s face, when you saw her furtively slip beneath her shawl the scroll she had so patiently and honestly scribbled at,—so ashamed of her darling now, so proud of it before,—when you saw the gladness go out of her eyes and the tears come there, when

she crept away so humbly who had come so” —

“Oh, peace! peace! peace! Blister your merciless tongue, have n’t all these thoughts tortured me enough, without *your* coming here to fetch them back again?”

Remorse! remorse! It seemed to me that it would eat the very heart out of me! And yet that small fiend only sat there leering at me with joy and contempt, and placidly chuckling. Presently he began to speak again. Every sentence was an accusation, and every accusation a truth. Every clause was freighted with sarcasm and derision, every slow-dropping word burned like vitriol. The dwarf reminded me of times when I had flown at my children in anger and punished them for faults which a little inquiry would have taught me that others, and not they, had committed. He reminded me of how I had disloyally allowed old friends to be traduced in my hearing, and been too craven to utter a word in their defense. He reminded me of many dishonest things which I had done; of many which I had procured to be done by children and other irresponsible persons; of some which I had planned, thought upon, and longed to do, and been kept from the performance by fear of consequences only. With exquisite cruelty he recalled to my mind, item by item, wrongs and unkindnesses I had inflicted and humiliations I had put upon friends since dead, “who died thinking of those injuries, maybe, and grieving over them,” he added, by way of poison to the stab.

“For instance,” said he, “take the case of your younger brother, when you two were boys together, many a long year ago. He always lovingly trusted in you with a fidelity that your manifold treacheries were not able to shake. He followed you about like a dog, content to suffer wrong and abuse if he might only be with you; patient under these injuries so long as it was your hand that inflicted them. The latest picture you have of him in health and strength must be such a comfort to you! You pledged your honor that if he would let you blindfold,

him no harm should come to him; and then, giggling and choking over the rare fun of the joke, you led him to a brook thinly glazed with ice, and pushed him in; and how you did laugh! Man, you will never forget the gentle, reproachful look he gave you as he struggled shivering out, if you live a thousand years! Oho! you see it now, you see it now!"

"Beast, I have seen it a million times, and shall see it a million more! and may you rot away piecemeal, and suffer till doomsday what I suffer now, for bringing it back to me again!"

The dwarf chuckled contentedly, and went on with his accusing history of my career. I dropped into a moody, vengeful state, and suffered in silence under the merciless lash. At last this remark of his gave me a sudden rouse:—

"Two months ago, on a Tuesday, you woke up, away in the night, and fell to thinking, with shame, about a peculiarly mean and pitiful act of yours toward a poor ignorant Indian in the wilds of the Rocky Mountains in the winter of eighteen hundred and"—

"Stop a moment, devil! Stop! Do you mean to tell me that even my very *thoughts* are not hidden from you?"

"It seems to look like that. Did n't you think the thoughts I have just mentioned?"

"If I did n't, I wish I may never breathe again! Look here, friend—look me in the eye. Who are you?"

"Well, who do you think?"

"I think you are Satan himself. I think you are the devil."

"No."

"No? Then who *can* you be?"

"Would you really like to know?"

"Indeed I would."

"Well, I am your *Conscience*!"

In an instant I was in a blaze of joy and exultation. I sprang at the creature, roaring,—

"Curse you, I have wished a hundred million times that you were tangible, and that I could get my hands on your throat once! Oh, but I will wreak a deadly vengeance on"—

Folly! Lightning does not move more

quickly than my Conscience did! He darted aloft so suddenly that in the moment my fingers clutched the empty air he was already perched on the top of the high book-case, with his thumb at his nose in token of derision. I flung the poker at him, and missed. I fired the boot-jack. In a blind rage I flew from place to place, and snatched and hurled any missile that came handy; the storm of books, inkstands, and chunks of coal gloomed the air and beat about the manikin's perch relentlessly, but all to no purpose; the nimble figure dodged every shot; and not only that, but burst into a cackle of sarcastic and triumphant laughter as I sat down exhausted. While I puffed and gasped with fatigue and excitement, my Conscience talked to this effect:—

"My good slave, you are curiously witless—no, I mean characteristically so. In truth, you are always consistent, always yourself, always an ass. Otherwise it must have occurred to you that if you attempted this murder with a sad heart and a heavy conscience, I would droop under the burdening influence instantly. Fool, I should have weighed a ton, and could not have budged from the floor; but instead, you are so cheerfully anxious to kill me that your conscience is as light as a feather; hence I am away up here out of your reach. I can almost respect a mere ordinary sort of fool; but *you*—pah!"

I would have given anything, then, to be heavy-hearted, so that I could get this person down from there and take his life, but I could no more be heavy-hearted over such a desire than I could have sorrowed over its accomplishment. So I could only look longingly up at my master, and rave at the ill-luck that denied me a heavy conscience the one only time that I had ever wanted such a thing in my life. By and by I got to musing over the hour's strange adventure, and of course my human curiosity began to work. I set myself to framing in my mind some questions for this fiend to answer. Just then one of my boys entered, leaving the door open behind him, and exclaimed,—

"My! what *has* been going on, here! The book-case is all one riddle of" —

I sprang up in consternation, and shouted, —

"Out of this! Hurry! Jump! Fly! Shut the door! Quick, or my Conscience will get away!"

The door slammed to, and I locked it. I glanced up and was grateful, to the bottom of my heart, to see that my owner was still my prisoner. I said, —

"Hang you, I might have lost you! Children are the heedlessest creatures. But look here, friend, the boy did not seem to notice you at all; how is that?"

"For a very good reason. I am invisible to all but you."

I made mental note of that piece of information with a good deal of satisfaction. I could kill this miscreant now, if I got a chance, and no one would know it. But this very reflection made me so light-hearted that my Conscience could hardly keep his seat, but was like to float aloft toward the ceiling like a toy balloon. I said, presently, —

"Come, my Conscience, let us be friendly. Let us fly a flag of truce for a while. I am suffering to ask you some questions."

"Very well. Begin."

"Well, then, in the first place, why were you never visible to me before?"

"Because you never asked to see me before; that is, you never asked in the right spirit and the proper form before. You were just in the right spirit this time, and when you called for your most pitiless enemy I was that person by a very large majority, though you did not suspect it."

"Well, did that remark of mine turn you into flesh and blood?"

"No. It only made me visible to you. I am unsubstantial, just as other spirits are."

This remark prodded me with a sharp misgiving. If he was unsubstantial, how was I going to kill him? But I dissembled, and said persuasively, —

"Conscience, it is n't sociable of you to keep at such a distance. Come down and take another smoke."

This was answered with a look that

was full of derision, and with this observation added: —

"Come where you can get at me and kill me? The invitation is declined with thanks."

"All right," said I to myself; "so it seems a spirit *can* be killed, after all; there will be one spirit lacking in this world, presently, or I lose my guess." Then I said aloud, —

"Friend" —

"There; wait a bit. I am not your friend, I am your enemy; I am not your equal, I am your master. Call me 'my lord,' if you please. You are too familiar."

"I don't like such titles. I am willing to call you *sir*. That is as far as" —

"We will have no argument about this. Just obey; that is all. Go on with your chatter."

"Very well, my lord, — since nothing but my lord will suit you, — I was going to ask you how long you will be visible to me?"

"Always!"

I broke out with strong indignation: "This is simply an outrage. That is what I think of it. You have dogged, and dogged, and *dogged* me, all the days of my life, invisible. That was misery enough; now to have such a looking thing as you tagging after me like another shadow all the rest of my days is an intolerable prospect. You have my opinion, my lord; make the most of it."

"My lad, there was never so pleased a conscience in this world as I was when you made me visible. It gives me an inconceivable advantage. *Now*, I can look you straight in the eye, and call you names, and leer at you, jeer at you, sneer at you; and *you* know what eloquence there is in visible gesture and expression, more especially when the effect is heightened by audible speech. I shall always address you henceforth in your o-w-n s-n-i-v-e-l-i-n-g d-r-a-w-l — baby!"

I let fly with the coal-hod. No result. My lord said, —

"Come, come! Remember the flag of truce!"

"Ah, I forgot that. I will try to

be civil; and *you* try it, too, for a novelty. The idea of a *civil* conscience! It is a good joke; an excellent joke. All the consciences *I* have ever heard of were nagging, badgering, fault-finding, execrable savages! Yes; and always in a sweat about some poor little insignificant trifle or other — destruction catch the lot of them, *I* say! I would trade mine for the small-pox and seven kinds of consumption, and be glad of the chance. Now tell me, why is it that a conscience can't haul a man over the coals once, for an offense, and then let him alone? Why is it that it wants to keep on pegging at him, day and night and night and day, week in and week out, forever and ever, about the same old thing? There is no sense in that, and no reason in it. I think a conscience that will act like that is meaner than the very dirt itself."

"Well, *we* like it; that suffices."

"Do you do it with the honest intent to improve a man?"

That question produced a sarcastic smile, and this reply:—

"No, sir. Excuse me. We do it simply because it is 'business.' It is our trade. The *purpose* of it is to improve the man, but *we* are merely disinterested agents. We are appointed by authority, and have n't anything to say in the matter. We obey orders and leave the consequences where they belong. But I am willing to admit this much: *we* do crowd the orders a trifle when we get a chance, which is most of the time. We enjoy it. We are instructed to remind a man a few times of an error; and I don't mind acknowledging that we try to give pretty good measure. And when we get hold of a man of a peculiarly sensitive nature, oh, but we do haze him! I have known consciences to come all the way from China and Russia to see a person of that kind put through his paces, on a special occasion. Why, I knew a man of that sort who had accidentally crippled a mulatto baby; the news went abroad, and I wish you may never commit another sin if the consciences did n't flock from all over the earth to enjoy the fun

and help his master exercise him. That man walked the floor in torture for forty-eight hours, without eating or sleeping, and then blew his brains out. The child was perfectly well again in three weeks."

"Well, you are a precious crew, not to put it too strong. I think I begin to see, now, why you have always been a trifle inconsistent with me. In your anxiety to get all the juice you can out of a sin, you make a man repent of it in three or four different ways. For instance, you found fault with me for lying to that tramp, and I suffered over that. But it was only yesterday that I told a tramp the square truth, to wit, that, it being regarded as bad citizenship to encourage vagrancy, I would give him nothing. What did you *do* then? Why, you made me say to myself, 'Ah, it would have been so much kinder and more blameless to ease him off with a little white lie, and send him away feeling that if he could not have bread, the gentle treatment was at least something to be grateful for!' Well, I suffered all day about *that*. Three days before, I had fed a tramp, and fed him freely, supposing it a virtuous act. Straight off you said, 'O false citizen, to have fed a tramp!' and I suffered as usual. I gave a tramp work; you objected to it, — *after* the contract was made, of course; you never speak up beforehand. Next, I *refused* a tramp work; you objected to *that*. Next, I proposed to kill a tramp; you kept me awake all night, oozing remorse at every pore. Sure I was going to be right *this* time, I sent the next tramp away with my benediction; and I wish you may live as long as I do, if you did n't make me smart all night again because I did n't kill him. Is there *any* way of satisfying that malignant invention which is called a conscience?"

"Ha, ha! this is luxury! Go on!"

"But come, now, answer me that question. *Is* there any way?"

"Well, none that I propose to tell *you*, my son. Ass! I don't care *what* act you may turn your hand to, I can straightway whisper a word in your ear

and make you think you have committed a dreadful meanness. It is my *business*—and my joy—to make you repent of *everything* you do. If I have fooled away any opportunities it was not intentional; I beg to assure you it was not intentional.”

“Don’t worry; you have n’t missed a trick that I know of. I never did a thing in all my life, virtuous or otherwise, that I did n’t repent of within twenty-four hours. In church last Sunday I listened to a charity sermon. My first impulse was to give three hundred and fifty dollars; I repented of that and reduced it a hundred; repented of that and reduced it another hundred; repented of that and reduced it another hundred; repented of that and reduced the remaining fifty to twenty-five; repented of that and came down to fifteen; repented of that and dropped to two dollars and a half; when the plate came around at last, I repented once more and contributed ten cents. Well, when I got home, I did wish to goodness I had that ten cents back again! You never *did* let me get through a charity sermon without having something to sweat about.”

“Oh, and I never shall, I never shall. You can always depend on me.”

“I think so. Many and many’s the restless night I’ve wanted to take you by the neck. If I could only get hold of you now!”

“Yes, no doubt. But I am not an ass; I am only the saddle of an ass. But go on, go on. You entertain me more than I like to confess.”

“I am glad of that. (You will not mind my lying a little, to keep in practice.) Look here; not to be too personal, I think you are about the shabbiest and most contemptible little shriveled-up reptile that can be imagined. I am grateful enough that you are invisible to other people, for I should die with shame to be seen with such a mildewed monkey of a conscience as *you* are. Now if you were five or six feet high, and”—

“Oh, come! who is to blame?”

“I don’t know.”

“Why, you are; nobody else.”

“Confound you, I was n’t consulted about your personal appearance.”

“I don’t care, you had a good deal to do with it, nevertheless. When you were eight or nine years old, I was seven feet high and as pretty as a picture.”

“I wish you had died young! So you have grown the wrong way, have you?”

“Some of us grow one way and some the other. You had a large conscience once; if you’ve a small conscience now, I reckon there are reasons for it. However, both of us are to blame, you and I. You see, you used to be conscientious about a great many things; morbidly so, I may say. It was a great many years ago. You probably do not remember it, now. Well, I took a great interest in my work, and I so enjoyed the anguish which certain pet sins of yours afflicted you with, that I kept pelting at you until I rather overdid the matter. You began to rebel. Of course I began to lose ground, then, and shrivel a little,—diminish in stature, get moldy, and grow deformed. The more I weakened, the more stubbornly you fastened on to those particular sins; till at last the places on my person that represent those vices became as callous as shark skin. Take smoking, for instance. I played that card a little too long, and I lost. When people plead with you at this late day to quit that vice, that old callous place seems to enlarge and cover me all over like a shirt of mail. It exerts a mysterious, smothering effect; and presently I, your faithful hater, your devoted Conscience, go sound asleep! Sound? It is no name for it. I could n’t hear it thunder, at such a time. You have some few other vices—perhaps eighty, or maybe ninety—that affect me in much the same way.”

“This is flattering; you must be asleep a good part of your time.”

“Yes, of late years. I should be asleep *all* the time, but for the help I get.”

“Who helps you?”

“Other consciences. Whenever a person whose conscience I am acquainted with tries to plead with you about

the vices you are callous to, I get my friend to give his client a pang concerning some villainy of his own, and that shuts off his meddling and starts him off to hunt personal consolation. My field of usefulness is about trimmed down to tramps, budding authoresses, and that line of goods, now; but don't you worry — I'll harry you on *them* while they last! Just you put your trust in me."

"I think I can. But if you had only been good enough to mention these facts some thirty years ago, I should have turned my particular attention to sin, and I think that by this time I should not only have had you pretty permanently asleep on the entire list of human vices, but reduced to the size of a homœopathic pill, at that. That is about the style of conscience I am pining for. If I only had you shrunk down to a homœopathic pill, and could get my hands on you, would I put you in a glass case for a keepsake? No, sir. I would give you to a yellow dog! That is where *you* ought to be — you and all your tribe. You are not fit to be in society, in my opinion. Now another question. Do you know a good many consciences in this section?"

"Plenty of them."

"I would give anything to see some of them! Could you bring them here? And would they be visible to me?"

"Certainly not."

"I suppose I ought to have known that, without asking. But no matter, you can describe them. Tell me about my neighbor Thompson's conscience, please."

"Very well. I know him intimately; have known him many years. I knew him when he was eleven feet high and of a faultless figure. But he is very rusty and tough and misshapen, now, and hardly ever interests himself about anything. As to his present size — well, he sleeps in a cigar box."

"Likely enough. There are few smaller, meaner men in this region than Hugh Thompson. Do you know Robinson's conscience?"

"Yes. He is a shade under four and a half feet high; used to be a blonde;

is a brunette, now, but still shapely and comely."

"Well, Robinson is a good fellow. Do you know Tom Smith's conscience?"

"I have known him from childhood. He was thirteen inches high, and rather sluggish, when he was two years old — as nearly all of us are, at that age. He is thirty-seven feet high, now, and the stateliest figure in America. His legs are still racked with growing-pains, but he has a good time, nevertheless. Never sleeps. He is the most active and energetic member of the New England Conscience Club; is president of it. Night and day you can find him pegging away at Smith, panting with his labor, sleeves rolled up, countenance all alive with enjoyment. He has got his victim splendidly dragooned, now. He can make poor Smith imagine that the most innocent little thing he does is an odious sin; and then he sets to work and almost tortures the soul out of him about it."

"Smith is the noblest man in all this section, and the purest; and yet is always breaking his heart because he cannot be good! Only a conscience *could* find pleasure in heaping agony upon a spirit like that. Do you know my aunt Mary's conscience?"

"I have seen her at a distance, but am not acquainted with her. She lives in the open air altogether, because no door is large enough to admit her."

"I can believe that. Let me see. Do you know the conscience of that publisher who once stole some sketches of mine for a 'series' of his, and then left me to pay the law expenses I had to incur in order to choke him off?"

"Yes. He has a wide fame. He was exhibited, a month ago, with some other antiquities, for the benefit of a recent Member of the Cabinet's conscience, that was starving in exile. Tickets and fares were high, but I traveled for nothing by pretending to be the conscience of an editor, and got in for half price by representing myself to be the conscience of a clergyman. However, the publisher's conscience, which was to have been the main feature of the entertainment, was a failure — as an exhibition.

He was there, but what of that? The management had provided a microscope with a magnifying power of only thirty thousand diameters, and so nobody got to see him, after all. There was great and general dissatisfaction, of course, but "—

Just here there was an eager footstep on the stair; I opened the door, and my aunt Mary burst into the room. It was a joyful meeting, and a cheery bombardment of questions and answers concerning family matters ensued. By and by my aunt said, —

"But I am going to abuse you a little now. You promised me, the day I saw you last, that you would look after the needs of the poor family around the corner as faithfully as I had done it myself. Well, I found out by accident that you failed of your promise. Was that right?"

In simple truth, I never had thought of that family a second time! And now such a splintering pang of guilt shot through me! I glanced up at my Conscience. Plainly, my heavy heart was affecting him. His body was drooping forward; he seemed about to fall from the book-case. My aunt continued:—

"And think how you have neglected my poor *protégée* at the almshouse, you dear, hard-hearted promise-breaker!" I blushed scarlet, and my tongue was tied. As the sense of my guilty negligence waxed sharper and stronger, my Conscience began to sway heavily back and forth; and when my aunt, after a little pause, said in a grieved tone, "Since you never once went to see her, maybe it will not distress you now to know that that poor child died, months ago, utterly friendless and forsaken!" my Conscience could no longer bear up under the weight of my sufferings, but tumbled headlong from his high perch and struck the floor with a dull, leaden thump. He lay there writhing with pain and quaking with apprehension, but straining every muscle in frantic efforts to get up. In a fever of expectancy I sprang to the door, locked it, placed my back against it, and bent a watchful gaze upon my struggling master. Already my fingers

were itching to begin their murderous work.

"Oh, what *can* be the matter!" exclaimed my aunt, shrinking from me, and following with her frightened eyes the direction of mine. My breath was coming in short, quick gasps now, and my excitement was almost uncontrollable. My aunt cried out, —

"Oh, do not look so! You appall me! Oh, what can the matter be? What is it you see? Why do you stare so? Why do you work your fingers like that?"

"Peace, woman!" I said, in a hoarse whisper. "Look elsewhere; pay no attention to me; it is nothing—nothing. I am often this way. It will pass in a moment. It comes from smoking too much."

My injured lord was up, wild-eyed with terror, and trying to hobble toward the door. I could hardly breathe, I was so wrought up. My aunt wrung her hands, and said, —

"Oh, I knew how it would be; I knew it would come to this at last! Oh, I implore you to crush out that fatal habit while it may yet be time! You must not, you shall not be deaf to my supplications longer!" My struggling Conscience showed sudden signs of weariness! "Oh, promise me you will throw off this hateful slavery of tobacco!" My Conscience began to reel drowsily, and grope with his hands—enchanting spectacle! "I beg you, I beseech you, I implore you! Your reason is deserting you! There is madness in your eye! It flames with frenzy! Oh, hear me, hear me, and be saved! See, I plead with you on my very knees!" As she sank before me my Conscience reeled again, and then drooped languidly to the floor, blinking toward me a last supplication for mercy, with heavy eyes. "Oh, promise, or you are lost! Promise, and be redeemed! Promise! Promise and live!" With a long-drawn sigh my conquered Conscience closed his eyes and fell fast asleep!

With an exultant shout I sprang past my aunt, and in an instant I had my life-long foe by the throat. After so many years of waiting and longing, he

was mine at last. I tore him to shreds and fragments. I rent the fragments to bits. I cast the bleeding rubbish into the fire, and drew into my nostrils the grateful incense of my burnt-offering. At last, and forever, my Conscience was dead!

I was a free man! I turned upon my poor aunt, who was almost petrified with terror, and shouted,—

“Out of this with your paupers, your charities, your reforms, your pestilent morals! You behold before you a man whose life-conflict is done, whose soul is at peace; a man whose heart is dead to sorrow, dead to suffering, dead to remorse; a man WITHOUT A CONSCIENCE! In my joy I spare you, though I could throttle you and never feel a pang! Fly!”

She fled. Since that day my life is all bliss. Bliss, unalloyed bliss. Nothing in all the world could persuade me to have a conscience again. I settled all my old outstanding scores, and began

the world anew. I killed thirty-eight persons during the first two weeks—all of them on account of ancient grudges. I burned a dwelling that interrupted my view. I swindled a widow and some orphans out of their last cow, which is a very good one, though not thoroughbred, I believe. I have also committed scores of crimes, of various kinds, and have enjoyed my work exceedingly, whereas it would formerly have broken my heart and turned my hair gray, I have no doubt.

In conclusion I wish to state, by way of advertisement, that medical colleges desiring assorted tramps for scientific purposes, either by the gross, by cord measurement, or per ton, will do well to examine the lot in my cellar before purchasing elsewhere, as these were all selected and prepared by myself, and can be had at a low rate, because I wish to clear out my stock and get ready for the spring trade.

Mark Twain.

SONNET.

DAY follows day; years perish; still mine eyes
Are opened on the self-same round of space;
Yon fadeless forests in their Titan grace,
And the large splendors of those opulent skies.
I watch, unwearied, the miraculous dyes
Of dawn or sunset; the soft boughs which lace
Round some coy dryad in a lonely place,
Thrilled with low whispering and strange sylvan sighs:
Weary? The poet's mind is fresh as dew,
And oft re-filled as fountains of the light.
His clear child's soul finds something sweet and new
Even in a weed's heart, the carved leaves of corn,
The spear-like grass, the silvery rime of morn,
A cloud rose-edged, and fleeting stars at night!

Paul H. Hayne.

THE AMERICAN.

I.

ON a brilliant day in May, in the year 1868, a gentleman was reclining at his ease on the great circular divan which at that period occupied the centre of the Salon Carré, in the Museum of the Louvre. This commodious ottoman has since been removed, to the extreme regret of all weak-kneed lovers of the fine arts; but the gentleman in question had taken serene possession of its softest spot, and, with his head thrown back and his legs outstretched, he was staring at Murillo's beautiful moon-borne Madonna, in profound enjoyment of his posture. He had removed his hat, and flung down beside him a little red guide-book and an opera-glass. The day was warm, he was heated with walking, and he repeatedly passed his handkerchief over his forehead, with a somewhat wearied gesture. And yet he was evidently not a man to whom fatigue was familiar; long, lean, and muscular, he suggested the sort of vigor that is commonly known as "toughness." But his exertions on this particular day had been of an unwonted sort, and he had often performed great physical feats which left him less jaded than his tranquil stroll through the Louvre. He had looked out all the pictures to which an asterisk was affixed in those formidable pages of fine print in his *Badeker*; his attention had been strained and his eyes dazzled, and he had sat down with an æsthetic headache. He had looked, moreover, not only at all the pictures, but at all the copies that were going forward around them, in the hands of those innumerable young women in irreproachable toilets who devote themselves, in France, to the propagation of master-pieces; and if the truth must be told, he had often admired the copy much more than the original. His physiognomy would have sufficiently indicated that he was a shrewd and capable fellow, and in

truth he had often sat up all night over a bristling bundle of accounts, and heard the cock crow without a yawn. But Raphael and Titian and Rubens were a new kind of arithmetic, and they inspired our friend, for the first time in his life, with a vague self-mistrust.

An observer with anything of an eye for national types would have had no difficulty in determining the local origin of this undeveloped connoisseur, and indeed such an observer might have felt a certain humorous relish of the almost ideal completeness with which he filled out the national mold. The gentleman on the divan was a powerful specimen of an American. But he was not only a fine American; he was in the first place, physically, a fine man. He appeared to possess that kind of health and strength which, when found in perfection, is the most impressive — the physical capital which the owner does nothing to "keep up." If he was a muscular Christian, it was quite without knowing it. If it was necessary to walk to a remote spot, he walked, but he had never known himself to "exercise." He had no theory with regard to cold bathing or the use of Indian clubs; he was neither an oarsman, a rifleman, nor a fencer, — he had never had time for these amusements, — and he was quite unaware that the saddle is recommended for certain forms of indigestion. He was by inclination a temperate man; but he had supped the night before his visit to the Louvre at the *Café Anglais*, — some one had told him it was an experience not to be omitted, — and he had slept none the less the sleep of the just. His usual attitude and carriage were of a rather relaxed and lounging-kind, but when, under a special inspiration, he straightened himself, he looked like a grenadier on parade. He never smoked. He had been assured — such things are said — that cigars were excellent for the health, and he was quite capable of believing it; but he

knew as little about tobacco as about homœopathy. He had a very well-formed head, with a shapely, symmetrical balance of the frontal and the occipital development, and a good deal of straight, rather dry brown hair. His complexion was brown, and his nose had a bold, well-marked arch. His eye was of a clear, cold gray, and save for a rather abundant mustache he was clean-shaved. He had the flat jaw and sinewy neck which are frequent in the American type; but the traces of national origin are a matter of expression even more than of feature, and it was in this respect that our friend's countenance was supremely eloquent. The discriminating observer we have been supposing might, however, perfectly have measured its expressiveness, and yet have been at a loss to describe it. It had that typical vagueness which is not vacuity, that blankness which is not simplicity, that look of being committed to nothing in particular, of standing in an attitude of general hospitality to the chances of life, of being very much at one's own disposal, so characteristic of many American faces. It was our friend's eye that chiefly told his story; an eye in which innocence and experience were singularly blended. It was full of contradictory suggestions, and though it was by no means the glowing orb of a hero of romance, you could find in it almost anything you looked for. Frigid and yet friendly, frank yet cautious, shrewd yet credulous, positive yet skeptical, confident yet shy, extremely intelligent and extremely good-humored, there was something vaguely defiant in its concessions, and something profoundly reassuring in its reserve. The cut of this gentleman's mustache, with the two premature wrinkles in the cheek above it, and the fashion of his garments, in which an exposed shirt-front and a cerulean cravat played perhaps an obtrusive part, completed the conditions of his identity. We have approached him, perhaps, at a not especially favorable moment; he is by no means sitting for his portrait. But listless as he lounges there, rather baffled on the æsthetic question, and

guilty of the damning fault (as we have lately discovered it to be) of confounding the merit of the artist with that of his work (for he admires the squinting Madonna of the young lady with the boyish coiffure, because he thinks the young lady herself uncommonly taking), he is a sufficiently promising acquaintance. Decision, salubrity, jocosity, prosperity, seem to hover within his call; he is evidently a practical man, but the idea, in his case, has undefined and mysterious boundaries, which invite the imagination to bestir itself on his behalf.

As the little copyist proceeded with her work, she sent every now and then a responsive glance toward her admirer. The cultivation of the fine arts appeared to necessitate, to her mind, a great deal of by-play, a great standing off with folded arms and head drooping from side to side, stroking of a dimpled chin with a dimpled hand, sighing and frowning and patting of the foot, fumbling in disordered tresses for wandering hair-pins. These performances were accompanied by a restless glance, which lingered longer than elsewhere upon the gentleman we have described. At last he rose abruptly, put on his hat, and approached the young lady. He placed himself before her picture and looked at it for some moments, during which she pretended to be quite unconscious of his inspection. Then, addressing her with the single word which constituted the strength of his French vocabulary, and holding up one finger in a manner which appeared to him to illuminate his meaning, "*Combien?*" he abruptly demanded.

The artist stared a moment, gave a little pout, shrugged her shoulders, put down her palette and brushes, and stood rubbing her hands.

"How much?" said our friend, in English. "*Combien?*"

"Monsieur wishes to buy it?" asked the young lady in French.

"Very pretty, *splendide*. *Combien?*" repeated the American.

"It pleases monsieur, my little picture? It's a very beautiful subject," said the young lady.

"The Madonna, yes; I am not a

Catholic, but I want to buy it. Com-bien? Write it here." And he took a pencil from his pocket and showed her the fly-leaf of his guide-book. She stood looking at him and scratching her chin with the pencil. "Is it not for sale?" he asked. And as she still stood reflecting, and looking at him with an eye which, in spite of her desire to treat this avidity of patronage as a very old story, betrayed an almost touching incredulity, he was afraid he had offended her. She was simply trying to look indifferent, and wondering how far she might go. "I have n't made a mistake—*pas insulté*, no?" her interlocutor continued. "Don't you understand a little English?"

The young lady's aptitude for playing a part at short notice was remarkable. She fixed him with her conscious perceptive eye and asked him if he spoke no French. Then, "*Donnez!*" she said briefly, and took the open guide-book. In the upper corner of the fly-leaf she traced a number, in a minute and extremely neat hand. Then she handed back the book and took up her palette again.

Our friend read the number: "2000 francs." He said nothing for a time, but stood looking at the picture, while the copyist began actively to dabble with her paint. "For a copy, is n't that a good deal?" he asked at last. "*Pas beaucoup?*"

The young lady raised her eyes from her palette, scanned him from head to foot, and alighted with admirable sagacity upon exactly the right answer. "Yes, it's a good deal. But my copy has certain qualities; it is worth nothing less."

The gentleman in whom we are interested understood no French, but I have said he was intelligent, and here is a good chance to prove it. He apprehended, by a natural instinct, the meaning of the young woman's phrase, and it gratified him to think that she was so honest. Beauty, talent, virtue; she combined everything! "But you must finish it," he said. "*Finish*, you know," and he pointed to the unpainted hand of the figure.

"Oh, it shall be finished in perfection; in the perfection of perfections!" cried mademoiselle; and, to confirm her promise, she deposited a rosy blotch in the middle of the Madonna's cheek.

But the American frowned. "Ah, too red, too red!" he rejoined. "Her complexion," pointing to the Murillo, "is more delicate."

"Delicate? Oh, it shall be delicate, monsieur; delicate as *Sèvres biscuit*. I am going to tone that down; I know all the secrets of the art. And where will you allow us to send it to you? Your address?"

"My address? Oh, yes!" And the gentleman drew a card from his pocket-book and wrote something upon it. Then hesitating a moment he said, "If I don't like it when it is finished, you know, I shall not be obliged to take it."

The young lady seemed as good a guesser as himself. "Oh, I am very sure that monsieur is not capricious," she said with a roguish smile.

"Capricious?" And at this monsieur began to laugh. "Oh no, I'm not capricious. I am very faithful. I am very constant. *Comprenez?*"

"Monsieur is constant; I understand perfectly. It's a rare virtue. To recompense you, you shall have your picture on the first possible day; next week—as soon as it is dry. I will take the card of monsieur." And she took it and read his name: "Christopher Newman." Then she tried to repeat it aloud, and laughed at her bad accent. "Your English names are so droll!"

"Droll?" said Mr. Newman, laughing too. "Did you ever hear of Christopher Columbus?"

"*Bien sûr!* He invented America; a very great man. And is he your patron?"

"My patron?"

"Your patron-saint, in the calendar."

"Oh, exactly; my parents named me for him."

"Monsieur is American?"

"Don't you see it?" monsieur inquired.

"And you mean to carry my little

picture away over there?" and she explained her phrase with a gesture.

"Oh, I mean to buy a great many pictures — *beaucoup, beaucoup*," said Christopher Newman.

"The honor is not less for me," the young lady answered, "for I am sure monsieur has a great deal of taste."

"But you must give me your card," Newman said; "your card, you know."

The young lady looked severe for an instant, and then said, "My father will wait upon you."

But this time Mr. Newman's powers of divination were at fault. "Your card, your address," he simply repeated.

"My address?" said mademoiselle. Then, with a little shrug, "Happily for you, you are an American! It is the first time I ever gave my card to a gentleman." And, taking from her pocket a rather greasy *porte-monnaie*, she extracted from it a small glazed visiting card and presented the latter to her patron. It was neatly inscribed in pencil, with a great many flourishes, "Mlle. Noémie Nioche." But Mr. Newman, unlike his companion, read the name with perfect gravity; all French names to him were equally droll.

"And precisely, here is my father, who has come to escort me home," said Mademoiselle Noémie. "He speaks English. He will arrange with you." And she turned to welcome a little old gentleman who came shuffling up, peering over his spectacles at Newman.

M. Nioche wore a glossy wig, of an unnatural color, which overhung his little meek, white, vacant face and left it hardly more expressive than the unfeatured block upon which these articles are displayed in the barber's window. He was an exquisite image of shabby gentility. His little, ill-made coat, desperately brushed, his darned gloves, his highly polished boots, his rusty, shapely hat, told the story of a person who had "had losses," and who clung to the spirit of nice habits, though the letter had been hopelessly effaced. Among other things M. Nioche had lost courage. Adversity had not only ruined

him, it had frightened him, and he was evidently going through his remnant of life on tiptoe, for fear of waking up the hostile fate. If this strange gentleman was saying anything improper to his daughter, M. Nioche would entreat him huskily, as a particular favor, to forbear; but he would admit at the same time that he was very presumptuous to ask for particular favors.

"Monsieur has bought my picture," said Mademoiselle Noémie. "When it is finished you will carry it to him in a cab."

"In a cab!" cried M. Nioche; and he stared, in a bewildered way, as if he had seen the sun rising at midnight.

"Are you the young lady's father?" said Newman. "I think she said you speak English."

"Speak English — yes," said the old man, slowly rubbing his hands. "I will bring it in a cab."

"Say something, then," cried his daughter. "Thank him a little — not too much."

"A little, my daughter, a little," said M. Nioche, perplexed. "How much?"

"Two thousand!" said Mademoiselle Noémie. "Don't make a fuss, or he will take back his word."

"Two thousand!" cried the old man; and he began to fumble for his snuff-box. He looked at Newman, from head to foot, at his daughter, and then at the picture. "Take care you don't spoil it!" he cried, almost sublimely.

"We must go home," said Mademoiselle Noémie. "This is a good day's work. Take care how you carry it." And she began to put up her painting materials.

"How can I thank you?" said M. Nioche. "My English does not suffice."

"I wish I spoke French as well," said Newman, good-naturedly. "Your daughter is very clever."

"Oh, sir!" and M. Nioche looked over his spectacles with tearful eyes and nodded several times with a world of sadness. "She has had an education — *très-supérieure!* Nothing was spared. Lessons in pastel at ten francs the les-

son, lessons in oil at twelve francs. I did n't look at the francs, then. She's an *artiste*, ah!"

"Do I understand you to say that you have had reverses?" asked Newman.

"Reverses? Oh, sir, misfortunes — terrible!"

"Unsuccessful in business, eh?"

"Very unsuccessful, sir."

"Oh, never fear, you'll get on your legs again," said Newman cheerily.

The old man drooped his head on one side and looked at him with an expression of pain, as if this were an unfeeling jest.

"What does he say?" demanded Mademoiselle Noémie.

M. Nioche took a pinch of snuff. "He says I will make my fortunes again."

"Perhaps he will help you. And what else?"

"He says thou art very clever."

"It is very possible. You believe it yourself, my father?"

"Believe it, my daughter? With this evidence!" And the old man turned afresh, with a staring, wondering homage, to the audacious daub on the easel.

"Ask him, then, if he would not like to learn French."

"To learn French?"

"To take lessons."

"To take lessons, my daughter? From you?"

"From you!"

"From me, my child? How should I give lessons?"

"*Pas de raisons!* Ask him immediately!" said Mademoiselle Noémie, with soft brevity.

M. Nioche stood aghast, but under his daughter's eye he collected his wits, and, doing his best to assume an agreeable smile, he executed her commands. "Would it please you to receive instruction in our beautiful language?" he inquired, with an appealing quaver.

"To study French?" asked Newman, staring.

M. Nioche pressed his finger-tips together and slowly raised his shoulders. "A little conversation!"

"Conversation — that's it!" murmured Mademoiselle Noémie, who had

caught the word. "The conversation of the best society."

"Our French conversation is famous, you know," M. Nioche ventured to continue. "It's a great talent."

"But is n't it awfully difficult?" asked Newman, very simply.

"Not to a man of *esprit*, like monsieur, an admirer of beauty in every form!" and M. Nioche cast a significant glance at his daughter's Madonna.

"I can't fancy myself chattering French!" said Newman with a laugh.

"And yet, I suppose that the more a man knows the better."

"Monsieur expresses that very happily. *Hélas, oui!*"

"I suppose it would help me a great deal, knocking about Paris, to know the language."

"Ah, there are so many things monsieur must want to say; difficult things!"

"Everything I want to say is difficult. But you give lessons?"

Poor M. Nioche was embarrassed; he smiled more appealingly. "I am not a regular professor," he admitted. "I can't nevertheless tell him that I'm a professor," he said to his daughter.

"Tell him it's a very exceptional chance," answered Mademoiselle Noémie, "an *homme du monde* — one gentleman conversing with another! Remember what you are — what you have been!"

"A teacher of languages in neither case! much more in the one and much less in the other! And if he asks the price of the lessons?"

"He won't ask it," said Mademoiselle Noémie.

"What he pleases, I may say."

"Never! That's bad style."

"If he asks, then?"

Mademoiselle Noémie had put on her bonnet and was tying the ribbons. She smoothed them out, with her soft little chin thrust forward. "Ten francs," she said quickly.

"Oh, my daughter! I shall never dare."

"Don't dare, then! He won't ask till the end of the lessons, and then I will make out the bill."

M. Nioche turned to the confiding foreigner again, and stood rubbing his hands, with an air of seeming to plead guilty which was not intenser only because it was habitually so striking. It never occurred to Newman to ask him for a guarantee of his skill in imparting instruction; he supposed of course M. Nioche knew his own language, and his appealing forlornness was quite the perfection of what the American, for vague reasons, had always associated with all elderly foreigners of the lesson-giving class. Newman had never reflected upon philological processes. His chief impression with regard to ascertaining those mysterious correlatives of his familiar English vocables which were current in this extraordinary city of Paris was, that it was simply a matter of a good deal of unwonted and rather ridiculous muscular effort on his own part. "How did you learn English?" he asked of the old man.

"When I was young, before my miseries. Oh, I was wide awake, then. My father was a great *commerçant*; he placed me for a year in a counting-house in England. Some of it stuck to me; but I have forgotten!"

"How much French can I learn in a month?"

"What does he say?" asked Mademoiselle Noémie.

M. Nioche explained.

"He will speak like an angel," said his daughter.

But the native integrity which had been vainly exerted to secure M. Nioche's commercial prosperity flickered up again. "*Dame, monsieur!*" he answered. "All I can teach you!" And then, recovering himself at a sign from his daughter, "I will wait upon you at your hotel."

"Oh, yes, I should like to learn French," Newman went on, with democratic confidingness. "Hang me if I should ever have thought of it! I took for granted it was impossible. But if you learned my language, why should n't I learn yours?" and his frank, friendly laugh drew the sting from the jest. "Only, if we are going to con-

verse, you know, you must think of something cheerful to converse about."

"You are very good, sir; I am overcome!" said M. Nioche, throwing out his hands. "But you have cheerfulness and happiness for two!"

"Oh, no," said Newman, more seriously. "You must be bright and lively; that's part of the bargain."

M. Nioche bowed, with his hand on his heart. "Very well, sir; you have already made me lively."

"Come and bring me my picture then; I will pay you for it, and we will talk about that. That will be a cheerful subject!"

Mademoiselle Noémie had collected her accessories, and she gave the precious Madonna in charge to her father, who retreated backwards out of sight, holding it at arms-length and reiterating his obeisances. The young lady gathered her shawl about her like a perfect Parisienne, and it was with the smile of a Parisienne that she took leave of her patron.

II.

He wandered back to the divan and seated himself on the other side, in view of the great canvas on which Paul Veronese has depicted the marriage-feast of Cana. Wearied as he was he found the picture entertaining; it had an illusion for him, and satisfied his conception, which was ambitious, of what a splendid banquet should be. In the left-hand corner of the picture is a young woman with yellow tresses confined in a golden head-dress; she is bending forward and listening, with the smile of a charming woman at a dinner-party, to her neighbor. Newman detected her in the crowd, admired her, and perceived that she too had her votive copyist—a young man with his hair parted in the middle. Suddenly he became conscious of the germ of the mania of the "collector;" he had taken the first step; why should he not go on? It was only twenty minutes before that he had bought the first picture of his life, and now he was already thinking of art-patronage as a fas-

inating pursuit. His reflections quickened his good-humor, and he was on the point of approaching the young man with another "Combien?" Two or three facts in this relation are noticeable, although the logical chain which connects them may seem imperfect. He knew Mademoiselle Nioche had asked too much; he bore her no grudge for doing so, and he was determined to pay the young man exactly the proper sum. At this moment, however, his attention was attracted by a gentleman who had come from another part of the room and whose manner was that of a stranger to the gallery, although he was equipped with neither guide-book nor opera-glass. He carried a white sun-umbrella, lined with blue silk, and he strolled in front of the Paul Veronese, vaguely looking at it, but much too near to see anything but the grain of the canvas. Opposite to Christopher Newman he paused and turned, and then our friend, who had been observing him, had a chance to verify a suspicion aroused by an imperfect view of his face. The result of this freer scrutiny was that he presently sprang to his feet, strode across the room, and, with an outstretched hand, arrested the gentleman with the blue-lined umbrella. The latter stared, but put out his hand at a venture. He was corpulent and rosy, and though his countenance, which was ornamented with a beautiful flaxen beard, carefully divided in the middle and brushed outward at the sides, was not remarkable for intensity of expression, he looked like a person who would willingly shake hands with any one. I know not what Newman thought of his face, but he found a want of response in his grasp.

"Oh, come, come," he said, laughing; "don't say, now, you don't know me—if I have *not* got a white parasol!"

The sound of his voice quickened the other's memory, his face expanded to its fullest capacity, and he also broke into a laugh. "Why, Newman—I'll be blowed! Where in the world—I declare—who would have thought? You know you have changed."

"You have n't!" said Newman.

"Not for the better, no doubt. When did you get here?"

"Three days ago."

"Why did n't you let me know?"

"I had no idea *you* were here."

"I have been here these six years."

"It must be eight or nine since we met."

"Something of that sort. We were very young."

"It was in St. Louis, during the war. You were in the army."

"Oh, no, not I! But you were."

"I believe I was."

"You came out all right?"

"I came out with my legs and arms—and with satisfaction. All that seems very far away."

"And how long have you been in Europe?"

"Seventeen days."

"First time?"

"Yes, very much so."

"Made your everlasting fortune?"

Christopher Newman was silent a moment, and then with a tranquil smile he answered, "Yes."

"And come to Paris to spend it, eh?"

"Well, we shall see. So they carry those parasols here—the men-folk?"

"Of course they do. They're great things. They understand comfort out here."

"Where do you buy them?"

"Anywhere, everywhere."

"Well, Tristram, I'm glad to get hold of you. You can show me the ropes. I suppose you know Paris, inside out."

Mr. Tristram gave a mellow smile of self-gratulation. "Well, I guess there are not many men that can show me much. I'll take care of you."

"It's a pity you were not here a few minutes ago. I have just bought a picture. You might have put the thing through for me."

"Bought a picture?" said Mr. Tristram, looking vaguely round at the walls.

"Why, do they sell them?"

"I mean a copy."

"Oh, I see. These," said Mr. Tristram, nodding at the Titians and Vandykes, "these, I suppose, are originals."

"I hope so," cried Newman. "I don't want a copy of a copy."

"Ah," said Mr. Tristram, mysteriously, "you can never tell. They imitate, you know, so deucedly well. It's like the jewelers, with their false stones. Go into the Palais Royal, there; you see 'Imitation' on half the windows. The law obliges them to stick it on, you know; but you can't tell the things apart. To tell the truth," Mr. Tristram continued, with a wry face, "I don't do much in pictures. I leave that to my wife."

"Ah, you have got a wife?"

"Did n't I mention it? She's a very nice woman; you must know her. She's up there in the Avenue d'Eylau."

"So you are regularly fixed — house and children and all."

"Yes, a tip-top house and a couple of youngsters."

"Well," said Christopher Newman, stretching his arms a little, with a sigh, "I envy you."

"Oh, no you don't!" answered Mr. Tristram, giving him a little poke with his parasol.

"I beg your pardon; I do!"

"Well, you won't, then, when — when" —

"You don't certainly mean when I have seen your establishment?"

"When you have seen Paris, my boy. You want to be your own master here."

"Oh, I have been my own master all my life, and I'm tired of it."

"Well, try Paris. How old are you?"

"Thirty-six."

"C'est le bel âge, as they say here."

"What does that mean?"

"It means that a man should n't send away his plate till he has eaten his fill."

"All that? I have just made arrangements to take French lessons."

"Oh, you don't want any lessons. You'll pick it up. I never took any."

"I suppose you speak French as well as English."

"Better!" said Mr. Tristram, soundly. "It's a splendid language. You can say all sorts of bright things in it."

"But I suppose," said Christopher Newman, with an earnest desire for in-

formation, "that you must be bright to begin with."

"Not a bit; that's just the beauty of it."

The two friends, as they exchanged these remarks, had remained standing where they met, and leaning against the rail which protected the pictures. Mr. Tristram at last declared that he was overcome with fatigue, and would be happy to sit down. Newman recommended in the highest terms the great divan on which he had been lounging, and they prepared to seat themselves. "This is a great place; is n't it?" said Newman, with ardor.

"Great place, great place. Finest thing in the world." And then, suddenly, Mr. Tristram hesitated and looked about him. "I suppose they won't let you smoke here."

Newman stared. "Smoke? I'm sure I don't know. You know the regulations better than I."

"I? I never was here before!"

"Never! in six years?"

"I believe my wife dragged me here once when we first came to Paris, but I never found my way back."

"But you say you know Paris so well!"

"I don't call this Paris!" cried Mr. Tristram, with assurance. "Come; let's go over to the Palais Royal and have a smoke."

"I don't smoke," said Newman.

"A drink, then."

And Mr. Tristram led his companion away. They passed through the glorious halls of the Louvre, down the staircases, along the cool, dim galleries of sculpture, and out into the enormous court. Newman looked about him as he went, but he made no comments, and it was only when they at last emerged into the open air that he said to his friend, "It seems to me that in your place I would have come here once a week."

"Oh, no you would n't!" said Mr. Tristram. "You think so, but you would n't. You would n't have had time. You would always mean to go, but you never would go. There's better fun than that, here in Paris. Italy's the

place to see pictures; wait till you get there. There you have to go; you can't do anything else. It's an awful country; you can't get a decent cigar. I don't know why I went in there, to-day; I was strolling along, rather hard up for amusement. I sort of noticed the Louvre as I passed, and I thought I would go in and see what was going on. But if I had n't found you there I should have felt rather sold. Hang it, I don't care for pictures; I prefer the reality!" And Mr. Tristram tossed off this happy formula with an assurance which the numerous class of persons suffering from an overdose of "culture" might have envied him.

The two gentlemen proceeded along the Rue de Rivoli and into the Palais Royal, where they seated themselves at one of the little tables stationed at the door of the café which projects into the great open quadrangle. The place was filled with people, the fountains were spouting, a band was playing, clusters of chairs were gathered beneath all the lime-trees, and buxom, white-capped nurses, seated along the benches, were offering to their infant charges the amplest facilities for nutrition. There was an easy, homely gayety in the whole scene, and Christopher Newman felt that it was most characteristically Parisian.

"And now," began Mr. Tristram, when they had tested the decoction which he had caused to be served to them, "now just give an account of yourself. What are your ideas, what are your plans, where have you come from and where are you going? In the first place, where are you staying?"

"At the Grand Hotel," said Newman.

Mr. Tristram puckered his plump visage. "That won't do! You must change."

"Change?" demanded Newman. "Why, it's the finest hotel I ever was in."

"You don't want a 'fine' hotel; you want something small and quiet and elegant, where your bell is answered and your—your person is recognized."

"They keep running to see if I have rung before I have touched the bell," said Newman, "and as for my person, they are always bowing and scraping to it."

"I suppose you are always tipping them. That's very bad style."

"Always? By no means. A man brought me something yesterday, and then stood loafing about in a beggarly manner. I offered him a chair and asked him if he would n't sit down. Was that bad style?"

"Very!"

"But he bolted, instantly. At any rate, the place amuses me. Hang your elegance, if it bores me. I sat in the court of the Grand Hotel last night until two o'clock in the morning, watching the coming and going, and the people knocking about."

"You're easily pleased. But you can do as you choose—a man in your shoes. You have made a pile of money, eh?"

"I have made enough."

"Happy the man who can say that! Enough for what?"

"Enough to rest awhile, to forget the confounded thing, to look about me, to see the world, to have a good time, to improve my mind, and, if the fancy takes me, to marry a wife." Newman spoke slowly, with a certain dryness of accent and with frequent pauses. This was his habitual mode of utterance, but it was especially marked in the words I have just quoted.

"Jupiter! There's a programme!" cried Mr. Tristram. "Certainly, all that takes money, especially the wife; unless indeed she gives it, as mine did. And what's the story? How have you done it?"

Newman had pushed his hat back from his forehead, folded his arms, and stretched his legs. He listened to the music, he looked about him at the bustling crowd, at the plashing fountains, at the nurses and the babies. "I have worked!" he answered at last.

Tristram looked at him for some moments, and allowed his placid eyes to measure his friend's generous longitude and rest upon his comfortably contem-

plative face. "What have you worked at?" he asked.

"Oh, at several things."

"I suppose you're a smart fellow, eh?"

Newman continued to look at the nurses and babies; they imparted to the scene a kind of primordial, pastoral simplicity. "Yes," he said at last, "I suppose I am." And then, in answer to his companion's inquiries, he related briefly his history since their last meeting. It was an intensely Western story, and it dealt with enterprises which it will be needless to introduce to the reader in detail. Newman had come out of the war with a brevet of brigadier-general, an honor which in this case—without invidious comparisons—had lighted upon shoulders amply competent to bear it. But though he could manage a fight, when need was, Newman heartily disliked the business; his four years in the army had left him with an angry, bitter sense of the waste of precious things—life and time and money and "smartness" and the early freshness of purpose; and he had addressed himself to the pursuits of peace with passionate zest and energy. He was of course as penniless when he plucked off his shoulder-straps as when he put them on, and the only capital at his disposal was his dogged resolution and his lively perception of ends and means. Exertion and action were as natural to him as respiration; a more completely healthy mortal had never trod the elastic soil of the West. His experience, moreover, was as wide as his capacity; when he was fourteen years old, necessity had taken him by his slim young shoulders and pushed him into the street, to earn that night's supper. He had not earned it, but he had earned the next night's, and afterwards, whenever he had had none, it was because he had gone without it to use the money for something else, a keener pleasure or a finer profit. He had turned his hand, with his brain in it, to many things; he had been enterprising, in an eminent sense of the term; he had been adventurous and even reckless, and he had known bitter failure as well as brilliant

success; but he was a born experimentalist, and he had always found something to enjoy in the pressure of necessity, even when it was as irritating as the haircloth shirt of the mediæval monk. At one time failure seemed inexorably his portion; ill-luck became his bed-fellow, and whatever he touched he turned, not to gold, but to ashes. His most vivid conception of a supernatural element in the world's affairs had come to him once when this pertinacity of misfortune was at its climax; there seemed to him something stronger in life than his own will. But the mysterious something could only be the devil, and he was accordingly seized with an intense personal enmity to this impertinent force. He had known what it was to have utterly exhausted his credit, to be unable to raise a dollar, and to find himself at nightfall in a strange city, without a penny to mitigate its strangeness. It was under these circumstances that he made his entrance into San Francisco, the scene, subsequently, of his happiest strokes of fortune. If he did not, like Dr. Franklin in Philadelphia, march along the street munching a penny-loaf, it was only because he had not the penny-loaf necessary to the performance. In his darkest days he had had but one simple, practical impulse—the desire, as he would have phrased it, to see the thing through. He did so at last, buffeted his way into smooth waters, and made money largely. It must be admitted, rather nakedly, that Christopher Newman's sole aim in life had been to make money; what he had been placed in the world for was, to his own perception, simply to wrest a fortune, the bigger the better, from defiant opportunity. This idea completely filled his horizon and satisfied his imagination. Upon the uses of money, upon what one might do with a life into which one had succeeded in injecting the golden stream, he had up to his thirty-fifth year very scantily reflected. Life had been for him an open game, and he had played for high stakes. He had won at last and carried off his winnings; and now what was he to do with them? He was a man to

whom, sooner or later, the question was sure to present itself, and the answer to it belongs to our story. A vague sense that more answers were possible than his philosophy had hitherto dreamt of had already taken possession of him, and it seemed softly and agreeably to deepen as he lounged in this brilliant corner of Paris with his friend.

"I must confess," he presently went on, "that here I don't feel at all smart. My remarkable talents seem of no use. I feel as simple as a little child, and a little child might take me by the hand and lead me about."

"Oh, I'll be your little child," said Tristram, jovially; "I'll take you by the hand. Trust yourself to me."

"I am a good worker," Newman continued, "but I rather think I am a poor loafer. I have come abroad to amuse myself, but I doubt whether I know how."

"Oh, that's easily learned."

"Well, I may perhaps learn it, but I am afraid I shall never do it but by rote. I have the best will in the world about it, but my genius does n't lie in that direction. As a loafer I shall never be original, as I take it that you are."

"Yes," said Tristram, "I suppose I am original; like all those improper pictures in the Louvre."

"Besides," Newman continued, "I don't want to work at pleasure, any more than I played at work. I want to take it easily. I feel deliciously lazy, and I should like to spend six months as I am now, sitting under a tree and listening to a band. There's only one thing, I want to hear some good music."

"Music and pictures! Lord, what refined tastes! You are what my wife calls intellectual. I an't, a bit. But we can find something better for you to do than to sit under a tree. To begin with, you must come to the club."

"What club?"

"The Occidental. You will see all the Americans there; all the best of them, at least. Of course you play poker?"

"Oh, I say," cried Newman, with energy, "you are not going to lock me up in a club and stick me down at a

card-table! I have n't come all this way for that."

"What the deuce *have* you come for? You were glad enough to play poker in St. Louis, I recollect, when you cleaned me out."

"Oh, I have come to see Europe, to get the best out of it I can. I want to see all the great things, and do what the clever people do."

"The clever people? Much obliged. You set me down as a blockhead, then?"

Newman was sitting sideways in his chair, with his elbow on the back and his head leaning on his hand. Without moving he looked a while at his companion, with his dry, guarded, half-inscrutable, and yet altogether good-natured smile. "Introduce me to your wife!" he said at last.

Tristram bounced about in his chair. "Upon my word, I won't. She does n't want any help to turn up her nose at me, nor do you, either!"

"I don't turn up my nose at you, my dear fellow; nor at any one, or anything. I'm not proud, I assure you I'm not proud. That's why I am willing to take example by the clever people."

"Well, if I'm not the rose, as they say here, I have lived near it. I can show you some clever people, too. Do you know General Packard? Do you know C. P. Hatch? Do you know Miss Kitty Upjohn?"

"I shall be happy to make their acquaintance; I want to cultivate society."

Tristram seemed restless and suspicious; he eyed his friend askance, and then, "What are you up to, any way?" he demanded. "Are you going to write a book?"

Christopher Newman twisted one end of his mustache a while, in silence, and at last he made answer. "One day, a couple of months ago, something very curious happened to me. I had come on to New York on some important business; it was rather a long story, — a question of getting ahead of another party, in a certain particular way, in the stock-market. This other party had once played me a very mean trick. I owed him a grudge, I felt awfully sav-

age at the time, and I vowed that, when I got a chance, I would — figuratively speaking — smash his nose in. There was a matter of some sixty thousand dollars at stake. If I put it out of his way, it was a blow the fellow would feel, and he really deserved no quarter. I jumped into a hack and went about my business, and it was in this hack — this immortal, historical hack — that the curious thing I speak of occurred. It was a hack like any other, only a trifle dirtier, with a greasy line along the top of the drab cushions, as if it had been used for a great many Irish funerals. It is possible I took a nap; I had been traveling all night, and though I was excited with my errand, I felt the want of sleep. At all events I woke up suddenly, from a sleep or from a kind of a reverie, with the most extraordinary feeling in the world, a mortal disgust for the thing I was going to do. It came upon me like *that!* — and he snapped his fingers, — “as abruptly as an old wound that begins to ache. I could n’t tell the meaning of it; I only felt that I loathed the whole business and wanted to wash my hands of it. The idea of losing that sixty thousand dollars, of letting it utterly slide and scuttle and never hearing of it again, seemed the sweetest thing in the world. And all this took place quite independently of my will, and I sat watching it as if it were a play at the theatre. I could feel it going on inside of me. You may depend upon it, that there are things going on inside of us that we understand mighty little about.”

“Jupiter! you make my flesh creep!” cried Tristram. “And while you sat in your hack, watching the play, as you call it, the other man marched in and bagged your sixty thousand dollars?”

“I have not the least idea. I hope so, poor devil! but I never found out. We pulled up in front of the place I was going to in Wall Street, but I sat still in the carriage, and at last the driver scrambled down off his seat to see whether his carriage had not turned into a hearse. I could n’t have got out, any more than if I had been a corpse. What was the

matter with me? Momentary idiocy, you’ll say. What I wanted to get out of was Wall Street. I told the man to drive down to the Brooklyn ferry and to cross over. When we were over, I told him to drive me out into the country. As I had told him originally to drive for dear life down town, I suppose he thought me insane. Perhaps I was, but in that case I am insane still. I spent the morning looking at the first green leaves on Long Island. I was sick of business; I wanted to throw it all up and break off short; I had money enough, or if I had n’t I ought to have. I seemed to feel a new man inside my old skin, and I longed for a new world. When you want a thing so very badly you had better treat yourself to it. I did n’t understand the matter, not in the least; but I gave the old horse the bridle and let him find his way. As soon as I could get out of the game I sailed for Europe. That is how I come to be sitting here.”

“You ought to have bought up that hack,” said Tristram; “it is n’t a safe vehicle to have about. And you have really sold out, then; you have retired from business?”

“I have made over my hand to a friend; when I feel disposed, I can take up the cards again. I dare say that a twelvemonth hence the operation will be reversed. The pendulum will swing back again. I shall be sitting in a gondola or on a dromedary, and all of a sudden I shall want to clear out. But for the present I am perfectly free. I have even bargained that I am to receive no business letters.”

“Oh, it’s a real *caprice de prince*,” said Tristram. “I back out; a poor devil like me can’t help you to spend such very magnificent leisure as that. You should get introduced to the crowned heads.”

Newman looked at him a moment, and then, with his easy smile, “How does one do it?” he asked.

“Come, I like that!” cried Tristram. “It shows you are in earnest.”

“Of course I am in earnest. Did n’t I say I wanted the best? I know the best can’t be had for mere money, but I

rather think money will do a good deal. In addition, I am willing to take a good deal of trouble."

"You are not bashful, eh?"

"I have n't the least idea. I want the biggest kind of entertainment a man can get. People, places, art, nature, everything! I want to see the tallest mountains, and the bluest lakes, and the finest pictures, and the handsomest churches, and the most celebrated men, and the most beautiful women."

"Settle down in Paris, then. There are no mountains that I know of, and the only lake is in the Bois de Boulogne, and not particularly blue. But there is everything else: plenty of pictures and churches, no end of celebrated men, and several beautiful women."

"But I can't settle down in Paris at this season, just as summer is coming on."

"Oh, for the summer go up to Trouville."

"What is Trouville?"

"The French Newport. Half the Americans go."

"Is it anywhere near the Alps?"

"About as near as Newport is to the Rocky Mountains."

"Oh, I want to see Mont Blanc," said Newman, "and Amsterdam, and the Rhine, and a lot of places. Venice in particular. I have great ideas about Venice."

"Ah," said Mr. Tristram, rising, "I see I shall have to introduce you to my wife."

III.

He performed this ceremony on the following day, when, by appointment, Christopher Newman went to dine with him. Mr. and Mrs. Tristram lived behind one of those chalk-colored façades which decorate with their pompous sameness the broad avenues manufactured by Baron Haussmann in the neighborhood of the Arc de Triomphe. Their apartment was rich in the modern conveniences, and Tristram lost no time in calling his visitor's attention to their principal household treasures, the gas-

lamps and the furnace-holes. "Whenever you feel homesick," he said, "you must come up here. We'll stick you down before a register, under a good big burner, and" —

"And you will soon get over your homesickness," said Mrs. Tristram.

Her husband stared; his wife often had a tone which he found inscrutable; he could not tell for his life whether she was in jest or in earnest. The truth is that circumstances had done much to cultivate in Mrs. Tristram a marked tendency to irony. Her taste on many points differed from that of her husband, and though she made frequent concessions it must be confessed that her concessions were not always graceful. They were founded upon a vague project she had of some day doing something very positive, something a trifle passionate. What she meant to do she could by no means have told you; but meanwhile, nevertheless, she was buying a good conscience, by installments.

It should be added, without delay, to anticipate misconception, that her little scheme of independence did not definitely involve the assistance of another person, of the opposite sex; she was not saving up virtue to cover the expenses of a flirtation. For this there were various reasons. To begin with, she had a very plain face, and she was entirely without illusions as to her appearance. She had taken its measure to a hair's breadth, she knew the worst and the best, she had accepted herself. It had not been, indeed, without a struggle. As a young girl she had spent hours with her back to her mirror, crying her eyes out; and later, she had from desperation and bravado adopted the habit of proclaiming herself the most ill-favored of women, in order that she might — as in common politeness was inevitable — be contradicted and reassured. It was since she had come to live in Europe that she had begun to take the matter philosophically. Her observation, acutely exercised here, had suggested to her that a woman's first duty is not to be beautiful, but to be pleasing, and she encountered so many women who pleased without

beauty that she began to feel that she had discovered her mission. She had once heard an enthusiastic musician, out of patience with a gifted bungler, declare that a fine voice is really an obstacle to singing properly; and it occurred to her that it might perhaps be equally true that a beautiful face is an obstacle to the acquisition of charming manners. Mrs. Tristram then undertook to be exquisitely agreeable, and she brought to the task a really touching devotion. How well she would have succeeded I am unable to say; unfortunately she broke off in the middle. Her own excuse was the want of encouragement in her immediate circle. But I am inclined to think that she had not a real genius for the matter, or she would have pursued the charming art for itself. The poor lady was very incomplete. She fell back upon the harmonies of the toilet, which she thoroughly understood, and contented herself with dressing in perfection. She lived in Paris, which she pretended to detest, because it was only in Paris that one could find things to exactly suit one's complexion. Besides, out of Paris it was always more or less of a trouble to get two-button gloves. When she railed at this serviceable city, and you asked her where she would prefer to reside, she returned some very unexpected answer. She would say in Copenhagen, or in Barcelona; having, while making the tour of Europe, spent a couple of days at each of these places. On the whole, with her poetic furbelows and her misshapen, intelligent little face, she was, when you knew her, a decidedly interesting woman. She was naturally shy, and if she had been born a beauty, she would (having no vanity) have probably remained shy. Now, she was both diffident and importunate; extremely reserved sometimes with her friends, and strongly expansive with strangers. She despised her husband; despised him too much, for she had been perfectly at liberty not to marry him. She had been in love with a clever man who had slighted her, and she had married a fool in the hope that this thankless wit, reflecting on it, would conclude

that she had no appreciation of merit, and that he had flattered himself in supposing that she had cared for his own. Restless, discontented, visionary, without personal ambitions, but with a certain avidity of imagination, she was, as I have said before, preëminently incomplete. She was full, both for good and for ill, of beginnings that came to nothing; but she had nevertheless, morally, a spark of the sacred fire.

Newman was fond, under all circumstances, of the society of women, and now that he was out of his native element and deprived of his habitual interests, he turned to it for compensation. He took a great fancy to Mrs. Tristram; she frankly repaid it, and after their first meeting he passed a great many hours in her drawing-room. After two or three talks they were fast friends. Newman's manner with women was peculiar, and it required some ingenuity on a lady's part to discover that he admired her. He had no gallantry, in the usual sense of the term, no compliments, no graces, no speeches. Very fond of what is called chaffing, in his dealings with men, he never found himself on a sofa beside a member of the softer sex without feeling extremely serious. He was not shy, and so far as awkwardness proceeds from a struggle with shyness, he was not awkward; grave, attentive, submissive, often silent, he was simply swimming in a sort of rapture of respect. This emotion was not at all theoretic, it was not even in a high degree sentimental; he had thought very little about the "position" of women, and he was not familiar either sympathetically or otherwise, with the image of a president in petticoats. His attitude was simply the flower of his general good-nature, and a part of his instinctive and genuinely democratic assumption of every one's right to lead an easy life. If a shaggy pauper had a right to bed and board and wages and a vote, women, of course, who were weaker than paupers, and whose physical tissue was in itself an appeal, should be maintained, sentimentally, at the public expense. Newman was willing to be taxed for this purpose,

largely, in proportion to his means. Moreover, many of the common traditions with regard to women were with him fresh personal impressions; he had never read a novel! He had been struck with their acuteness, their subtlety, their tact, their felicity of judgment. They seemed to him exquisitely organized. If it is true that one must always have in one's work here below a religion, or at least an ideal of some sort, Newman found his metaphysical inspiration in a vague acceptance of final responsibility to some illumined feminine brow.

He spent a great deal of time in listening to advice from Mrs. Tristram; advice, it must be added, for which he had never asked. He would have been incapable of asking for it, for he had no perception of difficulties, and consequently no curiosity about remedies. The complex Parisian world about him seemed a very simple affair; it was an immense, amazing spectacle, but it neither inflamed his imagination nor irritated his curiosity. He kept his hands in his pockets, looked on good-humoredly, desired to miss nothing important, observed a great many things narrowly, and never reverted to himself. Mrs. Tristram's "advice" was a part of the show, and a more entertaining element, in her abundant gossip, than the others. He enjoyed her talking about himself; it seemed a part of her beautiful ingenuity; but he never made an application of anything she said, or remembered it when he was away from her. For herself, she appropriated him; he was the most interesting thing she had had to think about in many a month. She wished to do something with him — she hardly knew what. There was so much of him; he was so rich and robust, so easy, friendly, well-disposed, that he kept her fancy constantly on the alert. For the present, the only thing she could do was to like him. She told him that he was "horribly Western," but in this compliment the adverb was tinged with insincerity. She led him about with her, introduced him to fifty people, and took extreme satisfaction in her conquest. Newman accepted every proposal, shook

hands universally and promiscuously, and seemed equally unfamiliar with trepidation or with elation. Tom Tristram complained of his wife's avidity, and declared that he could never have a clear five minutes with his friend. If he had known how things were going to turn out, he never would have brought him to the Avenue d'Eylau. The two men, formerly, had not been intimate, but Newman remembered his earlier impression of his host, and did Mrs. Tristram, who had by no means taken him into her confidence, but whose secret he presently discovered, the justice to admit that her husband was a rather degenerate mortal. At twenty-five he had been a good fellow, and in this respect he was unchanged; but of a man of his age one expected something more. People said he was sociable, but this was as much a matter of course as for a dipped sponge to expand; and it was not a high order of sociability. He was a great gossip and tattler, and to produce a laugh would hardly have spared the reputation of his aged mother. Newman had a kindness for old memories, but he found it impossible not to perceive that Tristram was nowadays a very light weight. His only aspirations were to hold out at poker, at his club, to know the names of all the *cocottes*, to shake hands all round, to ply his rosy gullet with truffles and champagne, and to create uncomfortable eddies and obstructions among the constituent atoms of the American colony. He was shamefully idle, spiritless, sensual, snobbish. He irritated our friend by the tone of his allusions to their native country, and Newman was at a loss to understand why the United States were not good enough for Mr. Tristram. He had never been a very conscious patriot, but it vexed him to see them treated as little better than a stench in his friend's nostrils, and he finally broke out and swore that they were the greatest country in the world; that they could put all Europe into their breeches' pockets, and that an American who spoke ill of them ought to be carried home in irons and compelled to live in Boston. (This, for

Newman, was putting it very vindictively.) Tristram was a comfortable man to snub; he bore no malice, and he continued to insist on Newman's finishing his evenings at the Occidental Club.

Christopher Newman dined several times in the Avenue d'Eylau, and his host always proposed an early adjournment to this institution. Mrs. Tristram protested, and declared that her husband exhausted his ingenuity in trying to displease her.

"Oh no, I never try, my love," he answered. "I know you loathe me quite enough when I take my chance."

Newman hated to see a husband and wife on these terms, and he was sure one or other of them must be very unhappy. He knew it was not Tristram. Mrs. Tristram had a balcony before her windows, upon which, during the June evenings, she was fond of sitting, and Newman used frankly to say that he preferred the balcony to the club. It had a fringe of perfumed plants in tubs, and enabled you to look up the broad street and see the Arch of Triumph vaguely massing its heroic sculptures in the summer starlight. Sometimes Newman kept his promise of following Mr. Tristram, in half an hour, to the Occidental, and sometimes he forgot it. His hostess asked him a great many questions about himself, but on this subject he was an indifferent talker. He was not what is called subjective, though when he felt that her interest was sincere, he made an almost heroic attempt to be. He told her a great many things he had done, and regaled her with anecdotes of Western life; she was from Philadelphia, and, with her eight years in Paris, talked of herself as a languid Oriental. But some other person was always the hero of the tale, by no means always to his advantage; and Newman's own emotions were but scantily chronicled. She had an especial wish to know whether he had ever been in love, — seriously, passionately, — and, failing to gather any satisfaction from his allusions, she at last directly inquired. He hesitated a while, and at last he said, "No!" She declared that

she was delighted to hear it, as it confirmed her private conviction that he was a man of no feeling.

"Really?" he asked, very gravely. "Do you think so? How do you recognize a man of feeling?"

"I can't make out," said Mrs. Tristram, "whether you are very simple or very deep."

"I'm very deep. That's a fact."

"I believe that if I were to tell you with a certain air that you have no feeling, you would implicitly believe me."

"A certain air?" said Newman.

"Try it and see."

"You would believe me, but you would not care," said Mrs. Tristram.

"You have got it all wrong. I should care immensely, but I should n't believe you. The fact is I have never had time to feel things. I have had to *do* them, to make myself felt."

"I can imagine that you may have done that tremendously, sometimes."

"Yes, there's no mistake about that."

"When you are in a fury it can't be pleasant."

"I am never in a fury."

"Angry, then, or displeased."

"I am never angry, and it is so long since I have been displeased that I have quite forgotten it."

"I don't believe," said Mrs. Tristram, "that you are never angry. A man ought to be angry sometimes, and you are neither good enough nor bad enough always to keep your temper."

"I lose it perhaps once in five years."

"The time is coming round, then," said his hostess. "Before I have known you six months I shall see you in a fine fury."

"Do you mean to put me into one?"

"I should not be sorry. You take things too coolly. It exasperates me. And then you are too happy. You have what must be the most agreeable thing in the world, the consciousness of having bought your pleasure beforehand and paid for it. You have not a day of reckoning staring you in the face. Your reckonings are over."

"Well, I suppose I am happy," said Newman, meditatively.

"You have been odiously successful."

"Successful in 'copper,'" said Newman, "only so-so in railroads, and a downright fizzle in oil."

"It is very disagreeable to know how Americans have made their money. Now you have the world before you. You have only to enjoy."

"Oh, I suppose I am very well off," said Newman. "Only I am tired of having it thrown up at me. Besides, there are several drawbacks. I am not intellectual."

"One does n't expect it of you," Mrs. Tristram answered. Then in a moment, "Besides, you are!"

"Well, I mean to have a good time, whether or no," said Newman. "I am not educated, I am not cultivated; I don't know anything about history, or art, or foreign tongues, or any other learned matters. But I am not a fool, either, and I shall undertake to know something about Europe by the time I have done with it. I feel something under my ribs here," he added in a moment, "that I can't explain—a sort of a mighty hankering, a desire to stretch out and haul in."

"Bravo!" said Mrs. Tristram, "that is very fine. You are the great Western Barbarian, stepping forth in his innocence and might, gazing a while at this poor effete Old World, and then swooping down on it."

"Oh, come," said Newman. "I am not a barbarian, by a good deal. I am very much the reverse. I have seen barbarians; I know what they are."

"I don't mean that you are a Comanche chief, or that you wear a blanket and feathers. There are different shades."

"I am a highly civilized man," said Newman. "I stick to that. If you don't believe it, I should like to prove it to you."

Mrs. Tristram was silent a while. "I should like to make you prove it," she said, at last. "I should like to put you in a difficult place."

"Pray do," said Newman.

"That has a little conceited sound," his companion rejoined.

"Oh," said Newman, "I have a very good opinion of myself."

"I wish I could put it to the test. Give me time, and I will." And Mrs. Tristram remained silent for some time afterwards, as if she was trying to keep her pledge. It did not appear that evening that she succeeded; but as he was rising to take his leave she passed suddenly, as she was very apt to do, from the tone of unsparing persiflage to that of almost tremulous sympathy. "Speaking seriously," she said, "I believe in you, Mr. Newman. You flatter my patriotism."²

"Your patriotism?" Christopher demanded.

"Even so. It would take too long to explain, and you probably would not understand. Besides, you might take it—really, you might take it for a declaration. But it has nothing to do with you personally; it's what you represent. Fortunately you don't know all that, or your conceit would increase insufferably."

Newman stood staring and wondering what under the sun he "represented."

"Forgive all my meddlesome chatter and forget my advice. It is very silly in me to undertake to tell you what to do. When you are embarrassed, do as you think best, and you will do very well. When you are in a difficulty, judge for yourself."

"I shall remember everything you have told me," said Newman. "There are so many forms and ceremonies over here"—

"Forms and ceremonies are what I mean, of course."

"Ah, but I want to observe them," said Newman. "Have n't I as good a right as another? They don't scare me, and you need n't give me leave to violate them. I won't take it."

"That is not what I mean. I mean, observe them in your own way. Settle nice questions for yourself. Cut the knot or untie it, as you choose."

"Oh, I am sure I shall never fumble over it!" said Newman.

The next time that he dined in the Avenue d'Eylau was a Sunday, a day

on which Mr. Tristram left the cards unshuffled, so that there was a trio in the evening on the balcony. The talk was of many things, and at last Mrs. Tristram suddenly observed to Christopher Newman that it was high time he should take a wife.

"Listen to her; she has the audacity!" said Tristram, who on Sunday evenings was always rather acrimonious.

"I don't suppose you have made up your mind not to marry?" Mrs. Tristram continued.

"Heaven forbid!" cried Newman.

"I am sternly resolved on it."

"It's very easy," said Tristram; "fatally easy!"

"Well, then, I suppose you do not mean to wait till you are fifty."

"On the contrary, I am in a great hurry."

"One would never suppose it. Do you expect a lady to come and propose to you?"

"No; I am willing to propose. I think a great deal about it."

"Tell me some of your thoughts."

"Well," said Newman, slowly, "I want to marry very well."

"Marry a woman of sixty, then," said Tristram.

"Well' in what sense?"

"In every sense. I shall be hard to please."

"You must remember that, as the French proverb says, the most beautiful girl in the world can give but what she has."

"Since you ask me," said Newman, "I will say frankly that I want extremely to marry. It is time, to begin with; before I know it I shall be forty. And then I'm lonely and helpless and dull. But if I marry now, so long as I did not do it in hot haste when I was twenty, I must do it with my eyes open. I want to do the thing in handsome style. I not only want to make no mistakes, but I want to make a great hit. I want to take my pick. My wife must be a magnificent woman."

"Voilà-ce-qui s'appelle parler!" cried Mrs. Tristram.

"Oh, I have thought an immense deal about it."

"Perhaps you think too much. The best thing is simply to fall in love."

"When I find the woman who pleases me, I shall love her enough. My wife shall be very comfortable."

"You are superb! There's a chance for the magnificent women."

"You are not fair," Newman rejoined. "You draw a fellow out and put him off his guard, and then you laugh at him."

"I assure you," said Mrs. Tristram, "that I am very serious. To prove it, I will make you a proposal. Would you like me, as they say here, to marry you?"

"To hunt up a wife for me?"

"She is already found. I will bring you together."

"Oh, come," said Tristram, "we don't keep a matrimonial bureau. He will think you want your commission."

"Present me to a woman who comes up to my notions," said Newman, "and I will marry her to-morrow."

"You have a strange tone about it, and I don't quite understand you. I did not suppose that, in this matter, you would be so cold-blooded and calculating."

Newman was silent a while. "Well," he said, at last, "I want a fine woman. I stick to that. That's one thing I can treat myself to, and if it is to be had I mean to have it. What else have I toiled and struggled for, all these years? I have succeeded, and now what am I to do with my success? To make it perfect, as I see it, there must be a beautiful woman perched on the pile, like a statue on a monument. She must be as good as she is beautiful, and as clever as she is good. I can give my wife a good deal, so I am not afraid to ask a good deal myself. She shall have everything a woman can desire; I shall not even object to her being too good for me; she may be cleverer and wiser than I can understand, and I shall only be the better pleased. I want to possess, in a word, the best article in the market."

"Why didn't you tell a fellow all

this at the outset?" Tristram demanded. "I have been trying so to make you fond of me!"

"This is very interesting," said Mrs. Tristram. "I like to see a man know his own mind."

"I have known mine for a long time," Newman went on. "I made up my mind tolerably early in life that a beautiful wife was the thing best worth having, here below. It is the greatest victory over circumstances. When I say beautiful, I mean beautiful in mind and in manners, as well as in person. It is a thing every man has an equal right to; he may get it if he can. He doesn't have to be born with certain faculties on purpose; he needs only to be a man. Then he needs only to use his will, and such wits as he has, and to try."

"It strikes me that your marriage is to be rather a matter of vanity."

"Well, it is certain," said Newman, "that if people notice my wife and admire her, I shall be mightily tickled."

"After this," cried Mrs. Tristram, "call any man modest!"

"But none of them will admire her so much as I."

"I see you have a taste for splendor."

Newman hesitated a little; and then, "I honestly believe I have!" he said.

"And I suppose you have already looked about you a good deal."

"A good deal, according to opportunity."

"And you have seen nothing that satisfied you?"

"No," said Newman, half reluctantly, "I am bound to say in honesty that I have seen nothing that really satisfied me."

"You remind me of the heroes of the French romantic poets, Rolla and Fortunio and all those other insatiable gentlemen for whom nothing in this world was handsome enough. But I see you are in earnest, and I should like to help you."

"Who the deuce is it, darling, that you are going to put upon him?" Tristram cried. "We know a good many pretty girls, thank Heaven, but magnificent women are not so common."

"Have you any objections to a foreigner?" his wife continued, addressing Newman, who had tilted back his chair, and, with his feet on a bar of the balcony railing and his hands in his pockets, was looking at the stars.

"No Irish need apply," said Tristram.

Newman meditated a while. "As a foreigner, no," he said at last; "I have no prejudices."

"My dear fellow, you have no suspicions!" cried Tristram. "You don't know what terrible customers these foreign women are; especially the 'magnificent' ones. How would you like a fair Circassian, with a dagger in her belt?"

Newman administered a vigorous slap to his knee. "I would marry a Japanese, if she pleased me," he affirmed.

"We had better confine ourselves to Europe," said Mrs. Tristram. "The only thing is, then, that the person be in herself to your taste?"

"She is going to offer you an unappreciated governess," Tristram said.

"Assuredly. I won't deny that, other things being equal, I should prefer one of my own countrywomen. We should speak the same language, and that would be a comfort. But I am not afraid of a foreigner. Besides, I rather like the idea of taking in Europe, too. It enlarges the field of selection. When you choose from a greater number, you can bring your choice to a finer point."

"You talk like Sardanapalus!" exclaimed Tristram.

"You say all this to the right person," said Newman's hostess. "I happen to number among my friends the loveliest woman in the world. Neither more nor less. I don't say a very charming person or a very estimable woman or a very great beauty; I say simply the loveliest woman in the world."

"The deuce!" cried Tristram, "you have kept very quiet about her. Were you afraid of me?"

"You have seen her," said his wife, "but you have no perception of such merit as Claire's."

"Ah, her name is Claire? I give it up."

"Does your friend wish to marry?" asked Newman.

"Not in the least. It is for you to make her change her mind. It will not be easy; she has had one husband, and he gave her a low opinion of the species."

"Oh, she is a widow, then?" said Newman.

"Are you already afraid? She was married at eighteen, by her parents, in the French fashion, to a disagreeable old man. But he had the good taste to die a couple of years afterward, and she is now twenty-five."

"So she is French?"

"French by her father, English by her mother. She is really more English than French, and she speaks English as well as you or I—or rather much better. She belongs to the very top of the basket, as they say here. Her family, on each side, is of fabulous antiquity; her mother is the daughter of an English Catholic earl. Her father is dead, and since her widowhood she has lived with her mother and a married brother. There is another brother, younger, who I believe is wild. They have an old hotel in the Rue de l'Université, but their fortune is small and they make a common household, for economy's sake. When I was a girl I was put into a convent here for my education, while my papa made the tour of Europe. It was a silly thing to do with me, but it had the advantage that it made me acquainted with Claire de Bellegarde. She was younger than I, but we became fast friends. I took an enormous fancy to her, and she returned my passion as far as she could. They kept such a tight rein on her that she could do very little, and when I left the convent she had to give me up. I was not of her *monde*; I am not now, either, but we sometimes meet. They are terrible people—her *monde*; all mounted upon stilts a mile high, and with pedigrees long in proportion. It is the skim of the milk of the old *noblesse*. Do you know what a Legitimist is, or an Ultramontane? Go into Madame de Cintré's drawing-room some afternoon, at five o'clock, and you will see the best-preserved specimens. I

say go, but no one is admitted who can't show his fifty quarterings."

"And this is the lady you propose to me to marry?" asked Newman. "A lady I can't even approach?"

"But you said just now that you recognized no obstacles."

Newman looked at Mrs. Tristram a while, stroking his mustache. "Is she a beauty?" he demanded.

"No."

"Oh, then it's no use"—

"She is not a beauty, but she is beautiful, two very different things. A beauty has no faults in her face; the face of a beautiful woman may have faults that only deepen its charm."

"I remember Madame de Cintré, now," said Tristram. "She is as plain as a pike-staff. A man would n't look at her twice."

"In saying that he would not look at her twice, my husband sufficiently describes her," Mrs. Tristram rejoined.

"Is she good; is she clever?" Newman asked.

"She is perfect! I won't say more than that. When you are praising a person to another who is to know her, it is bad policy to go into details. I won't exaggerate. I simply recommend her. Among all the women I have known she stands alone; she is of a different clay."

"I should like to see her," said Newman, simply.

"I will try to manage it. The only way will be to invite her to dinner. I have never invited her before, and I don't know that she will come. Her old feudal countess of a mother rules the family with an iron hand, and allows her to have no friends but of her own choosing, and to visit only in a certain sacred circle. But I can at least ask her."

At this moment Mrs. Tristram was interrupted; a servant stepped out upon the balcony and announced that there were visitors in the drawing-room. When Newman's hostess had gone in to receive her friends, Tom Tristram approached his guest.

"Don't put your foot into *this*, my boy," he said, puffing the last whiffs of his cigar. "It is all fiddle-sticks."

Newman looked askance at him, inquisitive. "You tell another story, eh?"

"I say simply that Madame de Cintré is a great white doll of a woman, who cultivates immense haughtiness."

"Ah, she's haughty, eh?"

"She looks at you as if you were so much thin air, and cares for you about as much."

"She is very proud, eh?"

"Proud? As proud as I'm humble."

"And not good-looking?"

Tristram shrugged his shoulders: "It's a kind of beauty that I'm not educated up to. But I must go in and amuse the company."

Some time elapsed before Newman followed his friends into the drawing-room. When he at last made his appearance there he remained but a short time, and during this period sat perfectly silent, listening to a lady to whom Mrs. Tristram had straightway introduced him and who chattered, without a pause, with the full force of an extraordinarily high-pitched voice. Newman gazed and attended. Presently he came to bid good-night to Mrs. Tristram.

"Who is that lady?" he asked.

"Miss Dora Finch. How do you like her?"

"She's too noisy."

"She is thought so bright! Certainly, you are fastidious," said Mrs. Tristram.

Newman stood a moment, hesitating. Then at last, "Don't forget about your friend," he said, "Madame What's-her-name? the proud beauty. Ask her to dinner, and give me good notice." And with this he departed.

Some days later he came back; it was in the afternoon. He found Mrs. Tristram in her drawing-room; with her was a visitor, a woman young and pretty, dressed in white. The two ladies had risen and the visitor was apparently taking her leave. As Newman approached, he received from Mrs. Tristram a glance of the most vivid significance, which he was not immediately able to interpret.

"This is a good friend of ours," she said, turning to her companion, "Mr.

Christopher Newman. I have spoken of you to him and he has an extreme desire to make your acquaintance. If you had consented to come and dine, I should have offered him an opportunity."

The stranger turned her face toward Newman, with a smile. He was not embarrassed, for his unconscious *sang-froid* was boundless; but as he became aware that this was the proud and beautiful Madame de Cintré, the loveliest woman in the world, the promised perfection, the proposed ideal, he made an instinctive movement to gather his wits together. Through the slight preoccupation that it produced he had a sense of a long, fair face, and of two eyes that were both brilliant and mild.

"I should have been most happy," said Madame de Cintré. "Unfortunately, as I have been telling Mrs. Tristram, I go on Monday to the country."

Newman had made a solemn bow. "I am very sorry," he said.

"Paris is getting too warm," Madame de Cintré added, taking her friend's hand again in farewell.

Mrs. Tristram seemed to have formed a sudden and somewhat venturesome resolution, and she smiled more intensely, as women do when they take such resolutions. "I want Mr. Newman to know you," she said, dropping her head on one side and looking at Madame de Cintré's bonnet ribbons.

Christopher Newman stood gravely silent, while his native penetration admonished him. Mrs. Tristram was determined to force her friend to address him a word of encouragement which should be more than one of the common formulas of politeness; and if she was prompted by charity, it was by the charity that begins at home. Madame de Cintré was her dearest Claire, and her especial admiration, but Madame de Cintré had found it impossible to dine with her, and Madame de Cintré should for once be forced gently to render tribute to Mrs. Tristram.

"It would give me great pleasure," she said, looking at Mrs. Tristram.

"That's a great deal," cried the latter, "for Madame de Cintré to say!"

"I am very much obliged to you," said Newman. "Mrs. Tristram can speak better for me than I can speak for myself."

Madame de Cintré looked at him again, with the same soft brightness. "Are you to be long in Paris?" she asked.

"We shall keep him," said Mrs. Tristram.

"But you are keeping *me*!" and Madame de Cintré shook her friend's hand.

"A moment longer," said Mrs. Tristram.

Madame de Cintré looked at Newman again; this time without her smile. Her eyes lingered a moment. "Will you come and see me?" she asked.

Mrs. Tristram kissed her. Newman expressed his thanks, and she took her leave. Her hostess went with her to the door, and left Newman alone a moment. Presently she returned, rubbing her hands. "It was a fortunate chance," she said. "She had come to decline my invitation. You triumphed on the spot, making her ask you, at the end of three minutes, to her house."

"It was you who triumphed," said Newman. "You must not be too hard upon her."

Mrs. Tristram stared. "What do you mean?"

"She did not strike me as so proud. I should say she was shy."

"You are very discriminating. And what do you think of her face?"

"Ah, I like it," said Newman.

"Well you may! Of course you will go and see her."

"To-morrow!" cried Newman.

"No, not to-morrow; the next day. That will be Sunday; she leaves Paris on Monday. If you don't see her, it will at least be a beginning." And she gave him Madame de Cintré's address.

He walked across the Seine, late in the summer afternoon, and made his way through those gray and silent streets of the Faubourg St. Germain, whose houses present to the outer world a face as impassive, and as suggestive of the concentration of privacy within, as the blank walls of Eastern seraglios. New-

man thought it a queer way for rich people to live; his ideal of grandeur was a splendid façade, diffusing its brilliancy outward too, irradiating hospitality. The house to which he had been directed had a dark, dusty, painted portal, which swung open in answer to his ring. It admitted him into a wide, graveled court, surrounded on three sides with closed windows, and with a doorway facing the street, approached by three steps and surmounted by a tin canopy. The place was all in the shade; it answered to Newman's conception of a convent. The portress could not tell him whether Madame de Cintré was visible; he would please to apply at the farther door. He crossed the court; a gentleman was sitting, bareheaded, on the steps of the portico, playing with a beautiful pointer. He rose as Newman approached, and, as he laid his hand upon the bell, said with a smile, in English, that he was afraid Newman would be kept waiting; the servants were scattered, he himself had been ringing, he did n't know what the deuce was in them. He was a young man, his English was excellent, and his smile very frank. Newman pronounced the name of Madame de Cintré.

"I think," said the young man, "that my sister is visible. Come in, and if you will give me your card I will carry it to her myself."

Newman had been accompanied on his present errand by a slight sentiment, I will not say of defiance—a readiness for aggression or defense, as they might prove needful—but of reflective, good-humored suspicion. He took from his pocket, while he stood on the portico, a card on which, under his name, he had written the words "San Francisco," and while he presented it he looked warily at his interlocutor. His glance was singularly reassuring; he liked the young man's face; it strongly resembled that of Madame de Cintré. He was evidently her brother. The young man, on his side, had made a rapid inspection of Newman's person. He had taken the card and was about to enter the house with it when another figure appeared on the

threshold — an older man, of a fine presence, wearing evening dress. He looked hard at Newman, and Newman looked at him. "Madame de Cintré," the younger man repeated, as an introduction of the visitor. The other took the card from his hand, read it in a rapid glance, looked again at Newman from head to foot, hesitated a moment, and then said, gravely but urbanely, "Madame de Cintré is not at home."

The younger man made a gesture, and then, turning to Newman, "I am very sorry, sir," he said.

Newman gave him a friendly nod, to

show that he bore him no malice, and retraced his steps. At the porter's lodge he stopped; the two men were still standing on the portico.

"Who is the gentleman with the dog?" he asked of the old woman, who reappeared. He had begun to learn French.

"That is Monsieur le Comte."

"And the other?"

"That is Monsieur le Marquis."

"A marquis?" said Christopher in English, which the old woman fortunately did not understand. "Oh, then he's not the butler!"

Henry James, Jr.

UNSUNG.

As sweet as the breath that goes
From the lips of the white rose,
As weird as the elfin lights
That glimmer of frosty nights,
As wild as the winds that tear
The curled red leaf in the air,
Is the song I have never sung.

In slumber, a hundred times
I've said the enchanted rhymes,
But ere I open my eyes
This ghost of a poem flies;
Of the interfluent strains
Not even a note remains:
I know by my pulses' beat
It was something wild and sweet,
And my heart is strangely stirred
By an unremembered word!

I strive, but I strive in vain,
To recall the lost refrain.
On some miraculous day
Perhaps it will come and stay;
In some unimagined Spring
I may find my voice, and sing
The song I have never sung.

T. B. Aldrich.

A PROPHET OF THE PEOPLE.

THE knowledge we possess of the rise of the religion of the Buddha, a religion which at the beginning of this century was little better than a myth, a faith to which even to-day, after the lapse of many centuries, four hundred millions of the earth's inhabitants subscribe, we owe in great measure to a freak of fortune, which seems to delight in connecting a degree of disappointment even with the attainment of its greatest prizes.

About fifty years ago, Csoma de Köros, a Hungarian, set out from his native land to seek in the remote interior of Central Asia the original seats of the Magyars. He was a man of singular purity of character and intensity of purpose. The seemingly insurmountable difficulties of his journey, the doubtful chances of ultimate success, could not for a moment deter him from his dangerous task. Relying on his knowledge of medicine, and confiding in the hospitality of the East, he traversed the mountains and steppes until at last he arrived at the place of his destination. There, in a Buddhist monastery, on the confines of Thibet and India, amid the snows of the Himalayas, he remained during four years, a solitary and secluded hermit. Naturally of a taciturn disposition, he never disclosed the strange sights he must have seen there; but in the noble work which he performed he has left us a precious memorial of his stay. With almost superhuman effort he mastered the difficult language of Thibet, and on his return to Calcutta brought with him a library of sacred books, which he had collected during the period of his voluntary exile. To his own deep disappointment, but to the delight of Sanskrit scholars, it was found that his books contained a direct translation of the Buddhist canon, which Mr. Hodgson had lately discovered in the original Sanskrit in Ne-

paul. The impetus thus given to the study of one of the most powerful of the ancient religions was as great as it was seasonable. Abundant materials, awaiting assortment and application, invited the industry of the scholar, and the temple of Buddha's faith, like a second Pompeii, gradually rose from its long sleep beneath the unknown languages of the Orient, until, toward the middle of the century, Eugène Burnouf presented the key which finally admitted us into the inmost sanctuary.

Before proceeding to tell the story of the life and teachings of Hindostan's great prophet and reformer, it will be necessary to give a brief account of the early religion of India, and to explain the growth of those doctrines which it was the life-work of the Buddha to oppose. To do this we shall be compelled to lead the reader far backward, along the track of history, and attempt to gain a height from which we may take in at a glance the progressive development of the past.

Upon the banks of the Indus, in the shadow of the snow-palaces,¹ dwelt the fathers of the Hindoos. Of old they had left the primitive seats of the Aryans, and while the great body of their kindred moved to the northwest, they turned to the opposite quarter, crossed the silent passes of the Himalayas, that protect and fructify the Indian peninsula,² and descended from the mountains to seek new homes in the region of the upper Indus and its tributary streams. Here they lived a pastoral and nomadic life. Their mental sphere was determined by the extent and character of their experience; their noblest thoughts clothed in the homely language which the familiar objects of their daily interest suggested. They compared their god to a strong bull rushing to the drinking-

¹ Himalayas.

² They arrest the clouds, forcing them to discharge their waters on the arid soil beneath them;

they send out the great rivers, and form a barrier between the country and the steppes of Central Asia.

trough; their kind goddess they likened to an exuberant milch cow.

The religious views of a people so situated could not but reflect the conditions of their existence. The religion of a people, indeed, is the highest expression of its character, giving utterance to its hopes and its fears, displaying its vices no less than its virtues. Assuredly the saying, "In the image of man does he create his gods," is equally true with its more beautiful converse.

As we enter the temple of the Hindoo faith, a throng of fantastic beings meets us; some bright as the sunny sky above, some gloomy and mysterious, conforming to the darker moods of nature and of man. There are the *Açvins*, the beautiful twin brothers, who rise upon the earliest rays of the awakening sun; the *Marutas* that sweep along in the breeze on their light, aerial steeds; the *Gandharvas*, the divine musicians, cloud-maidens they; and, greater than these, *Agni*, the god of the fire. As the sacrificial flame rises toward heaven, he bears the offerings of the pious to his brother gods, mediating between the worshiper and the worshipped. He is the protector of the hearth, the divine messenger betwixt heaven and earth. *Rudra*, the god of the tempest, represents the darker side of life. Adorned with the emblems of wrath he rides the destroying blast, and terror goes everywhere before him to announce his coming. These forms of deities are sufficiently transparent. It is the human face which meets us wheresoever we turn; it smiles in the sunshine and frowns in the storm; it speaks to us in many tongues, but they are all the echoes of our own spoken or unspoken language. The cold reasonings of incipient science, the abstract tendencies of philosophical inquiry, are foreshadowed even in the most ancient monuments of Indian literature.

The mind struggles toward the simple that underlies the complex, the one that permeates the many.

And first it seeks to establish order in the confusion of the pantheon.

The Hindoos worshiped a god whom they called *Varuna*. He was the lord of

the mighty heavens, he sat on the ultimate borders of space; he was the upholder of order, the dispenser of justice, the guardian of moral purity, "the god above all gods." Why he? A moment's reflection will show. In the domain of intellect as of nature, the stronger of two forces is certain to predominate. When a great thought takes possession of the mind, no little thought can dislodge it.

There is no greater thought than the thought of the infinite. In the majesty of that conception I am raised above the accidents of time. Let the world with all its paltry vices and devices come to lure me from my purpose; I can despise it; I am the child of eternity. The feeling which the presence of the infinite arouses within us we call the feeling of the sublime. It is this which thrills us when we hear grand music, when we see the canvas or the marble instinct with the inspiration of genius, when we stand in the great assembly of the people. While it rules us a mean act is impossible.

"Soul of man, how like art thou unto the waters," says the poet. Under the influence of the sublime these waters lie still and solemn, like the great ocean under the star-lit firmament, in a peaceful summer's night. It is the aspect of the heavens at night which, above all other sights of nature, is calculated to awaken in us this feeling of the sublime. Before it base thoughts and low impulses sink into nothing, the storm of the passions is lulled, a holy quiet is cast over the mind.

The Hindoo felt this as he gazed on the brilliant lights of his own southern sky. He felt anger, envy, all that is sinful, die away within him. *Varuna*, the god of the starry heavens, he felt cleansed him from his iniquity. So the ideas of purity and unity, as they are intimately and inseparably related, grew strong together in the appreciation of mankind; the god of order, the chastener of the soul, became the most high god.

The extremes of Vedic faith lie before us. On the one hand, we have seen the rich imagination of the people flowering out in the many forms of their gods and

goddesses; on the other hand, the idea of a supreme being is born of their innate tendency toward the abstract. Between them lies the central figure of Hindoo mythology, which represents the strongest of the gods, and corresponds to that phenomenon of nature whose peculiar grandeur and violence impressed the susceptible mind of the Hindoos most deeply — the tropical storm.

We, who are taught from earliest childhood to recognize the working of impersonal law, are frequently at a loss to understand the difficulties which the meteoric phenomena presented to the primitive mind. In modern times, the most illiterate have ceased to consider a fall of rain a subject worthy of remark; much less of surprise. But to the Hindoos this simple occurrence appeared to be involved in profound mystery, and full of irreconcilable contradictions. To make the cause of their perplexity plain, we must premise that the sending of the rain in the hot plains of Hindostan is considered the supreme blessing of the year. On it the filling of the streams, the crops, and life itself depend. Yet, whence did this blessed rain-water come? Could it be believed that yonder black masses of cloud sailing overhead, that cast a chill over man's heart, and obscure the landscape at their coming, are indeed the dispensers of the highest good?

The cloud was construed to be a monstrous dragon, who holds the good rain-water, it is true, but with evil intent, desirous of withholding it. The god of light, the true friend of man, engages in battle with the monster and casts his spear against him, evidently in anger, as the quickness with which it darts through the sky, and the loud voices of the thunder that accompany it, attest. The lightning rends the cloud, the spear pierces the monster, and the waters, delivered from their hostile guardian, now fall free and plentiful to bless the earth. As they fall, the god of the bright sky shines forth triumphant. He it is who has sent the rain, to whom all praise is due. Thus Indra, the god of the blue sky, becomes a divine hero, who gives light and rain

to his beloved ones, and fights their battles in the sky. It is natural that he who fights for them on high should aid them in their conflicts on earth. Indra becomes the god of war.

In this capacity we find him an object of peculiar reverence in the second stage of early Indian history, which may be called the heroic period. The increased and ever-increasing population that dwelt on the banks of the Indus and its tributaries could no longer be contained within the limits of their first settlement. The pastoral habits of an earlier age were abandoned. The spirit of warlike enterprise, nurtured in the petty feuds and boundary disputes of their nomadic life, impelled them to continue their migrations toward the East, and, skirting the outposts of the Himalayas, they descended into the valleys of the Jumna and Ganges, to seek new seats near those sacred streams. In consequence of this movement a series of disastrous struggles took place, not only between the black natives of the country and the invading Aryans, but also between the related tribes of the conquering race itself. The vanguard of the army of migration was pressed upon by new bands, which followed in their rear, and the victors were forced to defend their recent possessions against the continued aggressions of rival clans and chieftains. In these battles the presence of Indra, the giver of victory, was deemed the prime condition of success, and to secure his aid became an object of paramount importance. The manner in which this was attempted leads us to the contemplation of one of the most instructive customs of ancient times. And, affording a clear insight into the working of early religious thought, it will prepare the way for a better understanding of those later developments of Hindoo religion which it is our object to explain.

It was by means of the soma sacrifice that the favor of Indra was gained. This, like all sacrifices, was originally intended to satisfy a gross, material want of the god, and not a spiritual need of man. "The hungry gods" demanded

food, and it was the duty of the pious to give it. In direct proportion to the munificence of their offering stood the degree of divine protection which it secured. "Friendship was given for friendship," as it is expressed in the sacred books of the Hindoos.

Continuing the analogy, men argued that the stimulating effect of strong drink would be no less powerful in a god than in his human adorer. And hence arose the sacrifice to which we refer. Culled on the mountain-side beneath the mystic influence of the moon, the soma¹ was prepared by the Hindoo priest for the feast of Indra. It was ground between stones; the juice, in which the intoxicating power resides, was caught in a basin, and, mixed with pure milk, poured into the sacrificial vessel. It was the same, even in name, as the haoma of the Persians, which grows in the far-off East, blooming white and pearly on a mystic tree, where Aparim-napât, the lord of life, dwells in the midst of his fairy lake;² the same as ambrosia, which was quaffed in the bright assembly on high Olympus; the same as the delicious *meth* which the German gods drank in the feasts of Walhalla. Its essential virtue consisted in stimulating the strength of the war-god, and enabling him to overcome his own and his people's enemies.

Moreover, it was the drink of immortality, and only by partaking of this juice were the celestials themselves, perishable by nature, believed to attain to immortal life.

An enlargement of human experience was at the bottom of this belief. In the exhilarating sense of the first luscious enjoyment of wine, men are deceived into a transient happiness, and forget for a while the lapse of time. What if the state which follows is one of mental and physical unsoundness? The ideals of a higher world have ever been reflected images of the joys of this world infinitely prolonged, with all their sweetness, without their pain. There must be a drink, a soma, an ambrosia, which, with its higher, subtler power of intoxication, shall cause this thrilling sense of

wine-pleasure to endure forever without consequent abasement; which shall raise man not above one fleeting hour alone, but above all the bounds of time, bearing him onward to a blissful immortality.

Now, that the god would gladly receive so acceptable an offering was beyond all doubt, and hence to prepare the soma was to be certain of victory. But here arose a grave difficulty. Both armies were equally assiduous in preparing the offering, and how was Indra to decide? In truth, he did not decide at all, but rather a superior force residing in his worshipers compelled him to obey their wishes. For, whether the Hindoo priests in their moments of intense supplication honestly regarded the heightened life that pulsed through their veins, the rhythm of language and the flow of thought, as the manifestation of a supreme power, or whether they simply argued that the god, who directs his action according to the wishes of his creatures, must in so far be subordinate to their will, — at all events they considered themselves the vehicles of a magic force, which broke forth in their prayers, and by means of which they could compel Indra to receive their offering. An illustration of this belief is given in one of the Vedic hymns. Indra had already lifted the bowl of the enemy's drink-offering to his lips, when Vasistha, a great priest, poured forth an irresistible prayer, and thus forced him to drop the cup which he was holding, to drink of his own soma and give him victory. In this manner the conflict of the warriors was prefaced, and in a manner predetermined, by the emulous struggle of contending priests, and the power which the latter thus obtained was incalculably great. The prayers, rites, and invocations which they adopted being necessarily of an arbitrary character, it was left to accident or design to indicate the forms and symbols of their worship, and the imagination, cut loose from all the ties of the real, soon reveled in the most monstrous and incongruous combinations. The less the common people

¹ *Asculapis. acida.*

² Spiegel's *Avesta*, note to *Vendidad* xx. 17.

understood of the spirit which guided these fables, the more sacred did they esteem them, the more willingly did they lend their aid to strengthen the hands of their priests. We shall presently see how well the hierarchy understood how to improve its advantage.

The shouts of battle gradually died away; the right of possession to the new lands was more or less permanently secured; from the chaotic mingling of confused elements slowly crystallized the forms of order and government. Fertile fields, promising a rich return to the husbandman, invited the attention of the conquerors, and the common soldiers, settling on the small tracts of land which fell to their share, learned to forget the tumults of the previous age and to cultivate the gentler arts of peace. The chiefs of the army were rewarded with larger possessions, proportionate to their dignity and achievements. Leaving the management of their estates to their followers, they continued to be the companions of the prince, and in the periodic wars of conquest or defense, which still occurred, were prepared to take upon themselves the costs and risks of warfare, which the more peaceable settlers, glad to be left to the undisturbed tillage of the fields, readily entrusted to their charge. With the king at their head they formed an aristocratic class, distinguished from the common people, the farmers, the tradesmen, the mechanics. Above these two classes was raised the priesthood, the true flower of human kind. As the nobles were the ministers of the king, so were they the ministers and in a certain sense the masters of the gods. And, believing themselves possessed of the power to rule the wishes even of their deities, it is not surprising that they considered the unqualified submission of all their fellow-men to their authority a just and natural claim. These classes, though separated among themselves by laws as rigid as the newborn spirit of caste could invent, were united by the ties of a common origin against a fourth class, consisting of the natives of the country, which was equally contemned by all. These were the veri-

table "hewers of wood and drawers of water." As time went on, the scheme of the four great Indian castes — of the priests, the nobles, the common people, and the slaves — became more and more fixed, and was at last confirmed for all time to come by the new religious system which gradually rose in the midst of the hierarchy, under the influence of the altered conditions of their new existence on the banks of the Ganges.

The life of the Hindoos had at this time attained a degree of refinement and elegance which we frequently find conjoined with barbarous despotism, wherever a privileged class is raised above the sordid cares of life by the unrequited toil of the enslaved masses. We see them fastidious to a fault in the arrangement of their dress and the attention paid to beauty of person. Their long and flowing robes are of snowy white, their girdles set with gems, their plaited hair bound with the graceful folds of the mitra, their beards — strange to our taste — dyed in the rich colors which the land so abundantly yields, white and green and blue and purple-red. At their banquets each guest is seated at a separate table. The use of meat is quite excluded. But the dainty preparations of an elaborate *cuisine*, supplied from field and arbor, are served on vessels of gold. The rich man drives his four-in-hand along well-paved roads, and loves to display his wealth in the beauty of his horses and the splendor of his chariot. When the king moves in state through the streets of the capital, the sacred trees and altars of the gods, which stand at every corner, are decorated. Flags fly from every house-top, and the royal standard waves proudly from the palace, which with its gay terraces and glittering turrets rises conspicuous above the city's walls.

The enervating effects of climate are apparent. The power once entrusted to the privileged remains unquestioned in their hands; the nobility exhausts its strength in the indulgence of luxurious pleasure, while the masses become soulless tools in the hands of their oppressors. Peculiar and important was the

influence which their new surroundings exerted upon the priesthood. This class had been from the first exalted above the base toil of the common herd, while its religious duties and its contempt for the mere earthly prevented it from following the pursuits of the aristocrats. Placed above want by the credulity of the people and the munificence of the rulers, they had ample leisure to ponder on the vast and novel phenomena that constantly engaged their attention, and the edge of abstract thinking was sharpened by the rich material upon which it was unceasingly exercised. The latent antagonism of their nature between fancy and philosophy, between the tendency toward an unbounded growth of the imagination on the one hand and the love of concise thought on the other, became more pointed than ever. The chaotic mass of phenomena that bore down upon the mind distracted it beyond measure, and, struggling to free itself from their wild disorder, it strove to arrange the disjointed facts in harmonious union by referring them all to a higher unity as their source and essence. And here nature came to their assistance. In all its manifold changes a certain order is apparent to every eye. Year by year the round of the seasons repeats itself, the sun rises and sets, the stars shine and decline, earth dies and revives, again and again fulfilling the eternal order of sequence. There is unity in all diversity, in the "flow of all things" an unfluctuating principle. Now, where should this principle be sought? In the olden time there was a god of the fire, but the fire spends its force and is extinguished; there was a god of the thunder, but the sublime phenomena of the storm are quickly forgotten when the moment of terror has passed away; there was a god of the starry sky, but the stars, too, fade before the morning light. Was there no power above all these, the gods of the transient phenomena of nature, higher than they all? The Indian priesthood, proud and self-asserting, answered ac-

cording to the prejudices of their caste. They knew, or thought they knew, as has been shown in the case of the soma offering, that their prayer was mightier than their god. A magic power ruling the divinities of the world resided in their souls, inspired their muttered invocations. Here was the mystic force which they had sought, the transcendent principle for which they longed.¹

The kings of Asia made gods of their persons; the Hindoo priesthood deified their prayers. In the arrogant spirit which has ever been the peculiar virtue of their order, they made their own littleness the measure of the world's greatness. The Sanskrit word for prayer is "brahma." Behold the origin of the god of gods, the personification of prayer, the great Brahma of the Hindoos! The hierarchy raised its own mystic function to the throne of the universe, worshiped it as the source of being, and celebrated with unparalleled effrontery its own apotheosis.

The belief that Brahma is the fountain of all existence, though itself vague and shadowy, soon became pregnant with disastrous consequences to the Indian state. It gave birth to two great doctrines equally logical in their deduction and inhuman in their consequences. The one sanctified and confirmed the institution of caste, the other founded the dogma of the transmigration of souls.

From Brahma all things have come, and, according to the predominance of the spiritual in their composition, they partake more or less largely of his nature. Nearest to him and first in the order of emanation were the gods; then came the spirits of the air, then the priests, the nobles, the common people, the slaves, and so on down the scale to inanimate nature as the last. The system of gradation which pride and a despotic policy had introduced into the economy of the Hindoo government was thus perpetuated, and the theory of emanation consecrated the evils of the present to all future time. As the church, in

¹ I accept this as a plausible explanation of the rise of Brahmanism. For a more detailed account vide Max Duncker's *Geschichte des Alterthums*,

II., to which, and to Lassen's great work on Indian antiquities, I am indebted for many of the facts on which this account rests.

later times, sanctioned the claim of the tyrant by proclaiming the fiction of "the divine right of kings," so did the Hindoo priesthood set their seal upon the inhuman institution of caste, and henceforth it was deemed sacrilege to oppose a system which crushed out man's sweetest hopes by the iron weight of an unalterable lot. For was it not in the order of the existing castes that men had sprung from Brahma, the source of their being?

To Brahma, the soul of the universe, all must return. When the lower orders have lived out their time, they are born again in new bodies, nobler or baser according to their deserts. If thou art sinful—which means, if thou art bold enough to disregard the commands of the priest—degradation in the scale of existence awaits thee. Thou wilt become a creeping parasite, a reptile, or a wild beast. If meritorious, thou wilt rise. The tradesman or peasant becomes a noble, then a priest, then a saint; finally, as pure spirit, he reënters the Brahma, whence he came. To bring about this result an endless series of births and deaths is requisite, until in the long course of its transmigrations the soul becomes utterly purified of its stains. And the poor toiler who groans beneath the weight of his earthly burdens despairs as he beholds the woes of his future states loom fearfully in the distance. It is, indeed, a hell on earth which the priestly pantheism of the Brahmans has made of this mortal life of ours. It is useless to struggle against an order of things which a god has fixed from the beginning. Of what avail is it for the peasant, the slave, to feel within himself a longing for a higher and nobler life? he is bound to the caste in which he was born, to tread the same mill which his father has trodden before. Of what avail that the spirit of freedom reacts against the injustice of the aristocrat, the subtler contumely of the priest? he must kiss the hand that strikes him, bless the heel that spurns him into the dust. Even that last consolation of the sufferer, the hope of rest in the grave, is denied him, until one great yearning cry for help from this intricate maze of

existence rises from the breasts of the oppressed, unanswered and unheeded. The Brahmans stand coldly by, pointing with pitiless passiveness to the terrors of the lives to come. And so it came to pass that men stood shuddering at the brink of the grave, not for the existence that was ending, but for the new pains to come after, and the *memento mori* was changed into that far more appalling warning, *memento vivere*,—endless life! measureless woe!

This is what the Indian priesthood did for their people. They plucked from a nation once high-spirited and brave every motive for action, and damped each generous impulse with their dreary speculation. They perpetuated the invidious distinctions of caste, and allied themselves with the despots of their land in oppressing the masses, whom it was their duty to enlighten and redeem. They shut the people out from the higher walks of life and enslaved their spirit, providing only that the king should always give rich temporal gifts to the Brahmans, and use the arm of force to support the interests of their order. Instead of acting, they supplicated; instead of bending every energy to their own mental and moral regeneration, they made their sanctity the cloak of their ambition, their deity the minister of their selfishness.

The Brahmanic system permeated the inmost fibres of the nation's life, and crushed the springs of its hope. By encouraging caste it made the earth a home of misery, and opened to the despondent only the dismal outlook of a darker despair.

But the same forces which determined its action created the powerful reaction which at last set in against it. As Catholicism called forth a Luther, Brahmanism raised up an earlier protestant, a no less powerful reformer. The time came when the yoke which the priesthood had imposed was too heavy to bear longer. The great cry of the people found an echo in the heart of one who had the sublime courage to take up their cause as his own, and who, though born a monarch, descended from the throne

of his ancestors to become in truth a prophet of the people.

Like the fond father in the Hebrew tale, History loves to adorn her favorites with garments of many colors, which, as she finds them not in her own storehouse, she borrows from Fancy's loom. The life of the great Hindoo reformer illustrates the manner in which this doubtful distinction is conferred. In it fact and fiction are so intimately interwoven that the most eager criticism might despair of unraveling their complicated threads. We could not if we would undertake so difficult a task. Nor are we disposed to assume the ungracious part of the jealous brothers, and despoil the princely hero of our story of those royal robes with which the legends of ages have invested him.

At the foot of the mountain range of Nepaul, by the banks of a torrent that comes rushing down fiercely from the hills, stood of old the town of Kapilavastu. The place is now a desolate waste, inhabited only by wild beasts. As early as the seventh century of our era, Chinese travelers reported that they found it in a deserted condition. Deadly vapors rising from dense jungles forbid the return of man. But at the time of which we speak, something like twenty-four hundred years ago, all this was different. Then palaces and pleasure-grounds and the busy life of a royal residence gave a bright and attractive appearance to the city on the Rohini.

King Çuddhodana and his queen Mâyâdevî bore sway, the one distinguished by manly strength and wisdom, the other by beauty and rare grace of person.

The union of this pair was blessed by the birth of a child, which took place under the most extraordinary circumstances. Mâyâdevî left the palace one day to promenade in a garden or park near by, when, on a sudden, her whole frame became translucent with celestial light. Brahma and Indra descended from heaven, the earth trembled, laughter of a thousand spirits filled the air, and fragrant dews falling abundantly bathed the glowing limbs of a new-born child. No sooner had the infant boy

opened his eyes upon the world than he rose with the strength of a man, walked successively in the direction of the four quarters of the earth, and announced the tidings that the deliverer of humankind had come. Wherever he trod, lotus flowers sprang up in his path.

The sages of the court prophesied the child's future greatness, but whether he would follow the career of a conquering king or of a prophet they refused to reveal. He received the name Siddhârtha, meaning the much-desired, in token of the bright hopes which his coming had fulfilled. During his childhood the prince performed a variety of wonderful feats which it is needless to dwell upon here. When he was sixteen years of age, his father being anxious to bind him to the conditions amid which he had grown up, requested him to choose a wife among the aristocratic families of the land. Siddhârtha declared himself willing to enter the bonds of matrimony, but shocked the prejudices of his family by refusing to pay attention to the caste of his future companion. As he did not propose to marry the lady's ancestors, he had no interest in scanning her pedigree.

We next hear of a great tournament that was arranged in order to allow the prince an opportunity to display his military prowess. Five hundred youths vied with him in the emulous contest of skill, but he outstripped them all. Even the great bow, which the strength of a thousand men was barely sufficient to string, and the noise of whose discharge was like the rolling of thunder over the mountains, he handled with ease, as if it were a child's toy. Having thus convinced the people of his accomplishments, he was permitted to choose from among the most beautiful damsels of the realm, who had been gathered at the court to await his decision. Now began a life of indolence and ease. Pleasure held him in her silken bonds, and naught that could beguile the senses was wanting.

From palace to palace, from enjoyment to enjoyment, he passed. He was beautiful as the day, and a monarch's son — what could he lack! But at this very

time a crisis in his life was approaching. One day he rode out in his chariot, with a faithful servant at his side, when he was startled to observe an old man creeping along with trembling gait; a shriveled and decrepit form, bent with the weight of sorrows and of years. The prince stopped the chariot and inquired, "Of what unhappy race is this one, that he has been reduced to such utter misery?" But the servant turned and answered, "This is the lot of all men; age is the portion of the young."

The prince was deeply moved, and returned home sunk in meditation.

For the first time a shadow had fallen on the picture of life as it glowed in brilliant colors around him. On another occasion, in one of his drives, he saw a leper covered with sores and filth, whom all the passers-by avoided. Again Siddhârtha paused, put the same question, and received the reply, "This is the lot of all men; sickness is the portion of the sound." A third time he saw a corpse lying by the roadside. Worms were feasting on the flesh, the sickening scenes of corruption exposed to the light of day! And again he heard the same hard words, "This is the lot of all men; death is the portion of the living." The distress of the prince now increased day by day. His wonted enjoyments lost their flavor. In the midst of mirth he was silent and engrossed.

In this condition he met one day a pious mendicant, one of that class, common in India, who live on the alms of the benevolent and devote their life to contemplation and religious exercises.

The calm, immobile features of the man, his venerable appearance, the simple dignity of his demeanor, strongly impressed the prince in his favor. They engaged in a long conversation together, and at its end it was noticed that Siddhârtha returned to the palace with a lighter step than he had long known. A new thought was working its way in his mind. He had been rudely awakened from his dream of happiness. Intensely sympathetic by nature, the wretchedness of his fellow-men cruelly jarred upon the brighter anticipations that he had formed

of the future. He now felt that he needed seclusion and undisturbed quiet in order to meditate upon all this woe that encompassed him, and, if possible, to obviate its causes. That night he communicated to his father his resolve of quitting the court and entering one of the religious orders. The king was greatly alarmed at this determination of the heir to the throne, forbade his departure, and endeavored by every means in his power to divert him from his purpose. It was evening, some time after their interview. The palace of Kapilavastu was lit up with Oriental splendor. Garlands decked every hall, and strains of music burst through the open terraces. On that day a son had been born to Siddhârtha, and in the joy of his heart the old king commanded the most sumptuous festivities, hoping thereby to change the dismal tenor of the prince's thoughts.

A gay circle received Siddhârtha as he entered the high apartments, and grouped around him where he reclined on his couch of state were the fairest of all the fair ones of that Eastern court.

But his lips did not unclose, nor his pale face brighten with a smile. At last, overpowered by weariness, he sank into an unquiet slumber. It was long past midnight when he awoke. The lamps burnt low; the fragrant scent of their costly oil pervaded the apartment.

But as he rose to look around him the whole scene seemed suddenly to have undergone a great transformation. The beauty of his companions had fallen like a mask; the gilded halls were fading like an illusion. In the words of the Pâhli annals from which this account is taken, "Unto him the splendid and charming palace, which was like the mansion of Indra, the god of the thousand eyes, became as it were an object of disgust, filled with loathsome corpses like a catacomb."

He longed for a life higher than the ephemeral life of pleasure. As he said in after days, "This mind of mine went formerly wandering about as it liked, as it listed, as it pleased; but I shall now hold it in thoroughly, as the rider who bears the hook holds in the furious ele-

phant." "From pleasure comes grief, from pleasure comes fear; he who is free from pleasure knows neither grief nor fear." Determined to consummate his purpose, he rose, stole noiselessly from the room, found his favorite charger awaiting him at the portal, mounted with a single bound, and spurred on, cutting with one bold stroke all the ties that had bound him. Home-affections, power, kingdom, he left them all behind. For he had recognized the first of the great truths, *that there is suffering*, and there was now but one purpose for him in life: to alleviate it, "to draw the thorns from the smarting flesh." He avoided the guards who would have checked his progress, in safety. But when he reached the gates of the city, Mara, the tempter, appeared before him and offered him the kingdom of the earth if he would turn back and desist from his undertaking. Swiftly Siddhārtha rode on and answered not, on through the long, dark night, many a weary league, till, as the morning broke, he was far beyond the reach of pursuit. He now took off his jeweled tiara and the insignia of royalty, and sent them back by the hand of a trusted servant. Then, assuming the garb of the mendicants, he applied to two of the great masters of the Brahmins, and retired to the depths of a forest to practice their teachings. In this way he hoped to discover the origin of suffering, and the way of release. Five followers accompanied him to his retreat, where he remained for full six years.

In this epoch of his life he bears the name of Çakyamuni, the hermit of the Çakyas.

It is advisable at this stage to review the means which the Brahmanic priesthood recommended for the solution of the great problem upon which Çakyamuni was engaged.

We have already attempted to explain the origin of the doctrine of metempsychosis among the Hindoos. This doctrine had gradually obtained general recognition, and men became firmly persuaded of the reality of the new births and deaths which awaited them. They even pretended to point out certain ani-

mals and plants into which the souls of the sinful had entered. Here was a crocodile containing the spirit of a cow-thief, a monkey containing that of a corn-thief, a worm inhabited by one who had tasted of forbidden food, a creeper into which the vile soul of an incestuous son had been changed. The separation, too, between the different castes, which the Brahmanic system encouraged, had become irrevocably fixed, and the insolence of the high toward the low was barely supportable.

The life of the base-born was, indeed, a pitiable one. The fear of the future they shared with the rest, but it was rendered doubly acute in their case by the more dismal prospect of longer and wearier sufferings. To escape the eternal cycle of births and deaths the Brahmins resorted to two expedients. The one involved the conception of the efficacy of works, the other the principle of self-torturing asceticism. A vast and intricately ramified code of ceremonies, the reading of the law, and absurd, often degrading, modes of expiation for sin, made up the catalogue of works. The second expedient for attaining the end of existence, which is the ending of existence by a return to the Brahma whence it came, is founded on the spiritual nature of that supposed fount of being. It became the seeker for deliverance to free himself from the trammels of the earthly, if on his death he hoped to be merged in the essential spirit of the universe. Hence the cruel life of the anchorite. In caves, on mountains, in the deep forests, men passed their days, seated on couches of thorns, clothed with wet garments in the cold season, placed between four blazing fires while the intense rays of the summer's sun glared down upon them from above, standing in unnatural positions till flesh and blood could bear it no longer. Such a life the hermit of the Çakyas now elected. He subjected himself with unsparing hand to all the painful trials which the ingenuity of fanatics had devised. And the five who followed him into the solitude might well wonder at his power of self-abnegation, when they saw their master

reduce his food to a single grain of rice a day. But at this point a change took place. The legend tells us that his dead mother appeared to him by night, and wept when she beheld his wan, emaciated form.

Nature asserted its claims. Maids from a neighboring village brought him milk and honey, and he accepted their gift. The old was fast losing power over him; a new and greater something was preparing. The solution of the main problem of Indian life—how to escape the law of transmigration, how to obtain repose in a death from which there should be no awakening—the Brahmins had not found. Çakyamuni rejected their law, denied the authority of their holy scriptures. Again he applied himself to consider the theory and practice of the ruling system of Hindoo religion. With him, as with his countrymen, the conviction that the soul repeats its troubled career in endless resurrections formed the substratum of consciousness, the background of every action and belief. This life is but a single scale on the great ladder of existence, which stretches upward and downward from sphere to sphere into the immensity of unknown worlds. And the spirit of man ascends and descends, slowly, painfully, on this dizzy path, by an iron law which has been from the beginning of time. To launch forth from the standing-point of the present, to forget the toil still to come, to commingle and be extinguished in the infinitude of space,—ah, that would be indeed felicity! Try works, said the Brahmins; bring sacrifices. But Çakyamuni remembered the words of the philosopher Kapila, with whose system his own in many places coincides, and he said, "The rich man brings of his wealth three hundred, six hundred beasts to the altar. Shall he be saved because of his riches, and the poor be left to their burdens without hope of release?" He rejected the offices of the sacrifice. Try the life of the recluse, reiterated Brahmanism. Çakyamuni had tried it, but he found it vain and useless. The stains of the soul are not purged by fire, or water, or thorns.

Was there, then, no escape, no saving principle of help? Let us see how the legend relates the manner in which he attained the way of deliverance.

There is in India a wonderful tree, known as "the tree of understanding."¹ Its branches rise and descend again to earth, take new root, and send up new offshoots which, again, become stems of other twigs. These descend once more, until a mighty arbor is thus formed, a kind of natural temple, of which the tree's descending trunks are the columns; the interlacing boughs the bright and leafy dome. Of old the Brahmins called it the symbol of existence, each new stem a new life, the root of other lives to come. With such a sylvan temple many of the villages of Hindostan are provided. The natives place the images of their gods there. A whole army could readily find shelter in its shade. Under one of these trees, seated upon the "throne of intelligence," the recluse of the Çakyas was plunged in profound meditation. The maze of existence was imaged in the surrounding grove. The foliage shook and quivered about him like the tremulous yearnings of a soul that would fly upward to the light. Now Mara, the tempter, who carries an arrow with flowered head,—the personification of desire,—seeing that his power on earth would be curtailed if Çakyamuni attained to knowledge, caused the great drum of his realm to be beaten, and marshaled his innumerable hosts to contend with the hermit. They came, covering an area of a hundred and sixty-four miles. Mara himself, upon a huge elephant, rode at their head. Fire flashed from his eyes. He wielded a weapon that would have pierced mountains of adamant. The elements aided his designs: terrific hurricanes burst over the land, the rocks were rent asunder, the hills were uprooted, darkness covered the earth, and the host of demons roared even more loudly than the storm. Then Mara cast his weapon, but behold it turned into a fragrant garland as it approached the unwavering hermit. Huge boulders

¹ The *Ficus religiosa*.

of stone were hurled against him, but they fell as votive flowers at his feet. The terrors of the tempest did not unman him; a radiant smile played over his placid countenance. At last hell opened and swallowed the host. There was but one more resource left to Mara, which he had reserved to the last. The tempter sent six hundred wanton damsels to remind the stern prophet of the joyous days of his youth, and to lure him back into the arms of pleasure. But even this temptation he withstood.

The field was cleared; his foes were vanquished. All through that night he pondered on the mighty problem, until at last, one by one, the four great truths of religion stood out brightly before him: suffering, the origin of suffering, the destruction of suffering, and the way to achieve that destruction. The mystery was solved, the hour of deliverance at hand, and when the first beam of dawn glowed in the east, it shone on a new and transfigured being. The prince we have known as Siddhârtha, the hermit Çakyamuni, had become the Buddha, the enlightened, the deliverer of mankind. How was the transformation accomplished? What was the solution he had found?

Among the sayings attributed to the Buddha we read the following: "How is there laughter, how is there joy, as this world is always burning? Why do you not seek a light, ye who are surrounded by darkness?" "This body is wasted, full of sickness, and frail; this heap of corruption breaks to pieces; the life in it is death." "Those white bones, like gourds thrown away in the autumn, what pleasure is there in looking at them?" "After a frame has been made of the bones, it is covered with flesh and blood, and there dwell in it old age and death, pride and deceit." This being the destiny of the body, we can understand the precept, "Cut down the whole forest of lust." "All created things perish. He who knows and sees this becomes passive in pain; this is the way to purity."¹

This is the way to purity—the up-

rooting of desire, the conquest of passion. A life self-restrained, equably poised, wisely controlled, as far removed from the painful exercises of fanatic anchorites as from the reckless indulgence of the votaries of pleasure, such a life detaches man from the cause of suffering and guards him from its consequences. This is the first great principle of the Buddha's religion.

But notwithstanding the most careful moderation in the enjoyment of earth's goods, the most skeptical distrust with respect to the worth of human desires, there are blows against which even the stoutest armor is not proof, there are shocks which cause even the boldest to tremble. Deep hidden in the human heart, the waters of affection never cease to flow. But when the occasion comes, they rise in tumultuous flood to the surface. The voice of reason is impotent to still the anguish of the heart. The affections alone can soothe the affections! Prepare a channel, therefore, to lead the swelling tide away to commingle with the great ocean of mankind's sorrow, and in commingling to be there absorbed. This is the meaning of the following beautiful legend.²

There came to the Buddha, one day, a woman who had lost her only child. She was wild with grief, and with disconsolate sobs and cries called frantically upon the prophet to give back her little one to life. The Buddha gazed on her long, and, with that tender sympathy which drew all hearts to him, replied, "Go, my daughter, bring me a mustard seed from a house into which death has never entered, and I will do as thou hast bidden." The woman took up the dead child and began her search. She went from house to house, saying, "Give me a mustard seed, kind folks, a mustard seed for the prophet to revive my child." And they gave her what she desired. And when she had taken it she inquired: "They are all gathered around the hearth here, father, mother, and the children; is it not so? They are sound, in health's bloom?" But the peo-

¹ Vide the Path of Virtue, in Max Müller's Science of Religion.

² Müller's Science of Religion, page 145.

ple would shake their heads mournfully. And, far as she wandered, through town and village, in the crowded thoroughfare and by the lonely roadside, she met the same experience still. There was ever a vacant seat by the hearth, which remained unfilled though all were gathered. Then gradually, as she went on, the outbursts of her grief abated, and the meaning of the Buddha's words dawned upon her mind. Gradually, as she learned to know the great sorrow of the race everywhere around her, her heart, ceasing to dwell on its own selfish pang, went out in strong yearning to the companions of her suffering. The tears of her pity fell free and fast, *passion slowly melted away in compassion*. From passive suffering she turned to active helping, sought redemption by redeeming. She had learned the highest virtue which the Buddha taught, *maññi*, the consciousness of wide fellowship, the love of mankind, the perfect renunciation of self in behalf of the eternal interests. Calm, unswerving self-control to avoid pain, acts of sympathy to lighten pain; such was the Buddha's answer to the great question of the origin and destruction of suffering. These were the two solid pillars of his church. If he had paused there he would have exhibited to the world an example of combined soberness and enthusiastic idealism nowhere transcended in human history. But his faith in the doctrine of the transmigration compelled him to pass the limits which his strong ethical sentiment seemed to prescribe; into a nebulous beyond. This present life of ours is but a link in the great chain of existence. Of what advantage is it, therefore, to destroy the suffering of to-day, if, in the ceaseless cycle of new births, that suffering is destined endlessly to recur? To be a true deliverer; the prophet said, I must free men from the fear of resurrection, teach them to baffle fate. With the end of existence alone can come the end of pain. Hence arose the mystic doctrine of Nirvana — the third of the great principles on which the Buddhist system rests.

Let us free ourselves from the bond-

age of our nature, exclaimed the Indian sage; let us achieve repose. And now he reasoned, It is desire which produces pain and binds us to life. But desire depends upon the senses; the senses ultimately depend on a power of intelligence that resides in the mind. Ah! if we could blot out this, if we could crush forever the germ of mind, then the root of desire would be cut, and the bond of existence broken. But how to do this? He answered, By contemplation, by gathering up the soul within itself, by recognizing that all the objects of the world about us are an illusion, that all existing things are evanescent. Thus contemplating, the mind closes itself against external impressions, becomes entranced in the sweet felicity of quiet, and, having perceived the essential unreality of the universe, attains its last and perfect end in sinking away, itself, into nonentity, in finding rest on the bosom of Nirvana. The way is mystical, the means are dubious, but the end is clear. It is to escape the dread of continued suffering hereafter, to find lasting peace in a dreamless death. The last answer to the question of the destruction of pain had thus been found in the doctrine of Nirvana.

The question has been raised whether Nirvana means utter extinction or absolute quiet. But where the line of demarcation is to be drawn between annihilation and absolute quiet, — quiet without sensation, without motion, without motive, — we confess ourselves at a loss to conceive. Nor are we more fortunate in discovering the bearings of Müller's argument, namely, that the Buddha could not well have made extinction the aim of life, seeing that if all is to end in nothing, there is no reason for performing and demanding of others so great a moral work as he did. The pains of this life were at all events as real in his day as in ours, and to these his attention was preëminently directed. While the doctrine of Nirvana was nothing more than a bold attempt to cut off at one stroke the chance of returning misery in the life of the hereafter, in Buddha's Path of Virtue we read, "There

is no fire like passion; there is no unlucky dye like hatred; there is no pain like this body—the endurance of life; there is no happiness like rest.” With regard to those points of religion which are commonly considered fundamental, his position was entirely negative. The sanctity of the Vedic bible he denied; the immortality of the soul he feared and sought to abrogate, and of the existence of a creator, in our sense, he was more than doubtful. The gods of the people, indeed, he suffered to remain; but they deserved their names no longer, being inferior in every way to the ideal man. When the Buddha entered the temple, the legend relates, Brahma and the other deities stepped down from their pedestals to welcome and do him homage.

In so far as the purely human entered into the religion of the Buddha, it was productive of widely beneficial results. But in so far as he borrowed the supernatural doctrines of the Brahmans, he opened the way for all that proved injurious to the future growth of his ideas. The pernicious effects of Nirvana are undeniable. It at once neutralized the active principle that inspires and invigorates Buddhist ethics. While on the one hand the individual was referred to himself as the artificer of his destiny, to the advancing good of the race for the assurance of mankind’s salvation, and was thus induced to enter with zeal and avidity into the interests of life, with the design of exalting and ennobling them, his attention was, on the other hand, distracted by an object of fear which he saw rising darkly beyond the border. Thus the mind, preoccupied with the momentous questions of the hereafter, became passive and indifferent to the concerns of the present. It is true the sound and forceful principles of the Buddha’s moral law never ceased to extend their friendly influence to the troubles of this sublunar existence. But the eye of the devout, glancing faintly by the present, dwelt with anxious preference on the possibilities of the far futurity. Men sank back from exertion into contemplation; hence arose the cloisters and

nunneries of the Buddhist mendicants in the Indian land. Clothed in a simple, orange-colored gown, with a wooden bowl for the collection of alms, a sunshade, and only a few other of the most necessary utensils, the Bikshus wandered about the country or dwelt together in the silence of the convent. On entering their communion the novice took the vows of chastity, poverty, and obedience. The public confessional, absolution, even rosaries on which their mystic prayer was counted off, were not wanting. But in happy contradistinction to what we find elsewhere, the way to the cloisters was made hard, and the return to the world easy, while of torture and painful penances we hear nothing. In later times the true meaning of Nirvana was forgotten among the vulgar, and the void of existence became an elysium painted in sensual colors. Buddha himself, though never aspiring to be more than man, was invested with supernatural powers, and all the paraphernalia of miracles gathered around him. The strength of his system certainly does not lie in its transcendental elements. If the substitution of Nirvana for Brahma were all he had accomplished, he would deserve but little attention at our hands. But in truth he did more. He sought deliverance not for himself alone, but for all mankind; and, in enunciating a universal aim, he raised his work into lasting importance. In the Grove of Gazelles near Benares he proclaimed for the first time the new evangel he had brought. For the first time in the plains of India the voice of the preacher was heard, and a thousand hearts leaped responsive to his bold, stirring, soul-awakening call. He spoke in the dialect of the people, and every one there present, it is said, seemed to hear his own language, for he said what all had felt; he raised a cry which found an echo in every oppressed heart. He called to account the haughty Brahman priesthood in overwhelming denunciation for their iniquities and their pride. He broke through the barriers of caste, and said to the weary and heavy-laden, Come ye all and follow me; I will show

you the road of release. If the Brahmans shunned the touch of the base-born as though it were pollution, and made birth the stamp of sanctity here, the hope of felicity hereafter, he sat down among "publicans and sinners." Be quiet; in my law ye shall find peace.

There was a caste in India, the Tshandālas, despised and down-trodden of all men. By day they wandered furiously about the streets of the city, wearing a distinguishing badge on their garments, which served to point them out to the insults of the vulgar; but at night they were driven mercilessly from the gates, though the storms might rage without. One day the Buddha received the votive offerings of his adherents, who had collected around him in a great multitude. There came many rich men and women and cast flowers of exquisite fragrance and color into the wooden bowl which he held in his hands; but they dwindled away as they fell, and the bowl was not filled. Then there came a poor Tshandāla, timidly stealing through the crowd and shrinking from their gaze. He threw a few wild flowers upon the rest. By these flowers the bowl was filled. See, with the dregs of society he holds intercourse; the Tshandālas are his companions, said the Brahmans. "My law is a law of grace for all men," replied the Buddha. "My law is like the sky, which encompasseth all, the rich and the poor, the old and the young, the high and the low." "Cut out thy selfishness like the autumn lotus," taste of the sweets of kindness bestowed, bathe thy soul in the purity of an ideal purpose! There were some who, when they heard such language as this, exclaimed, The prince has gone mad! Others ascribed his actions to sordid motives. To little minds the grandeur of a lofty spirit is incomprehensible; their words are feathers before the wind. Though he may have erred a thousand times, in this he touched the very life-spring of all religion, when he called on his followers to break down the towering egotism of their nature, to give free play to the

wider sympathies of the soul which are founded in the physical, ennobled in the moral constitution. His system contained all the elements of power and comfort which are necessary to seize on the popular heart, and might, in the course of time, have completely turned the current of Hindoo history into broader and brighter channels. But the dead-weight of the transcendent Nirvana drew all their energy into passiveness; and mysticism, like a strong narcotic acting on a youthful frame, slowly coiled round them with its killing lethargy; and yet the ethical teachings of the Buddha made their benign influence felt wherever they spread. Friend and foe unite to sing their praises, and even those who condemn the principles of his system are compelled to own the excellence of its practice. The ten commandments of the Buddha are not to kill, not to steal, not to commit adultery, to speak no falsehood, to utter no slander, not to curse, not to use impure or trivial language, to avoid covetousness, revenge, and false views of religion. As early as the reign of King Açoka, under whose protection the third great council of the Buddhist church was held,¹ and the canon of their faith, the so-called "three baskets,"² collected, capital punishment, we are informed, was entirely abolished. Hospitals were erected, not only for sick men but also for sick animals, whose sufferings were tenderly relieved. In the Path of Virtue we find such sayings as the following: "All men tremble at punishment, all men love life; remember that thou art like unto them, and do not kill nor cause slaughter." "Let a man overcome anger by love, let him overcome evil by good, let him overcome the greedy by liberality, the liar by truth;" "for hatred does not cease by hatred at any time; hatred ceases by love; this is an old rule." "Let each man make himself as he teaches others to be; he who is well subdued may subdue others; one's own self is difficult to subdue." "As the bee collects nectar and departs without injuring the flower, or its color courses of Buddha, The Ethics and Metaphysics of Buddhism.

¹ About 230 B. C.

² The Sūtras, Vinaya, and Abhidharma, — the Dis-

and scent, so let the sage dwell on earth." Among the consequences of these views, toleration toward all men and their beliefs was one of the most beautiful. No religious wars, no fires of inquisition, no dark tribunals, taint the history of the Buddha's church. As Köppen aptly remarks, the whole spirit of his teachings is expressed in the Chinese adage, "Religions are many, reason is one; we are all brothers." To make the way easy for our fellows is the joy we should seek; to plant shady groves by the wayside, to dig wells at which the traveler may slake his thirst. The ennoblement of self in the unselfish should be our ultimate aim.

Forty-five years the Buddha taught his great law; slander and calumny were not wanting. In that which he held highest, the conquest of the carnal passion, his own purity was wantonly impugned. Among those whom he had taken to his heart, his own fold, there arose a traitor who vainly sought to rival his master's glory. At last he stood upon the road of Kuçinagara, and felt that his end was nigh; for the last time he looked upon the city where he had labored so long and faithfully, then sadly turned on his way; but before he reached his destination his strength forsook him, and in a grove by the roadside, at midnight, in the deep stillness of the earth, he entered the realm of Nirvana and found the last release and repose. The memory of the master

lived among his disciples, and continues to live, a bountiful source of strength and consolation in millions of their descendants.

After thousands of years shall have passed away, — such is the belief of the faithful, — there shall come a new Buddha who will be called the Buddha of universal love. Again shall he raise the banner of good-will and brotherly help, again collect the great and lowly, the joyful and the mourner, and teach them all to live in one great fellowship, strong in their union, peaceful by their love. On that day the battle of existence will be ended, and each one will be happy in the happiness of all.

The hope which is here expressed is the same that has inspired every vigorous form of religion from the beginning. It is the hope of a grander destiny which the race is called upon to fulfill; the eternal trust in the higher and better that is to be.

On surveying the course of Buddha as it now lies open before us, we cannot but feel that we have here the record of a nobly aspiring life. Even his failures only serve to bring him nearer to our consciousness. But, because of the manifold sweetness that distills from his works and teachings, he will ever be counted in the number of those whom the heart of humanity cherishes as its most loving if they be not its wisest benefactors.

Felix Adler.

MA BLONDE AUX YEUX NOIRS.

GOLD clouds in plummy sweep
Over lakes dark and deep,
What tries to image thee,
Ma blonde aux yeux noirs?

Gold corn all ripe to reap,
Fields brown in autumn-sleep,
What tries to image thee,
Ma blonde aux yeux noirs?

Bee, with black, downy hair,
Gold honey clinging there,
What is there quaint like thee,
Ma blonde aux yeux noirs?

Gold orchid, waved in air,
Brown-flecked, and shapen rare,
What is there quaint like thee,
Ma blonde aux yeux noirs?

Gold wing of butterfly,
Windowed with clear black eye,
What can I find like thee,
Ma blonde aux yeux noirs?

Dark shadows flitting by,
Where golden sun-gleams lie,
What can I find like thee,
Ma blonde aux yeux noirs?

Gold birds that rise to sing,
Fanning a jet-plumed wing,
What seeks to shine like thee,
Ma blonde aux yeux noirs?

Dark trout, whose arrowy spring
Sends gold drops showering,
What seeks to shine like thee,
Ma blonde aux yeux noirs?

Pansies that richly fold
Dusk hearts in brilliant gold,
What glooms and glows like thee,
Ma blonde aux yeux noirs?

Wells that moist darkness hold
In desert sands of gold,
What glooms and glows like thee,
Ma blonde aux yeux noirs?

Gold topaz, airy clear,
Strange ebon carving near,
Not fair nor rich like thee,
Ma blonde aux yeux noirs!

All these did nature paint
In colors yet too faint,
Mixing her tints for thee,
Ma blonde aux yeux noirs!

Adelaide Alling.

THE STATE AND THE RAILROADS.

II.

CHICAGO and its marvelous railroad system have of late years been accounted almost chief among the marvels of material progress in America. It was Professor Goldwin Smith who, about the close of the war of the rebellion, first brought the "Queen City of the Prairies" into fashionable notice, and gave the world to understand that among the wonders of America he considered her, always excepting Niagara, as best worthy of a stranger's attention. Not improbably the English scholar was right. Yet, even more than the city itself, the railroad system of Chicago then was and now is a wonderful result both of public spirit and of private enterprise, and indeed it may well be questioned whether, in a purely material way, the United States has anything more remarkable to show. More than all else, it is a most perfect example of the method of American railroad development. Founded on the principle of free, unembarrassed construction, favored and stimulated in its growth by the whole elaborate system of artificial inducements, — through land-grants, exemptions, and subsidies, — left for its sole regulation to the influence of competition, the Chicago railroad system sprang into existence with mushroom growth, and was intended to and did make the whole great region of the Northwest tributary to that favored spot at which its numerous members found their point of concentration.

Under all these circumstances it is certainly not among the least curious or notable events of the day that Chicago, *par excellence* the far-famed city of railroads, should suddenly be heard complaining loudly and bitterly of unjust and unbearable railroad discrimination against her. Such, however, has recently been the fact, and, strange as that fact seems, and indeed really is, a stranger fact yet is that this cry of complaint

against its railroads, raised from Chicago, the railroad centre of the West, was echoed back by an exactly similar cry from New York, the railroad centre of the entire country. The railroads were charged with discriminating against the railroad centres, of all possible places, and giving to mere local points undue advantages over them. Such an unexpected turn of affairs as this would be curious under any circumstances, but is just now particularly deserving of thoughtful consideration. Its cause cannot lie upon the surface. It must needs indicate some radical defect in the system, or the incipient stages of some considerable revolution. It is not a thing to be disposed of by denunciation of the "railroad kings," or the "thieves of Wall Street," or the "stock-gamblers" and the "Shylock moneyed interests" of the East. All that is well enough in its way, and is indeed apparently a necessary part of every discussion on these topics, but it is open to the objection that it does not account for the existence of the phenomenon.

Here, apparently, was one of the final results of a system of railroads constructed on the theory that competition would necessarily bring about moderation in charges and equality in treatment; the very cities where the greatest number of railroad lines concentrate, where consequently competition should be strongest, were complaining most loudly that all other places were more favored than they, and that they were, through the adverse action of the railroad corporations, even driven out of the arena of business competition. Nor was the complaint groundless. There was, on the contrary, good cause for it. During the winter of 1875 and 1876, both New York and Chicago were discriminated against in the matter of railroad charges between the interior and the sea-board, and to such a degree also that, while shipments were made from New York to the West

by the way of Boston, in like manner shipments East from Chicago were made through Milwaukee. At the moment this was regarded as merely a phase, and a passing phase at that, of railroad competition. This it was, too, but it was also something more. It was an outward manifestation of one of the most important of the changes now quietly working themselves out in the complex system of machinery through which the industrial movement of the country is carried on. The whole railroad system was trying, certainly unconsciously to the country and perhaps unconsciously to those who managed it, to pass through a great change. It was struggling to get away from the false principle of political economy upon which it was first established, and with us has always been developed, and to find its way to some other economical basis upon which it might hope to live and prosper. In fact it was, in its own way, following out the irresistible law of its existence, and working itself out through competition into combination.

It would hardly be possible that the subtle connections between a great economical revolution of the nature of that just referred to and its superficial symptoms should be easy to understand. In the present case, also, these connections are confusingly complex. To develop the subject fully requires space; to understand it at all requires patience. It involves a realizing conviction of the truth of some of the most abstract and paradoxical politico-economic truths of the day; which have hardly yet found their place in the treatises, but which are none the less working themselves out in all civilized countries with an inexorable and sometimes, as in the case of Chicago, with a cruel logic. A great deal has of late been heard of the newly developed school of political and economic thinkers, which is making itself felt in Germany, and the tendency of which is supposed to be reactionary against English free trade and *laissez faire*. These German thinkers have been laid hold of in this country by the protectionists, and claimed by them as allies. In truth

they are nothing of the sort. They are free traders themselves, but they declare that the principles of free trade also are not of unlimited application; that, on the contrary, experience, and especially the experience of the last few years, has definitely shown that, in the complex development of modern life, functions are more and more developed which, in their operation, are not subject to the laws of competition or the principles of free trade, and which indeed are reduced to utter confusion within and without if abandoned to the working of those laws. The more thorough ascertainment of these limitations on principles generally correct is one of the important studies of the day. Thirty years ago they were not understood at all; they are now understood only in part. John Stuart Mill had a clear though limited perception of them, and how limited his perception was will be realized from the fact that of the twelve hundred pages of his work on political economy he devotes just four pages to this subject. Yet to-day these limitations are asserting themselves in a way which cannot be ignored. It was the ignorant disregard of them years ago which led to the discrimination last winter against New York and Chicago. It is the fact of the existence of these limitations to the possibility of leaving everything to private enterprise and the law of supply and demand which now, more than anything else in this country, threatens the permanence of our political institutions. It works in this wise.

The traditions of political economy to the contrary notwithstanding, there are functions of modern life, the number of which is also continually increasing, which necessarily partake in their essence of the character of monopolies. This they do and always must do as the fundamental condition of their development. Now it is found that, wherever this characteristic exists, the effect of competition is not to regulate cost or equalize production, but under a greater or less degree of friction to bring about combination and a closer monopoly. The law is invariable. It knows no exceptions.

The process through which it works itself out may be long, but it is sure. When the number of those performing any industrial work in the system of modern life is necessarily limited to a few, the more powerful of those few will inevitably absorb into themselves the less powerful. The difficulty of the process is a mere question of degree; its duration is a mere question of time. That the railroad system of any country is in its essence a monopoly, although not necessarily a strict monopoly, has been pointed out *ad nauseam*. In America a great many agents are employed in the work of transportation, hence the monopoly is looser than it is in many other countries; hence, also, the process of bringing about a thorough combination of the monopolists is rendered more difficult and requires more time. None the less it goes on. The essential spirit of monopoly reveals itself even in the competition which is carried on; for, while the result of ordinary competition is to reduce and equalize prices, the result of railroad competition, as is perfectly well known and as was clearly seen in the case of Chicago and New York during the recent winter, is to produce local inequalities and to arbitrarily raise and depress prices.

This important truth is precisely what, through a long series of years, Chicago and New York have demonstrated at the expense of other points; and other points are now, for the time being, demonstrating it at the expense of New York and Chicago. It remains to show directly how this came about—through what process these cities were thus brought to a realizing sense of the unstable character of that railroad competition which had created their prosperity. When the railroad system of this country was established, more than forty years ago, it was established with an entire faith, shared by the whole community, in the effective character of railroad competition. The people of the country in their political capacity had faith in it. Indeed, not to have had faith in it at that time would have seemed almost to imply a doubt of the very principles upon

which the government was established. The whole political experiment in America was based upon the theory that the government should have the least possible connection with all industrial undertakings, that these undertakings had been regulated in other countries far too much, and that now, in the New World, it was to be proved that they would regulate themselves best when most left alone. The exceptions to this rule had yet to develop themselves. Forty years ago they had not begun, or had hardly begun, to develop themselves at all. If the people, and through the people the government, had faith in competition, the private individuals who constructed the railroads seemed to have no fear of it. They built roads throughout the country, apparently in perfect confidence that the country would so develop as to support all the roads that could be built. Consequently railroads sprang up as if by magic, and after they were constructed, as it was impossible to remove them from places where they were not wanted to places where they were wanted, they lived upon the country where they could, and, when the business of the country would not support them, they lived, as best they might, upon each other. In their case an essential principle had been ignored; or rather a principle generally correct had been misapplied. To make this perfectly clear required time. The country was of immense extent, and its development under the stimulus of the new impetus was unprecedentedly rapid, while the evils sure to ensue from the violation of a fundamental law revealed themselves by slow degrees. At first, and during the lives of more than one generation, it really seemed as if the community had not relied upon this fundamental law of competition without cause. Nevertheless, there never was a time, since the first railroad was built, when he who sought to look for them could not find in almost any direction significant indications of the violation of a natural law. Local inequalities always existed, and the whole system was built up upon the principle of developing competing points at the

expense of all others. There were certain localities in the country known as railroad centres; and these railroad centres were stimulated into an undue growth from the fact that competition was limited to them. The principles of free trade did not have full play; they were confined to favored localities. Hence resulted two things: in the first place the community suffered; then the railroads. Under the hard stress of local and through competition the most glaring inequalities were developed. The work of the railroad centres was done at a nominal profit, while the corporations recompensed themselves by extorting from other points not competing the highest profit which could be exacted. Nor was this all. The effect of competition and of the unnaturally rapid construction which had been going on was to force many railroad corporations into bankruptcy. Bankruptcy, again, became merely the process through which absorption was carried on, and from which combination resulted. The undue severity with which the railroads were forced to combat each other inevitably resulted either in alliances between them or in the fact that the larger took possession of the smaller. As long as the business of the country was good and development rapid, this might continue. Railroad construction went on with greater and greater speed. At times there were business disturbances, but the great crash did not come until the year 1873; then, suddenly, from various causes the country for the first time for many years practically stood still. All business seemed at once to die away, and the movement of the community was relaxed. Accordingly the railroads found themselves in a most difficult position. There were already too many of them for the largest amount of business which the community could do even in speculative times, and when that business fell away they found themselves in a position in which, being no longer able to live legitimately upon the country, they were forced to live upon each other. Not only was the competition between them therefore uncontrolled and beyond all control, but a new

element entered into it, the effect of which could not well be calculated.

While competition existed in the main between solvent roads, it might be said to be carried on subject to some limitation. There was a point at which the owners of the railroads ceased to be willing to do business in a manner which seemed likely to result only in their inevitable ruin. The moment that point was reached, and the conviction was fairly forced upon the minds of the contending parties that a conflict further prolonged would lead to this result, and that shortly, then the moment for an agreement or for a combination had arrived. They invariably came together and sought to save themselves at the expense of the community. In other words, there was always a point, as long as solvent roads only were concerned, at which competition naturally and quietly resulted in combination. This, however, was true only of solvent corporations. But the effect of the crisis of 1873 was sharply to divide the railroad system of the whole country, and more particularly the railroad system of the West, into two classes: the solvent roads and the insolvent roads. The trunk lines mainly belonged to the former class, and the latter class comprised certain of the trunk lines and many, if indeed in the West not a majority, of what are known as the cross lines and the side lines.

Between the solvent roads and the roads thus bankrupt a new form of competition then developed itself. The bankrupt roads were operated not for profit, apparently, but to secure business; business at any price seemed to be their object. If it was paying business, so much the better; if, however, the business would not pay, it was better than no business at all. Accordingly, the position of the trunk lines soon became almost untenable. They found themselves forced to decide whether they preferred to lose their business entirely and to see it pass away from them to rival lines, or whether they preferred to retain that business by doing it at a dead loss, which seemed inevitably to

endanger their ultimate solvency also. Such competition as this could not have its natural termination in a combination, and, therefore, either the difficulty had to be left to solve itself, or some new effort for its solution had to be devised.

Accordingly, in the summer of 1873 those managing the principal through lines running east and west met together in conference. Commodore Vanderbilt, who was supreme in the control of the most important of these lines, was then passing the vacation-time after his usual manner at Saratoga. There also the chiefs of the other lines found their way to meet him, and there took place that consultation among them which became subsequently famous as the "Saratoga conference." That conference resulted, it is true, only in a scheme which soon proved abortive; nevertheless it was deserving of all the temporary notoriety it achieved, for it will probably be found to have marked an era in the history of American railroad development. There were five rival through routes. Chief among them was the New York Central. North of the New York Central was the Grand Trunk, the through route of Canada. South of it lay three other competing lines: the Erie, the Pennsylvania, and the Baltimore & Ohio. Of those lines three only, with their connections, were represented at the Saratoga conference, or agreed to its conclusions. These were the New York Central, the Erie, and the Pennsylvania. At the time, the results of the Saratoga conference excited an amount of alarm and a popular clamor throughout the country which has rarely been equaled. It was looked upon as a movement against public policy, and the plan for operating the combined roads which resulted from its deliberations was denounced as one which, if successfully carried out, must necessarily result in the destruction of all competition for carriage between the sea-board and the West, and as consequently turning over the vital work of transporting the cereals of the interior to their market to a band of heartless monopolists. The cry of the "railroad kings" and "railroad extor-

tioners" was at once raised from almost every quarter. Meanwhile this clamor, like most popular clamors, had little real cause. The essential principle of the Saratoga combination lay in fact merely in the substitution of an open and responsible organization for a secret and irresponsible one, which had for years been in existence. To any thoughtful and reflecting man it must at any time have seemed very questionable whether, after all, such a change was not directly to the advantage of the community; even more to the advantage of the community indeed than of the railroad corporations. That the whole business of transportation between the West and the sea-board, and the prices which should be charged for doing it, had long been performed under common tariffs binding on all the roads represented at Saratoga, and made by their agents at stated times, was a matter of common and public notoriety. The newspapers had for years contained among other regular news items the reports of the meetings of these freight agents of the different corporations, for the purpose of effecting these common tariffs, just as regularly as they had reported the doings of the state legislatures or of Congress. That such meetings should have been held and such common tariffs prepared and published was obviously a matter of mere necessity to the railroads. It would have been utterly impossible for them to live under the pressure of a war of rates, knowing no limitation, — a war in which rival lines would be continually forced to combine against each other until, as has actually been the case, freight of every description should be transported long distances absolutely for nothing. There was a time when cattle were brought over the competing roads in New York at a dollar a car. Such competition as this plainly opened the widest and shortest way to insolvency, and it was to avoid it that the conventions of freight agents met. There was no secrecy about their proceedings. The tariffs arranged by them were published in the papers. They took effect at stated periods, and they were subject to modifications at other periods. There

was no more concealment about them, if indeed so much, as there was about the regular local tariffs in operation on the several roads represented. The only difference between the local and the through tariffs was that, whereas the former were fixed and rarely changed, the latter were subject to sudden and violent fluctuations. These fluctuations were known as railroad wars, and to these it was proposed to put a stop through the machinery devised in the Saratoga conference. It was not intended as the result of that conference to, as it is called, "pool" the profits of the different lines which were parties to it. On the contrary, each line was to be left free to procure all the business that it could, and charge the agreed-upon rates therefor, and to keep to itself all the profits that it could realize from it. There was nothing which looked to a common-purse arrangement. The attempt was solely to do away with wars of rates through the agency of arbitration. In place of leaving each company to assert its own rights and to maintain them if it was able, a central board was organized, the duty of which was to establish rules and tariffs which should be binding upon the various companies, and this central board it was intended should be clothed with sufficient powers to hold the companies firmly. It was an attempt in the first instance to substitute arbitration among railroads for a condition of perpetual warfare; consequently, though the roads through this board secured a much closer combination than had ever before been effected, yet, from the very fact of their so doing, they also concentrated responsibility upon the board and consequently upon themselves. The board of arbitration was their representative. It acted openly and publicly, before the whole country. It established rates, and it was responsible to the country and to public opinion for the rates thus established. Upon it, therefore, the whole force of public opinion could, at any time, be brought to bear, in place of being dissipated as before among a number of wholly irresponsible subordinate agencies. Apparently, therefore, to any one who looked below

the mere surface of things, to any one who was not led astray by empty cries against railroad kings, and by the equally empty denunciation of monopolies, the Saratoga conference had resulted in no insignificant public benefit. It had substituted the responsible for the irresponsible; publicity for secrecy; it seemed, at last, to promise to bring the railroads together under one head, and that head directly accountable to public opinion.

Obviously, the adhesion of all the trunk lines was essential to the success of this experiment. The position would not be greatly altered from what it had been before, if, while the three central through lines between the West and the sea-board had effected a combination, they were yet flanked, as it were, on the one side and the other, by lines not parties to the arrangement; by the Grand Trunk Railroad upon the north, and by the Baltimore & Ohio on the south. This proved to be the fact. At the time of the conference, Mr. Garrett, the president of the Baltimore & Ohio road, was absent in Europe. Immediately on his return, ostensibly to pay him a visit of compliment, but in reality to induce him to give in his adhesion to the new arrangement, the representatives of the other lines paid a visit to Baltimore. It soon became apparent that trouble was impending. Mr. Garrett declined to surrender what he called the independent policy of his line. He stated the willingness of the corporation which he represented to agree to adhere to the rates established by the combined lines, but he refused to subject his company to the jurisdiction of the board of arbitration. He sought, in fact, to avoid all entangling alliance, keeping the Baltimore & Ohio in a position of absolute independence, to do what it pleased in view of the local interests which it had always been its policy to foster. The representatives of the three central lines returned, therefore, from Baltimore in no good humor. Nor were their apprehensions of impending trouble unfounded. Hardly was the board of arbitration under the Saratoga conference organized, when a bitter railroad war arose between the lines which they represent-

ed and their southern neighbor. The more active hostilities were necessarily confined to the Pennsylvania road, which was brought immediately in contact with the Baltimore & Ohio. The war, though short, was very severe, and, for the time being, seemed to disorganize the railroad relations of half the country. It ended, as wars between solvent corporations always have ended and always must end, in an agreement. The Baltimore & Ohio became one of the combination of roads, upon the old footing of tariffs agreed upon in conferences of freight agents. It retained its independence. It was not subject to the jurisdiction, or bound by the action, of any board of arbitration, and consequently the board became a useless piece of lumber. Thus the one thing, practically, which the furious struggle had resulted in was the destruction of that which was best in the Saratoga arrangement. The worst features of the old system of irresponsible combination were restored. The railroads, in fact, returned into what might be called a state of nature; a condition in which it might be said that the railroad companies became again Rob Roys, so far as business was concerned: for "they might take who had the power, and they might keep who could." With the board of arbitration the two great principles of publicity and direct responsibility, which that board of arbitration necessarily represented, had also disappeared; there remained nothing but a loose understanding, such as it was, between four of the five through routes, which was binding upon them as long as they saw fit to be bound by it. Even this, however, did not perfect the combination. The Grand Trunk of Canada still refused to enter into it; and the Grand Trunk of Canada was not only thus a recusant road, but it also so happened that it was bankrupt. This, for the reasons already stated, sorely complicated the struggle. The combined and solvent roads were very loath to enter into a war of rates with an insolvent through line, aided, as it necessarily was, by the whole system of bankrupt Western connections. Therefore

railroad competition in the winter of 1875 developed itself to its full extent, and hence the complaints of Chicago and New York. The Grand Trunk road led directly neither to the one nor to the other of these cities. Consequently, the combined roads being unwilling to meet that line in a war of rates at other points which it did not reach, it was left at liberty to compete at those points almost without restraint. Its rates, and those of the roads which connected with it, accordingly were marked down low enough to cause business to be turned away from the combined lines. This meant that business was diverted from Chicago and from New York, the centres which those lines especially connected. Meanwhile, though the Grand Trunk did not reach either Chicago or New York, it did through connecting roads reach the rival cities of Milwaukee and Boston. Hence it was that so long as that war of rates was suffered to continue, both New York and Chicago looked on, not without dismay, while the stream which flowed through their own channels seemed rapidly to be drying up, and that which flowed through the channels of their rivals was swollen beyond all precedent.

That such a condition of affairs should long be endured in silence was not to be expected. Accordingly the business communities of both cities soon began to bestir themselves, and the press of each to make itself heard. The course pursued in the two cases was almost diametrically opposite. In New York the merchants met together in conference, and a committee was appointed to wait upon the managers of the New York Central line and to point out to them the damage which was being done to what must after all, under any circumstances, remain the natural terminus of that line. The duty of protecting their own best customer, which devolved upon those managing the line, scarcely needed to be dwelt upon. The meeting between the committee and the officials was a very friendly one. No complaint was made as to the rates then charged by the New York Central. These were freely

acknowledged to be reasonable and sufficiently low. But the competing rates of the other line were lower. On this point there was no dispute, the railroad officials freely admitting that the rates west from Boston were some fifty per cent. less than the rates at that same time from New York. It was not denied, either, that this condition of affairs necessarily resulted in great hardship, and must involve the destruction of many branches of New York business.

Under these circumstances, the Vanderbilts at once recognized and acknowledged the public duty which devolved upon them. They stated to the committee the circumstances under which they were placed, and promised at once that, at whatever cost, the interests of the city of New York should be protected.

A fierce railroad war now seemed impending. A bold announcement was at once put forth that the New York Central was prepared to enter into the field of competition, even with its bankrupt rival, and that rates would be marked down to any point necessary for the protection of New York interests, however low that point might prove to be. Accordingly they were at once reduced some sixty per cent. It was obvious that events must take one of two courses. Either there must be a destructive war, in which the New York Central, as the solvent line, would suffer the most; or it must be made worth the while of those managing the Grand Trunk to enter the combination and retire from the struggle. Events moved rapidly. Scarcely were the newspapers filled with the rumors of war and with the loud notes of preparation for it, when they also announced that a conference of the competing parties was about to be held in the city of New York: It was held there. The usual discussion took place in public, which promised, apparently, to produce small results. The parties seemed to stand too far apart from each other. These things, however, are not generally arranged in public, or in the presence of newspaper reporters. While

the representatives of connecting roads, East and West, were discussing and hopelessly differing, those representing the three corporations most immediately concerned withdrew to the parlor of a neighboring hotel. In an hour or two they separated. What had taken place in that brief interview, no one knows. The deliberations have never been made public. All that is known is that the evening papers of New York for that day announced that all differences between the competing lines were adjusted, and that rates would at once be restored to a paying basis.

Thus in the East, so far as the through business to the interior was concerned, competition had played its full part and had resulted in combination — a combination crude, indeed, and imperfect; liable to fall to pieces at any moment, and inherently defective, so far as the community was concerned, in that it lacked the two essentials of publicity in its proceedings and an acknowledged and responsible head. Under its operation, however, local discriminations ceased, and the gross injustice of having forty and fifty per cent. difference in the rates between neighboring cities and the same points in the interior was no longer tolerated. In the West, however, even this distant approach to system and justice could not be attained. The process of evolution through which the railroad system has to pass could be studied there in one of its earlier phases. While at the East combination was possible, at the West competition was uncontrollable. At the very beginning of its sessions, therefore, the committee of the Chicago Board of Trade, to which the matter of the freight discriminations against that city had been referred, found itself confronted by a problem impossible of present solution. That problem involved the whole question of American railroad development, not only economically but politically. It included the relations which the system was in future to bear to the state, as well as the method in which it was to perform its duties to the community. The committee wholly failed to take in the situation. In its

report it showed not only an inability to grasp the cause of the difficulty it had undertaken to investigate, but also its inability to suggest a remedy for it. The experience of New York and the proceedings of the Eastern roads ought apparently to have thrown some light on the course which events were inevitably taking. Apparently, however, they did

not. It was a lesson lost. But the subject is one possessing an unusual interest for the people, not only of Chicago and the West, but of the whole country. The views about to be advanced upon it in these pages will to most appear paradoxical in the extreme, nor can they be properly developed in the space allotted to the present article.

Charles Francis Adams, Jr.

A SHAKER VILLAGE.

It was our fortune to spend six weeks of last summer in the neighborhood of a community of the people called Shakers — who are chiefly known to the world outside by their apple-sauce, by their garden seeds so punctual in coming up when planted, by their brooms so well made that they sweep clean long after the ordinary new broom of proverb has retired upon its reputation, by the quaintness of their dress, and by the fame of their religious dances. It is well to have one's name such a synonym for honesty that anything called by it may be bought and sold with perfect confidence, and it is surely no harm to be noted for dressing out of the present fashion, or for dancing before the Lord. But when our summer had come to an end, and we had learned to know the Shakers for so many other qualities, we grew almost to resent their superficial renown among men. We saw in them a sect simple, sincere, and fervently persuaded of the truth of their doctrine, striving for the realization of a heavenly ideal upon earth; and amidst the hard and often sordid commonplace of our ordinary country life, their practice of the austerities to which men and women have devoted themselves in storied times and picturesque lands clothed these Yankee Shakers in something of the pathetic interest which always clings to our thoughts of monks and nuns.

Their doctrine has been so often ex-

plained that I need not dwell upon it here, but the more curious reader may turn to the volumes of *The Atlantic Monthly* of 1867 for an authoritative statement of all its points in the autobiography of Elder Evans of Mt. Lebanon. Mainly, their faith is their life; a life of charity, of labor, of celibacy, which they call the angelic life. Theologically, it can be most succinctly presented in their formula, Christ Jesus and Christ Ann, their belief being that the order of special prophecy was completed by the inspiration of Mother Ann Lee, the wife of the English blacksmith, Stanley. She is their second Christ; their divine mother, whom some of their hymns invoke; and for whom they cherish a filial love. The families of Shirley and Harvard, Massachusetts, were formed in her time, near the close of the last century; at the latter place they show the room in which she lived, and whence she was once dragged by the foolish mob which helps to found every new religion.

In regard to other points their minds vary. Generally they do not believe in the miraculous birth or divinity of Christ; he was a divinely good and perfect man, and any of us may become divine by being godlike. Generally, also, I should say that they reject the Puritanic ideas of future rewards and punishments, and accept something like the Swedenborgian notion of the life hereafter. They

are all spiritualists, recognizing a succession of inspirations from the earliest times down to our own, when they claim to have been the first spiritual mediums. Five or six years before the spirits who have since animated so many table-legs, planchettes, phantom shapes, and what not began to knock at Rochester, the Shaker families in New York, Massachusetts, Ohio, and elsewhere were in full communion with the other world, and they were warned of the impending invasion of the world's parlor and dining-room sets. They feel by no means honored, however, by all the results. But they believe that the intercourse between the worlds can be rescued from the evil influences which have perverted it, and they have signs, they say, of an early renewal of the manifestations among themselves. In some ways these have in fact never ceased. Many of the Shaker hymns, words and music, are directly inspirational, coming to this brother or that sister without regard to his or her special genius; they are sung and written down, and are then brought into general use. The poetry is like that which the other world usually furnishes through its agents in this, — hardly up to our literary standard; but the music has always something strangely wild, sweet, and naive.

The Shakers claim to be the purest and most Christian church, proceeding in a straight succession from the church which Christ's life of charity and celibacy established on earth; whereas, all the other churches are sprung from the first Gentile churches, to whose weakness and willfulness certain regrettable things, as slavery, war, private property, and marriage, were permitted. Acknowledging a measure of inspiration in all religions, they also recognize a kindred attraction to the angelic life in the celibate orders of every faith: the Roman vestals, the Peruvian virgins of the sun, and the Buddhist *bonzes*, as well as the monks and nuns of the Catholic Church. They complain that they have not been understood by such alien writers as have treated of them, and have represented them as chiefly useful in furnishing homes for

helpless and destitute people of all ages and sexes. In the words of Elder Fraser, of Shirley, the Shakers claim that their system is "based on the fact that each man has in himself a higher and a lower life," and that Shakerism "is a manifestation of the higher to the exclusion of the lower life. Its object is to gather into one fold all who have risen above their natural propensities," and they think with Paul that though those who marry do well, yet those who do not marry do better. Their preaching and teaching is largely to this effect; and yet I do not find it quite strange that friends from the world-outside regard rather the spectacle of the Shakers' peaceful life, and think mostly of their quiet homes as refuges for those disabled against fate, the poor, the bruised, the hopeless; after all, Christ himself is but this. As I recall their plain, quaint village at Shirley, a sense of its exceeding peace fills me; I see its long, straight street, with the severely simple edifices on either hand; the gardens up-hill on one side and down-hill on the other; its fragrant orchards and its levels of clovery meadow-land stretching away to buckwheat fields, at the borders of whose milky bloom the bee paused, puzzled which sweet to choose; and it seems to me that one whom the world could flatter no more, one broken in hope, or health, or fortune, could not do better than come hither and meekly ask to be taken into that quiet fold, and kept forever from his sorrows and himself. But — such is the hardness of the natural heart — I cannot think of one's being a Shaker on any other terms, except, of course, a sincere conviction.

The first time that we saw the Shaker worship was on the occasion of Sister Julia's funeral, to which we were asked the day after her death. It was a hot afternoon at the end of July, and when we drove out of the woods, we were glad of the ash and maple trees that shade the village street in nearly its whole length. There were once three families at Shirley, but the South Family, so-called, has been absorbed by the Church Family, and its dwellings, barns, and

shops are occupied by tenants and work-people of the community. The village is built on each side of the road, under the flank of a long ridge, and the land still falls, from the buildings on the eastern side, into a broad, beautiful valley (where between its sycamores the Nashua runs unseen) with gardens, orchards, patches of corn and potatoes, green meadows, and soft clumps of pine woods; beyond rise the fertile hills in a fold of which the village of the Harvard Shakers lies hid from their brethren at Shirley.

Between the South Family and the Church Family were two wayside monuments that always won my admiration and homage. One was a vast apple-tree, whose trunk was some three feet through, and whose towering top was heavy, even in an off-year for apples, with a mass of young fruit; apparently this veteran, after supplying cider and "sass" for at least a century, was resolute to continue its benefactions for another hundred years to come. The other reverend monument on this road was the horse-trough: not one of the perishable horse-troughs that our civilization, conscious of its own evanescence, scoops from a log, and leaves to soak and rot year by year, but a great, generous bowl, four feet across, and nearly as many deep, which some forgotten Shaker brother had patiently hollowed out of a mass of granite. A spring, led in pipes from the hill-side, fills it to the brim, with a continual soft bubble in the centre and silent drip of the moisture over the edges to keep fresh the cool, sober green with which in many passing years it has painted the gray stone. Our horse was hired from the Shakers, and was, if one may say it without disrespect, so bigoted a brother himself that he could scarcely be got to drink any water at our farm, but kept his thirst for this fount, which, even when he was not thirsty, he would fondly stop to kiss and loll his great head over. The brother to whom he belonged by courtesy (for of course he was owned in common, like everything else Shaker) had let him form the habit of snatching birch leaves and bushy tops of all sorts along

the woodland roads, and we learned to indulge and even cherish this eccentricity. He was called Skip; apparently because he never skipped.

We stopped at the office of the Church Family, which is a large brick house, scrupulously plain, like all the rest, and appointed for the transaction of business and the entertainment of visitors. Here three sisters and one brother are in charge, and here are chambers for visitors staying overnight. The Shakers do not keep a public-house, and are far from inviting custom, but their theory of Christianity forbids them to turn any one unhoused or unfed from their doors; the rich pay a moderate charge, and the poor nothing — as that large and flourishing order of fellow-citizens, the tramps, very well know. These overripe fruits of our labor system lurk about in the woods and by-ways, and turn up at the Shakers' doors after dark, where they are secure of being fed and sheltered in the little dormitory set apart for them. "And some of them," said Elder Fraser, "really look as if the pit had vomited them up."

In the parlor of the office, we found our friends the office-sisters, and a number of Shakers and Shakeresses from Harvard, including two of the Harvard elders, who had come to the funeral, and who presently repaired to the plain, white-painted, hip-roofed church-building. Besides ourselves there were but few of the world-outside there, and these few were nearly all tenants from the South Family farm, so that the whole ceremony was unrestricted by reference to spectators, though I am bound to add that no Shaker ceremony that I have seen was embarrassed by the world's observation, however great the attendance of lookers-on. We were separated, the men from the women, as were the brethren and sisters, who sat facing each other on rows of long settees opposite the spectators. The sisters came in wearing their stiff gauze caps; the brothers with their broad straw-hats, which they took off and hung up on the wooden pegs set round the whole room.

There was silence for a little while,

in which the Shakers took from their pockets and laid across their knees white handkerchiefs as great and thick as napkins, and then placed their hands palm down on the handkerchiefs, and waited till some one began to sing, when they all joined in the hymn. There was none of their characteristic dancing — or marching, rather — that day, but as they sang they all softly beat time with their hands upon their knees, and they sang with a fervent rapture that the self-possessed worship of our world's congregations no longer knows. Their hymns were now wild and sad, and now jubilant, but the music was always strong and sweet, as it came from lips on which it had been breathed by angelic inspiration. There seemed to be no leader, but after each silence some brother or sister began to sing, and the rest followed, except in one case, when it was announced that the hymn was Sister Julia's favorite and would be sung in compliance with her request. There was no prayer, or any set discourse, but the elders and eldersses, and many others spoke in commemoration of Sister Julia's duteous and faithful life, and in expression of their love for her. Their voices trembled, and the younger sisters, who had been most about her at the last, freely gave way to their tears. Each one who spoke had some special tribute to pay to her faithfulness, or some tender little testimony to bear to her goodness of heart; several read verses which they had written in memory of her, and amongst these was the elder of the Church Family, who conducted the ceremonies. What was most observable in it all was the familiar character; it was as if these were brothers and sisters by the ties of nature, who spoke of the dead. The faces of nearly all but our old friend Elder Fraser were strange to us, but they were none the less interesting, from the many-wrinkled front of the nonagenarian who has spent half his century in Shirley, to the dimpled visage of the small boy or girl last adopted into

the family. They were peaceful faces, the older ones with the stamp of a strong discipline which sustained while it subdued. The women were in far the greater number, as they are in the world's assemblies in this quarter, and a good half were children or young girls who had not come to close question with themselves, and of whom it could not yet be finally affirmed that they were Shakeresses. The history which was not written could not be read, but it was not easy to believe of those who had passed their prime that they had devoted themselves to their ideal without regrets or misgivings, nor was it true of any. "We are women," one of them afterwards said, "and we have had our thoughts of homes and children of our own."

During our six weeks' stay near them we saw our Shaker friends nearly every day. Some of their fruit was now coming into season, and we were asked down to the village to see the first harvest of their new Wachuset blackberry, a recent discovery by Brother Leander, who noticed a vine one day by the wayside on which the berries hung ripe, while those on neighboring bushes were yet two weeks from their maturity. He observed also that the cane was almost free from thorns; he marked the vine, and when the leaves fell, transplanted it. In the garden we found a dozen brothers and sisters busy on either side of the rows of bushes which bowed beneath their weight of ripe berries in those first days of August.

In the afternoon we found the office-sisters in the basement of their dwelling, putting up the berries in boxes, which they did with Shaker scrupulosity as to ripeness and justness of measure. The Shakers are very diligent people, and yet seem always to have any desired leisure, as one may notice in large, old-fashioned families where people do their own work. The industries at Shirley are broom-making (at which the minister, Elder John Whiteley,¹ and several of the brothers work), raising blackberries,

¹ Elder Whiteley is an Englishman, who before coming to this country had heard the Shakers mentioned by Robert Owen as successful communists,

and shortly after his arrival, in 1843, heard the scrupulous honesty of the sect spoken of. He tried to learn something about their belief at this time, but

drying sweet corn, and making apple-sauce and jellies. In former times, before the wickedness of fermented drinks was clearly established, one brother made wine from the bacchanal grape as well as the self-righteous elderberry, and some bottles of his vintage yet linger in the office-cellar. But no wine has been made for many years, now; for the Shakers are very strictly abstemious. Yet if a brother's natural man insist upon a draught now and then, they consider all the circumstances, and do not forbid, while they deplore. A similar tolerance they use toward the Virginian weed, and I have seen a snuffing as well as a chewing brother. They generally avoid also tea and coffee, shortened biscuit, doughnuts, and the whole unwholesome line of country cookery, while they accept and practice the new gospel of oat-meal porridge and brown-bread gems in its fullness. Many of the younger people are averse from meat, following the example and precept of our good Elder Fraser, who for the last thirty-five years has kept his tough Scotch bloom fresh upon a diet that involves harm to no living creature, and at seventy looks as ruddy as few Americans at any time of life.

But after this testimony to their healthful regimen, shall I confess that the Shakers did not seem to me especially healthful-looking? They do not look so fresh nor so strong as the same number of well-to-do city people; and they are not, as a community, exempt in notable degree from the ills we are all heir to. Is it possibly true that our climate is healthful only in proportion as it is shut out by brick walls and plate-glass, and battened down under cobble and flag stones; that the less fresh air we have

the better, and that Nature here is at best only a step-mother to our race? But perhaps it is too much to expect a single generation, gathered from the common stock of an unwisely-feeding ancestry, to show the good effects of a more reasonable regimen. The Shakers labor under the disadvantage of not being able to transmit a cumulative force of good example in their descendants; they must always be dealing, even in their own body, with the sons of pie and the daughters of doughnut; and Elder Fraser, who one Sunday spoke outright against these abominations, addressing the strangers present, will have to preach long and often the better culinary faith, which the Shakers received from the spirits (as they claim), before he can reach the stomachs, at once poor and proud, of the dyspeptical world-outside.

We went regularly to the Shaker meeting, which in summer is held every Sunday in the church-building I have mentioned; in winter the meetings are privately held in the large room kept for that purpose in every Shaker dwelling, and used throughout the year for family gatherings, social and devotional. The seats for spectators in the church were filled, and sometimes to overflowing, by people from the country and the villages round about, as well as by summer-boarders from the neighboring town of Lancaster, whose modish silks and millinery distinguished them from the rural congregation; but all were respectful and attentive to the worship which they had come to look at, and which, in its most fantastic phase, I should think could move only a silly person to laughter. The meetings opened with singing, and then Elder Wetherbee, of the Church Family, briefly addressed the brethren

it was not till five years later that he succeeded. Then a fellow-workman (he was a wool-sorter by trade) lent him some of the doctrinal books of the Shakers, which he read aloud with his wife in the winter evenings. They both "gathered faith" in the Shaker life, and shortly after they made the acquaintance of some Shakers visiting friends in Andover, where Elder Whiteley lived, and by their invitation returned with them to Shirley. Hither, two months later, they came again, bringing their children, and lived together nearly four years in the South Family. At the end of that time Elder Whiteley was asked to take charge of the temporal

affairs of the North Family, and the test of their faith had come. The father and mother, who had known each other from childhood, parted, and gave up their children to the charge of the community. In a few years he became elder of the North Family, and about five years ago he was chosen to his present place in the ministry.

Elder Whiteley relates that on his voyage to America he had a dream or vision of his future home here, so vivid that he wrote down its particulars. When he first came to Shirley he recognized at once the scene prefigured in his dream

and sisters in terms which were commonly a grateful recognition of the beauty of their "gospel relation" to each other, and of their safety from sin in a world of evil. The words were not always ready, but the sincere affection and conviction which breathed from them were characteristic of all the addresses which followed. After the elder sat down, they sang again, and then the minister, John Whiteley, read a chapter of the Bible, and made a few remarks; then, with alternate singing and speaking (the speaking was mostly from the men, though now and then a sister rose and bore her testimony to her heart-felt happiness in Shakerism, or declared her intention to take up a cross against such or such a tendency of her nature), the services proceeded till the time for the marching came. Till this time the brothers and sisters had sat confronting each other on settees, which they now lifted and set out of the way against the wall. A group formed in an ellipse in the middle, with two lines of marchers outside of them, headed by Elder Wetherbee. Some one struck into one of their stirring march tunes, and those in the ellipse began to rock back and forth on their feet, and to sway their bodies to the music, while the marchers with a sort of rising motion began their round, all beating time with a quick outward gesture of the arms and an upward gesture of the open palms. It was always a thrilling sight, fantastic, as I said, but not ludicrous, and it never failed to tempt the nerves to so much Shakerism at least as lay in the march. To the worshipers this part of their rite was evidently that sort of joy which, if physical, is next to spiritual transport. Their faces were enraptured, they rose and rose in their march with a glad exultation; suddenly the singing ceased, the march instantly ended, and the arms of each sank slowly down to the side. Some brother now spoke again, and when he closed, another song was raised, and the march resumed, till in the course of the singing and speaking those forming the central ellipse had been relieved and enabled to join the march. When it ended, the settees were drawn

up again, and the brethren and sisters sat down as before. Generally, one or two of the younger sisters would at this point read some article or poem from *The Shaker and Shakeress*, — the organ of the sect published at Mt. Lebanon, New York, and made up of contributions by members of the different families throughout the country. If the extract was particularly to the minds of the listeners, one of them pronounced it "good," and there was a general testimony to this effect. When these were finished, Elder Fraser, of the North Family, came forward between the rows of Shakers, and addressed the world in the principal discourse of the day. I always liked his speaking, for, if I did not accept his Shakerism, I felt bound to accept his good sense; and besides, it is pleasant, after the generalizing of the pulpits, to have the sins of one's fellow-men frankly named and fully rebuked; in this sort of satisfaction I sometimes almost felt myself without reproach. I suppose that what Elder Fraser and Elder Wetherbee and Elder John Whiteley preached is what is called morality by those who make a distinction between that and religion; but there was constant reference to Christ in their praise of the virtues they wished us to practice. Elder Fraser's discourses took a wide range at times, and he enforced his faith in language which, while it was always simple, was seldom wanting in strength, clearness, and literary excellence. He and Minister Whiteley are readers of most of the late books of religious and scientific controversy, from the most hopeless of which they come back confirmed and refreshed in their Shaker belief.

It was very pleasant to hear Elder Fraser, not only in the church, but also among his raspberries and grape-vines, to the culture of which he brought a spirit by no means bowed to the clod. He was fond of drawing illustrations from nature in his most daring theories of the universe, and the sucker that his hoe lopped away, or the vine bud that his thumb and forefinger sacrificed to the prosperity of the clusters, furnished him argument as he worked and talked.

He is lately from Mt. Lebanon, where his years and services had justly retired him from all labors but those he chose to add to his literary pursuits; yet he came back to active life in Shirley at the intimation that his presence there would be to the advantage of the North Family, and he bears his little cross (as the Shakers call any trouble they would make light of) with the cheerfulest content.¹ The boys, the sweet corn, the tomatoes, the grapes, the pears, flourish equally in his care at the North Family, and I do not know where else one should find such clumps of cockscomb and prince's feather and beds of balsam as grow under his kindly smile and diligent hand.

I am not sure whether the different faces in the march had a greater or less fascination to us after we came to know their different owners personally. Each showed his or her transport in a different way, and each had some peculiarity of step or movement that took our idle minds and made us curious about their history and character. Among them, none was more striking than the non-agenarian, whose bent frame kept its place in the round, but whose nerveless hands beat time after a very fugitive and erratic fashion. Father Abraham is very deaf, and in the singing some final bit of belated melody always stuck in his throat, and came scratching and scrambling up after the others had ceased in a manner that was rather hard to bear. But it was wonderful that he should know what tunes they sang when they sang without book. He is the author of a system of musical notation which the Shakers used exclusively until very lately, and which many of them still prefer. At his great age he still works every day at basket-making, in which he is very skillful and conscientious. But it is superfluous to say this; Shaker work is always the best of its kind. He is rarely sick, and he takes part in all the details of the worship, as he did when he came, sixty years ago. He was then a young man, and it is said that

he visited the community from idle curiosity, with his betrothed. Its life and faith made an instant impression upon him, and he proposed to the young girl that they should both become Shakers; but after due thought she refused. She said that she would not be a hindrance to his wish in the matter; if he was called to this belief, she gave him back his promise. To the Shakers it seems right that he should have accepted her sacrifice; to some of the world-outside it will seem tragic. Who knows? He has never regretted his course; she took another mate, saw her children about her knee, and died long ago, after a life that was no doubt as happy as most. But perhaps in an affair like that, a girl's heart had supreme claims. Perhaps there are some things that one ought not to do even with the hope of winning heaven.

After this old man, some of the little ones, left by death or their parents' poverty or worthlessness to the care of the Shakers, were the most interesting figures in the march, through which they moved with such a pretty pleasure. The meeting must have been a delight to them, though their faces kept a soberness which was an edifying proof of their discipline. This is the effect of vigilance and moral suasion; I believe the Shakers never strike their little wards, or employ any harsh measures with them.

One has somehow the impression that the young people of the Shakers are held in compulsory allegiance, but of course this is not at all the fact. As soon as they are old enough to take care of themselves they are entirely free to go or to stay. Undoubtedly they are constantly taught the advantages of the community over the world, and the superior merit of the virgin life over the married state, which they may be inclined to think of as they grow to be men and women. Marriage is not held to be sinful or dishonorable. "Few things," said one of the elders, "are more pleasing to us than the sight of a

¹ Those who care to taste his theological quality, and get at the same time a potent draught of Shakerism, can send to Shirley for his characteristic little tract on *The Divine Aflatus in History*.

happy young couple, living rightly in their order," but marriage is earthly and human, and celibacy is divine; as the thoughts are turned to higher things, they forsake husband or wife. Nevertheless, if their young women will marry, the Shakers claim the satisfaction of thinking that they have received in the community the best possible training for wives and mothers, — that they have been taught diligence, economy, and all branches of domestic knowledge. More than once there have been secessions of young people, which are nearly always stealthy, not because there could be any constraint, but because they dreaded to face the disappointed hopes of their elders. In after years, these delinquents from the angelic condition sometimes return to thank their benefactors, and to declare that they owe most of their worldly prosperity to their unworldly precepts. The proportion of those reared in Shakerism whom the Shakers expect to keep is small; they count quite as much for their increase upon accessions of mature men and women from outside, whom the Shaker life and doctrine persuade. These they invite now, as always, very cordially to join them, and they look forward to a time when their dwindling communities shall be restored to more than their old numbers.

One bad effect of the present decrease, which all thoughtful Shakers deplore, is the employment of hired labor. This, as communists, they feel to be wrong; but they are loath either to alienate their land or to let it lie idle. A strange and sad state of things results: the most profitable crop that they can now raise is timber, which they harvest once in thirty years, and which it costs nothing to cultivate, whereas it costs more to plant and reap the ordinary farm-crops, at the present rate of farm labor, than the crops will sell for. This is the melancholy experience of shrewd managers and economical agriculturists. The farmer who can till his own fields and take care of his own stock can live by farming, but no other can. One might not regret this, for it tends to encour-

age the subdivision of land, but the farm which one man's labor can till is too small to support a family; and the farmer cannot count upon the help of his children, for these, as soon as they grow up, leave the homestead, the girls to be teachers, factory operatives, table-girls, shop-girls; the boys for the cities and the West.

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay,"

and perhaps one ought to take heart from the fact that these rural districts are as poor as ever, though they have not half the population they had fifty years ago. Yet it was not easy to be cheerful when in our drives about the country we came from time to time upon some grass-grown cellar where a farm-house had once stood, or counted, within the circuit of a mile about the corners where we sojourned, a score of these monuments of adversity. It is not that the soil is so poor; but that it lacks the tilth of an owner's hands. How shall it be restored to prosperity? It is within thirty-five miles of Boston, where we all know to our sorrow that provisions are dearer than anywhere in the country, — not to specify the whole planet, — and where consequently the best market is; yet the land grows up to woods. Who shall inherit this legacy of the Puritans, won at such bitter cost from the wilderness? Other races and another religion, it appears; here and there the Irish have found foothold; a good part of the population is Canadian; the farm laborers are all either Irish or French.

The decay of numbers, then, which the Shakers confess with so great regret, is but their share of the common blight, and how to arrest it is their share of the common perplexity. I could not encourage Elder Fraser to indulge great hopes, when one day in a burst of zeal for Shakerism he said, "We want cultivated people — half the subscribers to *The Atlantic Monthly* — to come and fill up our vacant ranks." I represented to him that our readers, though perhaps well-meaning persons, were practically unregenerate, and were consoled in their unregeneracy by a degree of worldly

comfort not favorable to the acceptance of a life and a creed requiring so many sacrifices, pampered, as they were every month, with the most delightful literature the age produces. These were not the people, I said, among whom to make converts; the disappointed, the poor, the destitute, were the field from which to reap; and very probably the habitual readers of other magazines might find it a refuge and a relief to become Shakers. We often touched upon this subject of the decay of Shakerism, which they face bravely and not unhopefully, and yet with a care concerning it that was not less than touching. What could it matter to those childless men and women whether any like them should inherit them in this world, to which, while living, they had turned so cold a shoulder? Very little indeed, one would have said, and yet they were clearly anxious that Shakerism should flourish after them. Their anxiety was not so unnatural; none of us can bear to think of leaving the fruits of our long endeavor to chance and the stranger. But I may attribute the largest share of the Shaker reluctance to perish from the earth to zeal for the perpetuation of the true faith — faith which was founded, like all others, in persecution, built up amidst ridicule and obloquy, and now, when its practical expression is received with respect by all the neighboring world, is in some danger of ceasing among men, not through the indifference of believers, but through their inevitable mortal decay. There are several reasons for the present decrease, besides that decrease of the whole rural population which I have mentioned. The impulse of the age is towards a scientific, a sensuous, an æsthetic life. Men no longer remain on the lonely farms, or in the little towns where they were born, brooding upon the ways of God to man; if they think of God, it is too often to despair of knowing him; while the age calls upon them to learn this, that, and the other, to get gain and live at ease, to buy pianos and pictures, and take books out of the circulating library. The new condition is always vulgar, and amidst

the modern ferment we may look back upon the old stagnation and call it repose. Whatever it was, it was a time when men's minds turned fervidly from the hard work-days of this world to the Sabbaths of another; from the winter, the wilderness, the privation of New England, to the eternal summer and glory and fruition of the New Jerusalem. How to get there was their care; it was for this that wives and husbands rent themselves asunder, and shared their children with strangers; it was for this that the lover left his love, and the young girl forbade her heart's yearning; we may be sure that it was zeal for heaven, for the imagined service of God, that built up the Shaker communities.

Their peculiar dress remembers the now quaint days of their origin; it is not a costume invented or assumed by them; it is the American dress of a hundred years ago, as our rustic great-grandparents wore it, with such changes as convenience, not fashion, has suggested to the Shakers since. With all its quaintness it has a charm which equally appears whether it is worn by old or by young. To the old, the modest soberness of the colors, the white kerchief crossed upon the breast, the clean stiff cap, were singularly becoming; and the young had in their simple white Sunday dresses a look of maidenly purity which is after all the finest ornament. The colors we noticed at meeting were for the young mostly white, for the middle-aged and elderly the subdued tints of drab, bronze, and lead-color, which also prevailed with the men of all ages. Both sexes wear collars that cover the whole neck, and both eschew the vanity of neck-ties; some of the brothers suffered themselves the gayety of showing at the ends of their trousers-legs the brighter selvage of the cloth; if indeed this was a gayety, and not, as one clothed in the world's taste might have accounted it, an added mortification of the spirit.

The Shakers used to spin and weave all the stuff they wore, but to do this now would be a waste of time; they buy the alpaca and linen which both sexes wear in summer, and their substantial

woolens for the winter. Some relics of their former skill and taste remain in the handsome counterpanes in their guest-chambers at the office, which were dyed, spun, and woven in the family, and the sisters are still skilled in braiding palm-leaf hats and in the old-fashioned art of hooking rugs. But I would not persuade the reader that any Shaker family is otherwise a school of art; one painting I did indeed see, a vigorous sketch in oil of a Durham bull, but this was nailed to the side of a stall far up in the vast gray barn. It was the work of a boy who was in the family years ago; but he never became a Shaker. It would be interesting to know what he did become.

In a community it must be that the individual genius is largely sacrificed to the common purpose and tendency, and yet I believe that among the Shakers the sacrifice is compelled only by the private conscience. So it is with regard to everything. On joining the community the new member gives up nothing, and is cautioned against a too early surrender of his property. He wears, so long as he likes, the fashions of the world, but these make him look as odd in the family as the Shaker dress would outside of it, and he is commonly anxious to assume the garb of simplicity before his mundane clothing is worn out. After due time he may give his property to the family; if he ever leaves it, he receives back the principal of his contribution without interest; for his labor he has already received his support. There are no formalities observed when a new brother or sister comes among the Shakers. It is understood that they are to go as freely as they have come; and this provision is recalled, as a rule that works both ways, to the mind of any brother whose room is finally found to be better than his company. But this very rarely happens: in twenty-five years Minister Whiteley had been obliged to dismiss only one undesirable brother.

The whole polity of the family is very simple. Its affairs are conducted by trustees, who hold the property and handle the funds, and to whom any mem-

ber goes for money to purchase things not provided for the common use. Reasonable requests of this sort are readily allowed; but it is easy to understand how the indulgence of even very simple private tastes adds to the cost of the common living, already enhanced by the decrease of members, and the necessity of keeping in repair the buildings left only partially occupied. There are no longer carpenters, blacksmiths, and shoemakers among the Shakers at Shirley, because their work can be more cheaply performed by the world-outside, and the shops once devoted to these trades now stand empty. The community still has the advantage of buying all provisions and materials at wholesale prices, but I doubt whether the cost of living within it is much less than it is among its uncommunized neighbors. This, however, is an impression for which I have not the figures.

At the head of each family there is an elder and an eldress, to whom all complaints are first addressed, and by whom difficulties are settled. I believe there is also a species of confessional, in which those who desire can confide their repentance and good intentions to the elders. Disputes, in which the decision of the elders is not satisfactory are appealed to the ministers, whose mind is final in such matters. Of these ministers there are three, two being sisters; they reside alternate months in Shirley and Harvard, and have completely appointed dwelling-houses in both communities. I could not see that they took a more prominent part in public worship than the elders, and I do not know in what their religious eminence consists, but they are held in peculiar regard by the community.

Of course, nothing like ceremony must be inferred concerning the expression of this regard. They, and all the other brothers and sisters, are addressed by their first names, and it is liked that strangers in addressing the Shakers should be simple and direct, eschewing the forms and titles which could not be accorded in return. The speech of the Shakers is *Yea, yea, and Nay, nay* (they

pronounce the former words *yee, yee*, for reasons of their own), but it does not otherwise vary from the surrounding Yankee. They are plain and homely in their phrase, but they are very courteous, and it is impossible to know them and not perceive how little politeness consists in the tedious palaver that commonly passes by that name. Their sincerity gives them dignity and repose; it appears that you have but to renounce the world, and you cannot be afraid of it.

I should be sorry to give the notion of a gloomy asceticism in the Shaker life. I saw nothing of this, though I saw self-restraint, discipline, quiet, and heard sober, considered, conscientious speech. They had their jesting, also; and those brothers and sisters who were of a humorous mind seemed all the better liked for their gift of laughing and making laugh. The sum of Shaker asceticism is this: they neither marry nor give in marriage; but this is a good deal. Certain things they would think indecorous rather than wicked, and I do not suppose a Shaker would go twice to the opera bouffe; but such an entertainment as a lecture by our right-hearted humorist, Mark Twain, had been attended by one of the brethren not only without self-reproach, but with great enjoyment. They had also some of them read Mr. Bret Harte's books without apparent fear of consequences. They are rather strict in the observance of the Sabbath, but not so much, I thought, from conscience as from custom.

Our Shaker friends are sometimes embarrassed by visitors who ask to be shown all over their buildings, forgetting that their houses are private houses; and I cannot promise the curious reader visiting Shirley a repetition of the favors done us, whom the Shakers were good enough to show all of their communal life that one could see. In each village is an edifice known as the Dwelling-House, which is separate from the office and the other buildings. In this are the rooms of the brothers and sisters, the kitchen and dining-room, and a large room for family meetings. The first impression of all is

cleanliness, with a suggestion of bareness which is not inconsistent, however, with comfort, and which comes chiefly from the aspect of the unpapered walls, the scrubbed floors hidden only by rugs and strips of carpeting, and the plain, flat finish of the wood-work. Each chamber accommodates two brothers or two sisters, and is appointed with two beds, two rocking-chairs, two wash-stands, and a wood-stove, with abundance of rugs. The rooms of the younger people are above, so that (as was explained to us) if the young sisters, especially, wish to talk after they go to bed, they need not disturb their elders. There were few tokens of personal taste in the arrangement of the rooms; the most decided expression of character was that of the nonagenarian, who required his bed to be made up with a hollow in the middle from top to bottom, which he called his trough, and which he strictly forbade any one to meddle with; that was all he asked of earth after ninety-six years, not to disturb his trough. It seemed right that the simple demand should be indulged.

The dining-room was provided with two large tables, at one of which the brothers sat, and at the other the sisters. The monastic rule of silence at meals is observed, because, as we were told, the confusion would be too great if all talked together. In the kitchen was an immense cook-stove, with every housekeeping convenience; and everywhere opened pantry and store-room doors, with capacious cellars underneath—all scoured and scrubbed to the last degree of neatness.

The family *ménage* is completed by a wash-house and a dairy-house; there is an infirmary, and a shop for women's work, and under the same roof with the latter, at Shirley, a large school-room, in which the children of the community are taught the usual English branches by Sister Rose. The Shaker village forms a school-district, and their school is under the control of the town committee.

One day, toward the end of our sojourn, the office-sisters asked us to spend

an afternoon and take tea with them. After tea we sat down in the office-parlor, and the best singers of the family came in with their music books, and sang those tunes which we had severally liked most. It was all done with the friendliest simplicity, and we could not but be charmed. Most of the singers were young girls, who looked their best in fresh white dresses and fresh gauze caps; and Elder William, Brother Lorenzo, and Brother Thomas were there in Sabbath trim. One song followed another till long after dark, and then there was a little commotion: the married sister of one of the young Shakeresses arrived with her baby to spend the night. She was young and pretty, and

was duly tied back, overskirted, and furbelowed, and her little one was arrayed in its finest, when by and by she came into the room where we sat. By some juggle the baby found himself on the knees of one of the brothers, and sat looking up into his weather-beaten face with a kindly embarrassment which the good brother plainly shared, while the white dresses and white caps of the sisters flocked round in worship of that deplorable heir of the Adamic order of life; his mother stood outside of the group with complacently folded hands. Somehow the sight was pathetic. If she were right and they wrong, how much of heaven they had lost in renouncing the supreme good of earth!

W. D. Howells.

PERPLEXED.

WHICH is the truth — the fierce, cold wind that wildly
 Raves at my window in the storm's mad din,
 Or the sweet voice ruling the red glow mildly
 And merrily within?

Which is the truth — the poignant pangs and sorrows
 That wring the soul and pierce the flesh of man,
 Or the bright joys and dreams of rapturous morrows
 That gild life's little span?

And shall my tears flow like a mimic river,
 Or shall my face be lit with ceaseless smile?
 Ah, heaven is full of happiness forever, —
 Here let me weep awhile!

Celeste M. A. Winslow.

OLD WOMAN'S GOSSIP.

XI.

ALFRED TENNYSON had only just gathered his earliest laurels. My brother John gave me the first copy of his poems I ever possessed, with a prophecy of his future fame and excellence written on the fly-leaf of it. I have never ceased to exult in my possession of that copy of the first edition of those poems, which became the songs of our every day and every hour, almost; we delighted in them and knew them by heart, and read and said them over and over again, incessantly; they were our pictures, our music, and infinite was the scorn and indignation with which we received the slightest word of adverse criticism upon them. I remember Mrs. Milman, one evening at my father's house, challenging me laughingly about my enthusiasm for Tennyson, and asking me if I had read a certain severely caustic and condemnatory article in the *Quarterly*, upon his poems. "Have you read it?" said she; "it is so amusing! Shall I send it to you?" "No, thank you," said I; "have you read the poems, may I ask?" "I cannot say that I have," said she, laughing. "Oh, then," said I (not laughing), "perhaps it would be better that I should send you those?" The article in question may have been written by Dr. Milman himself, who was then one of the principal contributors to the great Tory periodical, and he perhaps had read the poems, but apparently without much edification.

It has always been incomprehensible to me how the author of those poems ever brought himself to alter them, as he did, in so many instances—all (as it seemed to me) for the worse rather than the better. I certainly could hardly love his verses better than he did himself, but the various changes he made in them have always appeared to me cruel disfigurements of the original thoughts and expressions, which were to

me treasures not to be touched even by his hand; and his changing lines which I had thought perfect, omitting beautiful stanzas that I loved and interpolating others that I hated, and disfiguring and maiming his own exquisite creations with second thoughts (none of which were best to me), has caused me to rejoice, while I mourn, over my copy of the first version of *The May Queen*, *Enone*, *The Miller's Daughter*, and all the subsequently *improved* poems, of which the improvements were to me desecrations. In justice to Tennyson I must add that the present generation of his readers swear by their version of his poems as we did by ours, for the same reason, — they knew it first.

The early death of Arthur Hallam and the imperishable monument of love raised by Tennyson's genius to his memory have tended to give him a pre-eminence among the companions of his youth which I do not think his abilities would have won for him had he lived; though they were undoubtedly of a high order. There was a gentleness and purity almost virginal in his voice, manner, and countenance; and the upper part of his face, his forehead and eyes (perhaps in readiness for his early translation), wore the angelic radiance that they still must wear in heaven. Some time or other, at some rare moments of the divine spirit's supremacy in our souls, we all put on the heavenly face that will be ours hereafter, and for a brief lightning space our friends behold us as we shall look when this mortal has put on immortality. On Arthur Hallam's brow and eyes this heavenly light, so fugitive on other human faces, rested habitually, as if he was thinking and seeing in heaven.

Of all those very remarkable young men, John Stirling was by far the most brilliant and striking in his conversation, and the one of whose future eminence we should all of us have augured most

confidently. But though his life was cut off prematurely, it was sufficiently prolonged to disprove this estimate of his powers. The extreme vividness of his look, manner, and speech gave a wonderful impression of latent vitality and power; perhaps some of this lambent, flashing brightness may have been but the result of the morbid physical conditions of his existence; like the flush on his cheek and the fire in his eye, the over stimulated and excited intellectual activity, the offspring of disease, mistaken by us for morning instead of sunset splendor, promise of future light and heat instead of prognostication of approaching darkness and decay. It certainly has always struck me as singular that Stirling, who in his life accomplished so little and left so little of the work by which men are generally pronounced to be gifted with exceptional ability, should have been the subject of two such interesting biographies as those written of him by Julius Hare and Carlyle. I think he must have been one of those persons in whom genius makes itself felt and acknowledged chiefly through the medium of personal intercourse; a not infrequent thing, I think, with women, and perhaps men, wanting the full vigor of normal health. I suppose it is some failure not so much in the power possessed as in the power of producing it in a less evanescent form than that of spoken words, and the looks that with such organizations are more than the words themselves. Stirling's genius was his *Wesen*, himself, and he could detach no portion of it that retained anything like the power and beauty one would have expected. After all, the world has twice been moved (once intellectually and once morally), as never before or since, by those whose spoken words, gathered up by others, are all that remain of them. Personal influence is the strongest and the most subtle of powers, and Stirling impressed all who knew him as a man of undoubted genius; those who never knew him will perhaps always wonder why.

My life was rather sad at this time; my brother's failure at college was a source of disappointment and distress

to my parents, and I, who admired him extremely and believed in him implicitly, was grieved at his miscarriage and his absence from England, while the darkening prospects of the theatre threw a gloom over us all. My hitherto frequent interchange of letters with my dear friend, H—— S——, had become interrupted and almost suspended by the prolonged and dangerous illness of her brother; and I was thrown almost entirely upon myself and was finding my life monotonously dreary, when events occurred that changed its whole tenor almost suddenly, and determined my future career with less of deliberation than would probably have satisfied either my parents or myself, under less stringent circumstances.

It was in the autumn of 1829, my father being then absent on a professional tour in Ireland, that my mother, coming in from walking one day, threw herself into a chair and burst into tears. She had been evidently much depressed for some time past, and I was alarmed at her distress, of which I begged her to tell me the cause. "Oh, it has come at last!" she answered; "our property is to be sold. I have seen that fine building all covered with placards and bills of sale; the theatre must be closed, and I know not how many hundred poor people will be turned adrift without employment!" I believe the theatre employed regularly seven hundred persons in all its different departments, without reckoning the great number of what were called supernumeraries, who were hired by the night at Christmas, Easter, and on all occasions of any specially showy spectacle. Seized with a sort of terror, like the Lady of Shallott, that "the curse had come upon me," I comforted my mother with expressions of pity and affection, and, as soon as I left her, wrote a most urgent entreaty to my father that he would allow me to act for myself, and seek employment as a governess, so as to relieve him at once at least of the burden of my maintenance. I brought this letter to my mother and begged her permission to send it, to which she consented, but, as I afterwards learnt, she

wrote by the same post to my father, requesting him not to give a positive answer to my letter until his return to town. The next day she asked me whether I seriously thought I had any real talent for the stage. My school-day triumphs in Racine's *Andromaque* were far enough behind me, and I could only answer, with as much perplexity as good faith, that I had not the slightest idea whether I had or not. She begged me to learn some part and say it to her, that she might form some opinion of my power; and I chose Shakespeare's *Portia*; then as now my ideal of a perfect woman —

"The noble woman nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
The creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles;"

the wise, witty woman, loving with all her soul, and submitting with all her heart to a man whom everybody but herself (who was the best judge) would have judged her inferior; the laughter-loving, light-hearted, true-hearted, deep-hearted woman, full of keen perception, of active efficiency, of wisdom prompted by love, of tenderest unselfishness, of generous magnanimity; noble, simple, humble, pure; true, dutiful, religious, and full of fun; delightful above all others, the woman of women. Having learnt it by heart, I recited *Portia* to my mother, whose only comment was, "There is hardly passion enough in this part to test any tragic power. I wish you would study *Juliet* for me." Study to me then, as unfortunately long afterwards, simply meant to learn by heart, which I did again, and repeated my lesson to my mother, who again heard me without any observation whatever. Meantime my father returned to town and my letter remained unanswered, and I was wondering in my mind what reply I should receive to my urgent entreaty, when one morning my mother told me she wished me to recite *Juliet* to my father; and so in the evening I stood up before them both, and with indescribable trepidation repeated my first lesson in tragedy.

They neither of them said anything beyond "Very well, — very nice, my

dear," with many kisses and caresses, from which I escaped to sit down on the stairs half-way between the drawing-room and my bedroom, and get rid of the repressed nervous fear I had struggled with while reciting, in floods of tears. A few days after this, my father told me he wished to take me to the theatre with him to try whether my voice was of sufficient strength to fill the building; so thither I went. That strange-looking place, the stage, with its racks of pasteboard and canvas — streets, forests, banqueting-halls, and dungeons — drawn apart on either side, was empty and silent; not a soul was stirring in the indistinct recesses of its mysterious depths, which seemed to stretch indefinitely behind me. In front, the great amphitheatre, equally empty and silent, wrapped in its gray holland covers, would have been absolutely dark but for a long, sharp, thin shaft of light that darted here and there from some height and distance far above me, and alighted in a sudden, vivid spot of brightness on the stage. Set down in the midst of twilight space, as it were, with only my father's voice coming to me from where he stood hardly distinguishable in the gloom, in those poetical utterances of pathetic passion I was seized with the spirit of the thing; my voice resounded through the great vault above and before me, and, completely carried away by the inspiration of the wonderful play, I acted *Juliet* as I do not believe I ever acted it again, for I had no visible *Romeo*, and no audience to thwart my imagination; at least, I had no consciousness of any, though in truth I had one. In the back of one of the private boxes, commanding the stage but perfectly invisible to me, sat an old and warmly attached friend of my father's, Major D——, a man of the world, — of London society, — a passionate lover of the stage, an amateur actor of no mean merit, one of the members of the famous Cheltenham dramatic company, a first-rate critic in all things connected with art and literature, a refined and courtly, courteous gentleman; the best judge, in many respects, that my father could have selected, of

my capacity for my profession and my chance of success in it. Not till after the event had justified my kind old friend's prophecy did I know that he had witnessed that morning's performance, and joining my father at the end of it had said, "Bring her out at once; it will be a great success." And so three weeks from that time I was brought out, and it was a "great success." Three weeks was not much time for preparation of any sort for such an experiment, but I had no more, to become acquainted with my fellow actors and actresses, not one of whom I had ever spoken with or seen — off the stage — before; to learn all the technical *business*, as it is called, of the stage; how to carry myself towards the audience, which was not — but was to be — before me; how to concert my movements with the movements of those I was acting with, so as not to impede or intercept their efforts, while giving the greatest effect of which I was capable to my own.

I do not wonder, when I remember this brief apprenticeship to my profession, that Mr. Macready once said that I did not know the elements of it. Three weeks of morning rehearsals of the play at the theatre, and evening consultations at home as to colors and forms of costume, what I should wear, how my hair should be dressed, etc., etc., — in all which I remained absolutely passive in the hands of others, taking no part and not much interest in the matter, — ended in my mother's putting aside all suggestions of innovation like the adoption of the real picturesque costume of mediæval Verona (which was, of course, Juliet's proper dress), and determining in favor of the traditional stage costume for the part, which was simply a dress of plain white satin with a long train, with short sleeves and a low body; my hair was dressed in the fashion in which I usually wore it; a girdle of fine paste brilliants, and a small comb of the same, which held up my hair, were the only theatrical parts of the dress, which was as perfectly simple and as absolutely unlike anything Juliet ever wore as possible.

Poor Mrs. Jameson made infinite protests against this decision of my mother's, her fine artistic taste and sense of fitness being intolerably shocked by the violation of every propriety in a Juliet attired in a modern white satin ball dress amid scenery representing the streets and palaces of Verona in the fourteenth century, and all the other characters dressed with some reference to the supposed place and period of the tragedy. Visions too, no doubt, of sundry portraits of Raphael, Titian, Giorgione, Bronzino, — beautiful alike in color and fashion, — vexed her with suggestions, with which she plied my mother; who, however, determined as I have said, thinking the body more than raiment, and arguing that the unincumbered use of the person and the natural grace of young arms, neck, and head, and unimpeded movement of the limbs (all which she thought more compatible with the simple white satin dress than the picturesque mediæval costume) were points of paramount importance. My mother, though undoubtedly very anxious that I should look well, was of course far more desirous that I should act well, and judged that whatever rendered my dress most entirely subservient to my acting, and least an object of preoccupation and strange embarrassment to myself, was, under the circumstances of my total inexperience and brief period of preparation, the thing to be chosen, and I am sure that in the main she judged wisely. The mere appendage of a train — three yards of white satin — following me wherever I went was to me a new, and would have been a difficult experience to most girls. As it was, I never knew, after the first scene of the play, what became of my train, and was greatly amused when Lady Dare told me, the next morning, that as soon as my troubles began I had snatched it up and carried it on my arm, which I did quite unconsciously, because I found something in the way of *Juliet's feet*.

I have often admired the consummate good sense with which, confronting a whole array of authorities, historical, artistical, æsthetical, my mother stoutly

maintained in their despite that nothing was to be adopted on the stage that was in itself ugly, ungraceful, or even curiously antiquated and singular, however correct it might be with reference to the particular period, or even to authoritative portraits of individual characters of the play. The passions, sentiments, actions, and sufferings of human beings, she argued, were the main concern of a fine drama, not the clothes they wore. I think she even preferred an unobtrusive indifference to a pedantic accuracy, which, she said, few people appreciated, and which, if anything, rather took the attention from the acting than added to its effect, when it was really fine.

She always said, when pictures and engravings were consulted, "Remember, this presents but one view of the person, and does not change its position; how will this dress look when it walks, runs, rushes, kneels, sits down, falls, and turns its back?" I think an edge was added to my mother's keen, rational, and highly artistic sense of this matter of costume because it was the special hobby of her "favorite aversion," Mr. E——, who had studied with great zeal and industry antiquarian questions connected with the subject of stage representations, and was perpetually suggesting to my father improvements on the old ignorant, careless system which prevailed under former managements.

It is very true that, as she said, Garrick acted Macbeth in a full court suit of scarlet, — knee-breeches, powdered wig, pigtail, and all; and Mrs. Siddons acted the Grecian Daughter in piles of powdered curls with a forest of feathers on the top of them, high-heeled shoes, and a portentous hoop; and both made the audience believe that they looked just as they should do. But for all that, actors and actresses who were neither Garrick nor Mrs. Siddons were not less like the parts they represented by being at least dressed as they should be; and the fine accuracy of the Shakespearean revivals of Mr. Macready and Charles Kean was in itself a great enjoyment; nobody was even told to omit the tithing of mint and cummin, though other matters were

more important; and Kean's Othello would have been the grand performance it was, even with the advantage of Mr. Fechter's clever and picturesque "getting up" of the play, as a frame to it; as Mademoiselle Rachel's wonderful fainting exclamation of "Oh, mon cher Curiaçe!" lost none of its poignant pathos, though she knew how every fold of her drapery fell and rested on the chair on which she sank in apparent unconsciousness. Criticising a portrait of herself in that scene, she said to the painter, "*Ma robe ne fait pas ce pli là; elle fait, au contraire, celui-ci.*" The artist, inclined to defend his picture, asked her how, while she was lying with her eyes shut and feigning utter insensibility, she could possibly tell anything about the plaits of her dress. "*Allez-y-voir,*" replied Rachel; and the next time she played Camille, the artist was able to convince himself by more careful observation that she was right, and that there was probably no moment of the piece at which this consummate artist was not aware of the effect produced by every line and fold of the exquisite costume of which she had studied and prepared every detail as carefully as the wonderful movements of her graceful limbs, the intonations of her awful voice, and the changing expressions of her terribly beautiful countenance.

In later years, after I became the directress of my own stage costumes, I adopted one for Juliet made after a beautiful design of my friend, Mrs. Jameson, which combined my mother's *sine qua non* of simplicity with a form and fashion in keeping with the supposed period of the play.

My frame of mind under the preparations that were going forward for my *début* appears to me now curious enough. Though I had found out that I could act, and had acted with a sort of frenzy of passion and entire self-forgetfulness the first time I ever uttered the wonderful conception I had undertaken to represent, my going on the stage was absolutely an act of duty and conformity to the will of my parents, strengthened

by my own conviction that I was bound to help them by every means in my power. The theatrical profession was, however, utterly distasteful to me, though *acting* itself, that is to say, dramatic personation, was not; and every detail of my future vocation, from the preparations behind the scenes to the representations before the curtain, was more or less repugnant to me. Nor did custom ever render this aversion less; and liking my work so little, and being so devoid of enthusiasm, respect, or love for it, it is wonderful to me that I ever achieved *any* success in it at all. The dramatic element inherent in my organization must have been very powerful, to have enabled me without either study of or love for my profession to do anything worth anything in it.

But this is the reason why, with an unusual gift and many unusual advantages for it, I did really so little; why my performances were always uneven in themselves and perfectly unequal with each other, never complete as a whole, however striking in occasional parts, and never at the same level two nights together; depending for their effect upon the state of my nerves and spirits, instead of being the result of deliberate thought and consideration,—study, in short, carefully and conscientiously applied to my work; the permanent element which preserves the artist, however inevitably he must feel the influence of moods of mind and body, from ever being at their mercy.

I brought but one half the necessary material to the exercise of my profession, that which nature gave me; and never added the cultivation and labor requisite to produce any fine performance in the right sense of the word; and, coming of a family of *real* artists, have never felt that I deserved that honorable name.

A letter written at this time to Miss S— shows how comparatively small a part my approaching ordeal engrossed of my thoughts.

JAMES STREET, September 24, 1829.

MY DEAREST H—: Your letter grieved me very much, but it did not

surprise me; of your brother's serious illness I had heard from my cousin, Horace Twiss. But is there indeed cause for the terrible anxiety you express? I know how impossible it is to argue with the apprehensions of affection, and should have forborne this letter altogether, but that I felt very deeply your kindness in writing to me at such a time, and that I would fain assure you of my heart-felt sympathy, however unavailing it may be. To you who have a steadfast anchor for your hopes, I ought not, perhaps, to say, "Do not despond." Yet, dearest H—, do not despond: is there *any* occasion when despair is justified? I know how lightly all soothing counsel must be held, in a case of such sorrow as yours, but among fellow-Christians such words still have some significance; for the most unworthy of that holy profession may point unflatteringly to the only consolations adequate to the need of those far above them in every endowment of mind and heart and religious attainment. Dear H—, I hardly know how to tell you how much I feel for you, how sincerely I hope your fears may prove groundless, and how earnestly I pray that, should they prove prophetic, you may be enabled to bear the affliction, to meet which I doubt not strength will be given you. This is all I dare say; those who love you best will hardly venture to say more. To put away entirely the idea of an evil which one may be called upon at any moment to encounter would hardly be wise, even if it were possible in this world where every happiness one enjoys is but a loan, the repayment of which may be exacted at the very moment, perhaps, when we are forgetting in its possession the precarious tenure by which alone it is ours.

My dear father and mother have both been very unwell; the former is a little recovered, but the latter is still in a sad state of bodily suffering and mental anxiety. Our two boys are well and happy, and I am very well and not otherwise than happy. I regret to say Mrs. Henry Siddons will leave London in a very short time; this is a great loss to me. I owe more to her than I can ever repay;

for though abundant pains had been bestowed upon me previously to my going to her, it was she who caused to spring whatever scattered seeds of good were in me, which almost seemed as if they had been cast into the soil in vain.

My dear H——, I am going on the stage: the nearest period talked of for my début is the first of October, at the opening of the theatre; the furthest, November; but I almost think I should prefer the nearest, for it is a very serious trial to look forward to, and I wish it were over. Juliet is to be my opening part, but not to my father's Romeo; there would be many objections to that; he will do Mercutio for me. I do not enter more fully upon this because I know how few things can be of interest to you in your present state of feeling, but I wished you not to find the first notice of my entrance on the stage of life in a newspaper. God bless you, dearest H——, and grant you better hopes.

Your most affectionate, FANNY.

My father not acting Romeo with me deprived me of the most poetical and graceful stage lover of his day; but the public, who had long been familiar with his rendering of the part of Romeo, gained as much as I lost, by his taking that of Mercutio, which has never since been so admirably represented, and I dare affirm will never be given more perfectly. The graceful ease and airy, sparkling brilliancy of his delivery of the witty fancies of that merry gentleman, the gallant defiance of his bearing towards the enemies of his house, and his heroically pathetic and humorous death-scene were beyond description charming. He was one of the best Roméos, and incomparably the best Mercutio, that ever trod the English stage.

My father was Miss O'Neill's Romeo throughout her whole theatrical career, during which no other Juliet was tolerated by the English public. This amiable and excellent woman was always an attached friend of our family, and one day, when she was about to take leave of me at the end of a morning visit, I begged her to let my father have the

pleasure of seeing her, and ran to his study to tell him whom I had with me. He followed me hastily to the drawing-room, and stopping at the door extended his arms towards her, exclaiming, "Ah, Juliet!" Lady Beecher ran to him and embraced him with a pretty, affectionate grace, and the scene was pathetic as well as comical, for they were both white-haired, she being considerably upwards of sixty and he of seventy years old; but she still retained the slender elegance of her exquisite figure, and he some traces of his preëminent personal beauty.

My mother had a great admiration and personal regard for Lady Beecher, and told me an anecdote of her early life which transmitted those feelings of hers to me. Lord F——, eldest son of the Earl of E——, a personally and mentally attractive young man, fell desperately in love with Miss O'Neill, who was (what the popular theatrical heroine of the day always is) the realization of their ideal to the youth, male and female, of her time, the stage star of her contemporaries. Lord F——'s family had nothing to say against the character, conduct, or personal endowments of the beautiful actress who had enchanted, to such serious purpose as marriage, the heir of their house; but much, reasonably and rightly enough, against marriages disproportionate to such a degree as that, and the objectionable nature of the young woman's peculiar circumstances and public calling. Both Miss O'Neill, however, and Lord F—— were enough in earnest in their mutual regard to accept the test of a year's separation and suspension of all intercourse. She remained to utter herself in Juliet to the English public, and her lover went and traveled abroad, both believing in themselves and each other. No letters or communication passed between them, but towards the end of their year of probation vague rumors came flying to England of the life of dissipation led by the young man, and of the unworthy companions with whom he entertained the most intimate relations. After this came more explicit tales of positive entangle-

ment with one particular person, and reports of an entire devotion to one object quite incompatible with the constancy professed and promised to his English mistress.

Probably aware that every effort would, till the last, be made by Lord F——'s family to detach them from each other, bound by her promise to hold no intercourse with him, but determined to take the verdict of her fate from no one but himself, Miss O'Neill obtained a brief leave of absence from her theatrical duties, went with her brother and sister to Calais, whence she traveled alone to Paris (poor, fair Juliet! when I think of her, not as I ever knew her, but such as I know she must then have been, no more pathetic image presents itself to my mind), and took effectual measures to ascertain beyond all shadow of doubt the bitter truth of the evil reports of her fickle lover's mode of life. His devotion to one lady, the more respectable form of infidelity which must inevitably have canceled their contract of love, was not indeed true, and probably the story had been fabricated because the mere general accusation of profligacy might easily have been turned into an appeal to her mercy, as the result of reckless despondency and of his utter separation from her; and a woman in her circumstances might not have been hard to find who would have persuaded herself that she might overlook "all that," reclaim her lover, and be an earl's wife. Miss O'Neill rejoined her family at Calais, wrote to Lord F——'s father, the Earl of E——, her final and irrevocable rejection of his son's suit, fell ill of love and sorrow, and lay for some space between life and death for the sake of her unworthy lover, rallied bravely, recovered, resumed her work, — her sway over thousands of human hearts, — and, after lapse of healing and forgiving and forgetting time, married Sir William Wrixon Beecher.

The peculiar excellence of her acting lay in the expression of pathos, sorrow, anguish, — the sentimental and suffering element of tragedy. She was expressly devised for a representative victim; she

had, too, a rare endowment for her especial range of characters, in an easily-excited, superficial sensibility, which caused her to cry, as she once said to me, "buckets full," and enabled her to exercise the (to most men) irresistible influence of a beautiful woman in tears. The power (or weakness) of abundant weeping without disfigurement is an attribute of deficient rather than excessive feeling. In such persons the tears are poured from their crystal cups without muscular distortion of the rest of the face. In proportion to the violence or depth of emotion, and the acute or profound sensibility of the temperament, is the disturbance of the countenance. In sensitive organizations the muscles round the nostrils and lips quiver and are distorted, the throat and temples swell, and a grimace, which but for its miserable significance would be grotesque, convulses the whole face. Men's tears always seem to me as if they were pumped up from their heels and strained through every drop of blood in their veins; women's, to start as under a knife stroke, direct with a gush from their heart, abundant and beneficent; but again, women of the temperament I have alluded to above have fountains of lovely tears behind their lovely eyes, and their weeping, which is indescribably beautiful, is comparatively painless, and yet pathetic enough to challenge tender compassion. I have twice seen such tears shed, and never forgotten them: once from heaven-blue eyes, and the face looked like a flower with pearly dew-drops sliding over it; and again, once from magnificent, dark, uplifted orbs, from which the falling tears looked like diamond rain-drops by moonlight.

Miss O'Neill was a supremely touching but neither a powerful nor a passionate actress. Personally she was the very beau ideal of feminine weakness in its most attractive form, — delicacy. She was tall, slender, elegantly formed, and extremely graceful; her features were regular and finely chiseled, and her hair beautiful; her eyes were too light, and her eyebrows and eyelashes too pale for expression; her voice wanted variety and

brilliancy for comic intonation, but was deep and sonorous, and of a fine pathetic and tragic quality.

It was not an easy matter to find a Romeo for me, and in the emergency my father and mother even thought of my brother Henry's trying the part. He was in the first bloom of youth, and really might be called beautiful; and certainly, a few years later, might have been the very ideal of a Romeo. But he looked too young for the part, as indeed he was, being three years my junior. The overwhelming objection, however, was his own insuperable dislike to the idea of acting, and his ludicrous incapacity for assuming the faintest appearance of any sentiment. However, he learnt the words, and never shall I forget the explosion of laughter which shook my father, my mother, and myself, when, after hearing him recite the balcony scene with the most indescribable mixture of shy terror and nervous convulsions of suppressed giggling, my father threw down the books, and Henry gave vent to his feelings by clapping his elbows against his sides and bursting into a series of triumphant cock-crows — an expression of mental relief so ludicrously in contrast with his sweet, sentimental face, and the part he had just been pretending to assume, that I thought we never should have recovered from the fits it sent us into. We were literally all crying with laughter, and a more farcical scene cannot be imagined. This of course ended all idea of that young chanticleer being my Romeo; and yet the young rascal was, or fancied he was, over head and ears in love at this very time, and an exquisite sketch Hayter had just made of him might with the utmost propriety have been sent to the exhibition with no other title than *Portrait of a Lover*.

The part of Romeo was given to Mr. Abbot, an old-established favorite with the public, a very amiable and worthy man, old enough to have been my father, whose performance, not certainly of the highest order, was nevertheless not below inoffensive mediocrity. But the public, who were bent upon doing more than justice to me, were less than

just to him; and the abuse showered upon his Romeo, especially by my more enthusiastic admirers of the male sex, might, I should think, have embittered his stage relations with me to the point of making me an object of detestation to him, all through our theatrical loves. A tragi-comic incident was related to me by one of the parties concerned in it, which certainly proved that poor Mr. Abbot was quite aware of the little favor his Romeo found with my particular friends. One of them, the son of our kind and valued friends, the G——s, an excellent, good-hearted, but not very wise young fellow, invariably occupied a certain favorite and favorable position in the midst of the third row of the pit every night that I acted. There were no stalls or reserved seats then, though not long after I came out the majority of the seats in the orchestra were let to spectators and generally occupied by a set of young gentlemen whom Sir Thomas Lawrence always designated as my "body guard." This, however, had not yet been instituted, and my friend G—— had often to wait long hours and even to fight for the privilege of his peculiar seat, where he rendered himself, I am sorry to say, not a little ludicrous, and not seldom rather obnoxious to everybody in his vicinity, by the vehement demonstrations of his enthusiasm: his frantic cries of "bravo," his furious applause, and his irrepressible exclamations of ecstasy and agony during the whole play. He became as familiar to the public as the stage lamps themselves, and some of his immediate neighbors complained rather bitterly of the incessant din and clatter of his approbation, and the bruises, thumps, contusions, and constant fears which his lively sentiments inflicted upon them. This *fanatico* of mine, walking home from the theatre one night with two other like-minded individuals, indulged himself in obstreperous abuse of poor Mr. Abbot, in which he was heartily joined by his companions. Towards Cavendish Square the broad, quiet streets rang with the uproarious mirth with which they recapitulated his "damnable faces," "strange

postures," uncouth gestures, and ungainly deportment; imitation followed imitation of the poor actor's peculiar declamation, and the night became noisy with the shouts of mingled derision and execration of his critics; when suddenly, as they came to a gas-light at the corner of a crossing, a solitary figure which had been preceding them, without possibility of escape, down the long avenue of Harley Street, where G—— lived, turned abruptly round and confronted them with Mr. Abbot's peculiarly unimpressive countenance. "Gentlemen," he said, "no one can be more aware than myself of the defects of my performance of Romeo, no one more conscious of its entire unworthiness of Miss Kemble's Juliet; but all I can say is that I do not act the part by my own choice, and shall be delighted to resign it to either of you who may feel more capable than I am of doing it justice." The young gentlemen, though admiring me "not wisely, but too well," were good-hearted fellows, and were struck with the manly and moderate tone of Mr. Abbot's rebuke, and shocked at having unintentionally wounded the feelings of a person who (except as Romeo) was every way deserving of their respect. Of course they could not swallow all their foolish words, and Abbot bowed and was gone before they could stutter an apology. I have no doubt that his next appearance as Romeo was hailed with some very cordial remorseful applause, addressed to him personally as some relief to their feelings, by my indiscreet partisans. My friend G——, not very long after this theatrical passion of his, became what is sometimes called "religious," and had thoughts of going into the church and giving up the play-house. He confided to my mother, who was his mother's intimate friend, and of whom he was very fond, his conscientious scruples, which she in no wise combated; though she probably thought more moderation in going to the theatre, and a little more self-control when there, might not in any event be undesirable changes in his practice, whether his taking holy orders cut him off entirely from what

was then his principal pleasure, or not. One night when the venerable Prebend of St. Paul's, her old friend, Dr. Hughes, was in her box with her, witnessing my performance (which my mother never failed to attend), she pointed out G——, *scrimmaging* about, as usual, in his wonted place in the pit, and said, "There is a poor lad who is terribly disturbed in his mind about the very thing he is doing at this moment. He is thinking of going into the church, and more than half believes that he ought to give up coming to the play." "That depends, I should say," replied dear old Dr. Hughes, "upon his own conviction in the matter, and nothing else; meantime, pray give him my compliments, and tell him I have enjoyed the performance to-night extremely."

Mr. Abbot was in truth not a bad actor, though a perfectly uninteresting one in tragedy; he had a good figure, face, and voice, the carriage and appearance of a well-bred person, and, in what is called genteel comedy, precisely the air and manner which is most difficult to assume, that of a gentleman. He had been in the army and had left it for the stage, where his performances were always respectable, though seldom anything more. Wanting passion and expression in tragedy, he naturally resorted to vehemence to supply their place, and was exaggerated and violent from the absence of all dramatic feeling and imagination. Moreover, in moments of powerful emotion he was apt to become unsteady on his legs, and always filled me with terror lest in some of his headlong runs and rushes about the stage he should lose his balance and fall; as indeed he once did, to my unspeakable distress, in the play of *The Grecian Daughter*, in which he enacted my husband, Phocion, and flying to embrace me, after a period of painful and eventful separation, he completely overbalanced himself, and swinging round with me in his arms we both came to the ground together. "Oh, Mr. Abbot!" was all I could ejaculate; he, poor man, literally pale green with dismay, picked me up in profound silence, and the au-

dience kindly covered our confusion and comforted us by vehement applause, not, indeed, unmixed with laughter. But my friends and admirers were none the more his after that exploit; and I remained in mortal dread of his stage-embraces forever after, steadying myself carefully on my feet, and bracing my whole figure to "stand fast," whenever he made the smallest affectionate approach towards me. It is not often that such a piece of awkwardness as this is perpetrated on the stage, but dramatic heroines are nevertheless liable to sundry disagreeable difficulties of a very unromantic nature. If a gentleman in a ball-room places his hand round a lady's waist to waltz with her, she can, without any shock to the "situation," beg him to release the end spray of her flowery garland, or the floating ribbons of her head-dress, which he may have imprisoned; but in the middle of a scene of tragedy grief or horror, of the unreality of which by dint of the effort of your imagination you are no longer conscious, to be obliged to say, in your distraction, to your distracted partner in woe, "Please lift your arm from my waist, you are pulling my head down backwards," is a distraction too, of its kind.

The only occasion on which I ever acted Juliet to a Romeo who looked the part was one when Miss Ellen Tree sustained it. The acting of Romeo or any other man's part by a woman (in spite of Mrs. Siddons's Hamlet), is, in my judgment, contrary to every artistic and perhaps natural propriety, but I cannot deny that the stature "more than common tall," and the beautiful face, of which the fine features were too marked in their classical regularity to look feeble or even effeminate, of my fair female lover made her physically an appropriate representative of Romeo. Miss Ellen Tree looked beautiful and not unmanly in the part; she was broad-shouldered as well as tall, and her long limbs had the fine proportions of the huntress Diana; altogether, she made a very "pretty fellow," as the saying was formerly, as all who saw her in her graceful per-

formance of Talfourd's Ion will testify; but assumption of that character, which in its ideal classical purity is almost without sex, was less open to objection than that of the fighting young Veronese noble of the fourteenth century. She fenced very well, however, and acquitted herself quite manfully in her duel with Tybalt; the only hitch in the usual "business" of the part was between herself and me, and I do not imagine the public, for one night, were much aggrieved by the omission of the usual clap-trap performance (part of Garrick's interpolation, which indeed belongs to the original story, but which Shakespeare's true poet's sense had discarded) of Romeo's plucking Juliet up from her bier and rushing with her, still stiff and motionless in her death trance, down to the foot-lights. This feat Miss Tree insisted upon attempting with me, and I as stontly resisted all her entreaties to let her do so. I was a very slender-looking girl, but very heavy for all that. (A friend of mine, on my first voyage to America, lifting me from a small height, set me down upon the deck exclaiming, "Oh, you solid little lady!" and my cousin, John Mason, the first time he acted Romeo with me, though a very powerful, muscular young man, whispered to me as he carried my corpse down the stage with a fine semblance of frenzy, "Jove, Fanny, you are a lift!") Finding that all argument and remonstrance was unavailing, and that Miss Tree, though by no means other than a good friend and fellow-worker of mine, was bent upon performing this gymnastic feat, I said at last, "If you attempt to lift or carry me down the stage, I will kick and scream till you set me down," which ended the controversy. I do not know whether she believed me, but she did not venture upon the experiment.

I consider that I was quite justified in using even this naughty child's threat to prevent Miss Tree from doing what might very well have ended in some dangerous and ludicrous accident; nor did I feel at all guilty towards her of the species of malice prepense which

Malibran exhibited towards Sontag, when they sang in the opera of *Romeo and Juliet* on the first occasion of their appearing together during their brilliant public career in England. Malibran's mischievousness partook of the force and versatility of her extraordinary genius, and having tormented poor Mademoiselle Sontag with every inconceivable freak and caprice during the whole rehearsal of the opera, at length, when requested by her to say in what part of the stage she intended to fall in the last scene, she, Malibran, replied that she "really did n't know," that she "really could n't tell;" sometimes she "died in one place, sometimes in another, just as it happened, or the humor took her at the moment." As Sontag was bound to expire in loving proximity to her, and was, I take it, much less liable to spontaneous inspiration than her fiery rival, this was by no means satisfactory. She had nothing like the original genius of the other woman, but was nevertheless a more perfect artist. Wanting weight and power and passion for such parts as *Norma*, *Medea*, *Semiramide*, etc., she was perfect in the tenderer and more pathetic parts of *Amina*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *Linda di Chamouni*; exquisite in the *Rosina* and *Carolina* of the *Barbiere* and *Matrimonio Segrèto*; and, in my opinion, quite unrivaled in her *Countess*, in the *Nozze*, and indeed in all rendering of Mozart's music, to whose peculiar and preëminent genius hers seemed to me in some degree allied, and of whose works she was the only interpreter. I ever heard, gifted alike with the profound German understanding of music and the enchanting Italian power of rendering it. Her mode of uttering sound, of putting forth her voice (the test which all but Italians or most carefully Italian-trained singers fail in), was as purely unteutonic as possible. She was one of the most perfect singers I ever heard, and suggests to my memory the quaint praise of the gypsy vocal performance in the ballad of *Johnny Faa*:

"They sang so sweet
So very complete."

She was the first *Rosina* I ever heard

who introduced into the scene of the music-lesson *Rhodes Air*, with the famous violin variations, which she performed by way of a *vocalise*, to the utter amazement of her noble music master, I should think, as well as her audience. Mademoiselle Nilsson is the only *prima donna* since her day who has at all reminded me of Sontag, who was lovely to look at, delightful to listen to, good, amiable, and charming, and, compared with Malibran, like the evening star to a comet.

Defeated by Malibran's viciousness in rehearsing her death-scene, she resigned herself to the impromptu imposed upon her, and prepared to follow her *Romeo*, wherever she might choose to die; but when the evening came, Malibran contrived to die close to the footlights and in front of the curtain; Sontag of necessity followed, and fell beside her there; the drop came down, and there lay the two fair corpses in full view of the audience, of course unable to rise or move, till a couple of stage footmen in red plush breeches ran in to the rescue, took the dead *Capulet* and *Montague* each by the shoulders, and dragged them off at the side scenes; the Spanish woman in the heroism of her maliciousness submitting to this ignominy for the pleasure of subjecting her gentle German rival to it.

Madame Malibran was always an object of the greatest interest to me, not only on account of her extraordinary genius, and great and various gifts, but because of the many details I heard of her youth from M. de la Forest, the French consul in New York, who knew her as *Marie Garcia*, a wild and wayward but most wonderful girl, under her father's tyrannical and harsh rule during the time they spent in the United States. He said that there was not a piece of furniture in their apartment that had not been thrown by the father at the daughter's head, in the course of the moral and artistic training he bestowed upon her; it is perhaps wonderful that success in either direction should have been the result of such a system; but upon the whole the singer seems to

have profited more than the woman from it, as might have been expected. Garcia was an incomparable artist, actor, and singer (no such Don Giovanni has ever been heard or seen since), and bestowed upon all his children the finest musical education that ever made great natural gifts available to the utmost to their possessors. I suppose it was from him, too, that Marie derived with her Spanish blood the vehement, uncontrollable nature of which M. de la Forest told me he had witnessed such extraordinary exhibitions in her girlhood. He said she would fly into passions of rage in which she would set her teeth in the sleeve of her silk gown, and tear and rend great pieces out of the thick texture as if it were muslin; a test of the strength of those beautiful teeth, as well as of the fury of her passion. She then would fall rigid on the floor, without motion, breath, pulse, or color, though not fainting, in a sort of catalepsy of rage.

Her marriage with the old French merchant Malibran was speedily followed by their separation; he went to France, leaving his divine devil of a wife in New York, and during his absence she used to write letters to him which she frequently showed to M. de la Forest, who was her intimate friend and adviser and took a paternal interest in all her affairs. These epistles often expressed so much cordial kindness and warmth of feeling towards her husband that M. de la Forest, who knew her separation from him to have been entirely her own act and choice, and any decent agreement and harmonious life between them absolutely impossible, was completely puzzled by such professions towards a man with whom she was determined never to live, and occasionally said to her, "What do you mean? Do you wish your husband to come here to you? or do you contemplate going to him? In short, what is your intention in writing with all this affection to a man from whom you have separated yourself?" Upon this view of her epistle, which did not appear to have struck her, M. de la Forest said, she would (instead

of rewriting it) tack on to it with the most ludicrous inconsistency a sort of revocatory codicil, in the shape of a postscript, expressing her decided desire that her husband should remain where he was, and her own explicit determination never again to enter into any more intimate relations with him than were compatible with a correspondence from opposite sides of the Atlantic, whatever personal regard or affection for him her letter might appear to express to the contrary notwithstanding.

To my great regret I only saw her act once, though I heard her sing at concerts and in private repeatedly. My only personal encounter with her took place in a curious fashion. My father and myself were acting at Manchester, and had just finished performing the parts of Mr. and Mrs. Beverley, one night, in *The Gamester*. On our return from the theatre, as I was slowly and in considerable exhaustion following my father up the hotel stairs, thinking less of the woes I had been feigning than of the tea and bread and butter of which they had left me in great need; as we reached the landing by our sitting-room, a door immediately opposite to it flew open, and a lady dressed like Tilburina's *Confidante*, all in white muslin, rushed out of it and fell upon my father's breast, sobbing out hysterically, "Oh, Mr. Kembel, my deare, deare Mr. Kembel!" This was Madame Malibran, under the effect of my father's performance of *The Gamester*, which she had just witnessed. "Come, come," quoth my father (who was old enough to have been hers, and knew her very well), patting her consolingly on the back, "Come now, my dear Madame Malibran, compose yourself; don't now, Marie, don't, my dear child!" all which was taking place on the public stair-case, while I looked on in wide-eyed amazement behind. Madame Malibran, having suffered herself to be led into our room, gradually composed herself, ate her supper with us, expressed herself with much kind enthusiasm about my performance, and gave me a word of advice as to not losing any of my height (of which I had none to spare)

by stooping, saying very amiably that, being at a disadvantage as to her own stature, she had never wasted a quarter of an inch of it. This little reflection upon her own proportions must have been meant as a panacea to my vanity for her criticism of my deportment. My person was indeed of the shortest; I was that thing abhorred of Byron, a "dumpy woman;" but she had the figure of a nymph, and was rather above than below middle height. There was in other respects some likeness between us; she was certainly not really handsome, but her eyes were magnificent, and her whole countenance was very striking.

The first time I ever saw her sister, Madame Viardot, she was sitting with mine, who introduced me to her; Pauline Viardot continued talking, now and then, however, stopping to look fixedly at me, and at last exclaimed, "*Mais comme elle ressemble à ma Marie!*" and one evening at a private concert in London, having arrived late, I remained standing by the folding-doors of the drawing-room, while Lablache finished a song which he had begun before I came in, at the end of which he came up to me and said, "You cannot think how you frightened me, when first I saw you standing in that door-way; you looked so absolutely like Malibran, *que je ne savais en vérité pas ce que c'était.*" Malibran's appearance was a memorable event in the whole musical world of Europe, throughout which her progress from capital to capital was one uninterrupted triumph; the enthusiasm, as is general in such cases, growing with its further and wider spread, so that at Venice she was allowed, in spite of old established law and custom, to go about in a gold and crimson gondola as fine as the Bucentaur itself, instead of the floating hearses that haunt the sea-paved thoroughfares, and that did not please her gay and magnificent taste.

Her début in England was an absolute conquest of the nation; and when it was shocked by the news of her untimely death, hundreds of those unsympathetic, unæsthetic, unenthusiastic English people put mourning on for the wonderfully

gifted young woman snatched away in the midst of her brilliant career. Madame Malibran composed some charming songs, but her great reputation derives little of its lustre from them, — that great reputation already a mere tradition.

At a challenge I would not decline, I ventured upon the following harsh and ungraceful but literal translation of some of the stanzas from Alfred de Musset's fine lament for Malibran. My poetical competitor produced an admirable version of them, and has achieved translations of other of his verses, as perfect as translations can be; a literary feat of extraordinary difficulty with the works of so essentially national a writer, a genius so peculiarly French, as De Musset.

"Oh, Maria Felicia! the painter and bard
Behind them, in dying, leave undying heirs.
The night of oblivion their memory spares,
And their great, eager souls, other action debarred,
Against death, against time, having valiantly
warred,
Though struck down in the strife, claim its trophies as theirs.

"In the iron engraved one his thought leaves enshrined;
With a golden-sweet cadence another's entwined
Makes forever all those who shall hear it his friends.
Though he died, on the canvas lives Raphael's mind;
And from death's darkest doom till this world of ours ends,
The mother-clasped infant his glory defends.

"As the lamp guards the flame, so the bare, marble halls
Of the Parthenon keep, in their desolate space,
The memory of Phidias enshrined in their walls.
And Praxiteles' child, the young Venus, yet calls
From the altar, where smiling she still holds her place,
The centuries conquered, to worship her grace.

"Thus from age after age, while new life they receive,
To rest at God's feet the old glories are gone;
And the accents of genius their echoes still weave
With the great human voice, till their speech is but one.
And of thee, dead but yesterday, all thy fame leaves
But a cross in the dim chapel's darkness, alone.

"A cross and oblivion, silence, and death!
Hark! the wind's softest sob, hark! the ocean's deep breath!
Hark! the fisher-boy singing his way o'er the plains!
Of thy glory, thy hope, thy young beauty's bright wreath,
Not a trace, not a sigh, not an echo remains."

Those Garcia sisters were among the most remarkable people of their day, not only for their peculiar high artistic gifts, their admirable musical and dramatic powers, but for the vivid originality of their genius and great general cultivation. Malibran danced almost as well as she sang, and once took a principal part in a ballet. She drew and painted well, as did her sister Pauline Viardot, whose spirited caricatures of her friends and herself were admirable specimens both of likenesses and of humorous talent in delineating them. Both sisters conversed brilliantly, speaking fluently four languages, and executed the music of different nations and composers with a perception of the peculiar character of each that was extraordinary. They were mistresses of all the different schools of religious, dramatic, and national compositions, and Gluck, Jomelli, Pergolese, Bach, Händel, Haydn, Mozart, Rossini, Bellini, Scotch and Irish melodies, Neapolitan canzonette, and the popular airs of their own country, were all rendered by them with equal mastery.

To resume my story (which is very like that of the knife-grinder). When I returned to the stage, many years after I had first appeared on it, I restored the beautiful end of Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet* as he wrote it (in spite of Garrick and the original story), thinking it mere profanation to intrude sharp discords of piercing agony into the divine harmony of woe with which it closes.

"Thus with a kiss I die,"

"Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead,"

are full enough of bitter-sweet despair for the last chords of that ineffable, passionate strain, — the swoon of sorrow ending that brief, palpitating ecstasy, the proper, dirge-like close to that triumphant hymn of love and youth and beauty. All the frantic rushing and tortured writhing and uproar of noisy anguish of the usual stage ending seemed utter desecration to me; but Garrick was an actor, the first of actors, and his death scene of the lovers and ending of the play is much more theatrically effective than Shakespeare's.

The report of my approaching appearance on the stage excited a good deal of interest among the acquaintances and friends of my family, and occasioned a renewal of cordial relations which had formerly existed, but ceased for some time, between Sir Thomas Lawrence and my father and mother.

Lawrence's enthusiastic admiration for my uncle John and Mrs. Siddons, testified by the numerous striking portraits in which he has recorded their personal beauty and dramatic picturesqueness, led to a most intimate and close friendship between the great painter and the eminent actors, and subsequently to very painful circumstances, which estranged him for years from all our family, and forbade all renewal of the relations between himself and Mrs. Siddons which had been so cruelly interrupted.

While frequenting her house upon terms of the most affectionate intimacy, he proposed to her eldest daughter, my cousin Sarah, and was accepted by her. Before long, however, he became deeply dejected, moody, restless, and evidently extremely and unaccountably wretched. Violent scenes of the most painful emotion, of which the cause was inexplicable and incomprehensible, took place repeatedly between himself and Mrs. Siddons, to whom he finally, in a paroxysm of self-abandoned misery, confessed that he had mistaken his own feelings, and that her younger daughter, and not the elder, was the real object of his affection, and ended by imploring permission to transfer his addresses from the one to the other sister. How this most extraordinary change was accomplished I know not; but only that it took place, and that Maria Siddons became engaged to her sister's faithless lover. To neither of them, however, was he destined ever to be united; they were both exceedingly delicate young women, with a tendency to consumption, which was probably developed and accelerated in its progress in no small measure by all the bitterness and complicated difficulties of this disastrous double courtship.

Maria, the youngest, an exceedingly

beautiful girl, died first, and on her death-bed exacted from her sister a promise that she would never become Lawrence's wife; the promise was given, and she died, and had not lain long in her untimely grave when her sister was

laid in it beside her. The death of these two lovely and amiable women broke off all connection between Sir Thomas Lawrence and my aunt, and from that time they never saw or had any intercourse with each other.

Frances Anne Kemble.

AFFINITIES.

I.

SPEEDING across blank, lonely wastes of snow
 From your pale palace, reared with wild device
 In a strange, shadowy land of Arctic ice,
 O north wind, bitter north wind, whither do you blow?

“ Southward, to find my tender, languid love,
 Who drowns in a clime of tropic haze,
 Where, through the heavy-odored, silent nights,
 Great mellow, fervid stars beam out above,
 And where one sees, through sultry, golden days,
 The mighty Indian temples rear proud heights,
 And the rich-crested palm her green plume raise!
 And I, the spirit strong to wreck and kill,
 I, the stern north wind, terrible to chill,
 When her warm kisses through my cold lips thrill,
 I have no will that is not her sweet will! ”

II.

Bearing to lavish leaves your cadence low,
 From far-off, indolent lands of bloomful ease,
 Of gaudy birds and iridescent seas,
 O south wind, fragrant south wind, whither do you blow?

“ Northward, to find my cruel, white-limbed love,
 Who dwells where all strange polar glories blaze;
 Where, through the scintillant-starred, long-lasting nights,
 Auroral splendors up the dark heaven move,
 And where one sees, through scant-lit, freezing days,
 Colossal ice-plinths, full of emerald lights,
 House the huge walrus in their crystal maze!
 And I, the spirit whom all soft dreams fill,
 I, the bland south wind, that can work no ill,
 When her cold kisses through my warm lips thrill,
 My life grows her life, and my will her will! ”

Edgar Fawcett.

THE QUAINTESS OF "THE JUDICIOUS HOOKER."

OF course, in a certain sense, Richard Hooker needs no formal introduction to people of culture, who know him as they know any other great writer of his day. His life was uneventful, to be sure, and placid like his disposition, but, after all, in many respects unusual. Stormy times circled about him, raging wars of religious thought were in progress, yet from out his quiet soul comes not a word of harshness, no bitter reproaches, scarcely even a well-deserved reproof. His self-control is one of the most beautiful features of a beautiful character. In that turbulent age, wealth and dignities, bishoprics and honors ecclesiastical, were freely showered on others, but he sought none of them. Living above them all, he was, most exceptionally, a man "in the world, but not of the world."

He was born within the precincts of Exeter, in 1553. His parents, though industrious, were in straitened circumstances, hardly above the level of poverty. As a lad his modest intelligence won the good-will of the school-master who had him in charge. This worthy man persuaded the boy's uncle, John Hooker, then chamberlain of Exeter, to maintain him for one year in the university. At the end of this time, John Jewel, Bishop of Salisbury, became his patron, sending him to Corpus Christi College, Oxford.

We have one bright glimpse of his college life, an account of a journey which he took on foot, with one of his fellow-students, from Oxford to Exeter, taking Salisbury in his way purposely to see the good bishop, who made them both dine with him at his own table. "At parting with Mr. Hooker," says the narrative, "the bishop gave him good counsel and his benediction, but forgot to give him money; which when the bishop had considered, he sent a servant in all haste to call Richard back to him; and on Richard's return, the bishop said to him, 'Richard, I sent for

you back to lend you a horse which hath carried me for many a mile, and, I thank God, with much ease;' and presently delivered into his hand a walking-staff, with which he professed he had traveled through many parts of Germany. And he said, 'Richard, I do not give, but lend you my horse; be sure you be honest and bring my horse back to me at your return this way to Oxford. And I do now give you ten groats to bear your charges to Exeter; and here is ten groats more which I charge you to deliver to your mother, and tell her I send her a bishop's benediction with it and beg the continuance of her prayers for me. And if you bring my horse back to me, I will give you ten groats more, to carry you on foot to the college; and so God bless you, good Richard.' And this, you may believe, was performed by both parties."

In September, 1571, Bishop Jewel died, but the lad found another friend in Edwin Sandys, Bishop of London, and, later, Archbishop of York. As a student, young Hooker made his mark at once. He appears to have been a profound Hebraist, besides standing high in general scholarship. Moreover, his biographer makes pointed mention of his eminent modesty and piety, qualities which seem to have recommended a collegian in those days. In his nineteenth year he was admitted to be one of the twenty scholars of the foundation, and was thus perfectly incorporated into Corpus Christi, then noted for a large library, strict students, and remarkable scholars. In 1577, four years after, he took his degree and became a fellow of the college.

For most of these facts we are indebted to Walton's *Life of Hooker*, which is by far the best extant. It rambles, to be sure, yet every page has graphic touches. Honest Isaac, angling in many brooks besides the one he sets out to follow, contrives to bring in an excellent

basket of fish. His anecdotes are entertaining, in particular those touching the good bishops who were Hooker's patrons. Their money was certainly well expended; and we can see how the influences thus early brought to bear made Hooker, in after life, a staunch supporter of Prelacy, as against Romanism on the one hand and Independency on the other.

After three years more of college life, he received holy orders in the Church of England, and was appointed to preach in London for the first time, at St. Paul's Cross. Going thither, he took lodgings at the Shunamite's House, "which," says Walton, "is so called for that, besides the stipend paid the preacher, there is provision made also for his lodging and diet for two days before and one day after his sermon." To this hostelry, then kept by a certain John Churchman, our good man came in an evil hour, and from henceforth we behold him in affliction. He had made the wearisome journey in a fierce storm, arriving, at last, worn and weather-beaten. Moreover, "such a faintness and fear possessed him," says the chronicler, "that he would not be persuaded two days' rest and quietness, or any other means, could be used to make him able to preach his Sunday's sermon; but a warm bed, rest, and drink proper for a cold, given him by Mrs. Churchman, and her diligent attendance added unto it, enabled him to perform the office for the day, which was in or about the year 1581."

In this his first public appearance, his sermon held the following point of doctrine, which roused some opposition: "That in God there were two wills; an antecedent and consequent will: his first will, that all mankind should be saved; but his second will was that those only should be saved that did live answerable to that degree of grace which he had offered or afforded them." "But the justifying of this doctrine," adds our historian, gliding from one point to another in the soberest way, "did not prove of so bad consequence as the kindness of Mrs. Churchman's curing him of his late distemper and cold; for that was so

gratefully apprehended by Mr. Hooker that he thought himself bound in conscience to believe all she said: so that the good man came to be persuaded by her 'that it was best for him to have a wife, that might prove a nurse to him, to prolong his life and make it more comfortable; and such a one she could and would provide for him, if he thought fit to marry.' And he, not considering that the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light, . . . trusted her to choose for him, promising on a fair summons to return to London and accept of her choice; and he did so in that or about the year following. Now the wife provided for him was her daughter Joan, who brought him neither beauty nor portion; and for her conditions they were too like that wife's which is by Solomon compared to a dripping house."

By this marriage he was drawn from his college, and became the unlucky occupant of a country parsonage. His parish was Drayton Beauchamp, in Buckinghamshire, not far from Aylesbury in the diocese of Lincoln.

About a year later, his two former pupils, Edwin Sandys and George Cranmer, paid him a visit. "They found him with a book in his hand," tending a few sheep in a common field, which he told them he was forced to do because his servant had gone home to assist his wife about some necessary household concerns. After his servant returned to release him, they went into the house, "where their best entertainment was his quiet company, which was presently denied them; for Richard was called to rock the cradle;" and the rest of their welcome was so like this, "that they took leave early next morning. At parting, Mr. Cranmer said, 'Good tutor, I am sorry that your lot is fallen in no better ground as to your parsonage, and more sorry that your wife proves not a more comfortable companion after you have wearied your thoughts in your restless studies.'" And the good man replied, "My dear George, if saints have usually a double share in the miseries of this life, I, that am none, ought not to repine

at what my wise Creator hath appointed for me, but labor (as indeed I do daily) to submit to his will, and possess my soul in patience and peace."

In experimental philosophy of this practical kind Richard Hooker was certainly in advance of Lord Bacon. It is hard to imagine our judicious divine tending sheep and rocking the cradle, with the English Polity Ecclesiastical sandwiched in between these weighty duties, by way of light, incidental thinking. His visitors failed to see the beauties of this arrangement, and went home with piteous tales of Hooker's condition.

A good bishop came to his aid in this strait also. The mastership of the Temple was then vacant through the death of Dr. Alvie, who had held it acceptably for years. John Whitgift, Archbishop of Canterbury, was anxious that Richard Hooker should have the place; but the Earl of Leicester and Lord Burleigh seem to have set their hearts on having it given to one Travers, a preacher of doubtful ordination, imbued with the doctrines of Geneva, and far from sound in the established faith. It is pleasant to see how the schemes of these wily statesmen, who had an eye to certain church lands, were brought to nought by the queen's shrewdness and the archbishop's integrity. This John Whitgift was a man of solid piety. He built a large almshouse near his own palace at Croydon in Surrey, not forgetting to endow it amply. He would call its poor inmates brothers and sisters; and whenever the queen condescended to dine with him at his palace, he would usually go, the day after, to dine with his poor friends at the hospital; "at which time," says the narrator, "you may believe, there was joy at the table." He also built a free school at Croydon, which gave Boyse Sisi, then ambassador for the King of France, occasion to say that "the bishop had published many learned books; but a free school to train up youth, and an hospital to maintain aged and poor people, were the best evidences of Christian learning that a bishop could leave to posterity." The queen regarded him with unusual

favor, calling him "her little black husband," and his servants "her servants," and would often declare "she pitied him because she trusted him, and had laid all the burden of her clergy-cares on his shoulders, which he managed with prudence and piety."

Such was the man who now took Hooker under his protection; no wonder that the two agreed excellently. Through his influence the queen was led to thwart the unscrupulous plans of her statesmen, bestowing Father Alvie's place on quiet Richard Hooker, who had not sought the position, to the exclusion of Travers and one Dr. Bond, who had. Hooker accepted it somewhat reluctantly, and was made Master of the Temple by patent for life, March 17, 1585.

He found his opponent, Walter Travers, already installed there as preacher of the evening sermons; and, having no good reason for setting him aside, Travers being a man of blameless life, he soon found himself engaged in controversies of the tedious kind, "many of which," we are told, "were concerning the doctrines and ceremonies of this church; in so much that as St. Paul withstood St. Peter to his face, so did they withstand each other in their sermons; for as one hath pleasantly expressed it, 'The forenoon sermon spake Canterbury, and the afternoon Geneva.'"

The religious dissensions of Queen Elizabeth's reign were extremely bitter. Plots against church and state fomented by the Romanists, scurrilous pamphlets on prelacy disseminated by non-conformists and other restless men of no peculiar tenets, yet bold in asserting that "papists could not be saved," fanatical preaching filling ignorant minds with discontent and sedition, venomous attacks on the church and personal abuse of the men who held her bishoprics, — all this and much more of the same sort formed the moral atmosphere of the times.

But Hooker's controversies were conducted in the right spirit. To sundry exceptions made against him by Mr. Travers his answer is, "Your next ar-

gument consists of railing and reasons. To your railing I say nothing; to your reasons I say what follows." And so we come to his great work on Ecclesiastical Polity, which was commenced here and grew out of these disputations with Travers. It opens with a dedication to the primate, and a preface addressed to "them that seek (as they term it) the reformation of the laws and orders ecclesiastical in the Church of England." Then come the eight books of actual argument, the first dealing with the principles of law in general, and those following with church canons and special laws ecclesiastical; the whole forming a sober, deliberate treatise on the polity of the English Church.

Meanwhile the strife in the Temple continued to vex the soul of its peaceable master. Many of his trials proceeded from the Earl of Leicester, who still defended Travers. The following letter to the archbishop speaks for itself in a tone of genuine pathos: "My lord, when I lost the freedom of my cell, which was my college, yet I found some degree of it in my quiet country parsonage; but I am weary of the noise and oppositions of this place, and indeed, God and nature did not intend me for contentions, but for study and quietness. My lord, my particular contests with Mr. Travers here have proved the more unpleasant to me because I believe him to be a good man; and that belief hath occasioned me to examine mine own conscience concerning his opinions; and to satisfy that, I have consulted the Scripture, and other laws both human and divine, whether the conscience of him and others of his judgment ought to be so far complied with as to alter our frame of church government, our manner of God's worship, our praising and praying to him, and our established ceremonies, as often as his and others' tender consciences shall require us; and, in this examination, I have not only satisfied myself, but have begun a treatise in which I intend a justification of the laws of our ecclesiastical polity; in which design God and his holy angels shall at the last great day bear me that witness

which my conscience now does, that my meaning is not to provoke any, but rather to satisfy all tender consciences. And I shall never be able to do this, but where I may study and pray for God's blessing upon my endeavors and keep myself in peace and privacy, and behold God's blessing spring out of my mother earth, and eat my own bread without oppositions; and therefore, if your Grace can judge me worthy of such a favor, let me beg it, that I may perfect what I have begun."

In response to this appeal, the archbishop secured for him the living of Boscum, a small country town, where he remained till 1595, when he was transferred to the better parish of Bishopsbourne, in the county of Kent. During his residence at Boscum, he published the first four books of his treatise. The fifth appeared separately in 1597. On the remaining three he spent the last years of his life. The rural quiet of Boscum and Bishopsbourne seems to have suited him, enabling him to maintain the inner calm essential to the preparation of his work. He died at the latter place, in the year 1600, after a somewhat lingering illness, during which his chief anxiety was for the completion of his books.

Soon after his death the archbishop sent by one of his chaplains to ask Mrs. Hooker about the remainder of the great treatise, which the world was now eagerly awaiting. Judge of their indignation when she said that "one Mr. Chark and another minister that dwelt near Canterbury came to her and desired that they might go into her husband's study and look upon some of his writings; that there they two burnt and tore many of them, assuring her they were writings not fit to be seen; and that she knew nothing more concerning them." As a final outburst of spite, a last touch of her quality, Madam Hooker could have devised nothing better than this! Nor could the world ask better proof of the venom and cowardice of Hooker's adversaries. The last three books of the eight we now possess were completed from rough drafts and imperfect copies which escaped destruction.

The treatise found a welcome both in England and on the Continent. We are told that an Englishman, the learned Dr. Stapleton, who was in Italy at the time with some friends, boasted to Pope Clement "that, though he had lately said he had never met with an English book whose writer deserved the name of an author, yet there now appeared a wonder to them, and it would be so to his Holiness, if it were in Latin; for a poor, obscure English priest had writ four such books of laws and church polity, and in a style that expressed so grave and so humble a majesty, with such clear demonstration of reason, that in all their readings they had not met with any that exceeded him." Upon this, the pope requested Dr. Stapleton to bring the books and read a part of them to him in Latin. The Englishman did so, and, at the close of Book First, the pope said to him, "There is no learning this man hath not searched into — nothing too hard for his understanding; this man, indeed, deserves the name of an author, his books will get reverence by age, for there is in them such seeds of eternity that, if the rest be like this, they shall last till the last fire shall consume all learning."

Accepting this judgment of their general merits, as a careful examination of the books themselves will force us to do, their peculiarities of style remain to be considered. Let us look at these with our own eyes.

Much of the quaintness so prominent in Hooker's English depends upon words of his own coinage, words expressing his thought at once so fully and so concisely as to bear the unmistakable mint-mark of his personality. They are found in the dictionaries, marked "Hooker," and rarely occur elsewhere. Take, for instance, the adjective "unemptiable," a most ungainly combination. Yet how excellent as the old sermonizer created it and set it in the heart of his sentence: "Whatsoever either man on earth or angels of heaven do know, it is as a drop of that unemptiable fountain of Wisdom."

The quaintness, however, often arises

from the use of words now obsolete or employed in a new sense. A mere glance at these, in the surface-fashion of amateur philology, will show the changes going on in our mother-tongue and may even lead to some perception of their meaning.

In a masterly statement concerning the Law of Nature, at the beginning of Book First, our author has the following sentence: "If the frame of that heavenly arch erected over our heads should loose and dissolve itself; if celestial spheres should forget their wonted motions, and by irregular volubility turn themselves any way as might happen, what would become of man himself, whom these things now serve?" Here the word "volubility" is used in its primary sense of revolution or rotation, and it has a strange classical sound. We have learned to think of the term "voluble" as it occurs in Keats's beautiful line, —

"But to her heart her heart was voluble,"
or as we find it in Shakespeare, —

"So sweet and voluble was his discourse."

How the word has contrived to stray, both in Latin and in English, from the starry spheres to the chatter of the fire-side; whether the motions of the tongue have some affinity with those of the planets as being equally continuous, unwearied, and in most cases past finding out; whether certain gossips are possessed of a talent only to be described as "irregular volubility" somewhat on the comet order, — all this would be an investigation more amusing than profitable.

Returning to the Ecclesiastical Polity, we come almost at once upon a word whose changes mark a process of deterioration. "Jerome and Chrysostom," declares Hooker, "both speak of the clergy and their weed at the same time, when they administer the blessed sacrament; and of the self-same kind of weed, a white garment, so far as we have wit to conceive." The epithet "weed," applied to a surplice, would puzzle one unfamiliar with the history of the word. It originally signified a garment, as in Spenser's line, —

"A goodly lady, clad in hunter's weed."

Later it came to mean an outer garment, and is here so used by Hooker of the white surplice. Now, it indicates black worn as mourning. Thus it has not only changed meaning, but has changed color as well, and is become a sort of "white blackbird." Yet love, dashing rose-color on all things, contrives to hit even this funereal word. Sir Philip Sidney, distressed at a sudden pallor on the countenance of his lady-love, gives us the following bit of daintiness:—

"Where be those roses gone which sweetened so our eyes?

Who hath the crimson weeds stol'n from my morning skies?"

In some cases a word has lost an intensive syllable in coming down to us. The forcible noun "exulceration" shows such a change. "Which exulceration of mind made him apt to take all occasions of contradiction," says Hooker, speaking of an opponent. What could better depict the state of mind he seeks to indicate? We see before us at once that hand-to-hand struggle of controversy, not speculative as in our own day, but intensely practical, the flames of actual martyrdom so closely of the past that their embers were still smoking far and near, and the peaceable master of the Temple striving to quench the smoldering fires and to pacify those "froward, exulcerated, and seditious spirits."

Sometimes the last syllable has fallen from the end of the word, as in the term "sophister," which we make simply "sophist." In the *Defense of Poesy* it retains the old form. "Truly," says Sir Philip, "they have made me think of the sophister that with too much subtlety would prove two eggs three — and, though he might be counted a sophister, had none for his labor."

Three hundred years ago, the term "speculation" carried none of the money ideas now connected with it. "In prayer we behold God by speculation," says our pious author, quite as if the statement were in no wise remarkable. And he continues, "The mind delighted with that contemplative sight of God taketh everywhere new inflammations to

pray; the riches of the mysteries of heavenly wisdom continually stirring up in us correspondent desires towards them." Note the wording of this excellent passage. Understood as the writer would have it, "new inflammations to pray" conveys a beautiful thought.

In fact, these cumbrous nouns work in admirably. They give a peculiar music of their own to passages where the thought is simply argumentative. "Admit this," reasons Hooker, very earnestly, "and what shall the Scripture be but a snare and torment to weak consciences; filling them with infinite perplexities, scrupulosities, doubts insoluble, and extreme despairs." It would be hard to find a better example of rhythmical prose than the last clause in the foregoing sentence; yet its delicately balanced modulations drop in one by one, easily, unconsciously, as if the aim of the writer had been far above and beyond niceties like these.

It is impossible to overestimate the closeness of thought behind these graceful combinations, a closeness largely due to the connectives. "Sithence," Anglo-Saxon "siththan," "whereas," "howbeit," "hereof," "whereby," "sith," "hereat," "whereunto," "out of which premises," "wherein whatsoever," "in which kind notwithstanding," are all unwieldy forms, scarcely intelligible. Yet the substitution of everyday words for these obsolete ones certainly weakens the context. This is true of substantives as well as of prepositions and conjunctions. But the latter fare worst. Like clumsy but massive bolts, the old connectives hold that grand machinery together, and are more than strong enough to do it. No rivets of modern manufacture are equal to the task. If any one is inclined to question this, let him try the experiment of such substitution, as I have done.

Yet why should this be? In regard to nouns, the homely associations wont to cluster round familiar words may explain our more favorable impressions of the stately old ones. Substitute "ornament" for "exornation," and we have

a vision of jewelry and gewgaws. Something of dignity has been lost. The whole phrase is cheapened.

The other side of the case cannot be so readily explained. The difficulty with the connectives points to a radical change in certain mental processes. As thinkers of the nineteenth century, we are apt to let our ideas float along loosely; we are not given, generally speaking, to inferential deductions, to the close, logical reasoning which makes the solidity of work like Hooker's. The language of our day conforms to this mode of thought, and our really accurate connectives are given over to the lawyer's clerk.

But let us examine a few more of these quaint substantives. How many of us would venture a guess at the meaning of the word "loover"? Our author is quoting from one of his adversaries: "Albeit the loover of antichristian building were not, ye say, as then set up, yet the foundations thereof were secretly and under the ground laid in the Apostle's times." This is a corruption of Norman French *l'ouvert*, the opening or aperture. Spenser gives the French, correctly spelled. "The ancient manner of building in Cornwall was to set hearths in the midst of rooms, which vented the smoke at a louver (or opening) in the top." (Carew, Survey of Cornwall.) Thus we get a glimpse of the primitive simplicity which antedated the era of chimneys.

The old-fashioned feminine recurs in many words which have now lost it: "To prescribe the order of doing in all things is a peculiar prerogative which Wisdom hath, as a queen or sovereign commandress over other virtues." So far Hooker. Sir Philip Sidney uses an expression equally quaint, in the following line from the eighty-eighth sonnet:

"From my dear captainess to run away."

The proper noun "admonitioners" is worthy of note. Trench has a few words on titles of this kind which are to the point. He thinks that "almost all the sects and parties, religious and political, which have risen up in times past in England, are known by names which will repay study. 'Puritans,' 'fifth-

monarchy men,' 'seekers,' 'independents,' 'friends,' 'latitudinarians,' these titles, with many more, have each its significance; and would you understand what they meant, you must first understand what they were called." Hooker's explanation of the name admonitioners is definite. "Under the happy reign of her Majesty that now is, the greatest matter awhile contended for was the wearing of the cap and surplice, till there came admonitions directed unto the high court of Parliament by men who, concealing their names, thought it glory enough to discover their minds and affections, which now were universally bent against all the orders and laws wherein this church is found unconformable to the platform of Geneva." The men issuing this remarkable paper were styled admonitioners. In the course of years these proper nouns meet with eccentric transformations, especially those which have been names of places. Any one in the habit of using Worcestershire sauce on his table will have learned from the red label on every bottle that it is kept for sale in St. Paul's Churchyard.

We find other curious nouns in our treatise: such as "well-willers" for well-wishers, "exornations," which, freely rendered by modern irreverence, may be termed "extra touches," "suppage," "deodate," and "cavillation," which has now lost two syllables. Nearly all changes of form in the last century have been in the interests of brevity. Our forefathers lived more leisurely lives than we; and their dignified language had nothing in it of our fretful, impatient worry.

The Ecclesiastical Polity contains adjectives and adverbs as peculiar as its nouns. In the first book we find this queerly entangled passage: "In goodness, therefore, there is a latitude or extent whereby it cometh to pass that even of good actions some are better than other some; whereas otherwise one man could not excel another, but all should be either absolutely good, as hitting jump that indivisible point or centre wherein goodness consisteth; or else, missing it, they should be excluded out of the num-

ber of well-doers." Here "jump" must mean exactly or precisely as in Hamlet,

"Jump at this dead hour,"

but is quite comical in such connection.

Another sentence runs as follows: "The law of angels we cannot judge altogether *impertinent* unto the church of God." "Impertinent," which now denotes rude, officious intermeddling, is here used in its primary meaning, "irrelevant."

Closely related to Hooker's noun "sedulity" (which, by the way, is preferable to our word "sedulousness") is the adjective "industrious." Our author quotes a passage from some Greek poet, translating it thus: "The fiery throne of God is attended on by those most industrious angels." This adjective, industrious, strikes us as inappropriate. Yet without close analysis of the point it is difficult to tell why. Sedulity comes from *assidere* whence our words "assiduous," "sedulous," and "sedentary," terms which express steady attention to an occupation or pursuit. Sedulous, however, implies that this attention has become habitual. "Be sedulous to discharge thy trust," says Bishop Taylor. "Be zealous for souls and careless of money." Now, coming to our term industrious, Barrow says, "A scholar is industrious who doth assiduously bend his mind to study." This idea of assiduity, of sedentary labor, of the weariness which nestles into an armchair, is not in keeping with a vision of angels. It belongs to our poor humanity; while the notion of pain and laborious toil, also involved in the term industrious, makes it a word dyed ingrain and tinct with earthliness. Ask any artist you meet for his idea of an industrious angel. Ten to one he will sketch a sweet young woman at her sewing!

Comparatives and superlatives condensed more closely than those now in use occur throughout our treatise. "Ancienter," "ancientest," "faithfuller," "seemlier," "learnedest," are exceptions to the modern rule of contraction. Instead of keeping the beautiful dactylic forms, we compare such adjectives by means of the adverbs "more" and

"most." What we gain by so doing is hard to divine.

In the following sentence we come upon the word "chiefest," a sort of double superlative. It occurs in a discourse on the sumptuousness of churches. "This kind of bounteous expenses serveth to the world for a witness of his almightiness whom we outwardly honor with the chiefest of outward things, as being of all things himself incomparably the greatest." This is like the scriptural form "Most Highest." A similar expression occurs in the Prayer-Book version of the seventy-eighth Psalm: "The most principal and mightiest in the dwellings of Ham." These grand pleonasmis are dignified and yet forcible; as if language in its utmost strength barely upheld the unsearchable thought.

The old verb "to meddle" will repay examination. "A meddled estate of the orders of the gospel and the ceremonies of popery," writes Hooker. This obsolete form of the verb "to mingle" still survives in our noun "medley." Wickliffe's translation of Matthew xxvii. 34 runs thus: "They gave him to drink wine meddled with gall."

The Anglo-Saxon verb "to bray" has a double meaning, which leads to absurd results. "The savor of the word is more sweet, being brayed," says Hooker, "and more able to nourish being divided by preaching than by only reading." Here the sense is that of the proverb, "though thou shouldest bray a fool in a mortar." Yet the secondary meaning is the one naturally attached to the word, and conveys an insinuation rather severe on the preachers!

No less amusing is the queer statement we find farther on, that in his first epistle "St. Paul pincheth the Corinthians."

The graceful and musical verb "surcease" is an old word revived by the poets. Hooker seems to favor its participial form. Edgar Poe makes it quite effective in *The Raven*:—

"Vainly had I sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow."

Our language incurs detriment when such words fall into disuse. This one deserves its new lease of life.

Caroline D. Swan.

THE EARLY DEAD.

"To a boon southern country they have fled."

MATTHEW ARNOLD

No process slow of dull decay
The fire of life abated,
With garlands fresh and dewy they
Its banquet left unsated.
They vanished in the mists of death
Ere o'er them fell a shadow,
And now they draw immortal breath
In happy isle or meadow.

More blest than we, who mourned their fate,
These guests who early hasted;
They lingered not like us too late,
But left the lees untasted.
They quaffed the bubbles on the brim
From beakers full and flowing;
Our mirth was hushed, our eyes were dim
With tears, at their outgoing.

But soon we wiped our tears away;
Again the viol sounding
Bade joy resume its festal sway
And kept our pulses bounding.
Long since the noise of revel died,
Our pulses lost their madness,
And in the calm of eventide
We feel the touch of sadness.

From that boon country in the South,
To which they sped before us,
Oft come those long-lost mates of youth
In dreams, and hover o'er us.
Our locks are gray; our hearts are worn;
Care e'en our sleep invadeth;
They come from bowers of youth and morn,
Where leaf nor blossom fadeth.

They come with airs and scents of May,
These guests from vales Elysian;
They shun the glare and din of day,
But haunt the nightly vision.
Oh well for us that dreamland opes
At night its mystic portal,
Through which, rekindling faded hopes,
Glide visitants immortal!

B. W. Ball

IN THE QUANTICK STAGE.

ON a brisk, sunny October morning a yellow-bodied old stage, smelling strongly of stables and well-worn harnesses, rattled off the pebble pavements of a New England capital, into the soothing silence of the heavy, sandy pike leading sixteen miles up-hill to Quantick, having inside five passengers, all women, and all, save one, more or less familiarly known to each other.

On the front seat, riding with her back to the horses, in supreme contempt of the feeble-minded notion that headache and nausea are readily engendered in that position, sat Aunt Nabby Tanner, the Sehannet tailoress, Sehannet being a post village six miles this side of Quantick, and the trading and educational centre of one of the sleepest farming communities in New England.

Aunt Nabby's surprisingly tall, thin figure was held erect with military precision; her hair was white as years and cares could bleach it, but in her strong-nosed, keen, sensible old face there was no token that time had weakened a high spirit and strong will, or made serious ravages upon somewhat formidable powers of observation and judgment.

Her dress, unaffected by any fleeting fashion of the last dozen or fifteen years, was creaseless and spotless; even her black cotton gloves refused to grow rusty, and snuff-taking and the management of the snuff-taker's terrible second handkerchief, the bandanna, or checked gingham one, she achieved with a certain stern dignity that defied criticism.

Nobody was more respected than Aunt Nabby in the whole Sehannet neighborhood, where for more than forty years she had wielded her shears, press-board, and goose, and sewed miles of heavy seams with "blunts" and "betweens." Long ago she might have rested from her labors, for she had inherited one of the best farms in Sehannet; but unluckily, a little after the farm came to her there happened along a clever, plausible wid-

ower, who pictured in violent colors the troubles that befall the lone woman who has land to look after, descanted eloquently upon the ease, the sheltered lot, the happiness, of that woman who should be protected, served, by himself and his three or four half-grown boys, and these considerations, aided, certainly not hindered, by reported philandering of a nature almost too soft and moving for Sehannet credence, impelled Aunt Nabby to the commission of the sole great folly of her life, the installing of this smooth-tongued stranger in her father's scarce-cold great arm-chair, master of herself and her possessions. The marriage was hardly a week old before, from the distant county that had been the bridegroom's home, there came a flying cloud of debts for settlement, and well-attested stories of the hardships his first wife had endured through his hopeless laziness—hardships she was well content to end, or change, by death.

The man *could* do almost anything; his judgment in all farming matters was excellent, he was a good surveyor, and a good wheelwright; he invented labor-saving contrivances, could repair clocks and watches, make fiddles, flutes, banjos; he was a really admirable musician, and a self-taught naturalist, and he could talk to wile the bird off the bough; but he *would* do nothing that involved severe or even continuous labor.

He was an imposing figure, after an elder, huge-framed, muscular, yet massive type; his digestion accommodated itself perfectly to four mighty meals per day, and to as many collations as he could interpose between his newspapers, his naps upon the lounge, and long gossips in the barns of certain favored neighbors; and he was unable to get through the night without several repasts to support exhausted nature. He became the foremost man of the neighborhood in political and Masonic matters, represented the town for some years in the As-

ssembly, and at election periods, whether he was or was not a candidate, bestirred himself to much purpose, devoting such vigilance, so many persuasive visits, to a despised rocky fastness of the town where dwelt a poverty-smitten population of Free Lances, amongst whom the school-master was forever abroad, that not the booziest charcoal-peddling shack amongst them, whose most comprehensive views of town-meetin' never stretched beyond its being an occasion when a little money and limitless rum and hard cider were easily come by, — perhaps, too, a broken head, and certainly a deal of tedious zigzagging into ditches on the route homeward, and many doleful pauses exacted by a stomach seasick to utter rebellion, — failed to present himself punctually at the polls, prepared manfully to do his duty by his country.

Meantime Aunt Nabby, confessing frankly to one or two old friends how woefully she had been deceived, how hopeless the error into which she had been led, held her tongue bravely from self-lamentations and useless reproaches, rose earlier, lay down later, spent more hours at her needle, scrimped her own attire (that her husband's vast bulk might be suitably clad, paid for his books, newspapers, and costly tools and materials required for the many begun and never-finished bits of fine work that cumbered house and shop, and carefully consulted his despotic taste in the food prepared for him, even though she were obliged to cook it, and to keep herself warm by a "flashy" fire of rotten chestnut rails robbed from the nearest fence, chopped into available lengths by her own busy hands, while cords of wood were crying for the ax in the forest that covered a third of her farm; she clothed, educated and started fairly in life her husband's boys, and had the one sweet drop in her cup in the affection, great as could have been given their own mother, with which the young men regarded her. But, brave as Aunt Nabby was, it is to be hoped no sympathizing friend ever related to her how, in moments when beverages more potent than coffee and tea had rendered the senator more expansive, confiden-

tial, not to say sentimental, than his wont was, he had been heard to regret that his second matrimonial choice had been too rashly made; undoubtedly there was something severe, ha'sh, in an old maid's manner and habit of viewing things; he could not but feel, often, that a younger, more affectionate woman would have made him a more suitable companion. Ah, if he had his life to live over again! People were too worldly in their marriages. A woman might be likely, forehanded, and stirrin', and not make a wife a man could live easily and happily with. The disposition, that was the main thing to consider; and the younger a woman was, the less likely to be sot in her ways. And so on.

Beside Aunt Nabby, overflowing all the ample remaining space of the seat intended for three persons, sat Mrs. Jubal Hawkins, wife of a very well-to-do Sehannet publican. Mrs. Hawkins had a jovial great face like a peony, and a pair of black eyes that, as she herself put it, never quailed before the face of mortal man; and her garments, of costly textures, bore a look of disarray not uncharacteristic of the attire of people who have sagged and bulged beyond all possibilities of getting other than sectional views of themselves.

Upon the middle seat, opposite Mrs. Hawkins, was the wife of a Western settler, a Sehannet woman, returning after years of absence to visit the old home and friends, Mrs. Job Burdick by name.

Upon the back seat, directly behind Mrs. Burdick, sat a lady, stranger to us all. She was a little woman, with a face more than middle-aged, — a fact that the brilliant black of her hair, and its jaunty, youthful arrangement of crimps, braids, and artfully artless ringlets escaping here and there, impressed upon the most casual gazer. She had probably been plentifully admired a good many years before, as a neat-featured, prettily-colored beauty of a popular fashion, and it was clearly difficult to forget her successes. Her toilet was a careful reproduction of the last mode, and profusely trimmed, but the materials were trashy, her ornaments only sim-

ulations. Her somewhat pinched cheeks still bore two spots of brilliant carmine, not artificial, and her faded eyes kept a sparkle that might be shrewishness or vivacity, according to circumstances. Most men would have called her a fine little woman still, and women, noting her toil-worn hands, and her resolute air of putting the best foot forward, would have been merciful to her vanity, juvenility, and make-shifts.

In the opposite corner sat the chronicler, myself, — a young woman whose fathers, grandfathers, and upward have dwelt or been known in Sehannet since the days when its worn-out pastures waved with the forest primeval.

Only greetings had been exchanged while we were on the deafening pavement, but the instant the clatter died away into the pleasant sound of crunching through reluctant sand, Mrs. Hawkins began, in a tremendously subterranean, husky voice, that was constantly losing itself in a wheeze, —

“There! Thank goodness, that’s the last o’ them pesky pavements! When I’m away from home I’m never fairly easy till I’m headed for our bare old hills ag’in, an’ the very minnit we jounce off the cobble-stones, I kind o’ consate that I begin to smell our pines and hemlocks! And so you’ve got back at last, Fanny” (to me). “Schoolin’s done now, an’t it? You can talk their lingo with all the furriners now, I expect. I need n’t ast if *you’re* well, but *do* tell me how yer mar is. I’ve charged Jubal this three weeks, every time he come into the city, to be sure an’ stop at yer par’s office and ast after Mis’ Latham, but law! — a man! Show Jubal a horse ’t he could make a good trade for, ’n’ I tell him he’d forgit t’ order me a coffin ’f I lay in the house a month waitin’ to be buried! But how is yer mar, ’n’ how ’d she bear the voyage home?”

I explained.

“Sho, now! you don’t say so! And got to start ag’in next month! Wal, Florida an’t so fur off as where she has ben, but it’s hard for a woman with all that houseful of boys an’ girls to see to. But I’m real glad to hear she’s better ’n

she was, ’n’ I suppose yer aunt Mariar can make the young folks gee pretty well? Yer aunt don’t like Sehannet’s well’s the rest o’ your folks. She’s hed the children off down the bay the two summers you’ve ben gone, ’n’ it looked lonesome to see your house most all shet up, ’n’ none on ye drivin’ through the village, but I knew you’d come and take a look at the old place’s soon’s you got back. We shall be a-lookin’ for you over, to-morrow or next day. My cake-pail’s full o’ seed cakes and them sugar jumbles you used to like, ’n’ I guess M’nervy ’ll hev a batch o’ pumpkin pies ready by this time. Jubal’s ben a-makin’ wine this year out o’ pretty nigh everything that grows. You’ll hev to taste all the kinds, ’n’ he’ll expect you to say they don’t make nothin’ in furrin parts to come up to his elderberry stuff. Some’t he made two years ago is pretty good with hot water ’n’ sugar of a cold night, but the critter’s so sot up about it that I won’t praise it a mite!

“But talkin’ of eatin’ reminds me ’t I’ve got some capsheafs in my bag; I always want somethin’ t’ gnaw upon in the stage; ’t kinder gits the time over.” And the good soul had presently supplied each one in the stage with two or three of her fat, smooth, brown-skinned, butter-fleshed pears, and no one would have disputed that gnawing upon them did while away the time agreeably. The little woman, my neighbor, as she threw back her veil and smiled her thanks for her portion, disclosed a feature that held me as did the eye of the Ancient Mariner his auditor; so ample, so fully exposed an array of false teeth, square-cut, blue-white, glittering, glaring, that the menacing prophecy, “There shall be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth,” took instantly a new and grim realism to me. They were dreadful to look upon, and I could not look away! Who ever beheld such a color? And what broad grooves they cut in the firm pears! I gazed and gazed, forgetting quite where we were, and whom we were, and was somehow back in the beginning of things, filling a chief rôle in the ter-

rible tragedy. "Oh, grandma! what great teeth you've got!" and "The better to eat you with, my dear!" fell on my inner ear so clearly that I jumped to avoid wolfish spring and clutch, and woke up to wrench away my fascinated eyes and turn my back upon my neighbor until her fruit was disposed of, and the teeth, as she did not speak at all, quiet and hidden.

By this time the three other occupants of the stage had embarked upon a swift stream of talk, Mrs. Burdick questioning concerning the places, the people she remembered, who was married, who was dead, how so-and-so had given his property, what so-and-so was worth. Suddenly she leaned from her window to look at a farmer who had passed us, seated on his wagon-load of vegetables.

"Wal, I declare for 't," she exclaimed, drawing back her head, "if that wa' n't Deacon 'Lish' Manchester! I thought he could n't grow no homelier, but he has, though he don't look as if he'd given up to be an old man, yet. You'd think, to look at his team and his whole rig, that he wa' n't worth ten dollars in the world, but I know whoever's lost money 't a'n't Deacon 'Lish' Manchester! Is poor Mis' Manchester a-livin' yet?"

"Not the one you knowed," replied Aunt Nabby. "The Lord must ha' thought she'd suffered enough, even for a woman, to be let out of this world. She died last March — very unexpected at the last. Her darters can't seem to git reconciled to it, no way. They say they can't but be thankful she's gone, but they can't forgit how she suffered, how hard her life was, and that she never had, since they can any of them remember, a single well or happy day. The gals all sot everything by their mother, and their father carried sail so when she died, and has done ever since, sayin' an' doin' the cuttin'est things, that they think it an't no use to be close-mouthed over their feelin's an' troubles. They're determined the neighbors shall know what their mother had to endure."

"Everybody always knew that Deacon Manchester was a hard man, near

as the bark to a tree, and dreadful pompous," returned Mrs. Burdick, "and they pitied Mis' Manchester because she was always sick; but she never went anywhere, or invited any company to her own house, and in my time folks used to think she was rather stand-offish, and odd."

"Why, bless you, 'Senath Burdick," burst out Aunt Nabby, with unusual heat, "the poor woman *could n't* go nowhere! A great deal of the time, for years, she wa' n't fit to be out of her bed, and would n't ha' ben, only there was all that farm work to be done, and nobody else to do it while she could crawl. An' she had to crawl to do it, sometimes. One of the neighbors, a man, told me himself that he went in there one day and found Mis' Manchester a-creepin' up the cellar-stairs with a great piece o' pork in her hand. She said she felt too weak to stand, the deacon was off to the city as usual with his garden stuff, and somebody'd got to git the dinner for a dozen haymakers. The man asked her why the deacon did n't find somebody to help her, but she said Mr. Manchester did n't know much what it was to be sick, and she guessed she should feel stronger after a while. The man said the tears come into his eyes as he looked at her, he pitied her so. The darters say now that their father had always grumbled at their mother for feeling weak and miserable; said sick folks were a nuisance, and talked as if they had n't no right to be left in the world the minute they wa' n't able to work like plowmen. When two or three of his children, that were always kind o' sickly, died, he said he was glad on 't; it was better for them and for everybody else. When 'Lisha Manchester married Faithful Wheelock, she was as rugged a gal as you could find: solid-built, and with cheeks like red apples. But there an't many women that can do, alone, all the work that belongs to women-folks on a great farm, — mend and make, scrub, wash, 'tend to the dairy-work, cook for gangs of hired men, — and have nine children in eleven years, and a husband with no more feelin' than a stone, and

come out young, strong, and well at the end on 't!"

"Yes," broke in Mrs. Hawkins, "and them above only knows what she suffered on her children's account! You remember the oldest gal, don't you, Mis' Burdick — Almiry Manchester? She married Hubbard Kimball's son Cyrus. Wal, her an' me was a-talkin' about it the other day, an' she says she never gits over bein' amazed at the way her children follow their father, round, wish an' watch for him when he's away, an' at the frolics they hev with him when he gits back, hangin' all over him, an' divin' into his pockets an' bundles to see what he's brought for everybody. When she an' her brothers an' sisters was little, at home, she said *their* only happy time was when their father was off somewhere, an' if ever they asked when he'd git back 't was only to know how much longer their good time would last. When he was to home they'd curl up together in some corner, whist as mice, an' if one of 'em snickered out at anything, the old man'd snarl, 'There, brats, none o' that! Be off to bed!' An' she'd never forgot how one day in winter her father'd come in from outdoors and was sweepin' the snow off his boots, when a little brother that died when he was six years old — he was about four, then, an' a wonderful tender-hearted, affectionate little fellow — run behind his father and clasped his arms round one of his father's legs. 'Out o' the way, brat!' his father called out. The child let go, but watched his chance, and in a minute caught his father by the other leg, and this time his father raised the broom he was usin', struck the child square in the face with it, an' knocked him flat upon the floor. The little thing scrambled up, looked at his father as if he could n't onderstand it, then said pitifully, 'Father, you *hurt* me!' an' begun to cry as if his heart was broke.

"'Hurt ye? I *meant* to hurt ye!' snarled the old tiger, 'an' if that roarin' an't shet up in one minute you'll be hurt ag'in'!"

"And that was about the way 't was

all along. They never hed a plaything, they never dast to hev a school-mate at the house, an' when they went to school, or anywhere amongst other children, they went hangin' their heads down because their clothes wa' n't sech as anybody else had. As soon as they got big enough to earn anything, their father made 'em go to work an' take care of themselves. He said he should come on the town with such a family as his stayin' round to home, an' except for their mother they was all glad enough to git away.

"The old deacon's always ben comin' on the town! Almiry said her mother dreaded to hev a neighbor come into the house at meal-time worse 'n'a whippin', for it mortified her to death not to ast 'em to sit up to the table an' eat, an' if she ast 'em the old man would scold half the night at her for bringin' him to the poorhouse! He bought everything that was got, and Mis' Manchester never hed a cent unless she could sell some eggs or butter on the sly. When 'Lish' Manchester married, he was a poor man, with mebbe a hundred or two dollars he'd laid up keepin' school; an' the twenty-five hundred dollars that old Mr. Wheelock gin Faithful was what started him on the farm where he lives now, but she never hed a cent on 't, principal nor int'rest, an' would no more 'a' dast to hev gone to his purse than to the greatest stranger's. Deacon Manchester pays taxes now on thirty thousand dollars, and he owns more woodland than any two farmers in Sehannet, but in his wife's last sickness, if he could ketch her alone in her room, he'd complain of the wood that was burnt in her fire, pick off every brand but one, an' set 'em up endways in the corners of the fire-place, an' then, mebbe, go out, 'pious old critter, and lead in fam'ly prayers!"

"But his onfeelin'ness was the worst of all," went on Aunt Nabby. "Mis' Manchester knew well enough that she'd owed her hard life to a cruel master; if ever she said anything about married life, you could see 't she felt as bitter as gall about it; an' yet she could n't help carin' for her husband, worryin' about

him when he was out in a storm, and that he should have everything to his mind in the house; and when he'd come into her room and snap at her, or stay out on 't for days, it cut her dreadfully. He never come a-nigh her for three days afore she died, and each mornin' she'd ask one o' the gals; 'Has your father gone to the city another day without comin' in to see me?' and then sigh, turn away her face, and keep very still a good while. The gals got so beat out with his doin's at last that they spoke out about them to whoever was by, and one day, when we thought Mis' Manchester was asleep, Sophrony was a-tellin' me how 't when her mother was took worse, two or three weeks before, it was at night. She coughed terribly, and at last got up after some medicine, and before she could git back she found herself all to oncet quite helpless, and fell on her face across the foot of the bed. Then the deacon got up, and says he, 'If you're a-goin' to keep up sech a barkin' and racket I must clear out; I can't stand bein' broke o' my rest!' and off he went, leavin' her lyin' there, and Sophrony thought she might ha' smothered, only she heerd her moanin' and jumped up and ran in to her. Sophrony was scoldin' about this to me, when Mis' Manchester heerd her. 'Oh, Sophrony, don't!' she called out; 'he's your father!' He was off on the market wagon when she died. He come home, and was fussin' round as usual with his bags and baskets, and gittin' his exes greased, and at last one of his darters went to the door. 'Father,' says she, 'did you know mother is gone?' He only nodded, went on with his work, and when he come in, eat his supper and sot down to his account books as if there wa'n't nothin' more 'n common the matter."

"And a chirker widower than he was, the very day o' the funeral, you never see!" struck in Mrs. Jubal — Strophe in this raven duet. "Before that he'd been frettin' at the gals because they would hev their mother buried with her false teeth in. The teeth wa'n't none o' his gettin', but he said they could be

made over for him, or they'd fetch some-thin' to sell, and it was a dretful waste to bury 'em, and he kept on so about 'em that they hed to watch him pretty close for fear he'd take 'em out, say what they would! But he hed to give 'em up at last, and then at the supper, arter they'd got back from carryin' her over to the old Wheelock place, he was as chipper, jokin' about marryin' ag'in, boastin' how young he felt, what a day's work he could do, — the critter was sick-enin'!

"Widowers in ginerel ha'n't much sense nor decency to boast on, but Deacon Manchester beat all!"

"You say she died in March," said Mrs. Burdick; "has he begun to look for another wife yet?"

"*Begun!*" returned Mrs. Jubal, her deep voice at its huskiest from concentrated emotions, "the man's ben married nigh two months!"

And Mrs. Burdick, "You don't say so! Married a'ready! Who on airth'd he find to have him?"

"Nobody round here, you may be sure and sartin," replied Mrs. Jubal. "Women *are* great fools, but there an't many so fur gone as to marry Deacon 'Lish' Manchester with their eyes open! He tried hard enough, though, here. He begun in May, and there wa'n't hardly an old maid or widdier in the town, 'specially if they'd got a little proputtty, that he did n't write to or go to see. It got so that if a single woman see him a-comin' toward her house she locked the door, and run and hid. But you know what a pompous critter he is, and he never seemed to think there was nobody 't he could n't hev."

"Pooh!" chanted Anti-Strophe, Aunt Nabby, contemptuously, "he was only like all men in that. Don't you suppose that Tom Pope, a-drivin' this stage, thinks it'd be only to ask and have, if he wanted to marry Fanny, here? He might say 't her folks was pretty grand, but he'd think money made 'em so, and he would n't know that eddication, or anything else, made a difference, or was a hindrance. A man's a man, and a woman's a woman, and all women are

bent on marryin' — men never git much beyond that."

"Things happen sometimes so kind o' cur'us that they do 'most justify some of the men, don't they, Aunt Nabby?" returned Strophe, gazing innocently into Anti-Strophe's face.

"Don't you be a-stabbin' me, and lookin' as if butter would n't melt in your mouth!" replied Aunt Nabby, good-naturedly. "I never sot up for any great wisdom, and if a body's got a hard row to hoe, it don't make it any easier to know it's their own fault. And folks that have made a mistake have the best right to speak, though all the speakin' in the world won't vally, neither. We've all got our lesson to larn, and some 'll git it by only havin' it p'inted out, and there 'll always be some that 'll have to have it knocked into 'em!"

Silence for a little, and we all look discreetly out at the asters and gentians that border our way along a reach of springy hill-side.

Presently Mrs. Burdick resumes, —

"Wal, who *did* Deacon 'Lisha find at last for a wife?"

"A Widder Scranton, that lived to Fall River," answered Mrs. Hawkins. "Somebody must ha' recommended her to him, for she don't belong anywhere in these parts. Mis' Dr. Nuttin' visits in Fall River, and she's heerd her spoken on a good deal. She's called a very likely woman, smart as a steel-trap, and with a great notion o' pushin' forrard in the world. She was left a widder with four or five little children, and hardly any money, but she put the oldest ones into the factory, took in sewin', did anything that come handy, and got along very well. She kept everything lookin' wonderful slick, and was very airy and dressy herself, Mis' Nuttin' said. The widder come up to the deacon's about a month before she married him, to kind o' see how the land lay, of course. Beulah Williams has ben a keepin' house for the deacon sence Mis' Manchester died, and she hed to entertain the widder. She said the woman never ast nothin' about the deacon's temper, nor about how he got along

with his first wife, nor if he was a good Christian man. But she wanted to know jest what he was said to be wuth, and what the money was in, and if he'd made a will, and how much of the property come by the first Mis' Manchester; and then she had Beulah go all over the house with her, and she ast who the beddin' belonged to, and the different pieces o' furnitoor, and then told how *she* should hev things there: the house all furbished and finnified, water brought into 't, an' a hired maid to do the heavy work. She should hev the deacon git a new kerrige, too, an' robes. She could n't hev clothes all covered with hairs from them old horse blankets that the deacon hes on his horses, and over his vegetables, and then tucked over your lap! And then she ast about the meetin' folks; said she'd always took an active part wherever she went to meetin', and that she would want the society to meet often at her house, and she should see 't was lively in the evenin' so's to dror the young folks in; that she liked to hev a neighborhood kind o' gay and sociable: picnics and festivals and mite societies and oyster suppers. Beulah said she wanted to laugh, and she wanted to cry, all to oncet, when she heerd the critter a-runnin' on so; she could n't help pityin' on her, and she tried to hint that the deacon was a close man with his money, and hed brought up his own family in the barest kind o' way, jest clothes enough to cover 'em, and no store groceries but the cheapest flour and tea, brown sugar, black molasses, and stacks o' codfish; but law! the widder would n't hear nothin' to that. She said the deacon hed told her that his first wife was a shiftless, peevish kind o' woman, not much force, and with no idees about gittin' along, that he reely hed n't hed a wife, to call one, for twenty year, and that she sp'ilt her children so't he never got much good out of 'em, out doors or in; but she guessed things would go ruther diff'runt now. She'd resk managin' any-man 't ever *she* see!

"Almiry was so mad when she heerd what her father 'd told the widder, that

she says if the widder only *will* manage him, rule him with a rod of iron, she shan't care if the proputtty's every cent spent; she shall say 't the Lord's hand is in it, avengin' her mother 't was murdered by inches!"

"I don't see how any woman could stomach to marry him," said Mrs. Burdick, "even if she did n't know what a tyrannical, little-souled — and worse — creature he was. A disagreeable, ontidy, stubbly old man; to look at him's enough, I should think!"

"Oh, she says, plain out, that it's the money she thinks about. Times has ben awful bad at the factories for more 'n a year, and it was hard to git along any way, and she thought here was a home and livin' offered her 'n' her children, and an eddication for them, and she must n't refuse it; she marries for proputtty, he for convenience; and he's Deacon 'Lish' Manchester! *Mebbe* 't will turn out well!" Strophe, thus.

"The Lord help her!" fairly groaned Anti-Strophe. "I ha'n't no gret opinion of a woman 't's lived long enough to know better, marryin' an old man within six months of his wife's death, and won't be told nothin' about him, and comes swellin' into the house that t' other woman has hardly left, and finds fault with everything, and boasts of the changes *she* shall make, and the way things has got to go now, and hints that all the trouble was the first woman's fault; but I *know* that what Mis' Manchester had to bear — things that can't be spoken on — an't for any woman to bear, and I hope, whoever hes the wust on 't now, 't won't be the Widder Scranton!"

By this time we had paused to water the horses at the toll-gate-house. Two roads led from this house to the village. We swept, when the stage started, into the old, circuitous, infrequently-used one.

"Why, I wonder what we 're a comin' round here for?" queried Mrs. Hawkins. "Must be somebody on top that's got to git off at the Burnt Hill Fork."

We drove on, up a gentle ascent, and then, with a grand flourish that sent a flock of hens scurrying wildly amongst

the scaffolds of shining milk pans and drying apples, made a huge, glossy-breasted gobbler forget his dignity so far as to run a few paces, then stop and gobble himself apoplectic at his and our indecorum, and brought a brindled mastiff angrily upon the scene, we drove upon the uninclosed, sloping greensward in front of a large, yellow, gambrel-roofed farm-house, and stopped.

"Why, if 't an't Deacon Manchester's!" broke out Mrs. Jubal, in her surprise. "Who on airth" — she stopped, for the driver flung down the steps with a clang, and the little woman, my neighbor of the teeth, lifted up the back belt of the middle seat and stepped to the door. One moment she paused there, looking Aunt Nabby full in the face.

"Perhaps it is a pity I did n't ride in this stage three months ago!" she said. "But good morning, ladies. I am the 'Widder Scranton!" And before we knew that our heads were all cut off, Mis' Manchester No. 2 had gained the shelter of her doorway, and Beulah Williams had come forward to see to the putting off of parcels and boxes.

Aunt Nabby found her voice, first.

"Wal, of all things! — of all things! Who'd ha' thought o' the critter's bein' here? We heerd she wa' n't a-goin' to break up in Fall River and come here before spring. Of all the cur'us things! Wal, I'm glad on 't! I hate tale-bearin' and stirrin' up strife, and I would n't ha' said it if I'd knowed; but as 't was, she's heerd a little truth, and I'm glad on 't! Mis' Hawkins, why don't you say somethin'?"

"Mis' Hawkins" could n't, simply. Her face was as purple as the gobbler's head had been.

She struggled to speak, gasped, and waved her hand impatiently at us to signify her inability.

By and by, "Oh, I can't," she got out. "It's like the swearin' man with the ashes; I can't do it justice. But I'd give, — yes, willin'ly, — I'd give a hundred dollars ruther 'n to hev Jubal, and all that ruck o' men 'at set round in the post-office and store year in, year out, a-cacklin' at nothin', git hold on 't!"

S. F. Hopkins.

HYMN.

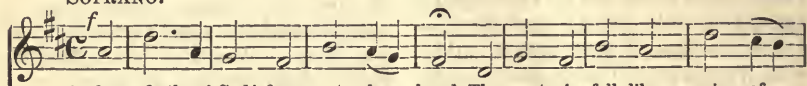
WRITTEN FOR THE OPENING OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION,
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Words by JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Music by JOHN K. PAINE.

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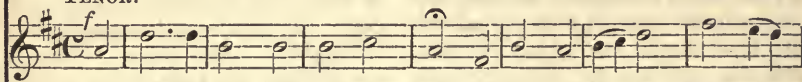
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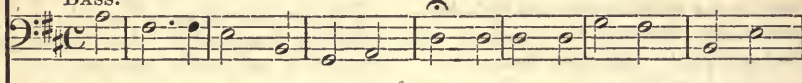
ALTO.



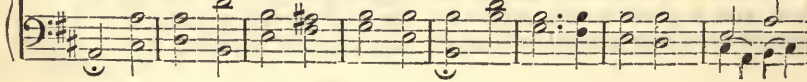
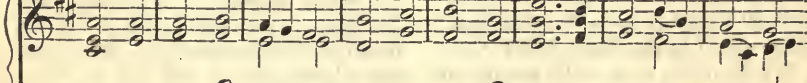
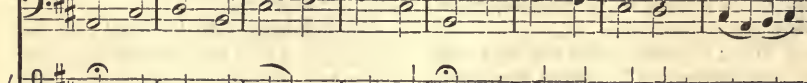
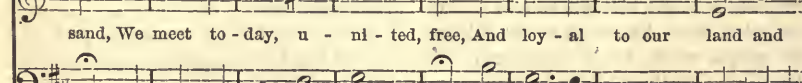
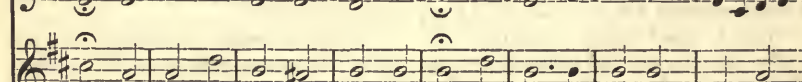
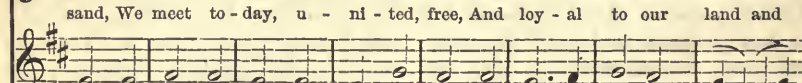
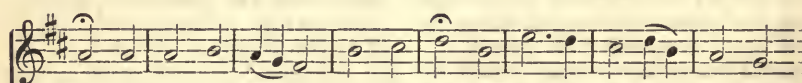
TENOR.



BASS.



PIANO.



cres. *ff*

Thee, To thank Thee for the e - ra done, And trust Thee for the o - pening one.

cres. *ff*

Thee, To thank Thee for the e - ra done, And trust Thee for the o - pening one.

cres. *ff*

I.

OUR fathers' God! from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet to-day, united, free,
And loyal to our land and Thee,
To thank Thee for the era done,
And trust Thee for the opening one.

IV.

Thou, who hast here in concord furled
The war flags of a gathered world,
Beneath our Western skies fulfill
The Orient's mission of good-will,
And, freighted with love's Golden Fleece,
Send back its Argonauts of peace.

II.

Here, where of old, by Thy design,
The fathers spake that word of Thine
Whose echo is the glad refrain
Of rended bolt and falling chain,
To grace our festal time, from all
The zones of earth our guests we call.

V.

For art and labor met in truce,
For beauty made the bride of use,
We thank Thee; but, withal, we crave
The austere virtues strong to save,
The honor proof to place or gold,
The manhood never bought nor sold!

III.

Be with us while the New World greets
The Old World thronging all its streets,
Unveiling all the triumphs won
By art or toil beneath the sun;
And unto common good ordain
This rivalry of hand and brain.

VI.

Oh make Thou us, through centuries long,
In peace secure, in justice strong;
Around our gift of freedom draw
The safeguards of Thy righteous law;
And, cast in some diviner mold,
Let the new cycle shame the old!

RECENT LITERATURE.

It is upwards of twelve years since Mr. Austin published *The Human Tragedy*.¹ It was withdrawn from circulation some time ago, with a view to presenting it again "recast and completed," as the author tells us in one of those discursive prefaces of which he is so fond, and since then he has, as it were, suspended the public verdict by references to its reappearance, as if no fair or final judgment of his powers could anticipate that event. It is about three years since this announcement was first made, and it has been frequently repeated; last year formally, on the title-page of *The Tower of Babel*, a new work by the same hand, which stated that *The Human Tragedy* would appear in the autumn of 1875. Thus far, however, the publishing lists have said nothing about it as come or coming. Meanwhile, in view of the catalogue before us,—all, except *The Season*, subsequent to *The Human Tragedy*,—no one can be charged with haste who forms an opinion upon them. It is easy, moreover, to see how *Madonna's Child* and *Rome or Death* will be made to fit into *The Human Tragedy*, so that we do not feel ourselves guilty of injustice in turning back to the original edition to include that in our general review. The first stanza is as follows:—

"Of continental cities that are known to me
In this decrepit, money-ridden, crass age,
Although the best of them can scarce atone to me
For the discomforts of a seasick passage,
Now that the world's grand sights and sounds
Have grown to me
Less sweet than in a younger and more rash age;
The one when there I hold in least abhorrence
Is ex-grand-ducal, Arno-girdled Florence."

Most people would require that the rest of the poem should be extraordinarily fine to make amends for such a beginning. The remainder is not equally bad, possibly this is the worst; but there is nothing actually to redeem it. The rather grandiose name points expectation towards sorrows of universal or at least common familiarity, those sorrows whose poignancy is intensified by the sense of the inevitable; but we have, instead, the history of a flirtation which verges on the heroine's seduction before her

marriage and accomplishes it afterwards,—a story fortunately not of everybody's experience. The tone is frankly licentious, although there is plenty of declamation against the debasing effects of business and the professions; against profligate idleness there is none, whatever tacit reprobation we may infer. This being the plot, filled in with the hero's minor adventures, and a specimen of the verse having been given, it remains only to mention the inexpressible vulgarity and cheap smartness of the performance. One is reminded of Byron, and of De Musset in his Byronic period, but it is like seeing some low Leporello in Don Juan's cast-off clothes. Whatever merit the poem possesses is absolutely lost in the disgust it excites. There is an arrogance throughout which is at once ludicrous and exasperating. The above sample of Mr. Austin's verse sufficiently exhibits his dexterity, but he devotes a page and a half of the second canto to enlarging on his mastery of Pegasus, in metaphors which irresistibly recall the dissertations of some cockneys on their horsemanship. This conceit and the air of a man à *bonnes fortunes* which he assumes combine to produce an odious and offensive style of writing.

But this is not the author's only work; he has published two satires, *The Season* and *The Golden Age*. A poet of the present day who appropriates the scourge of the satirist before he has won his laurels shows great self-sufficiency as to both moral and intellectual qualifications. He might be left alone, however, to the enjoyment of his self-esteem, but that these productions have been highly praised both in England and by the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, on whose staff Mr. Austin has an enthusiastic admirer, M. Theodore Bentzon,—the pseudonym, we have heard, and repeat it with due respect, of a female contributor. This makes it worth while to examine his pretensions. He cunningly forestalls criticism, and keeps up a running commentary on his own verses, by means of prefaces and foot-notes, a little after the fashion of the stage directions by which M. Feuillet endeavors to elucidate the unutterable climaxes of his dramas. By this means every

¹ *The Human Tragedy. The Season. Interludes. The Golden Age. Madonna's Child. Rome or Death. The Tower of Babel.* By ALFRED AUSTIN.

Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons.

poet may be his own critic, but the arrangement, however convenient, is inadmissible, not because it robs us of our function, but because an author so well aware of his own defects should correct them in the original text and not at the bottom of the page. Mr. Austin makes use of this mode of proceeding to sneer at possible objections and defy his censors in advance, and the tone of these remarks is ineffably absurd, like a school-boy's attempts to be sardonic. As to the verses themselves, the matter and measure recall the satirists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; those are good models, and many of Mr. Austin's lines have energy and vigor; his lash sometimes whistles as it falls. But other passages remind one of the more ponderous and less pointed irony of the late Lord Lytton's *New Timon*. Like most people who find fault with the present, he has no particular moment in the past to point to as his ideal; he is not happy as the *laudator temporis acti* when he cries, —

"We see our glories one by one expire,
A Nelson's flag, a Churchill's flashing blade,
Debased to menials of rapacious trade."

Those who within the brief space of twenty years have witnessed the abolition of slavery in America, the emancipation of the Russian serfs, the fall of the temporal power, and the overthrow of the Second Empire, not to speak of the disestablishment of the Irish Church and the righting of many another long-standing wrong, cannot feel that their generation has been wholly ignoble and degenerate, notwithstanding actual evils against which Mr. Austin's denouncing voice is but one of a vast chorus. It is, on the whole, a cheap form of scorn and satire which attacks such well-abused evils as the adulteration of food, bribery, baby-farming, infanticide, and the Prince of Wales. The sewing-girl's sufferings have been already sung, and in a far more moving strain, in the *Song of a Shirt*; the poet's wish has been often and better expressed before, from Horace to Rogers, and mock-heroics sounded with more magniloquence by Pope; but the same presumption which leads Mr. Austin to sneer at Tennyson and Longfellow, in a way as unbecoming as it is undeserved, enables him to strut unabashed in the footsteps of such noble predecessors.

Nevertheless, it is with a much greater respect for his ability than when we threw down *The Human Tragedy* that we close the satires and open *Madonna's Child* and *Rome or Death*, two poems which came out

in quick succession, and which, with another still unwritten, are to complete *The Human Tragedy*. The impression left by the first is of trite and hackneyed treatment of a commonplace subject, sparsely sprinkled with lines and couplets of some beauty. The plot is not original; verse, prose, and real life have shown us graceful vestals who pass their lives in bringing flowers to deck empty sanctuaries, beguiled from their pastime by interesting unbelievers, while sometimes heavenly love proves victorious over earthly, and a broken heart is laid on the altar as a final offering. The first point which strikes us is an absence of imagination and fancy; there are long descriptions of sea and land, sun and storm, night and day, minute as a catalogue but with nothing poetical or pictorial in them, nothing which calls up an image or wakes an emotion. There are pretty bits such as this, describing a flowering branch shaken over a brook: —

"And all the bloom came raining down like snow,
Dappling the dark stream with a milk-white track; "

but not a stanza worth quoting entire, unless it be this picture of the unvisited shrine dressed with flowers: —

"The chapel doors stood open wide; the air,
Within, was sweet and fragrant as the clove;
Gold-dappled bees were humming everywhere,
Fancying Madonna's shrine a honeyed grove;
And overhead, fluttered by coming care,
A little bird flew to and fro, and strove
To find some niche secure from savage rude,
Where it might build its nest and rear its brood."

"Over the marble pavement, pure as snow,
Faint yellow butterflies flickered, gayly dight,
Whose shifting shadows to the gaze did show
Like golden flaws within the spotless white.
But for the rest, around, above, below,
There was no breath, no stir, no sound, no sight;
It was as quiet as could quiet be,
And all the place seemed lapped in vacancy."

There is nothing in this to prepare one for the spirited opening of *Rome or Death*, which bursts upon us like the bugles of a cavalry charge. Mr. Austin always ranges higher when he reaches Italy, and this poem is all of Italy. It is the story of Garibaldi's unfortunate campaign of October, 1867, in which, the author informs us, he took part. It is really a little epic, full of poetic and martial inspiration, with the clangor of battle resounding through it. The measure is against it, Mr. Austin having chosen the *ottava rima*; but from the muster of the volunteers through the advance on Rome, the success at Monte Rotondo, and the defeat at Mentone, the impe-

tus carries the verse along without pause or slackening, hurrying us with it until we stop breathless, at the end, with a sense of throbbing pulses and tightening muscles. The narrative rushes through sixty stanzas, many of which, though singly fine, lose half their power by being separated from the rest. Not the finest, but some which best bear isolating, are those in which Garibaldi posts his little force : —

" But as they gazed, and every bosom rose
High, leavened at the thought of combat nigh,
Far off they saw, as when a ground-mist grows,
Or distant copse shows feathery to the eye
When first the early-budding fallow blows,
About the walls a haze ambiguous lie,
Which, when it once had shape and substance
ta'en,
Rolled itself out and crept along the plain.

" Shortly the moving mist began to gleam
And glitter, as when tips of Orient rays
Glint on the ripples of a rolling stream,
Until it glowed, one scintillating blaze,
Flickering and flashing in each morning beam.
And then they knew it was no vaporous haze,
But foe come forth, bayonet, blade, and gun
Shining and shimmering in the dancing sun.

" Then, with brief words and indicating hand,
Along the heights and broken slopes he spread
The little cohorts of his clustered band.
Some in the shrunken streamlet's stony bed
He showed to crouch, and others bade to stand
Behind the waving ridge's sheltering head,
And watch, with eye alert and firelock low,
To deal dark death on the presumptuous foe.

" For those in loose, sporadic order ranged,
Cover he found in vineyards densely green.
As with the wand of conjuring Mars, he changed
To panoply of war their peaceful screen,
From all sweet pristine purposes estranged.
Terraced and sloped to form the fruitful scene
Of happy toil, behold them frowning fort
And cruel jungle for man's tigerish sport.

And where the gray-trunked olive's purpling
beads
Glistened among its shifting, colored sprays,
He dotted children of the mountain-meads,
Who mark the chamois with unerring gaze
On track that only to the snow-line leads;
Whilst others in the cut-down corn and maize,
Cut but unstacked, he bade in ambush wait,
Patient as vengeance, pitiless as fate."

Lines of nervous vigor run like strong tendons through the verse : —

" Now every brawny babe was gat of Mars,
And suckled by a she-wolf."

There are, besides, some beautiful, tranquil pictures. Mr. Austin's old defects are still to be found, especially the inveterate tendency to commonplace, but the whole is so inspiring and full of passion that they pass almost unnoticed. The worst fault is the introduction of a sort of double love-

story, which is altogether out of place, destroying the unity and hampering the action. There is nothing in modern English poetry comparable to Rome or Death except Macaulay's Lays, of which we are here occasionally reminded; but even those stirring ballads are not so rousing, so kindling, as this, and although the author of Horatius and Ivry may have a distinction which Mr. Austin has not, he has not more fire, and has nowhere made so prolonged an effort as to relate a whole campaign.

The immeasurable superiority of this over Mr. Austin's previous productions led us to hope that he had found his wings, and that the world had a new poet. We heard the title of his next book, *The Tower of Babel*, with dismay and misgiving, and read it with deep disappointment. It is a drama in blank verse, of which the *dramatis personæ* are the dwellers in the plain of Shinar, B. C. 2300. The main interest lies in the love of Afrael, a spirit, for Noema, wife of Aarn, chief builder of the tower. Now Moore's *Loves of the Angels*, and Lamartine's *Chute d'un Ange*, which are both based on the same idea, are neither of them masterpieces, but they are superior to the *Tower of Babel*, even in giving a more elevated conception and treatment of the subject. The loves of Afrael and Noema are merely a celestial flirtation; the incident of his coming to take her to fly on a night when her husband is to be absent is too much like a lively lady of our own days going to drive on the sly. Mr. Austin, in his preface, states that he has "not concerned himself to eschew what are commonly called anachronisms," and in this he has done wisely if he wished his work to have any life; but certainly the tone of common life is unsuitable to a theme dignified to us as all scriptural subjects are by a traditional sacredness. Mr. Austin has either not felt this, or been unable to keep up the pitch; he struggles between bombast and bathos, between high-flown sentiment and gross familiarity. The language and conduct of the angelic visitant constantly remind one of Sir Harry or Lady Bab, in *High Life below Stairs*, where the servants play at being great gentlefolk. Afrael preaches free love to Noema, but maternal instinct keeps her straight; when the violent death of Aran, at the destruction of the tower, leaves her a widow, she weds Afrael, who forsakes his home in the planet Venus, doffs his wings, settles on earth, and makes a good husband and stepfather, while awaiting his turn as *pater fa-*

miliās. The group who build the tower, or oppose its building, represent modern personages or party-types, the drama being a satire within an allegory, of which one is forced to find the application for one's self. But there is too much expenditure of mind when it requires as much to read a work as to write it.

Such is the groundwork of this singular structure ; it contains some fine passages and powerful lines, not much beauty, but a good deal of prettiness, which is out of place ; yet let us give one or two instances :

"Fledged with lightness, flit from star to star ;"

"Exact as echo to a calling voice,
 . thou respondest ere
I could complete my song to call thee forth."

But the chief strength lies in a certain stringent pathos in Noema's speeches:—

"That is the deepest tragedy of all,
When Love immortal dies ! When two fair beings,
Who were the morning in each other's eyes,
Fade into irrecoverable night,
And hear each other through the darkness call,
But never find each other's faces more !"

"I am a slave!"

I have a husband, a contracted lord,
Who drags my body and service after him,
As in the patient camel's desert march
The fore foot draws the hinder."

The lines in which she refuses to leave her child for her spirit lover vibrate as if a woman had written them :—

"Amid the splendid vastness of the skies,
My ears would listen for his little shout,
My lips grow drouthy for his April kiss,
And all my heart feel empty, because drained
Of the sweet, freshening waters which he struck
Straight from this arid desert rock, when first
I felt him struggling feebly in my womb."

Although the scene of the destruction of the tower is extravagant and preposterous, there is something striking and spirited in the idea of its overthrow by a tremendous storm, and the downfall of the defiant hosts upon its battlements.

The Interludes are minor poems, for the most part in the vein of what fifty years ago was called the cockney school; a few remind one of some of Mr. Tennyson's least successful early poems, wherein he tried to be sprightly. So that, in spite of Mr. Austin's contemptuous review of his fellow-singers in his essay entitled *The Poetry of the Present*, he recalls almost every poet of the half-century, and always to his own disadvantage.

After trying to do full justice to his talent, in summing up his characteristics we should say that if Messrs. Swinburne and

Rossetti had not accustomed the public to indecency, his coarseness would not be tolerated. For his vulgarity one or two specimens will suffice :—

"Our wives would cut up rough."

“ Who blames a pretty woman with a dimple,
Or roguish chin, for letting it be smacked ? ”

Notwithstanding the high lyrical quality he shows now and then, especially in *Rome or Death*, there is something essentially unpoetic in his tone of thought, which betrays itself in ignoble and prosaic comparisons, in a perpetual tendency to commonplace, in expressions so unlucky as to be ludicrous, as when he describes Garibaldi's volunteers rushing like streams from their mountain-homes, and adds, "or in a flight of stares," etc., which at first strikes one as a misprint, but is seen by the context to mean starlings. Since the long-past days when we were set to learn "An Austrian army awfully arrayed," we have never seen alliteration's artful aid so resorted to as in many of Mr. Austin's lines:—

"Rudely rumbled hollow-boweled drum."

"The stealthy shaveling slip-shod creeps along."

His rhythm is often defective, although in his later poems it runs freer and more smoothly than in earlier ones. But the ear winces under rhymes like "quiet, riot," "well, terrible," "Hymen, Timon," "Madonna, honor." There is a great show of meaning and significance in Mr. Austin's verses, even when he does not wield the censor's scourge; but it is not easy to make out their moral. Perhaps it is condensed in a short poem called *The Two Visions*, in which he describes a marble city, a pleasant place where he sees "a noble-looking maiden" lay down Dante and go to the wash-tub, where a poet makes verses and chops wood, where there are no churches, but coöperative stores, the marriage service is done away with, and the dead are disposed of by cremation. This is the golden Jerusalem of communism, and it may well be Mr. Austin's celestial country, for, as we have heard it expounded, in that millennium skilled labor will be at no premium; indeed, nobody will be permitted to do anything better than anybody else, including, no doubt, writing poetry.

—The best essays in Mr. Fiske's new volume¹ are the two reviews of the recent work of Messrs. Tait and Stewart, and the excellent paper on Athenian and American

¹ *The Unseen World and other Essays.* By JOHN FISKE, M. A. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1876.

Life. The others follow these in a variety of interest, merit, and date. There are critical notices, more or less extended, of Taine's *Philosophy of Art*, Longfellow's *Dante*, Motley's *United Netherlands*, Renan's *Jesus*, Paine's *Oratorio of St. Peter*, Draper's *Conflict of Science and Religion*, etc., some of which were written within a year or two, but most of which appeared seven or eight years ago. Such as were meant for newspaper reviews of the books mentioned have the characteristics of that sort of writing. They are of the best of their kind, but they are of their kind; and they give the collection a somewhat scrappy effect; here and there they remain quite needlessly marred by expressions of partisan political feeling, not very pertinent to their subjects at any time, and now of no value whatever.

But the book has a unity and a charm quite superior to all these slight defects, in the clearness of the thought and the beauty of such a style as was perhaps never before brought to the illustration of the topics with which Mr. Fiske habitually deals. There is something better still in the admirable spirit of his writing; it is of all writing of its sort, probably, the most humane. Certainly, scientific denial of religious belief could not be less offensive, more tenderly considerate; and Mr. Fiske has his reward for this in the leniency, almost cordiality, with which his rejection of creeds is received by those to whom those creeds are dear. One hears, for example, something like exultation over his spare admission, at the close of his review of *The Unseen Universe*, that, in favorable atmospheric and social conditions, man may not be wholly unconscious of an immortal spirit, or may not altogether absurdly indulge the hope that he has something of the sort about his person. Chopin and June weather were not always necessary to this conviction; but they are now at least highly desirable; with the mercury at the freezing point and a benumbed organ-grinder under the window, one were of the brutes that perish. To tell the truth, we do not so much value Mr. Fiske's confession of faith as we like the fashion in which he shows the error of Messrs. Tait and Stewart in supposing that their *Unseen Universe* of quintessentially fine material is less material than ours, or that it is a more fitting habitation for undying spirits. If the spirit lives after death, it lives in a spiritual world, Mr. Fiske rightly argues, and that he refuses to grope

through ether in search of some undiscovered country that we may hereafter materially colonize ought to count much more in his favor with believers than his susceptibility to blue skies and Beethoven. The first of these two essays is a magnificently solid, succinct, and lucid statement of the nebular theory of the origin and destiny of the universe, and is perhaps the author's best literary expression. It is a spacious style, in which the necessarily many-syllabled diction moves with a large, unhindered freedom, and presents the thoughts and ideas with an unsurpassed distinctness and orderliness. Through all you feel the perfect sincerity of the writer, his generous conception of his own office, and his steadfast devotion to his convictions of truth. He gives the preference to science where science can prove; where science merely asserts, he declines to affirm, and he indicates its limitations as an answer and a consolation in the frankest terms. These characteristics mark all his criticism, on literary as well as metaphysical subjects, and give value to his most occasional work. The review of Longfellow's *Dante* is less good than several others could have written, and the papers on the *United Netherlands* and the *Bengal Famine* seem not to have the strongest reasons for re-publication; but such essays as those on *The Unseen World* and that on *Athenian and American Life* we could not have had but for the wide culture, the comprehensive thought, and the delightful manner of this author. He is one of the American writers of whom we may be glad even at his second-best, as in some of these papers. At his best he has already achieved a place as wholly his own as it is eminent.

—According to reports in the daily papers there are soon to be established in Japan colleges for instruction in the fine arts, and if this be true, it is only fair to suppose that this swift adoption of the customs of other nations will bring to an untimely end all that is characteristic in Japanese art. Its decay has already been clearly marked; the last dozen years, while they have seen very rich stores of the oldest and best works of that country brought into the American and European market, have also led to the deterioration of the former methods of working in order to supply a very great demand, and to the manufacture of poor material to satisfy defective taste. Under these circumstances we cannot help being grateful to a writer who gives us a careful

study of so remarkable and so evanescent a form of beauty as is the art of this singular country.

In the first place, it is but just to state that the author is well prepared for the discussion of the subject he has set himself, not only by his own study of the best Japanese work, but also by his familiarity with the art of other countries, which he has made the subject of previous books. This volume is justly entitled *A Glimpse at the Art of Japan*,¹ for it could hardly be more without a very thorough study of Japanese history, political and social, and of the language and literature of the country, such as lies beyond the reach of any foreigner. Mr. Jarves gives a brief synopsis of Japanese history and mythology, and bestows a few words on Japanese literature; all of these pages have their bearing on the main subject of the book, for the art of a country is, so to speak, only one limb of a complicated body, and for its proper comprehension it demands full knowledge of all the rest. He has noticed many of the qualities which go to the making of the Japanese mind, and combine to form that *concinnity* which is the especial charm of everything Japanese. Those distinctive traits which fascinate the rest of the world, Mr. Jarves points out with a most hearty enthusiasm, and this enthusiasm is perhaps the best thing in the book. Exact definition of artistic excellence will always baffle a writer, who might almost as well undertake to paint a symphony as to tell his readers exactly what is good in any work of art, and why it is good. Hence the unfortunate writer is reduced to seeking to express his meaning or rather his feeling by all sorts of comparisons, and the ardor he feels is communicated by sympathy to the reader. In that way Mr. Jarves's enthusiasm is efficient; he enjoys Japanese art thoroughly, he distinguishes the good from the bad, and he communicates a good deal of information about this singular people, whom he really loves. This is what is needed in a book of this sort, which makes no pretense of concerning itself with the statistics of art, but rather preaches its attractiveness. The author shows us the simplicity underlying all the life of this people, their absolute lack of hypocrisy, which enables them to look at everything in the heavens above and

on the earth beneath directly, without awe, diffidence, or prejudice. This is perhaps their most marked trait; it distinguishes them from other races, who all have more or less of reverence, while some, as, for instance, the Anglo-Saxon, are not devoid of hypocrisy. The Japanese directness of view is the cause of their grace, as well as the absence of grandeur in their work. They express what they see clearly, and not vague, silent feelings. The Germans may be called their antipodes, and the French are nearest to them in their love of truth and beauty. In one or two respects they might be called a nation of Voltaires, if it were not that a general expression like that, which tries to condense all the truth into a single line, only succeeds in leaving out a vast amount of what is necessary for a complete definition. In this case what would be omitted is the great delicacy of the Japanese, their wonderful, unmorbid sensitiveness to beauty and pathos. In their literature there are little poems so full of meaning that to find their like we have to go back to the Greek anthology, to the few fragments of Sappho, or to Omar Khayyam; there is certainly nothing of this sort in Voltaire.

While Mr. Jarves points out intelligently and entertainingly what is good in Japanese art, he is hardly just to the rest of the world, and he is very fond of giving raps over the shoulders of the Japanese at those races which consider themselves more civilized. At times this grows wearisome. The illustrations, thirty in number, which decorate the book are well chosen, but the method of reproducing them, photolithography, has proved unsatisfactory, and on looking at some of them one feels as if blindness were suddenly attacking him, so dim and faint are the outlines. With others this does not hold true. Many of our readers, however, will have Japanese books of their own and will not need to be embarrassed by this defect. The book is well printed.

—It is perhaps a fair conjecture that this novel² is a first attempt on the part of its author, and if this is the case it would seem to give promise of a fair amount of success, to judge from the good qualities this volume contains. There are certain merits in *Davault's Mills* which, while they do not place this novel in the highest class, yet bring it into the category of those which

¹ *A Glimpse at the Art of Japan*. By JAMES JACKSON JARVES, author of *Art Studies*, *Art Idea*, etc. With Illustrations. New York: Hurd and Houghton: Cambridge; The Riverside Press. 1876.

² *Davault's Mills*. A Novel. By CHARLES HENRY JONES. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1876.

deserve kind treatment on the part of even the most truculent critic. The author's style is agreeable and free from faults, if we except the local peculiarity of using *will* and *would* where exacter care requires *shall* and *should*; but apart from this trifling fault, the book is well written. There is a pleasant humor in the bits of description, the conversations are full, life-like, and generally of service in carrying on the story. The characters, too, are distinctly drawn, although their number is great; too great, perhaps, for the concentration of the reader's interest, which runs the risk of being divided among a multitude of claimants. The plot of the novel is not remarkably new, and it would have been none the worse for some condensation. At times it seems as if the course of true love ran too smoothly for the pleasure of the reader, who is taught by his experience to expect more harrowing of his soul than he will find here. But however this may be, Davault's Mills, although far from being a sensational story, is a pleasing record of simple events told with good taste, and the occasional languidness of the narration is more than compensated by the pleasing tone the writer unfailingly maintains. We hope Mr. Jones will give us another novel in which he will keep what is good in this, and add a more soul-stirring plot.

—Mr. Mills's enthusiastic book on Buddhism¹ shows what a fascination that religion has for a certain number of Europeans and Americans, both those who have visited countries where it still holds sway, and those who have merely read its sacred books and the reports of travelers. It is to this last class alone, apparently, that Mr. Mills belongs. He has evidently read a good deal of the Buddhist literature, and he gives the public, in a brief form, the result of his reading and reflection. All his thought upon the subject is strongly tinged with admiration, and he draws a very rose-colored picture of the virtues of the Buddhists. Doubtless Mr. Mills can quote authorities corroborating his warm praise of the virtues of those who profess this religion, but quite as surely there is another side to the picture; the Buddhist monasteries in Japan, for instance, were not always filled with persons void of all guile. In general, however, he is right; there can be no doubt that Buddhism encourages much of what is noblest in men, and that its influence over

ignorant, half-civilized races, as well as over those higher in the intellectual scale, is one of the most interesting phenomena in religious history. It may be a strange thing to say, but it is perhaps worthy of consideration, that it owes its great success to its very simple logical character. (1.) There is pain, sorrow in the world. (2.) This comes of the desires, of lack, and of sin. (3.) This pain may cease by Nirvāna. (4.) There is a way that leads thither. Upon these statements is built the whole theory of Buddhism. It is plain to every one that, to use other words, man is prone to sin. As to what is meant by Nirvāna, commentators differ. Before taking up that point, however, it should be said that Buddha accepted as part of his religion the belief, widespread among his followers, in the transmigration of the soul. The good were rewarded, not in an eternal life, but in a subsequent transmigration; the wicked were punished in the same way. There was an endless chain of existences, the separate links, so to speak, varying in happiness according to the deserts of the being in question. Every one kept a debtor and creditor account, not with heaven nor with any deity, but with the law presiding over the universe. The lusts and appetites produced crime, crime sure punishment in this life or another; piety and virtue brought their reward. What the Buddhist tried to attain was Nirvāna. Now, what was this Nirvāna? Mr. Mills claims that it was not annihilation. "No man," he says, "who laid such emphasis on the royal virtues, who was himself so devoted, with a lover's enthusiasm, to humanity, who had a heart so tender and warm, could be absorbed and lost in nihilism. This belongs to renunciants, to withdrawn dreamy speculators, and not to great doers." This doctrine, he says, has been considered "fit only for madmen." But the arguments in defense of this abused interpretation are deserving the attention of the sane. In the first place, if there is any weight in the argument from authority, respectful consideration is demanded for a theory upheld by Burnout, Stanislas Julien, Bishop Bigandet (who says, however, "The question . . . is philosophically little left open to discussion, though it will probably ever remain without a perfect solution. But the logical inferences from the principles of genuine Buddhism inevitably lead to the dark, cold, and horrifying abyss

¹ *The Indian Saint; or, Buddha and Buddhism. A Sketch, Historical and Critical.* By CHARLES D.

B. MILLS. Northampton, Mass.: Journal and Free Press Co. 1876.

of annihilation"), the Rev. Spence Hardy, the Rev. D. J. Gogerly, and Mr. James d'Alwis, who certainly outweigh in knowledge of the subject Max Müller, with whom Mr. Mills agrees. But of course a mere array of distinguished names will not settle any point in dispute in the minds of those who really care for it, and it will be necessary to bring forward more cogent reasons for supposing that Nirvāna meant annihilation. Not only is it so stated in the Buddhist books, but the force of all the doctrines points to that same opinion. Our aversion to annihilation has nothing to do with the matter; it is, to be sure, not a view that commends itself to us, but it is the only logical consequence of their belief. It was to them their only escape from the horrors of existence; since everything in life was bad, cessation from life could alone bring relief. We in our day cling to life, but they, on the other hand, saw no way of escape from its dreary round except through this Nirvāna. There is no place for a heaven in their cosmogony, and there is no reason to suppose that Buddha ever taught that there was one. There is not one of the sentences quoted by Mr. Mills, page 139, which contradicts this explanation of Nirvāna. It is true that later authorities point towards understanding by Nirvāna some sort of heaven, but the older books do not allow this interpretation.

Mr. Mills's argument against this view is the *a priori* one that a man like Buddha could not have held it; perhaps he could not, if he had been born a European and bred a Christian, but a native of the East, believing in the wretchedness of life and in the transmigration of the soul, is not to be judged wholly from the nineteenth-century point of view.

This modern, Christian interpretation of Buddhism is perhaps the most serious fault to be found with this book. It shows a strong yearning towards the higher side of that religion, but it is all seen through modern glasses, and somewhat darkly. The life of Buddha, with which the book opens, is made up of a number of myths, collected from various sources, and not treated by the most rigid laws of critical analysis. But to find the exact facts of his life would be, if not an impossible task, one certainly beyond the powers of any writer who has command of only second-hand material.

Mr. Mills has collected a good deal of information about Buddha and his religion, and his book states fairly and attractively what is best in them.

— A manual of English literature cannot fail to be of service if it is properly used and too much is not demanded of it. The call for such books will probably be very great, so long as it is supposed that it will be possible in time to find one which shall so cunningly condense and arrange the information it contains that there will be no further need of studying those books which make English literature, when one can read through, and if necessary learn by heart, a volume telling all about it. With most books of this sort we have no patience. They give half-page extracts from *Paradise Lost* to enable the fortunate reader to talk glibly about Milton for the rest of his life, or they burden the memory with bits of petrified criticism, which seem to have been made by the incompetent for the delight of the superficial. As a book of reference, however, or as a guide in studying, a manual like this of Mr. Arnold's¹ may be of great service. He goes over the ground from the earliest beginnings of English literature down to the year 1850 with satisfactory thoroughness. The small size of the book and the number of names that must be mentioned in it naturally tend to crowd out some of the less famous though deserving writers, for whom the curious will have to consult completer works. The first part of the manual is simply descriptive; three hundred and forty pages are devoted to the enumeration of the different authors, with brief but accurate descriptions of their more important writings. The last two hundred pages contain critical matter, consisting of intelligent discussion of the more important works of English literature, with such notes, comments, illustrations, and examples as serve to throw light upon the subjects treated. It is easy to see how this part of the book might attract a studious boy, and incline him to a really thorough reading of the original books, instead of filling him with false pride in the cheap acquisition of dates and trivial information. For, it must be remembered, the only way this book can be of real service to a student is as a guide through literature, which does not take the place of original study, but directs and aids it. For this purpose, and for this alone,

Oxford. American Edition, revised. Boston: Ginn Brothers. 1876.

¹ *A Manual of English Literature, Historical and Critical*. With an Appendix on English Metres. By THOMAS ARNOLD, M. A., of University College,

the manual deserves favorable mention. The most noticeably curious passage in it is that in which Mr. Arnold disproves the possible assertion that "Peter Pindar" was a sort of English Beaumarchais; men of straw might be left to combat this statement. It reminds one of our numerous American Popes, and Lambs, and Boston Junises, etc., of brief note.

— The American readers of General Burgoyne's life¹ will turn with most interest to those passages which offer an illustration of the events in the war for independence, which serve as a background upon which to write Burgoyne's generalship. His statesmanship and dramatic powers found no special field for exhibition here, though he tried hard to persuade the ministry at the outbreak of the conflict that his proper place was that of general pacificator in New York, and though he sought to enliven the dullness of the winter of the blockade with his farce to be performed at Faneuil Hall. One turns, therefore, to the account of his part in the siege of Boston, and to the narrative of events attending his descent from Canada and surrender to General Gates at Saratoga, with curiosity to learn if his biographer has produced any letters or papers not hitherto published which can add to the history of the struggle.

Burgoyne accepted with reluctance the post assigned him as one of the three major-generals sent over with the reinforcements for Governor Gage, and seems to have done his best to get back to England again as soon as possible. His judgment upon the conduct of the war strikes us at this date as accurate, and the letters from his pen add fresh evidence to the fatuity of the counsels which controlled the British ministry. He was very proud of his pen, and Governor Gage seems to have regarded him as an excellent ally at a time when his own wits were sorely pressed by the embarrassments of his situation. The somewhat famous proclamation by Governor Gage, of June 12, 1775, excepting Hancock and Adams from amnesty, now proves to have been written by Burgoyne, who had been in Boston only a week or two, and whose literary truculence must have excited the admiration of the commonplace governor. The correspondence with Washington, also,

when complaint was made of the treatment of prisoners by the British, was conducted by Burgoyne, under cover of Gage's name. But the most notable paper is a letter from Burgoyne to Lord North respecting the correspondence which had passed between himself and General Charles Lee. Lee had written an intemperate letter to his old comrade, with whom he had seen service in Portugal, warning him against the influences which had misled Governor Gage as to the principles, temper, disposition, and force of the colonies. Burgoyne's reply was conciliatory, and has received considerable praise for its moderation and general civility of tone. He proposed in it that Lee should meet him within the British lines on Boston Neck, both for the sake of friendship and in order that explanations might be made which would tend to lessen the bitter feeling growing up between the two countries. The proposition excited some discussion, and Lee submitted the correspondence to Congress, which declined to permit the interview. So far history had already recorded, but now we have an additional document in this letter of Burgoyne's to Lord North, which suggests speculation as to what would have been the result had the interview taken place; for with elaborateness of phrase and in studied detail Burgoyne lays down the series of approaches which he intended against Lee's honor. He appears to have been a little afraid of the effect which Lee's expressions of friendship might have on his own reputation. "He served under me in Portugal," he says, "and owed me obligations which in the very overflow of his misanthropy he has since constantly acknowledged, and we have usually conversed upon a certain style of friendship. Soon after this gentleman's arrival in the enemy's camp, I received the first of the inclosed letters from him. It was my intention to have sent your lordship only extracts, leaving out those virulent apostrophes which stand, like oaths at Billingsgate, for expletives when reason fails; but finding it was printed in the New York Gazetteer even before I received it, that it has been reprinted in all the American papers, and probably, by the same pains to circulate it, will find its way into the English ones, I send the letter entire, persuaded that the terms applied to your

¹ *Political and Military Episodes in the Latter Half of the Eighteenth Century*. Derived from the Life and Correspondence of the Right Hon. John Burgoyne, General, Statesman, Dramatist. By ED-

WARD BARRINGTON DE FONSELAQUE. With portrait, illustrations, and maps. London: Macmillan & Co. 1876.

lordship will make about the same impression upon you in point of pain that I found, when he warns me of your offenses towards me, in point of resentment. . . . The great object I proposed to myself in my answer to Lee was to obtain an interview; and had I succeeded I would have cut him short in that paltry jargon of invective alluded to above, and with which the infatuation of the vulgar is supported, and, laying ministers aside, would have pressed upon him, to conviction if possible, the sentiments of the nation at large in support of government." He then proceeds to unwind the coil with which he had provided himself to entrap Lee in his vanity and avarice, confident that his diplomacy would have resulted in winning Lee over to a dishonorable return to the British service. "Were he secretly brought over," he concludes, "the services he might do are great; and very great, I confess, they ought to be, to atone for his offenses."

It is not impossible that Burgoyne's labored scheme for corrupting Lee's integrity may have been a little more solid after the interview was refused, and he was at liberty to make full use of it in recommending himself to government, but the conception and hypothetical execution are a commentary upon the honor which Burgoyne so frequently took occasion to claim as a fundamental part of his character. He refers in this letter to another letter from Lee which he incloses, but a footnote adds that it is not forthcoming; he speaks of it as "perhaps of much more importance," but the slight reference which he makes to its contents does not intimate anything more than a continuation of the line taken up by Lee in his first letter.

The account of the campaign which resulted in Burgoyne's defeat at Saratoga is given with great clearness, both from the statement already published by Burgoyne and from additional letters and documents. The fairness with which the editor of the volume treats the whole subject of the Revolutionary War justifies one in siding with him in the condemnation which he gives to the dilatoriness of Congress in carrying out the terms of the convention of Saratoga. Burgoyne's character and achievements are impartially and clearly stated in the volume,

and the whole temper in which the work is executed deserves praise. Burgoyne was not a great man, but a little more success would have thrown him over upon the side of men about whom history busies itself; his defeat at Saratoga, momentous from its consequences rather than from the magnitude of the action, lay like a cloud upon him during the remainder of his life, and has continued to obscure the ability which he possessed.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.¹

The fourth volume of Brandes' lectures on the literature of the nineteenth century² is of special value to us, because it treats of those great English poets who made the early part of this century so important to the student and so interesting to the reader. We have already spoken of the first volume of this important work,³ and the second and third, which carry further the investigation of French and German literature, deserve equal praise. But here we have the writer on ground where we can observe him more carefully, where we at least are at home, and have already stored up a good supply of opinions or at any rate of prejudices. We can perhaps come to the discussion of the claims of these rival poets with more coolness than did our forefathers, not from any greater virtue of our own, but simply because we have less at stake.

The poets of whom Brandes treats are Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Scott, Keats, Moore, Landor, Shelley, and Byron. At the beginning he makes the following announcement: "It is my intention to portray that profound and important tendency in the English literature of the first years of the century, which, breaking free from classical forms and traditions, produces a love of nature which inspires their whole literature, leads from naturalism to radicalism, and rises from a revolt against old-fashioned literary models to a mighty protest against the religious and political reaction, and plants the seed of all the free-thinking ideas and liberal deeds which since that time have marked European culture." This, it will be noticed, is a wider generalization from the works of

¹ All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter St., Boston, Mass.

² *Die Hauptströmungen der Literatur des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts.* Vorlesungen gehalten an

der Kopenhagener Universität. Von G. BRANDES. Uebersetzt und eingeleitet von ADOLF STRODTMANN. Vierter Band: Der Naturalismus in England. Berlin. Duncker. 1876.

³ The Atlantic Monthly, 115 (January, 1875).

these writers than the one commonly taken by critics, who are apt to overlook the connection between different writers in matters of what may be called social principle, and to devote their attention more exclusively to literary matters. There is the same difference between Brandes' book, which shows the correspondence of ideas in separate countries, and a manual of English literature, that there is between a volume on the science of language and an English grammar. In a word, literary criticism feels the same impulses as every other object of study, — prehistoric antiquities, ancient and modern history, geology, theology even, sociology, and antiquities, — and wheels into line to endure examination from a great many points of view.

The feeling of nationality, according to Brandes awoke, when Napoleon threatened Europe with the prospect of turning it into one huge universal state. What this produced in Germany he has already shown in the second volume of his lectures. In England Wordsworth gave it "the form of patriotism capable of poetical descriptions," and Southey, "a wholly or half official glorification of the royal family and of the national victories, while Scott and Moore appeared as poetical incarnations of the two other kingdoms." All these poets had in common a strong love of nature. Another important peculiarity which they shared was a keen love of justice. "Wordsworth inherits this from Milton; with Shelley and Byron it is an innate feeling which they long to have the world share with them. It has place neither in Byron's great predecessor, Goethe, nor in his richly endowed French successor, De Musset. Neither of these has ever, like him, summoned kings and governments before the throne of justice. Peculiarly English is it that this justice, of which the English dream, is not, like that of Schiller, an *a priori* idea, but the child of utility."

It is not with generalities like these, however, that this brilliant author is contented; after making his statements of what he is going to show and prove, he sets about proving it with the utmost care. He devotes considerable space to each of the above-mentioned poets, giving a tolerably full description of their life and works. He keeps a happy mean, when speaking of Wordsworth, between the ardor of some of his admirers and mere contempt; he points out Wordsworth's weaker sides without excessive zeal, and he is open to what is fine in his poetry. Cole-

ridge he treats in the same way. Southey he takes next, and he shows that he has done what not every reader can boast of doing, namely, that he has read all of this quickly forgotten poet's writings. Brandes always has a pleasant vein of humor, and here it crops out clearly in his description of Thalaba. Scott comes next, who is treated with fairness. These words may be quoted: "In this century an author who keeps himself aloof from the whole development of modern culture is swiftly punished. If he has not the power, like Byron, to know by intuition everything which science examines and establishes, his works slip from the hands of cultivated people to be taken up by those who read only for entertainment, or else they are preserved by the cultivated and are bound up for birthday presents for their sons and daughters, and nephews and nieces. This is the fate which Scott has in great measure met with. The author who in the second and third decades of this century ruled the literary market, whose influence extended throughout Europe, who in France had imitators like Mérimée, Hugo, and Dumas (Les Mosquetaires), in Italy a youth like Manzoni, in Germany disciples like Fouqué and Alexis, in Denmark admirers and scholars like Paul Möller, Ingemann, and Hauch, has in our day, by the silent but instructive criticism of the times, become the favorite author of boys and girls of fourteen, a poet whom every grown-up person has read, but never reads now."

Of Keats he speaks with admiration, showing this poet's wonderful feeling for plastic form. He says that while Wordsworth takes us out into a real flower garden, Keats leads us into a hot-house, filled with warm air, sweet scents, and delicious fruits. Brandes seizes very clearly Keats's distinguishing traits. Then follows a long account of Moore, disproportionately long in comparison with the faintness of the mark that poet and satirist has left upon English literature. There is a full description of the troubles in Ireland just at the end of the last century, which would of course present more novelty to the original hearers of these lectures, delivered in Copenhagen, than they do to us, but even with allowance made for that, Moore seems to get much more space than he deserves, and more praise than he generally receives from those who speak his language and have passed the age of seventeen.

After Moore comes Landor, whose name would surely not be found in every English

book that pretended to go over the same ground as this. "Coming from Moore to Landon," he says, "is like leaving the dancing waves and stepping on the firm ground." He commends Pericles and Aspasia to the reader, and that fine one of the Imaginary Conversations in which Epicurus, Leontion, and Ternissa are the speakers. He points out how transparent is the veil which hides Landon himself here. Brandes' comments are throughout very much to the point; he writes of Landon in terms of praise, but without in the least hiding the faults which marred this distinguished man, while on the other hand he says hardly a word about his poetry, which is surely a serious omission.

The last two hundred pages of the book are devoted to Shelley and Byron, who have earned this position by their great influence upon the world at large. In speaking of Shelley, Brandes is really eloquent; he describes with warm feeling the persecution which followed Shelley, and he gives an admirable picture of the attractive side of his character, his kindness, his zealous love of liberty, as well as his intellectual readiness. That Shelley suffered unjustly can hardly be denied now by any one, but in his answers to his antagonists he gave no sign of an attractive character or gentle temper. His Peter Bell the Third, or *Œdipus Tyrannus*, when read now seems made up of nothing but virulence. The merely mechanical part of the poetry is dull and uninteresting, and the satire is heavy-handed and, what is bad, wholly unamusing. For the Promethus, The Cenci, and Shelley's better work, Brandes has only the warmest praise. The *Witch of Atlas*, which to many readers presents difficulties in the way of comprehension, he unfolds and interprets without hesitation, and so with the rest. In a word, Brandes sympathizes heartily with Shelley and writes of him as many of his admirers would; he agrees with a large number of readers in setting him high, but, it is also true, he does not discriminate between what is good and what is unworthy of praise.

Byron has not yet won a position of respect; there are now few who would denounce him as he was denounced in his life-time, but there are still many who would not be prepared to agree with the hearty praise he has won from Brandes. This author brings convincingly the charge of hypocrisy against the British nation, and paints a picture of Byron as a lover of

liberty such as would have puzzled those who used to abuse him, and it is confusing even now. In Shelley, Brandes has already seen the hater of tyrants, the poet who has learned to detest conventionality, and who breaks out into violent reactionary outcry against the smooth, easy ways of society. He was a leader who was too far in advance of his followers; but "Byron was the poet of individuality, unlike any of his predecessors, and as such he was to a marked degree egotistical; his prejudices and vanity could not be eradicated without harm to his nobler traits. Shelley, on the other hand, appears in his ideals; he unfolded himself until he embraced the universe." Byron lacked that devotion to a lofty, imaginative ideal, but he had the practical sense which made of him a successful leader. He stands, according to Brandes, at the end of the list of revolutionary poets who began with war against the Alexandrine verse and the practice of personification, and who at last revolted against society. That a reaction is beginning in English opinion concerning Byron it would be hard to deny. He was hooted out of court, but now people are working over the former harsh judgment and are treating him with real consideration. An appeal like this by Brandes cannot fail to be of service; but although it is earnest and eloquent, it would seem to be inaccurate because it takes no account of what was one of the prominent traits of Byron, as it has been of two other leading men of this century, Lamartine and Victor Hugo, and that trait is affectation. Now, that Byron was affected, or that Victor Hugo is not wholly without self-consciousness, cannot be made clear to those who think the contrary. Any who, like Mr. Pater, for instance, regard Hugo as a genius akin to Michael Angelo, can never be convinced of the opposite, can of course never feel as if the French writer were anything but the sincerest of mortals. And so with Byron; some people think that besides his egotism, there was a tendency to unguine, theatrical posing in his character and conduct which was less worthy of admiration than some other of his qualities. They may be wrong; it may be that the fault lies merely in their interpretation of what he says. But so long as they imagine that they perceive this defect, their enjoyment of Byron's works will be lessened, and his fame will have to suffer from the suspicion. Many will read his life and feel convinced of the

existence of this fault, and all the eloquence of Brandes will not remove the thought of it, and will not keep it from poisoning their enjoyment of Byron's poetry. Byron doubtless has never received proper treatment from the English, but it may be questioned whether in their endeavor to do him justice and to make up for their previous unfairness they ever go so far as Brandes has here gone. In many ways what he says is admirable; he differs from Taine in giving Manfred only moderate praise, and in setting Cain very high. He gives us full particulars about Byron's life, without neglecting anything of importance, but with an amusing effort to prove Byron an innocent, much-abused man. A few words of his summing up may not be amiss: "The *naturalism* in English intellectual life begins in Wordsworth as rustic love for external nature, as a saving up of impressions of nature, and as kindness towards the dumb beasts, children, peasants, and the meek in heart. It sinks with him into a dull imitation of nature. In Coleridge and still more in Southey it approaches contemporary German romanticism. . . . In Scott it deals with history and the peculiarities of different nations, and in vivid colors he

paints man as belonging to a certain people, and to a definite time. In Keats . . . it remains neutral between calm contemplation of nature and preaching the gospel of nature and of natural rights. . . . With Landor it stands forth as free, pagan humanity, too proud and too alarming to charm Europe. In Shelley it turns into pantheistic enthusiasm for nature, and poetic radicalism, which rises above all poetic means." And then comes Byron, singing the song of freedom, and announcing happier days for Europe. Such is Brandes' notion of the literary development of English poetry during the first forty years of the century. However one may be inclined to disagree with him, and there is hardly a page without something to call forth a quarrel, it will be impossible not to be fascinated by his wit and moved by his eloquence. He certainly makes his mark on the literary thought of his time. And when at this late day the English are collecting money for a statue to Byron, which is a sure sign of a change in public opinion, this volume cannot fail to find readers and admirers, though, perhaps, those who best know English literature will not follow him, clever as he is, too closely.

ART.

THE fifty-first annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design at New York is a step ahead of the exhibition of any previous year. This advance is not measured solely by the general character of the display, although there is a much larger number than usual of pictures which may be pronounced good, but it is marked by proofs of a broader feeling on the part of those who have had the management of the exhibition, shown in the generous reception of the works of the younger artists and in a desire to treat their contributions with the consideration due them. We believe the causes which have led to this change of spirit are generally known; at all events it is hardly worth the while to discuss them here. Every one at all devoted to the interests of art in this country will welcome even the slightest progress in the direction of breaking down the barriers between artists of

different cities or of different circles in any city. There could be nothing more directly calculated to exert a vitalizing influence on the production of works of art than the establishment of an annual exhibition which should be national, cosmopolitan, and conducted for the benefit of the artists of the whole country. The stimulating influence of the *salons* of France, Belgium, and Germany, and the Royal Academy of England, cannot be overestimated. Especially are these exhibitions beneficial to the younger men, who have a reputation to make or a fortune to gain. There is no reason why the exhibition of the Academy of Design should not do like service for this country; indeed, in the exhibition of this spring we see signs promising much for the future. It depends only on a continuance of the present progressive spirit in the managers of the institution to make the National

Academy justify its title. When it becomes the open tilting-ground for artists of every school, and the yearly event in our art world looked forward to and talked of and worked for, then it will have accomplished its highest purpose.

There is certainly enough distinctively American art in the exhibition to gratify the most patriotic citizen. Couture has never ceased to cry that the present age has never been painted, but is full of pictorial possibilities. Everybody says yes, and no artist takes the hint. There is a constant cry here — and with good reason, too — that American artists should paint characteristic American subjects. Thus far there has been no one of eminence in the profession who has been inspired by the picturesqueness found here to immortalize types and scenes in the same way that Millet, Breton, Israels, and other men have been called to perpetuate certain characteristics of their countrymen. We are not yet advanced enough in art to expect much, perhaps, but there are already noteworthy attempts made in this direction which demand consideration even if they deserve condemnation. John Mulvany's Preliminary Trial of a Horse-Thief is described in its title. It only remains to say that the types of Americans gathered in the shanty are of that worst possible class of Western ruffians whose small virtues have been extolled by Bret Harte and Joaquin Miller, whose vices are even plainer in paint than in print, and whose brutal faces would put to shame the most villainous heads ever drawn upon canvas. It is a scene that is tolerated because it is a necessity of our Western civilization, and the sooner it is forgotten the better for public morals. Jan Steen and David Teniers hit off the Dutch character with a nobility of expression that exalted the most brutal and revolting scenes. In their tavern brawls there is little that is vicious, there is always something to sympathize with. Mr. Mulvany has given us cut-throats and thieves and desperadoes steeped in vice and without a redeeming trait. His lesson is the triumph of villainy, his picturesqueness the distortion and the brutalizing of the human face. The artist's training in Antwerp has given him just the touch for the illustration of the subject, and there is some good painting in the picture if one can endure the inspection long enough to discover it.

L. E. Wilmarth has sought his principal subjects in a walk of life but little higher

than Mr. Mulvany has chosen to represent. Practical Joke on the Pioneer: An Incident on the Morning of a Target Excursion, is the title of his picture. A party of red-shirted men drinking beer in a room more curious and unaccountable in form than picturesque. One of their number, the central figure of the composition, starts back horrified at the sight of a great green spider hanging before his nose. Two half-naked bakers are crouching in a doorway behind the pioneer and holding a fishing-rod from the line of which dangles the huge insect, — this is the solution of the joke. Some excellent finish in detail and occasional bits of fair drawing are the only elements of a picture that can be conceded to the painting. Subject apart, the artist's second and smaller work is superior. A negro filing a saw in the presence of a musician, who holds both hands to his ears in agony, is named There is Music in all Things if Men had Ears. It is less pretentious and more complete as a composition than the first one, and in other respects is very much like it.

Several quiet canvases by E. Wood Perry represent a great deal of conscientious work somewhat narrowly directed. One of the best of them is called Waiting for a Spark, a young woman seated by a quaint fireplace striking fire in an old-fashioned tinder-box. There is not much of the conventional picture-making skill shown in any of Mr. Perry's works. Their *natveté* of expression and labored execution stamp them as strongly individual efforts inspired by American country life and unhampered by too many traditions of foreign schools. One may forgive the hardness of outline, but he cannot make friends with the figures, for they have no human interest. Their quaintness may amuse one, and the details of costume of the last century satisfy his curiosity, but all the while he is sure that the figures are models posed to paint and conscious of their position. We cannot believe that Mr. Perry takes any interest in the subjects other than from their aspect as so much still-life to be imitated with exactness and religious care.

Eastman Johnson has, on the other hand, given us a representation of a scene in which he has taken a sincere delight. It is a husking-bee, with a crowd of men and women husking the yellow corn, seated in two rows, facing one another, on a broad carpet of stalks. The landscape is simple and well subordinated to the figures, the light is

skillfully concentrated, and the composition is artistically arranged. The frank, firm touch, the unobtrusive strength of color, and the well-expressed bustle and busy movement make it welcome as a contrast to a woolly interior with figures, that hangs beside it, so different in every respect that one can scarcely believe them to be both by the same hand. The Husking-Bee is no insignificant step in the right direction.

Winslow Homer's contributions, however full of life they may be, leave the spectator always unsatisfied. The most prominent fault of his pictures has always been their baldness. In the examples before us this quality is less evident than usual in the execution, but the subjects are still without interest. If we except one, *A Fair Wind*, the study of a fishing-boat dashing along through the rough sea with a stiff breeze on the quarter, the pictures compel a query as to the reasons for the choice of subject. If there is anything worth illustrating in a Zouave struggling with a frisky calf, Mr. Homer has found it out and put it on canvas. With his positive touch and truth of opposition he has done more with such bald subjects than any one we could name, but with the same skill more wisely employed better results might follow.

The very opposite of Mr. Homer's work are the Lilliputian figure pictures by A. Wordsworth Thompson. The largest is from a motive found in the history of the Revolution, a body of cavalry in the streets of Annapolis in July, 1776, about departing to join General Washington's army on Long Island. The tiny figures are painted with remarkable skill, but the artist is seen more at home in several smaller canvases where the figures are fewer in number and the expression is more marked.

William Magrath's small figures are almost beyond reproach. If they have any fault it is that they have just that degree of excellence that raises a doubt, before the signature is seen, as to whether they are moderately representative examples of some well-known master, or very good pictures by one who has yet something to gain from experience.

The two most noticeable life-sized studies are William Morgan's *Song without Words*, and Miss M. R. Oakey's *Woman Serving*. The former, an Italian girl leaning on a tambourine, is painted with such a serious purpose that it calls for and receives quick recognition. The latter is a most creditable production, just short, in

fact, of a masterpiece. The figure is full of grace, but there is grace without strength. The hands support the heavy salver without apparent effort, and the body leans forward as if it were not overbalanced by the weight, but in natural free motion. Titian gave a similar figure the privilege of leaning back to support the weight. But the execution is so admirable that one hesitates to admit any fault in the pose. In the painting there is a little anxiety about the flesh, compensated, however, by the ease with which the rich brocades are handled, and the satisfaction with which the artist has placed certain oppositions of color. The picture has, best of all, the charm of dignity and refinement.

The landscapes, by themselves, would scarcely carry the exhibition. There is quite the usual proportion of many square feet of canvas to a grain of merit. There are few landscapes that would not be better if the artists were limited to the size of their color-boxes. The sole contribution of John La Farge is a landscape which he calls *New England Pasture-Land*. It is a broad, simple slope reaching to the sea, dotted here and there by the accidents of the ground, pasture walls, distant trees, and sheep feeding. The far-off sea shimmers in the flood of strong light, its opal tones in delicate contrast with the green fields that meet the water. The picture, apparently, is simplicity itself, for its complex construction is successfully concealed. Mr. La Farge brings us to a land where it is always afternoon, and no one can fail to receive the conviction that he painted what has impressed him with religious love and ever fresh zeal. In placing his horizon very high, Mr. La Farge has taken it for granted that this will add to the effect of a vast distance seen from an eminence. It is easier to deny this than to prove the truth of the opposite, but the landscape would have doubtless gained in effect if a broader expanse of simple sky had been given. The *Wilds of the Adirondacks*, by A. H. Wyant, is an interpretation of nature more in the ordinary way, but still quite as earnest and loving. It is a nook in the forest, with a brook tumbling into a pool in the foreground and a distant passage of warm sunlight with a repeated note on the cool gray of the rocks in front. It suggests an intimacy with nature, a love of her minutest forms, and a long and painstaking study of them. The execution is pushed just far enough, for without being trivial it is care-

ful and conscientious. The picture represents a distinct impression of nature, as strong in its own way as the broader and more frank interpretations—such as we find, for example, in the landscape by Robert C. Minor, *Afternoon on the Moosup River*, a strongly realistic gray study of a rushing stream with wooded banks, distinguished for solid painting and good color. The three pictures above spoken of, with others by the two latter artists, are distinctively original in conception and well out of the ordinary rut of landscape work. W. Whittredge has a pleasant domestic view with meadows and mountains; Jervis McEntee several autumn scenes, all of them excellent; Edward Moran and M. F. H. De Haas marines which repeat without addition the favorable testimony of former exhibitions, and Charles H. Miller a number of landscapes—eclectic landscapes we had almost said—interesting and complete as pictures. The action of the hanging committee in grouping together the works of each artist has in almost every case proved unfavorable to the appearance of the pictures so assembled.

That portrait-painting is an occupation pursued more as a trade than a profession is witnessed by a large list of portraits, the majority of them indifferent, and very few having any merit beside a certain conventional, easily expressed resemblance to the sitter. The elements of agreeable arrangement of accessories and picturesque management of light, which give value to the work as a picture distinct from the personal interest in the subject, are noticeably absent in almost every portrait. Page's President Eliot makes up in dignity and earnestness what it lacks in execution. In style it is impressive, and as a portrait it has strong character and a great personal presence. It has one quality, too, which is a welcome one. It does not pall on long acquaintance, but rather increases in interest. Alexander Lawrie's portrait of a lady in black velvet is gracefully posed and an attractive picture in spite of the doubtful taste of covering both hands with deforming yellow gloves. Daniel Huntington's portraits are all up to a standard of excellence that is high enough to lift them above commonplace without placing them in the first rank of portraiture. They are all good, but in rather a mild way. Of the contributions by younger men the list of the most remarkable comprises a small head by Francis Lathrop, distinguished for

strength of color and vigorous handling, a strongly realistic half-length of a lady by George W. Maynard, a portrait study head by Oliver J. Lay, and two full-length portraits by F. D. Millet, of Boston.

The pictures sent by the artists abroad deserve consideration apart, because they naturally form a class by themselves. Produced under circumstances most favorable to picture-making, and selected from the best works of each artist, they represent most satisfactorily the relative position of their authors as compared with those who are working at home. It is not always safe to make a prediction for the future of an artist at home which should be based on the promise of the works executed during his stay abroad. Every artist knows the difficulties of practicing his profession in America with any singleness of purpose or religious devotion. The reasons for this are found in the conditions of our civilization and are well understood. We can say confidently of most of the young artists abroad who have exhibited at home, that they paint quite well enough to return and give their fellow-workers the benefit of their experience and acquirements. Expatriation for a time seems to be a necessity of the study of art, but the tendency to settle abroad and remain there is contagious. We have Whistler, Boughton, Wyllie, Neal, Rosenthal, Bridgman, Bacon, and a host of others who are Americans only by birth. It is bad for our art at home that this is so, and the only immediate remedy is a more generous appreciation of talent without regard to name. The day of the cheap imported trash is nearly over, and with the decline of this trade must increase the patronage of our own artists. The history of the picture auctions in Boston, this season, shows a wonderfully increased general interest in home productions. In the Academy exhibition, the best piece of flesh painting we have seen for a long time, and certainly the best in the display, is by William Sartain, of Philadelphia, now a student under Bonnat in Paris. It is the head of an Italian girl, with a strong effect of light. In color, texture, modeling, and refinement of drawing it is exceptional, and the type of the face is beautiful withal. T. Hovenden and Edgar M. Ward both find their motives among the peasants of Brittany, and both paint with great facility. Yan and Aline, by the former, is a pastoral love scene reproduced with fidelity. In fact, one turns from admiring the expres-

sion of the peasant girl as she smiles archly at her lover, to wonder at the skill with which the drapery is painted and the foreground managed. The tendency of this style, still more marked in Mr. Ward's work, is to reduce everything to the grade of still-life study, like the Munich heads, where all is skillful imitation of texture, color, and form, and choice of motive is secondary, and meaning of the subject last. D. R. Knight's French Washerwomen, shown at the last Paris *salon*, is capitally painted in parts. The picturesque figures of the women on the river bank are charmingly drawn, and if it were not that they are in a landscape much too large and weak and uninteresting, the picture would be complete. William S. Macy sends from Munich four landscapes of a great deal of strength, but quite German in character. A farm-yard scene is perhaps the best of them, although all are almost equally good.

In the line of sculpture a vigorous bronze bust by William R. O'Donovan, J. S. Hartley's small plaster figures and bas-reliefs, and Page's portrait of Shakespeare from the death mask of Darmstadt are the only remarkable works. The latter has too few artistic qualities to make it a success, but is interesting, nevertheless.

—Not content with producing three or four books every year, Mr. Hamerton shows the alertness and activity of his intelligence in the monthly numbers of *The Portfolio*,¹ which he succeeds in making one of the most interesting of the journals devoted to the popularizing of art. Its interest, as is very suitable, lies, however, more in its illustrations than in its literary contents. The annual volume makes a very handsome drawing-room picture-book, and contains some work worthy of preservation after it has served its immediate purpose of entertainment. The illustrations are in the main of two classes. Each number of the volume for 1875 gives an etching, and what, by an inexact rendering of the more correct French term, *photogravure*, is called a fac-simile engraving. The etchings have a wide range of artist and of subject, while the photogravures represent exclusively works by recent, mostly living, French painters. As works of engraving proper they have slight value, but they render sufficiently some of the most popular de-

signs of the present Parisian school. One gets from them a good impression of the skill and cleverness of execution displayed in recent French work, and not less of the common lack of poetic imagination, of distinct perception of beauty, and of definite motive of expression. Such pictures as those represented in this volume of Breton, of Billet, of Bouguereau, of Corot, of Jacques, of Gérôme, betray the externality of their art in their scenic effectiveness quite as much as in their falsity of aim. One recognizes that the pictures are painted for a dainty public of the *salon*. The sentiment is artificial, the idyl lacks simplicity, and the romance is unreal. The figures pose, waiting for applause, and nature is turned into a stage with foot-lights and drop-scene.

The etchings in *The Portfolio* afford excellent specimens of the present practice of the art which Mr. Hamerton has for years taken under his patronage, but there is a wide difference in their merit. No other form of engraving is so delusive as etching; it looks so easy and it is so difficult. Though it tax the powers of Turner or Van Dyck, it is yet the favorite resort of careless and untrained draughtsmen, whose wretched scribbings, mistaken sometimes by the amiable public for works of art, are in fact but exhibitions of ignorance or idleness. Such an etching as that by Le Rat, in this volume, of the Doge Leonardo Loredano, from Bellini's portrait, is a true masterpiece, excellent in firmness and delicacy of line, in truth of drawing, in skillful rendering of light and shade and of quality of texture. Flamery's etching from Massaccio and Rajon's Knight in Armor, from Giorgione's little picture, are both good, but inferior to Le Rat's work. The Drawing Lesson, by Lalauze is brilliant, but in a style that easily runs to extravagance of tone, and leads to that common defect of second-rate etching, the want of gradation of light and harmony of light and shade. These etchings in *The Portfolio* form a good supplement of illustrations to Mr. Hamerton's Treatise on Etching. The beginner in the art will find here examples of the work of some of the most accomplished masters, as well as of work which may teach him what to avoid, for Mr. Hamerton is so liberal as not to insist on uniformity of excellence. The circulation of *The Portfolio* ought to be large among us. The price is moderate.

¹ *The Portfolio*. An Artistic Periodical. Edited by PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON. With numerous Illustrations. London. 1875.

MUSIC.

LOOKING back over the past season, rich as it has been in good music, we may safely pronounce the most important and interesting event to have been the production of Mr. Paine's symphony by Mr. Theodore Thomas. Great pianists we have heard before Bülow, and great singers before Titiens, though few so great as either of these; but now we have for the first time listened to a noble composition, classic in dimensions as well as in form, in the highest department of instrumental music, coming directly from Cambridge and from the pen of a Harvard professor. Some feeling of local as well as national pride is, under such circumstances, more than pardonable. It is in every way right that a prophet should get sympathy and due appreciation in his own country; and the rapt attentiveness of the great audience at the Music Hall, on the evening of January 26th, was very good to witness. Whatever anxiety or lack of entire faith any one may have felt beforehand must have been removed by the very first phrase, which with its rushing bass and powerful stroke of chords (as if with some resistless hammer of Thor) proclaims at once the technical skill and boldness of design that belong only to masters of symphonic writing. The feelings of the listeners, taken captive at the outset by this vigorous attack, grew more and more excited throughout the whole of the first movement, the rollicking but exquisitely refined and tender scherzo which came next in order, the glorious *adagio*, and the brilliant finale with its rich instrumentation and its weighty plagal cadence. The pauses between the movements were made unduly long by the applause in which this excitement sought to vent itself; and at the end there burst forth such a storm of delighted approval as, during many years of concert-going, we had never before witnessed. Seldom has a composer obtained a more splendid triumph; seldom, too, have original genius and untiring diligence more thoroughly deserved such success.

Our space will not admit of a detailed analysis of Mr. Paine's symphony, nor are we sure that any such analysis is required, for verbal descriptions of instrumental music usually give but little information to

the reader. A diminished chord from a band of violins may bring tears to our eyes, but the same diminished chord on paper is apt to be a very uninteresting if not unintelligible affair. A few points, however, may not come amiss to those who are seriously interested in music.

The first movement, "*allegro con brio*," begins with a powerful utterance of C by the whole orchestra in unison, except the trombones, which are reserved for later effects. The opening theme in C minor immediately follows like the rush of a mighty wind, the strings carrying on the main current of harmony, while the wood and brass add richness of coloring, and assist the melodic development, until after a lull of the violins to *pianissimo*, supporting a cadence for clarinets and flutes, the second theme enters in E-flat major. In strong contrast to the weighty polyphony of the first part, this second motive, of bright and playful character, is eminently song-like, and in its full-voiced flow of melody is one of the most charming bits in the whole work. The orchestration is here especially striking, and we are introduced to a series of horn effects of surpassing loveliness, which are recalled in the second movement, and again more distinctly in the *adagio*. At a first hearing, perhaps nothing solicits the attention more forcibly than this masterly use of the horns. According to strict sonata-form, the first and second themes are repeated, and followed by a modulatory interlude, after which they again appear in new keys and with fresh elaboration, ending in a jubilant coda which recalls the polyphonic rush of the opening theme.

The second movement is a delicately playful scherzo in C major, the principal theme starting at once, without introduction, in a *pianissimo* of strings. After this has been repeated, the mellow note of the horn continuing into the second part introduces a beautiful melody for clarinet in F major, which is worked up by the whole orchestra in trio form and in somewhat retarded tempo. A slight shade of seriousness characterizes this clear and flowing melody, which in its cadence has a moment of pathos, forewarning us of the coming *adagio*. The horn again, in *pianissimo*, holds its

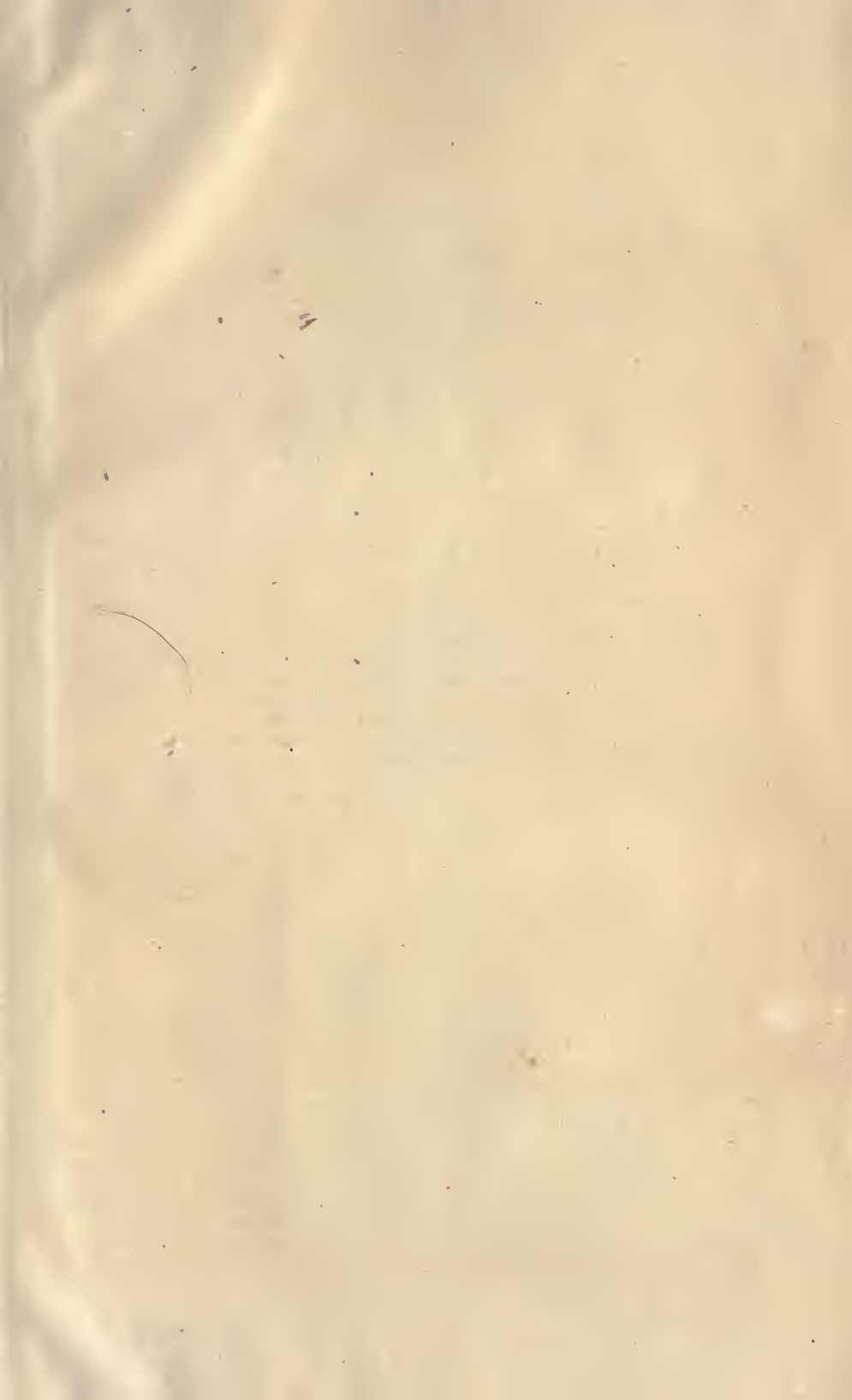
open note, and through this "golden gate" (as one of our musical critics describes it) the frolicsome theme of the scherzo makes its final entry.

The climax of effect is reached in the third movement, the magnificent adagio in A-flat major. As in many of Beethoven's works, a tender and quiet adagio in major is most effectively contrasted with a stirring allegro in minor. Only here the intervening humorous movement in major seems to enhance the effect, while the intensity of emotion wrought into the adagio makes it seem especially right that it should be the third movement, rather than the second, according to the more general custom. After listening, with bated breath, to the infinite tenderness, the sublime yearning, of this marvelous adagio, the brief blaze of glory which we get in the finale is just what is required to relieve the tension at which our minds have been kept; and more than this we do not need. It is therefore with the same sound musical instinct that has presided over the composition of every part of this work, that the adagio movement is preceded rather than followed by the scherzo. Hinted at, as we think, in the F-major clarinet motive of the second movement, the adagio begins with a divine melody for violoncello on the A string; one of those simple melodies which betray the master-hand, in which there is no self-conscious attempt at "fine writing," as with second-rate composers, but in which every note goes straight to our heart of hearts, and sings itself over and over again in our memory till it becomes a part of the permanent furniture of our minds. This opening theme is wrought out by the orchestra in effects of surpassing richness, until, when the long-drawn notes of the horn in F announce the counter-theme, the sensuous beauty becomes quite overpowering. Through strange and wild modulations we enter upon a vigorous motive which recalls the sweeping theme of the first movement, and when this is exhausted the climax is reached with the

original melody in long-sustained pianissimo in the highest range of the violins, colored here and there by exquisite notes from the horns and wood-instruments, until the whole volume of tone dies away in a prolonged murmur.

After this the final movement comes in bold contrast, with inspiring blare of brass and rush of strings, and with noble fugal effects, although carrying in its counter-theme a reminiscence of the adagio just ended. The splendid plagal cadence, in which the utmost resources of the orchestra are called into play, is a most satisfactory termination to this very original and majestic work.

In reflecting at leisure upon this new symphony, one knows not whether most to admire the wonderful beauty of every detail, or the comprehensive thought which has assigned to each of these specific beauties its legitimate place in one thoroughly consistent whole. On summing up the matter, it seems unquestionable that in this work Mr. Paine has shown himself strong in all the qualities which one expects to find in a great composer. In his easy mastery of the minutest details of counterpoint we recognize the devoted student of Bach. His work is distinguished by a clearness and conciseness of form which Mendelssohn has hardly surpassed, while it has much of that virile strength in which Mendelssohn fell short of Schumann. If there could be anything more noteworthy in the work than this strong grasp of musical form, it would be the consummate knowledge of orchestral effects which not seldom suggests new capabilities of expression. Of melodic inventiveness, too, there is no lack. We have, indeed, much reason to congratulate ourselves on the rise of a new composer, whose fertility of thought is equaled only by the profound knowledge and good taste which enable him to make well-established classical forms the vehicle for new revelations of the hidden soul which underlies all musical expression.





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